

# The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 10, 1920.

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## THE MIGHTY DEAD.

In the long roll of historic events which have centered in Westminster Abbey none has equalled in profound significance that of today, when King and people gathered about the grave of an unknown warrior, who symbolized the great host of the dead who died that the British Empire might live and right become triumphant over might. The pathos of that ceremony touches all hearts the Empire over, and the quick tears start when one reads the simple plea of the lad of twelve who asked admission to the Abbey because "The man in the coffin might be my daddy." Beneath all the pageantry was the heart-throb of the nation, grieving for the fallen. Canada was represented there, and in Canada today the story of the Abbey funeral moves all hearts to quick sympathy with those women within the Abbey walls who had lost their all in the great strife. England and France, too, are cemented by a new bond, for though the unknown warrior sleeps beneath the great dome he lies in French soil brought from his grave in France.

## ARMISTICE DAY.

Have we kept faith, or have we failed? Are we still actuated by the lofty principles that carried us through the war, or have we become indifferent to them? The principles for which men died, for which women suffered even unto death—what think we of them today? Is the world made safe for democracy? Is democracy safe for the world? Is the Canada of today, in its aspirations, its conduct, its attitude toward problems affecting national obligations, national honor and national development along right lines, worthy of them who died? If they could speak would they still say the sacrifice was worth while? These are searching questions, but we ought to ask them of ourselves today. The graves in France and Flanders will be well kept, but if that were all they were better overgrown with weeds. The war is over, but there are great tasks to be performed before democracy is safe, and that righteousness which exalted a nation comes from its own. The matter is individual and personal. What are the fruits of our thinking and our doing from day to day in relation to national and community welfare? To us has been thrown the torch, to be kept alive and passed on to those who will come after us in a commonwealth made better or worse for what we have done.

It will help to realize our duty if we try to revive the feelings by which we were exalted or oppressed in the dark days before the armistice was declared. The war was not a heroic dream, but a real thing. It has left its mark upon the nations, and its lessons are being too soon forgotten. The reaction toward pleasure-seeking, if not frivolity, has carried us far, and it is well to halt it, but for a day and take stock, comparing our service and our sacrifice with those of the men who died. The war, so far as this country was concerned was not waged in selfishness, but in devotion to lofty ideals. If these should now be forgotten in the race for wealth and pleasure, nothing but evil could result. Let it be repeated: The matter is individual and personal. Nor is there any mystery about it. There is no lack of voices to proclaim the simple duty of the citizen. On every side there is work to be done to make Canada a better country. She is described as the land of opportunity. Opportunity for what? Democracy or Bolshevism? Happiness for all—or only for the few? Public and private honor—or disregard for either of both of these? There is always a choice—should it be in Canada? Let the spirits of our fallen sons speak to us on this day, commemorative of them and of their deeds.

## AMERICAN METHODS.

The Canadian journalist at election time usually develops some heat, and perhaps indulges in criticism that may appear harsh; but it is necessary to go south of the border to find the past masters of the gentle art of personal attack. In the recent presidential campaign some ardent supporter of Cox started the rumor that Harding was of negro ancestry. The story spread with amazing rapidity in sections where race prejudice was strong, but it was soon followed by denial and a record of the Harding family history. A Philadelphia Republican newspaper in the whispered story saw an opportunity to assail Gov. Cox, and here is the result: "In a generation blood-consecrated to higher standards of national service and nobler ideals of sacrifice for the common good, it has been the unsavory distinction of James M. Cox to sink a presidential campaign to the most de-

graded level that has ever marked a national election in this republic. The unadroit shiftness, the numbing insincerity, the palpable duplicity and calculating buffoonery of the candidate's utterances mark him as a man infinitely unfit for the high office which he seeks. But the turpitude of his public conduct in the campaign appears noble and inspiring in contrast with the surreptitious tactics that have been employed in his behalf and which even his degraded taste dare not avow. Inscrutable nature has produced a creature, furtive, stealthy, cowardly, nocturnal and provided with an offensive weapon, which depends for its power on the degree of sickening disgust that it can induce in its antagonist. Moreover, the active agent of that disgust, the weapon by which the malodorous creature hopes to overcome the object of its enmity, is secreted within its own being. This fact and the corresponding contempt in which the animal is held by clean and decent creatures complete an almost perfect analogy. Even this, however, fails in one important respect. The little outlaw of the animal world is bested by enemies, and in the use of its not-so-stealthy methods it is employing the only weapon with which nature has provided it. Besides, it is not endowed with human intelligence and has not had the benefit of human associations. It is only fair to the little creature therefore, to refrain from mentioning its name in connection with the mephitic Cox campaign."

If the writer of this diatribe had merely observed that in his opinion Mr. Cox and his friends were worse than the skunk he would not have "said a mouthful," which is the constant aim of American political journalism. By contrast with our neighbors, whether in circulating stories about candidates or assailing them in the press, we in Canada are the mildest of partisans and most polite of political adversaries. Nor should we desire a change that would bring us down to the Hearst level.

## THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES

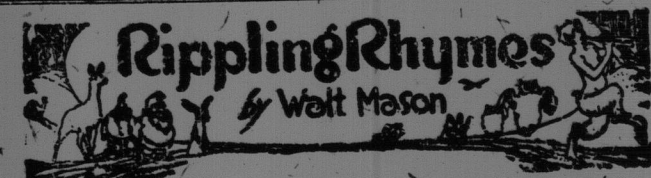
The Associated Charities is an organization whose beneficent work never ceases. Throughout the year it may be reached by those in urgent need. Because it received less money from the citizens than usual this year it faces what will be a winter of many calls with a depleted treasury. The very small grant it receives from the city ought to be increased next year. The report published in the Times yesterday does not convey anything like a clear knowledge of the work done from day to day by its devoted secretary, Miss Grace Robertson, who is aided by a group of unselfish women as well as by many individual citizens who are alive to the necessities of the very poor. Miss Robertson refers to the need of a juvenile court and probation system, proper care of the feeble-minded, and of mothers' allowances. These are greatly needed reforms which cannot long be delayed. But they will not solve the problem of poverty, and there is need of such an organization as the Associated Charities to give help quickly where it is urgently needed, as well as to protect the citizens from the wiles of impostors. It is always wise when appeals are made to citizens in behalf of a family to consult the secretary of the Associated Charities and learn what she knows about the case, or ask her as a trained and experienced worker to investigate. This does not involve delay, but ensures aid for deserving cases. And to this end the association must have funds.

## WATER POWER IN MAINE.

Governor-Elect Says It Will Make State Great Industrially.

Frederic H. Parkhurst, governor-elect of Maine, hopes to annex Maine into one of the great industrial states in the union through the development of its water power. Hydro-electric power, he says, has been found to be the cheapest motive power, and he asserts that Maine can develop sufficient to run one-eighth of the industrial plants of the nation. The stock argument against the industrial development of Maine, the cost of shipment on the railroads, will be met in the future, he predicts, by the exceedingly low cost of power.

"Maine has power," he says, "sufficient to operate the machinery of an eighth of all the industries in America. This statement is based on the official statistics of the country and our own investigations in the state. Our developed and undeveloped water power will do this. "Heretofore the argument against manufacturing concerns coming to Maine has been that freight rates were prohibitive, but they are more than offset by this difference in cost of power. An industry can afford to pay the freight rates for the saving in power cost which Maine offers and will continue to offer in the years which are to come. "There are hundreds of thousands of horse power running to waste in Maine rivers and streams at this minute, but this is not going to continue for ever. "Maine is going to develop those powers. The state is going to develop them in a sane, businesslike way; it is going to develop them in a way that shall give the citizens of Maine the greatest good. Maine is going to take her place among the leaders of industry, because she is going to utilize every one of those resources which the Creator has so generously bestowed upon us."



(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

## PROMPTNESS.

I went to James Augustus Jones, and from him borrowed fifteen bones, the which I needed sore, for all my aches were sick in bed, my divers children cried for bread, as they never cried before. I said to Jones, "November 8 you'll see me waddle to your gate, to pay you every red; November 8 at half-past 10, I'll pull your latch-string once again, or you may know I'm dead." And Jones, he heaved a sickly smile, for he was wise to human guile, to promises that fail; and doubtless in his soul he sighed, "I'm stung again, digmish my hide! I'll never see the kale!" The November 8 dawned bright and fair, a hint of frost was in the air, the wind was east by west; and to the residence of Jones I looked my worst and aching bones, the huddle in my vest. The clock was striking half-past ten when I produced the iron men, and paid him every bean; and after one astonished yell, poor Jones, he had a fainting spell, with spasms in his chest. His senses came again restored, "My faith in human men," he roared, "you're surely jaded up, my jaded soul you've filled with peace, and you may wed my fastest niece, and use my pointer pup." And Jones has given me renown in all the byways of the town as one who keeps his word, and where'er I may go, the people say that I'm a jo, a looker and a bird.

## CONSTANCY.

Unless you can think when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm,  
Unless you can feel when left by one  
That all men also go with him.  
Unless you can know when unpaired  
By his breath  
That your beauty surely wants proving,  
Unless you can swear "For life, for death!"  
Never dare to call it loving.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day  
On the absent face that faded you,  
Unless you can love as the angels may  
With the breath of heaven betwixt  
you;  
Unless you can feel that his faith is fast  
Through beehiving and unbewhiving;  
Unless you can die when the dream is past,  
Oh, never call it loving!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## DOWN BY THE SEA.

I love the sea on a troubled day,  
Gray and green, and green and gray,  
With a single far-away sail in sight,  
White and alone, above and white.  
And the sea gulls resting a little space  
On the rocks, then away with their  
weird, wild grace,  
I love the sea on a troubled day!

I love the sea on a happy day,  
With the tossing foam and the dancing spray,  
For the waves more sunshine than they can hold,  
Gold and blue, and blue and gold,  
And the voices of children shrill with glee,  
At play by the frolicking, changing sea.  
Then the tranquil calm and the serene,  
Green and blue, and blue and green,  
I love the sea on a happy day!

Oh, I love the sea whatever the day,  
Blue and gold, and green and gray,  
And it matters but little—the things that be,  
I'm in love with the sea—I'm in love with the sea!

—Ethel Major Knapp, in N. Y. Times.

## THE NE WALADINS LAMP.

(Dr. Charles A. Eaton in Leslie's Weekly).

The British coal miners, it is to be hoped, are better producers than they are economists. Their demand for a larger increase in pay and a proportionate decrease in the price of coal to the British consumer look like a rash flying in the face of arithmetic. The ancient game of trying to beat the multiplication table seems to be coming into new popularity since the war, but there is every reason to believe that two and two will persist in making four.

The miners propose to meet the deficit created by their demands by having the government divert to this purpose the millions now raised by taxes upon coal shipped out of the country for foreign consumption. Unless the government is now throwing these millions away without raising an equal amount by some other form of taxation. To this the miners reply: "Let the government quit its meddling in Asia and elsewhere, and it won't need so much money." "The logic of all this is that if England will throw away her Empire, which is the vehicle of her world-wide commerce and withdraw like a glacial clam with her own boundaries, she will have money enough to make everybody rich, especially her patriotic miners. These miners have been digging something out of the earth besides coal, for they seem to have discovered how to go up and down at the same time, to get more by taking in less, to become rich by an increase of poverty. At this distance it looks as if these Englishmen are trying to Russianize their own country for the profit of a class, which means that they are poor workers, worse economists, and unworthy citizens."

## A MARITIME LIQUOR CASE IN SUPREME COURT

Ottawa, Nov. 11.—(Canadian Press)—The Supreme Court yesterday heard arguments in an appeal from the maritime provinces arising out of the destruction of fifty gallons of rum after seizure by the authorities. The case was that of McGrath vs. Scriven. In 1918 the appellor was ordered by an order made by Police Magistrate McLeod. When seized the liquor was on the premises of a government railway and the seizure was declared illegal by the courts. In the meantime the liquor had been destroyed and the appellor brought an action against Scriven and Magistrate McLeod. The trial judge gave judgment against both and this was reversed by the full court, as against the magistrate because the conviction had not been quashed, which is a statutory preliminary to action, and as to the constable the findings of the jury exonerated him. From this decision the appellor appealed to the Supreme Court.

## BULLET BEHIND HEART.

Manchester, Eng., Nov. 11.—A bullet in the heart of a Manchester ex-soldier after four years. "He knew the operation was a very dangerous one," said the doctor, "but volunteered to do it, as he was liable to drop dead any time."

## PALESTINE NEWS IS AN INTERESTING PAPER

(Toronto Mail and Empire).

Borne upon the shifting winds of chance there has drifted into this office a copy of "The Palestine News" of December 29, 1918, "First Year, No. 40." The legend upon the title page tells the world that it is "The Weekly Newspaper of the Egyptian Expeditionary Army in occupied territory," and that it is "Published every Thursday at G. H. Q., First Echelon, Palestine." Price: One Egyptian piastre in the years to come, and a complete file would even now be a prize for any library. "The Palestine News" consists of sixteen 10 x 4 inch pages of reading matter and advertisements, all of which presents an entertaining and instructive mirror of the life and thought of the British army in Egypt during the great war.

## A Regular Paper.

As usual the Englishman carries his own world about with him to the remotest corners of the globe, so it is not surprising that "The Palestine News" is filled with characteristic matters: "Letters to the Editor" on all manner of subjects, a chess and bridge column, postage stamp collecting, short stories, sporting news, current war news, sketches of army life, church service notices—in short, a perfect reflection of English life. The advertising column—both display and classified—are all pasted, and the advertisements, most of them of Cairo business and professional men, show a quaint and curious mixture of Oriental and English atmosphere. There is not a dull line in the whole issue. The Briton is not going to leave the war to take all the joy out of life. He will spend his spare time in the "News" and there is a fine touch of sentiment and pathos here and there—the involuntary sighing of war-weary, homesick men, in touch with the sterling common sense of the editorial comment and the general tone of gaiety, gives a singular charm to "The Palestine News."

Worthy Verse.

One is tempted to quote freely from its wealth of good things. Here, for example, is a poem by a verse by S. C. Keville, entitled, "The Day When Dreams Come True":

There is a realm where thoughts divine  
May linger, shrouded in the light  
Of disembodied loveliness,  
Where, wandering in that aureole height,  
They meet their equals and entwine  
In consummate tenderness.

In the still night my visions soar  
And roads of Eden to be mine  
In mystic sunset future,  
And there are met by visions more  
Illuminated, from the shrine  
Of the Beloved's offering.

Sweetheart! The day will come at last  
When Angedden's sword is  
sheathed,  
When lifting love is highly-breathed  
And happy hours fly fleeting past—  
In that glad day when dreams come true!

Nostalgia.

Another good bit of verse, "Do Gustation," by "The Spikins," in which he contrasts the mystic lures of the East with the homelier and rearser charms of England. The baseness with their theatrical aspect leave him cold; he sighs for:

An English town,—say Chichester,  
And red roofs and the candlelight,  
Rooms where centuries blend and blur,  
And boozers galore. Contented quite!  
Ah, soul of me!

Tripoli, Beirut and Magadan;  
Lebanon with eternal snows;  
(Lampedusa, the islands of the Aegean,  
Take your choice! Not so! Not so!

Waters deep and clean and cool,  
North-wise and stately English trees,  
And speckled trout down at the pool,  
O perfect ease! O perfect ease!

These shall heal and fortify!  
An Historic Document.

In the advertising columns we are informed that "You Don't Pay if you feel any pain by—DR. HENRY LUKITZ-MAN, American D. D. S., New Own Dental Treatment, 33 Sharia Kas-el-Nil, Cairo. Above Lipton's Tea-rooms. N. B.—Do Not Confuse With Similar Names." Altogether, "The Palestine News" is very much up-to-date. As an historic document and for its literary merit it is indeed a pearl of price.

COST OF LIVING SOARS 450 PER CENT. IN ITALY.

Rome, Nov. 11.—A speedy return to war-time restrictions is foreshadowed in a declaration from the government food controller. Italy, he says, cannot afford the \$1,385,000,000 requisite for the purchase of foreign trade, at current exchange rates, hence the Italian people will have to put up with a worse quality of bread and do without cakes and sweetmeats. Prices of the most necessities of life are soaring higher and higher, having reached an average of 450 per cent. above the pre-war level.

BOXING CLASS GROWS.

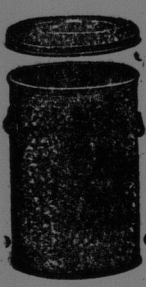
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Knowledge and skill in the many art of boxing was given by instructor Redfern last evening at the Y. M. C. A. Saturday's class numbered twenty-eight while last evening's tallied thirty-six. The instructor has achieved popularity already with his pupils owing to his skillful and scientific methods of teaching. The class is gaining in popularity in the "Y" and is said to be the best in the maritime provinces.

MELODY FLOODS SHIP.

New York, Nov. 11.—Seven hundred cases of canaries were flooding the American liner Mongolia with melody when she arrived here from Hamburg. They will be sent to dealers throughout the country.

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