

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 14, 1926.

THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

For lack of any available authentic history of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, that distinguished corps with which our local regiment, the Saint John Fusiliers, has lately been affiliated, it is not easy to reconstruct the story of that regiment. Nonetheless, what few gleanings can be gathered may prove of interest.
The K. O. S. B.'s were first raised in 1689 and the regiment was enlisted in Edinburgh in the record time of four hours—some people say two hours. It was raised by Lord Leven and was originally known as the Edinburgh Regiment of Foot, or alternatively as Leven's Foot, and before it was four months old it fought for William III at Killbuck. As usual, its name has been changed a number of times. In 1751 it became the 28th (Edinburgh) Regiment of Foot; in 1782, the 29th (Sussex) Regiment of Foot; in 1805, the 25th (The King's Own Borderers) and in 1887, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Usually it is known throughout the Service by its initials, the K. O. S. B.'s, but it also bears the nickname of "The Borderers." This sobriquet is partly a play on "Borderers," but it also refers to a privilege allowed the regiment to recruit without permission of the Lord Provost.

To recount all the campaigns and battles of the K. O. S. B.'s would take up too much space. Suffice to say that the regiment fought with distinction in Flanders during Marlborough's campaigns, took part in the defence of Gibraltar, fought against Napoleon in Egypt and served in the West Indies, India, South Africa and finally in the Great War. Apparently it did particularly good service in Martinique in 1809, but there is no record of service on the continent of North America.
One of the most notable exploits of The King's Own Scottish Borderers was at Chitral when the regiment, brigaded with the Gordons and a regiment of Sikhs, carried the heights in a particularly unpleasant action. During this action the Gordons and the Borderers together cleared the ridge at the point of the bayonet, and had suffered so severely that they bivouacked on the ground while other regiments had to finish the battle.

Those who are interested in the uniforms worn by regiments at different periods of their history should read Kipling's "The Men That Fought at Minden," to visualize the appearance of the K. O. S. B.'s at that period. "The men that fought at Minden," they were armed with muskets,—"Also they were drilled by 'alderiders.'"
An illustration in the book entitled "Scotland Forever" shows an officer of the K. O. S. B.'s in 1812 where he stands a resplendent figure with powdered hair, a high black stock and scarlet swallow-tail coat, heavily frogged with gold and bearing gold epaulettes. His skin-tight breeches are of white buckskin and his close-fitting boots of black leather with gilt hog's spurs. His sword looks more like an oriental scimitar than a Scottish claymore and his hat is of the large cocked variety commonly associated with the Duke of Wellington.

One battalion of the K. O. S. B.'s formed a part of the original Expeditionary Force which left England in early August, 1914, under Lord French and fought in all the early actions of Mons, the Aisne, the Marne and the first battle of Ypres. In the last mentioned battle we find two battalions amalgamated—whence came the second is not clear. This, however, was a not infrequent occurrence. The first units of the Old Contemptibles and might be taken as an indication of severe losses sustained during the first fighting. It can, therefore, be assumed that the K. O. S. B.'s of the regular army maintained their reputation as hard and dogged fighters and the records of the subsequently raised battalions of Kitchener's army will without doubt have an equally inspiring tale to tell.

A GREAT NURSE

The Canadian West today is giving a heart-warming reception to Dame Maud McCarthy, G. B. E., Matron-in-Chief of the Territorial Army Nursing Service of Great Britain. During the war this wonderful woman was Matron-in-Chief of the British Nursing Service in France, and at present she is touring Canada as the guest of the Canadian Nurses' Association.
She came to Canada as a representative of the nurses of Great Britain at the unveiling ceremony at Ottawa, in regard to which Saint John felt a particularly keen interest because one of its own daughters was on the Roll of Honor—a monument being erected to the nurses who gave their lives in service during the war. Dame McCarthy, having taken part in the Ottawa ceremony, decided to accept invitations given by associations of nurses in various parts of Canada, and she has been moving westward across the continent, being received everywhere with manifold

festations of admiration and esteem. Hers has been a most noteworthy career. She began her work in South Africa during the Boer War, and at its close she received a special decoration. Since that time her deserved harvest of decorations has been rich: G.B.E., R.C., with bar, Legion d'Honneur, Medaille de la Reine Elizabeth, croix (Belge), Medaille des Epillemes en Vermeil (Francais); Lady of Grace, St. John of Jerusalem; civil Florence Nightingale Medal and American Red Cross Medal.

There is a great heart and a great mind behind this formidable array of decorations. Dame McCarthy is known to hundreds of thousands of Canadian women today as the heart of all the nursing services maintained in France by Great Britain and the British Dominions during the Great War. "Among her own profession," says a Waterloo editor, "her name flashes up near that of Florence Nightingale, but from all the welcome is befitting that due those who have lived their lives bravely, strongly and with due regard to the law of kindness."

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision.
Nobility swam the English Channel yesterday.

In making sure that all dirt is kept out of the milk sold in Saint John it might be well to screen out the politics also.

Lady Astor says that the girl who uses too much cosmetic looks like "The Last Days of Pompeii." They are some flappers with over-shingled heads who have the appearance of "The Last of the Barons."

From a report of last evening's meeting of the Board of School Trustees, dealing with the new "Occasional School."

"Mr. Carter said 75 doors in the new school would not shut, 10 sets of door knobs were missing and the doors of all the cabinets either would not open or would not close. The light shades in the auditorium did not suit and the auditorium floor bulged so that the seats could be put in place. In one section all the burp was loose throughout the building."

Outside of that, doubtless, the school is all right.

Odds and Ends

The Modern Girl

The modern girl is so often the subject of criticism on the severe side that she will read with refreshing appreciation on her behalf, sentiments expressed by a large audience in New York at the recent time on a holiday visit to the British House of Commons in the House of Commons.
The modern girl of today is a fast, strong-talking, bold-thinking, dispassionate young woman, and there was a controversy over the question, "What will be the household and the children of the next generation?" Manifestly, then, pretty much the same things that are being said today about the modern girl have been said innumerable times before and in all ages.

If the fears so long expressed had been realized, what would be the condition of womanhood today? Has it degenerated? Some of the truth, but not the whole honorable truth, in answer to the question is given in Lady Astor's speech on Thursday night. "Look at the war," she said. "Women won their spurs during the war. It took the war to show some men what women were." The record is there for universal respect. The feminine generation about which some people profess a haunting fear is more apparent than real. Conditions have changed, and the widened outlook the modern girl has on life reflects her in a light which, if different, is not necessarily worse. As Lady Astor expressed it, "This is a transition time for women, but I do not believe the modern girl is less virtuous than her grandmother, although she may be more venturesome." In the transition she has obtained more freedom and frankness and lost a lot of shyness. The change is not decay, and Lady Astor's tolerant view of her modern sister will enhance her popularity even though, unlike her, she confessedly has not bobbed her hair.

Get Ready Now

(Vancouver Sun.)
Just to be the first to tell you about it this year, here is a bit of advice—perhaps it seems untimely. Look at the calendar. Count the days. You'll find there are about 100 more shopping days before Christmas. How is that for a startling piece of information?
Of course it isn't really quite time

The Eighteenth Hole



Golf Widow: "Now, maybe I'll see something of you again."
—From N. Y. Times.

Queer Quirks of Nature

SMALL BUT PLENTIFUL



The Loach

central and eastern Asia. Generally speaking, they are most characteristic of swift streams with stony beds, in which they live up to at least eleven thousand feet above the sea. But they are found also in the lowlands, and in tropical India there are some very beautiful colored kinds.
They are common in Japan, and a rather pretty kind called the "doojoo" is abundant in the rice fields in the summer.
Loaches are especially common in



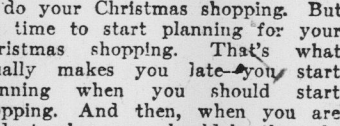
WHAT? NO SHINERS?

BROOKLYN—Another great art appears to be passing. One Lew Alberts, of this city, reports that the fine line of repairing blackened eyes is on the wane. "Fights aren't what they used to be. Alberts' shop, on Sands street, may have to be moved. For thereabouts there are no really worth while fights. He may follow on down



announcements about the impending football season. With "Please let us know for which games you desire tickets" in one mail and "Your Alma Mater needs a new library" in the next, what is the dear old grad to do?

No, the accusations that school arship and business do not team is the most obvious of bunk.



SENSATION!

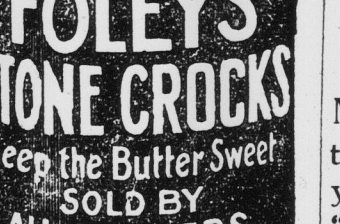
LONDON—Scotsmen throughout the Empire have been moved by the report that the "three-penny hit," commonly known as the "thruway hit," is to do your Christmas shopping. But it's time to start planning for your Christmas shopping. That's what usually makes you late—You start planning when you should start shopping. And then, when you are ready to shop, you should be through. It isn't too early to start on the home-made things.
Get ready now!

Better With Indidental Music

(Manitoba Free Press.)
Lloyd George has been telling a story about Dan Leno, the famous London comedian. Dan once paid a visit to the House of Commons and watched the proceedings very solemnly for about an hour, but did not give any indication of his feelings. When he left someone said to him: "Well, what do you think of it?" Dan looked mysterious, and then replied: "Well, I think it would have been done much better with a piano."

Fashion vs. Sense

(Washington Star.)
Fashion experts say that skirts will be longer. The announcement has been made from year to year, but there are no indications of change in the general feminine apparel. No woman could hope to win a beauty prize or even a golf trophy, not to mention a tennis cup, clad in one of those long dresses that used to sweep up cigarette stubs and start fire panics in the theatres.



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Just Fun

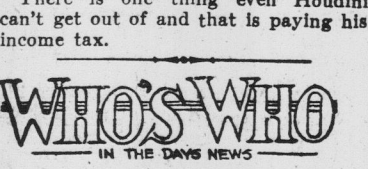
"IS THAT man tight? Why, he's so tight that whenever you ask him for the time he takes two minutes off of it."

MAYBE

"Papa, I cannot tell a lie: I chopped that cherry tree!"
School teachers still use this reply to urge veracity.
But would the wielder of the axe If he could re-enact His life today, with income tax Returns be so exact?

The income of the bootlegger is taxed at the source.
I really think There should be banded All of our goofs Who are left-handed.

Mrs.—Listen, dear! I think I hear a mouse squeaking.
Mr.—And I suppose it'll be just my luck not to be able to find the oil can.
There is one thing even Houdini can't get out of and that is paying his income tax.

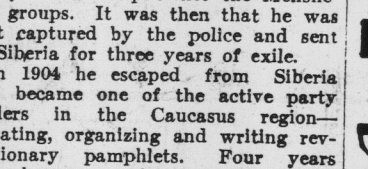


JOSEPH STALIN

JOSEPH STALIN has become almost overnight the uncrowned dictator of Russia. In place of the triumvirate—Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev—that took over the reins when Lenin passed, there now reigns a single man. His title is Secretary General of the Communist party, and as such he is the omnipotent boss of Russia's rulers.
Stalin is a Georgian by birth. Tall, thin, slender, dark haired and black eyed, he is a typical representative of this hot-headed Caucasian race. His real name is Dzhughashvili. "Stalin" was one of the aliases he assumed to conceal his real identity from the imperial police. His long revolutionary career testifies to his undiminished courage. He was five times arrested and exiled by the Imperial police, and five times he fled from exile, risking his life, struggling against overwhelming odds, to return to his native land.

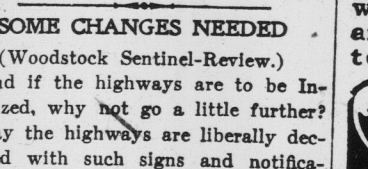
Stalin has been devoted to the cause of communism since he was a boy of 17, when he was expelled from a religious seminary in Tiflis for his radical affiliations. His father had sent him there to study for the priesthood. Six years later he had achieved prominence in party circles and had been appointed to a committee that directed the activities of the Social Democratic Party—later to split into the Menshevik groups. It was then that he was first captured by the police and sent to Siberia for three years of exile.
In 1904 he escaped from Siberia and became one of the active party leaders in the Caucasus region—agitating, organizing and writing revolutionary pamphlets. Four years later he was again captured by the police. After another escape and another arrest he eluded the authorities again and was appointed to the Central Executive Committee of the Bolshevik Party at Petrograd. More arrests and more exile followed until, finally, when the Revolution of 1917 came, he was free of the coils of the law and entered at once into the inner circle of the new rulers of Russia.

SOME CHANGES NEEDED
(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)
And if the highways are to be Indianapolis, why not go a little further? Today the highways are liberally decorated with such signs and notifications as "Hot dogs," "Camps for tourists," "Gas and oil," "Danger ahead." At least that is about what catches the eye of the visiting tourist as he speeds along, and it is about all that a good many do see to indicate the character of the landscape. Would it not be a good idea to turn these highway signs into Indian, too?



NO DRUGS

DRUGGY tooth pastes are doubtful. Minty's does not contain a trace of drugs—nothing but the most reliable cleansing agents. That's why the bubbling foam which dissolves tartar and film, makes your teeth so glistening white.



Minty's tooth paste

why pay more?



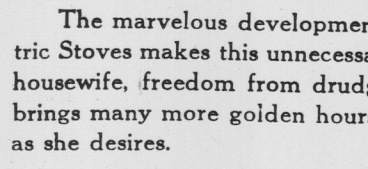
COOK WITH A McCLARY ELECTRIC

The woman who slaves needless long hours in the kitchen, chained to an old-fashioned stove, is squandering her previous youth and growing old before her time.

The marvelous development in McClary's Electric Stoves makes this unnecessary and brings to the housewife, freedom from drudgery and waste, and brings many more golden hours of leisure to spend as she desires.

All McClary Stoves are equipped with the famous SPEEDIRON ELEMENT which brings absolute safety and speed to cooking.

Ask for demonstration.



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POEMS I LOVE

"I Am The Wind," By Zoe Akins.
FINE a playwright as Miss Akins is, she is an even better poet; and the pity of it is that she gives us, of late, so few metrical expressions. In her love poems she frequently rises to an exalted plane, and if the drama did not so insistently call to her, she might do big things in the realm of song.

I am the wind that wavers,
You are the certain land;
I am the shadow that passes
Over the sand.

I am the leaf that quivers,
You the unshaken tree;
You are the surge of deep music,
I am the sea.

You are the light eternal—
Like a torch I shall die;
You are the surge of deep music,
I but a cry!



DINNER STORIES

A young gman in a collegiate suit with wide bottom trousers said to a clerk in a music store.

"What jazz tune is that girl playing in the back of the store?"

"That ain't no tune," the girl replied, "that's one of the clerks dustin' off a piano."

A story about an autocratic society leader of New York comes from the Riviera.

A multi-millionaire succeeded in getting himself presented to the lady one day at Gino's in Monte Carlo, but she never recognized him thereafter.

This annoyed the multi-millionaire very much, and he got a young lady to intercede for him.

"Really, Mrs.—," thus ran the young lady's intercession, "the man is really not such a bad sort. A diamond in the rough, you know."

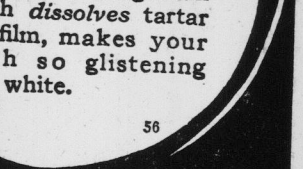
"Yes, I know," said the dowager. "That's why I'm cutting him."

"Ah! What a peaceful, happy community this seems to be!" rhapsodically spake a guest.

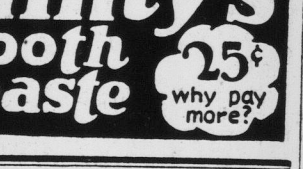
"Eh-yah!" admitted the landlady of the tavern at Pogwash. "Tis just at present. You see, the town marshal had had his leg broke and his back wrenched. And the only two lawyers in town had a fight lately and bunged each other up so bad that they are both confined to their beds."

AS BACKWARD AS EVER

(Winnipeg Tribune.)
We are backward as ever in the important governmental functions. In the

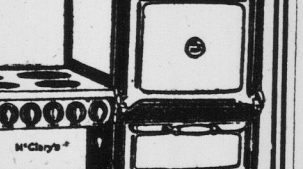


Everywhere



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The Frosting is Inside

BETTER light—longer life—freedom from glare—greater efficiency—these are some of the advantages of the new Edison Mazda Lamp.

New in shape and design, new in tone (a pearl grey) this lamp harmonizes perfectly with any decorations.

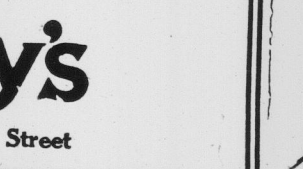
Although shedding a resplendent, diffused light, these new Edison Mazda Lamps give practically as much light as the old-type, clear glass bulb—and much more than ordinary frosted lamps.

A stronger filament is being used, which, combined with the new design of tipless bulb, makes the lamp extremely difficult to break.

Ask to see these new lamps at your nearest Edison Mazda Lamp store.

Ask your Edison Mazda Lamp dealer for information regarding proper illumination for your home. It will help you to enhance the beauty of your home.

7-81



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regulation of capital, in the control of trusts, in devising scientific customs schedules, in the encouragement of enterprise looking to the development of our natural resources, in social legislation, in scientific research, in the promotion for foreign trade, in developing an adequate education system, in conserving the forests—in all these and many other ways there is a field for the full use of the best brains that Canada can produce. But our politics are little concerned with these things.

Science has discovered that the cave man ate less than the modern citizen, but when you think of the cooking in those days, you can't blame him.