

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 25, 1923.

The St. John Evening Times is printed at 27 and 29 Canterbury street, every evening (Sunday excepted) by The St. John Times Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., a company incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act.

Telephone—Private exchange connecting all departments, Main 2417. Subscription Prices—Delivered by carrier, \$4.00 per year; by mail, \$5.00 per year in Canada. By mail to United States \$5.00 per year.

The Times has the largest circulation in the Maritime Provinces. Special Advertising Representatives—NEW YORK, Frank R. Northrup, 350 Madison Ave.—CHICAGO, E. J. Power, Manager, Association Bldg. The Audit Bureau of Circulation states the circulation of The Evening Times.

MR. J. L. STEWART.

One of the most interesting figures in New Brunswick journalism for half a century has passed from the stage. Mr. J. L. Stewart of the Chatham World is dead. He went to Melrose, Mass., in search of renewed health, wrote humorous letters regarding his experiences en route and in the sanatorium, smiled in the face of death, and went away.

Mr. Stewart was born at Advocate Harbor, Nova Scotia. While he was a mere child the family moved to Bar Harbor, Maine. When he was twelve years of age he lost an arm through accident in a saw-mill. The amputation was not skillfully done, and when the boy had grown to manhood he went to the Massachusetts General Hospital and had another portion of the arm removed. Thus he entered upon his life work with but one arm yet such was his vitality, his ambition and his mental vigor, that all obstacles to a successful career in newspaper work were overcome. It was from choice, not from necessity, that Mr. Stewart settled in one of the lesser towns many years ago. Chatham and the broad reaches of the Miramichi appealed to him, and he abandoned the wider field of daily journalism, to become a writer of mark in the smaller one. In his earlier career in St. John he was the contemporary of Elder, Livingstone, Ellis, Hannay, Willis, Anglin and others whose names are associated with the period following Confederation.

When Mr. Stewart found himself left behind he persuaded an aviator to take him up and fly over the heads of the party. Of his fearlessness as a yachtsman on the Miramichi, in all kinds of weather, though he had but one hand for sail and tiller, countless stories are told; and too to the St. John reporter, or any other, who in describing a yacht race got his nautical terms mixed. Mr. Stewart loved a controversy, on any subject whatsoever, but especially on politics or religion. When the late Mr. D. G. Smith published a paper in Chatham, the political and eventually the personal feud between him and Stewart of the World became a chronic, even in that realm of political feudism and hard-bitten. The story that when Mr. Stewart's yacht capsized in a squall he refused to be rescued by his journalistic enemy Smith, is perhaps apocryphal; but it gained currency in newspaper circles years ago. When there was a Press Association in the provinces Mr. Stewart was an active member, and was honored by his fellows. He was an outstanding figure in any company. His early experience as a legislative reporter in Fredericton gave him a wide knowledge of provincial politics, and later in life he had for a term as a member of the House.

At every session for many years he was a regular visitor in the halls of the Legislature, and his pungent comments on men and measures were all ready to hand. He was a man of letters, and was well known to the literary world. He was a student and amassed a wealth of information on many subjects. It was his habit in recent years on his visits to St. John, to call upon the editorial staff of this paper, and his visits to St. John, to call upon the editorial staff of this paper, and his reminiscences of the old days when Canterbury street was the scene of his daily or nightly toil were of rare interest to a later generation, living and laboring in less strenuous times and under wholly different conditions. If those reminiscences had been put in type they would furnish delightful reading, but the editor's pen is dry, and the Commodore has:

"Gone out with the tide on the Un-know Sea
"Whose waves wash the shores of Eternity."

This is forest-fire prevention week in Canada. Within a few weeks the danger from grass and brush fires will be past. The campaign of education to arouse public interest in preventive measures, and especially in regard to personal care not to start any such fire is timely. The yearly loss from fire is tremendous, and the greater part of it is due to carelessness.

Halifax Chronicle:—There will be many a loyal old Tory in Nova Scotia today who will pinch himself to see if he is alive when he learns that his party strategists in Halifax engineered a secession movement. If the proof were not so certain he would be inclined to blame it all on the unregenerate Grits.

The Marriage Game

The Snappiest of Pastimes
As Played to a Decision
Every Day
By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hutton

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

Her Play—If women were to take all the protestations of you men seriously you would be grieved and insulted. For example there is that ancient superstition that married men pine to be free as the birds—that they look back upon their bachelorhood with a pining and a longing for the joys of freedom that was once theirs. But as the nothing of the kind. When a wife is absent from home for as long as three days you pretend to sigh with great gusto that bailed about "My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hoary," but actually you wander around like lost souls! You men are great frauds.

His Counter-Play—The reason that married men pretend to wish to be free once more is because you wives are forever talking nonsense about what wonderful times you enjoyed to sleep with them. Of course, a man realized that you had a good time going round to dances and parties and so on before you were married. But a man doesn't like to hear much of that. He likes to be free—free you have put us on the defensive and we've just got to stage a come-back, even if it doesn't convince you.

The Referee—It is his victory today. (Copyright John F. Dille Company.)

THE RIVER SAINT JOHN.

(By Harriet E. Wright.)

Rivers there are that slushily move To the ocean through lands all unknown. Where, in jungles deep, Slimy snakes keep Close guard over their loved and their own.

Rivers there are that, with hope high-placed, Find beginnings in Fairies' sweet tears; Then a tiny stream, But the end of their dream Is a mighty flood through the years.

Rivers there are that through forests race, As if they from the shadows would fly the night of man's life. By jagged rocks torn, Over cruel rocks borne, Till lost in the desert of the sea.

Rivers there are that in proud beauty Past luxury safely recline, Past beauty hand-made, By the might of man life is free. Forgetful of Nature's designs.

But the river I'd sing of pushes its way Through nature's ever-changing lights, In the stir of the morning, the rest of the noon, The far-reaching silence of night.

From its tiny beginning it gurgles its way To a stream feeding lands that are fair, Through forests deep-peopled by wild life, Bearing life in its glow everywhere.

There are hills gently sloping to reach its cool banks, Stretching for miles at its side, Where are fertile fields spreading that laugh in the sun And draw their life out of its tide.

It laughs in its joy as the rapids it drumps in great glees o'er a fall, It drifts in the star-light, smooth to the great moon-a watch over all.

It murmurs a welcome to children that come With stories of trout-brook and stream, Laps gently round islands that rest near its heart, The end of the dream.

It sweeps past fair cities with never a pause, A quiver to know what the heat mile will bring To a wharf where just round the bend, Oh River! so placid, so angry, so strong,

What is there with you to compare? Where find we such hillsides, such plains, As God made them and put them in the world?

Oh, my happy river my heart always holds, When memories of others are gone, It lives in my heart as the thought of a friend, Incomparable River Saint John, 91 Victoria street, St. John.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"Look here!" bellowed an irate customer in the general store of a small village in Western Canada. "You say you won't sell me a shovel unless I get a permit from the authorities and sign my name in that book. What's the big idea?"

"We ain't taking any chances," answered the proprietor firmly. "You're men might be keener these days. You fellows buy a shovel, dig up the ground, plant barley, make it into malt, and there you are. No sir-ree."

Plato English. "Doctor, if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a long scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well, sir, to be frank, you are lazy." "Thank you, doctor. Now tell me the scientific name for it. I've got to report to the mission."

An old lady describing the symptoms of her ailment to a noted but eccentric physician, said: "The trouble, doctor, is that I can neither lay nor get."

Whereupon the good old doctor answered her in a friendly way: "You would respectfully suggest the propriety of your resting."

The Willing Workers of St. Philip's church held a concert in the church hall last night. Solo were sung by Mrs. P. Treadwell, Mrs. J. Paris, Mrs. P. Jordan, Mrs. W. H. Williams and Mrs. W. Davidson. Readings were given by Mrs. J. H. Graves, J. A. Berkeley and Clifford McCollum. The concert was well attended. The proceeds will be devoted to church purposes.

PEDANTIC USE OF ADVERB.

(Victoria Colonist.)

Taking all this for granted, then, the studious reader aforesaid may have noticed recently, particularly in telegraphic news despatches, a somewhat pedantic use of the adverb. Such despatches say, for instance, "already had been decided," and would die violently at the rude hands of the new editor rather than permit themselves to be "made" or "had practically been decided." The idea seems to be that the adverb has ceased its ancient use in location as a word supplemental of other words, and joined to them so as to interweave the fabric of thought to be expressed, and must stand in rigid aloofness at the head or the foot of a process of verbs. But however it may come, we have no doubt at all that the usage is an awkward and tongue-tied violation, and the sooner it goes the better we shall be able to get on with our work.

As we say, we know not whence this pedantry—for that is all it is—has come. Perhaps some evil communication from our southern neighbors has corrupted our good Canadian newspaper manners. Perhaps it has followed from too much brooding upon the evils of splitting an infinitive. The point is that it is an authentic writer of English who has written one second on the score of propriety if the splitting of an infinitive would add effectiveness and life to the prose. It is not that it is wrong to split an infinitive; it is rather that it is generally feeble and feebling to do it. And to discard the ancient, vigorous and fluent form, "had already been decided," because some dull pedant considered it to be more academic and ladylike to say, "already had been," is to affront the robust genius of our matches English speech.

We have turned for aid and comfort in this matter to our modest bookshelf. Opening it at random, we find, "has perhaps abated," Sir Thomas Browne, whose prose is the "gorgeous embroidery" of our literature, has "already outdone" Ruskin, who in one of his passages of noble eloquence, "are now summing up." Matthew Arnold, the Victorian arch-epos of culture, says, "have hitherto governed their anarchy, reduce whose prose has the rarest atmosphere of high spiritual altitude, writes, 'life is a habitually rose.'" And so on down all the mighty line of the great masters of our English literature. These men are not pedants. They were the glory of our achievement upon the earth, and the name of the communications is still potent to mold the form of ours.

THE HERIBIDES.

(Toronto Globe.)

The Heribides are mentioned by Ptolemy under the name Euboda, and by Pliny as Hebidus, and the modern name is a corruption of the latter. The original inhabitants seem to have been of the Semitic race, and were settled on the mainland, but in the sixth century Scandinavians poured in and drove the Semites to the islands. The islanders, who had already embraced Christianity, were called "Hebidus," and the name of the islands was changed to "Heribides." The name of the islands is said to be derived from the fact that the islands were the scene of a great battle between the Scandinavians and the Semites, and the name of the islands was changed to "Heribides." The name of the islands is said to be derived from the fact that the islands were the scene of a great battle between the Scandinavians and the Semites, and the name of the islands was changed to "Heribides."

High Tariffs and the Ban on Luxuries Are Responsible.

Bananas, oranges, pineapples and other fruits of the tropics are everywhere unknown to the German child of today. During the war imports of fruits were impossible and since then the depreciation of the German mark has made it impossible to import such luxuries.

Germany Short of Fruit.

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DREW'S CAREER.

John Drew's fifteenth anniversary in the American theatre was observed by the Pennsylvania Society, of which he was a founder, at a luncheon Tuesday at the Waldorf, New York.

Charles M. Schwab, president of the society, who presided, recalled that the veteran actor had made his debut at the organization's first meeting, twenty-five years ago. He added that of all the notable society had entertained, none was loved quite as much as Drew, "one of our native Pennsylvanians."

J. Hartley Manners, playwright, voiced his displeasure with the prevalent kind of production, and praised Mr. Drew for the wholesomeness of his plays and the cleanliness of his roles, saying—

"He has always been a real artist, and out of his plays has always come a message that is really helpful and entertaining."

Mr. Manners said that Mr. Drew came from a illustrious race, having had "a gifted father and mother, the greatest comedienne of her time."

Mr. Drew said that the theatre had "sprouted forth the Barrymores, John, Ethel and Lionel."

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