

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 14, 1919

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CHEER, AND PUT YOUR HEART INTO IT.

The soldier sons, our welcome guests, marching today through the streets of a proud and grateful city are true descendants of those who fought at Waterloo, at Balaklava, on the Plains of Abraham, and in many another historic struggle that advanced "the meteor flag of England" and made it typify liberty and justice the world around. The generations to come in this country will inherit a spirit dauntless and steadfast handed down by the men of today, the New Brunswickers who went from shop and factory and farm and fishing village, and proved their mettle in the greatest test to which the fighting men of the world were ever subjected. Have these things in mind when your hat comes off and you cheer today and tomorrow.

We of the northern breed are said to be a cold race. In the words of the bard who best puts into verse the accomplishments and the spirit of the race, "Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our toiler, But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together."

The race, in comparison with others, is cold on the surface, but the fire is there all the same, and when circumstances awaken it the heat is mighty and enduring. And that same poet evinced penetrating knowledge of the Empire, and a touch of prophecy too, when he wrote—

"Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures, I shall know that your good is mine: Ye shall feel that my strength is yours; In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all, That our House stand together, and the pillars do not fall."

How well the House withstood the shock of the great war, the supreme test of Empire and of the race's fibre, all the world knows today; and we here by the sea, as we greet the veterans of New Brunswick, and make ready to greet the future Sovereign of the Empire, do well to keep these things in mind—the glorious facts and their profound significance.

Cheer then, and put your heart into it! The events of today and tomorrow will be memorable, marking as they do a mighty milestone in the rich and stirring history of the Lion and the Lion's cubs.

rowing in their losses, but ever confident of final victory through their valor. St. John is proud of your record, gallant soldier sons. Today, the city is yours, and we feel honored to call you our guests. We rejoice to have those who have come through the campaign again with us, and though our joy is not untouched with sorrow for the memory of those who laid down their young lives for us on the fields of France and Flanders, it is a joyful sorrow—joy in the knowledge that there was the sacrifice of unselfish heroism, the spirit that put the Canadians as a whole in the highest place in the corps of the Empire, the spirit with which the great host which has returned will carry on against all enemies which may threaten the existence of our great country and enable them to win just as great a victory over the forces of evil in their civilian life as they did in their struggle against the armed hordes of Prussia on the other side of the Atlantic.

While the professional humorist makes fun for others, it is not all pleasant with himself. This is true of the stage comedian, the newspaper joke writer, and the artists of the comic supplement. Such must enjoy relaxation on his work will show the strain. And so Times readers must do without Mutt and Jeff for a brief spell while "Bud" Fisher takes his popular puppets away on a holiday.

The sun, clearing away this morning's fog, gave promise of a cheery first day in our dual celebration. That was all that was needed for success.

The decorations in many sections beyond the centre of the city are not profuse. Can not better be done for the Prince tomorrow?

Mrs. Peter Peterson of Sandusky, O., paid \$16 for the word "Safe," cabled collect by a son with the American forces in Russia. "I never before got so much for my money," said the mother, who, not having heard from her son in months had thought him dead.

A British postman has walked 200,000 miles in fifty years.

Our August Footwear Sale Will Interest You

Many Customers are buying several pairs for future use.

Labor and material entering into the manufacture of shoes, has never been as high; but we have three floors of our large building packed with shoes, bought at 1918 prices. These are the Goods we are offering, reliable Goods only Handled, at Reduced Prices during this Sale.

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LO, THE POOR CAPITALIST!

Dives awakes from a troubled sleep. Hearing a note of ominous warning—"Call a taxi! Breakfast down town!"

The chauffeur and cook have struck this morning!

Dives reaches his desk at nine. Wonders, seeing few signs of action. "Bookkeepers, typists walked out just now!"

A sympathy strike, with the eight-hour faction!

Dives is called. "Yes! Hello, hello!" "Say to the Boss that there's trouble brewing!"

The foremen decide for a union shop. Orders pile up—but there's nothing to do in it!

Dives is peeved, as he goes to lunch. Looks in vain for his favorite waiter. Worried, the manager brings the card: "Pedro has struck with the rest, young man!"

Dives thinks golf may calm his nerves. Starts for the links in a tramcar stuffy.

"Caddies—left!—want—a—flat—rate—per—hour!"

Cheerfully snarls the head steward puffily.

Dives dines at the Magnates' Club. Finding the meal is both crude and scrappy.

"Club chefs all over the town have quit!" Announces the clerk who looks far from happy.

Dives enters the hall at night. After a day that's not to his liking. "Gadabouts!" he groans. "But it's in the air!"

Even the grandfather's clock is striking "ing!"

—Ella A. Fanning in New York Times

LIGHTER VEIN.

"A shilling's worth of carbolic acid, please," said the depressed looking man. "This is a hardware shop," said the salesman regretfully, "so we don't handle it. But isn't there anything I can do for you in our special line of ropes, razors and revolvers?"

Joshua Moneygrab was eating bread and milk. "What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?" "Enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely signposts to take medicine before or after."

A woman went into a Canadian railroad car in Scotland to buy a ticket for her son, who was about to emigrate, and while the man was looking up the particulars she chanced to look around and noticed in a glass case a stuffed Canadian moose.

"What kind of an animal is that?" she inquired.

"O," said the man, "that's a Canadian moose."

"O, if that's the case," she said, "I'll have my money back. I wouldn't take my son out there. What must the rats be like?"

Fig. Fatal Mistake. Phenologist—This large bump indicates that you are eccentric. The Victim—Wrong professor. It indicates that my wife is strenuous.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sam, the farmhand, returned from a holiday in the city with a scrapin that contained a "diamond" of no unusual size. It was the pride of his heart and the envy of his village companions. He treated all inquiries from them as to its

value and its authenticity with high scorn. His employer, after a week of basking in its radiance, asked Sam about its history.

"Sam," he said, "is it a real diamond?" "Well," replied Sam, "if it ain't I've been done out of five shillings."

A soldier just returned from the service was the guest of friends at a dinner in celebration of his return home.

The maid had placed an elaborate array of knives and forks and spoons beside the guest's plate.

The soldier looked at the showy array, carefully selected one knife, one fork, and one spoon.

Showing the rest of the silver from his pocket to the surprise of his host, he remarked:

"Too much equipment to keep clean."

Flathush—Going away this summer? Bensonhurst—Oh, yes. "Where do you expect to go?"

"Well, hadn't you better get busy and find out?"

"Oh, we're busy, all right."

"What do you mean by busy?"

"Well, wife's studying the timetables, daughters are looking up hotel literature and I'm going very carefully over my bank account."—Yonkers Statesman.

"My dear sir," said the salesman, courteously, as he handed the customer his package and no change, "you will find that your suit will wear like iron."

And, sure enough, it did. The man made the suit two months when it began to look rusty.—Tit-Bits (London).

Past Master J. R. McDonald, Sherbrooke (N. S.), was presented a veteran's Jewer. The grand master and grand secretary presented their reports. The grand secretary reported a net gain of 709 in the membership, which is the second largest increase in any one year in the history of the maritime grand lodge.

The membership the report stated is now 12,296. One new lodge was instituted during the year. Nipisquit Lodge No. 124, Bathurst, surrendered its charter.

This afternoon the delegates to the grand lodge, Rebekahs and lady friends were taken by special train for an outing at Point du Chene, returning at 6 o'clock tonight.

Tonight a public meeting was held in the First Baptist church. Grand Master McKay presided and the chief speaker was Grand Sire Borst. Major S. L. Walker, of Truro, also spoke. The grand lodge will close tomorrow night.

Rev. George D. Hudson, of St. John, United Baptist, has been registered to solemnize marriages in the province of New Brunswick.

The contract for the concrete sidewalk to be laid in Main street, Fairville, between North street and Barnhill's corner, has been awarded to Ring & Irons, at \$2.38 per yard.

At a meeting of the Carpenters' Union held in the Oddfellows' hall, last evening, several new members were initiated. There were a large number present and considerable business was transacted. During the meeting W. W. Williams was elected treasurer.

The G.W.V.A. fair was once more very well patronized last night. Many visitors to the city were among the gay throng who wandered around from booth to booth and from wheels of fortune to spin-diddles and the fair fortune teller. The band played many popular airs, including selections from "Chu Chin Chow," which were greatly enjoyed by the many people, numbering 2,000, who passed through the doors of the rink last evening. Prizes were won as follows: Door prizes No. 4728, five pounds of tea. Bean bags, ladies, Miss Kelley, a travelling set; gentlemen, Mr. Fletcher, a cap. The prize winners should call on Mr. Chas. Robinson for their prizes.

BIGGEST GAIN IN I. O. O. F. HISTORY

Moncton, Aug. 12.—With an attendance of about six hundred delegates, the grand lodge I. O. O. F. of the maritime provinces and Newfoundland opened this morning in the schoolroom of the First Baptist church, R. H. McKay, grand master of New Glasgow, presiding. A civic welcome was tendered the delegates by deputy mayor, Dr. L. N. Bourque, who extended to the delegates the freedom of the city.

The feature of the morning session was the official visit of the grand sire, Judge H. V. Borst, of Amsterdam (N. Y.). Dr. G. M. Hermiston, of Toronto, grand master of Ontario, was also present. The grand sire was presented a large silver plate suitably engraved and bearing the coat of arms of each of the maritime provinces and Newfoundland. Grand Master McKay read an address to the grand sire and the presentation was made by A. F. Messervy, of Halifax.

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HIS OCCUPATION GONE



Lady—"How was it you lost your job?" Tramp—"Well, mum, I was an artist, I was—used to paint them 'To Let' notices."—London Opinion.

MARSHALL FIELD'S WILL IS QUESTIONED

Now that the evidence in the Henry Field-Chicago Tribune suit is all in, while waiting for the verdict, which will not be delivered in a few months, those who are interested in suits involving large amounts of money can turn their attention to another suit now brewing in Chicago. It is to determine the ownership of part of the great Marshall Field estate, which has been estimated at about \$200,000,000. The amount at issue is supposed to be \$75,000,000. There are two claimants; one is Captain Marshall Field, 8rd, and the other is Henry Anthony Marsh, an infant in arms. Captain Field is a grandson of the old Chicago millionaire, and Henry Anthony Marsh is a great grandson, the offspring of Henry Field, recently deceased, brother of Captain Marshall Field. Unfortunately the child was not born in wedlock, though there is no question as to his paternity, while his mother is Mrs. Peggy Marsh, formerly an actress, with whom Henry Marsh formed an enduring if irregular connection.

What Does Issue Mean? The question the courts will be asked to decide is one of the intent of Marshall Field when he made his voluminous will, one of the most carefully drawn of a great fortune. When he used the word "issue" did he mean "lawful issue" or

did he mean issue of any kind? The clause in the will that must be interpreted is as follows: "If either of my said grandsons shall die after the decease and before the distribution to him of his said share of the capital of said trust estate as herein directed, without leaving any issue him surviving, I give, devise and bequeath the entire trust estate to the other of my said grandsons and to his issue, said issue to take per stirpes and not per capita." It would appear that the Latin words might be more apt to be misapprehended than the others, but per stirpes in law means per family, and not as individuals. Now Henry Field died without legal issue, but not without issue. Shall his share of the estate go to his brother under this clause of the will? That is the simple little question to be decided.

A Iron Trustee. Curiously enough the suit is not being brought by Mrs. Marsh but by Captain Field, and is intended not only to forestall her claim but to get possession of the estate. It is also intended as a move in the direction of getting rid of the iron trust which old Marshall Field fashioned, for one of the provisions of the will was that the capital of the estate, as well as a certain amount of the income, was to be held in trust until the grandsons reached the age of fifty, after which it was to be distributed according to other numerous clauses and in compliance with numerous other conditions. Some months ago Captain Field settled for \$100,000 a claim of Mrs. Marsh, but her attorneys insist that this has nothing to do with the claims of her infant son, and that in no circumstances would she be competent to sign or deed away her rights if any exist. In any event little baby Marsh would appear to be in no danger of coming to immediate want, but of course what he might expect to inherit from his mother and receive as bounty from his uncle would be quite different to the \$75,000,000 that is now at stake.

The Field Fortune. It has been remarked, that of all the great fortunes built up in the United States, none was so noisily collected as that of Marshall Field. One reason was that the builder hated publicity of all kinds except that which was necessary for his store. In all his long career he never gave an interview to a Chicago newspaper, and strongly disliked seeing his photograph in print. Since his death, it has been stated by muck-raking investigators that he was responsible, more than any other man, for the corruption of Chicago municipal politics, that he

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bought such men as "Hinky Dink" McKenna and "Bathhouse John" to further his private interests. Whatever truth there may be in these charges, he was famous for his integrity in business matters, and built up an institution that was perhaps the greatest of its kind in the United States. He did it without squealing out other competitors, without restraint of trade, or operations on the stock exchange, simply by honest dealing and commercial sagacity.

An Unpromising Beginning. Marshall Field was a farmer's son, and came from an old New England stock. As a boy he went to work with a merchant in Pittsfield, Mass., and apparently did not immediately reveal his gifts for it is on record that when his father paid a visit to the man who employed the lad, he asked him how he was getting on. The merchant replied, "Marshall is a good, steady boy, all right, but he wouldn't make a merchant if he stayed here a thousand years; he wasn't cut out for a merchant. Take him back on the farm and teach him milking." But the boy remained for four years, and then went to Chicago, where he set up in business with some partners. These later he bought out, and continued as sole owner until his death. All his money was not made out of his department store. Much of it came as a result of real estate investments. He built factories in the British Isles and throughout Europe, and was one of the largest shareholders in the Pullman Company. He was exacting in demanding the money due him on the day it was due, and equally as exacting in paying his own debts. Of these he had not many, as his invariable practice in all his investments was to buy outright, and it has been said that he never needed a loan.

In a crowded omnibus a stout woman vainly endeavored to get her fare out of the pocket of her cloak, which was tightly buttoned as a precaution against pickpockets, relates Tit-Bits. After she had been working in vain for some minutes, a gentleman seated on her right side said, "Please allow me to pay your fare." The lady declined with some eccentricity, and recommenced her attacks on the pocket. After these had continued for some little time her fellow passenger said, "You really must let me pay four fare. You have already undone my braces three times, and I can not stand it any longer."

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