

ST. JOHN STAR, PUBLISHED EVERY DAY, OCTOBER 27, 1934.

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when you can get three times the wear and style that lasts, at a reasonable price. Inspect my assortment. Style and finish guaranteed.

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Steamer Maggie Miller leaves Millville for Somerville, Kennebec Island and Baywater daily, except Saturday and Sunday at 9 a. m., 3 and 5 p. m., returning from Baywater at 7 and 10 a. m. and 3 and 5 p. m. Saturday at 7.15 a. m. and 9 a. m. and 3 and 5 p. m., returning at 6.30, 8 and 10 a. m., and 3 and 5 p. m. Sunday at 9 and 10.30 a. m., and 6 p. m., returning at 8.45 a. m. and 5 p. m. JOHN McOLDRICK, Agent.

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Butter-Nut Bread, is so Popular. A Good Answer, QUALITY COUNTS. Will You Prove It?

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POLLARDS MONDAY.

The Pollard Lilliputian Opera Company will arrive on Monday morning from Halifax where they have just concluded a lucrative engagement. The company will open at the York Theatre Monday evening for a short season with "In Town." This opera is one of their best, containing musical numbers and is full of bright comedy. The repertoire for the week will be as follows: Monday and Tuesday "In Town," Wednesday "Milkmaid," Thursday "A Runaway Girl," Friday "Belle of New York," Saturday matinee "A Runaway Girl" and Saturday night "In Town." Seats are in demand and are selling rapidly for the whole week.

MADRID, Oct. 26—The minister of war today introduced a bill into Cortes calling for the complete reformation of the army and bringing it up to modern requirements.

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ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCT. 27, 1934.

TRACES OF BARBARISM.

We are all barbarians, more or less, and underneath, our few centuries of effervescent polish there is the thick layer of semi-civilization which works its way to the surface every here and there and makes us wonder where we ever got the idea that we are a cultured people. We persuade ourselves that all the heathenish habits of our ancestors have been relegated to the forgotten past, and that our everyday walk and life is centuries in advance of that of the people we refer to as barbarians. Usually we are mistaken, for any day of the week or any hour of the day, if we stop to consider it, we find ourselves practicing those same old customs, the existence of which, among former nations, make us refer to them as semi-civilized. We are careless, heedless, ignorant, boastful, stubborn, fond of ostentation and display—most of us—and in our blindness we consider ourselves the chosen people. We think we are well bred, yet in our daily life we do things altogether contrary to common decency and against all rules of manners. We imagine we have good taste, yet we follow the somewhat ludicrous example of barbaric races—not in such an explosive style of course—and deck our bodies with gaudy ornaments to an extent which is little less than funny. Of course we can't help it. Everyone, or nearly everyone, does the same, and anyone else, it is merely the age in which we live, an age half way between ignorance and refinement, between barbarism and civilization. Go to the theatre, to church, to any private assembly and look at what is worn by the ladies. Diamonds, heaps of them, and other jewels too numerous to be counted. Women can be seen, even when shopping on the streets, their fingers fairly covered with flashing gems, and the costume worn is altogether out of keeping. Shirt waist suits and diamond necklaces are found in combination everywhere; outing costumes and ruby-studded stirrups. Get on a street car and look at the front of the sign "smoking on the four rear seats only." How many men pay attention to it until they are spoken to by the conductor. They deliberately smoke in all parts of the car, they spit on the floor, and act just as fancy dictates, not as they should do. And the women—they see the sign as well, but half of them, avoiding vacant seats in the forward portion deliberately select the rear end of the car and then complain of the smoke which is blown in their eyes. This is pure senselessness.

Why do men smoke anyway? Kipling gives an answer in the Jungle Book. "The man pack play with their mouths." It seems to be a good reason, and at any rate it is true. We do play with our mouths, and we are the only animal on the earth today that does. When we are not smoking—when we are seldom—we are chewing gum or nibbling at something else, we are sucking toothpicks, or toying with our mustaches. The man who can keep his hands away from his face, and go through life using his mouth for its proper purpose of eating and talking, is an oddity. Smoking is no good anyway, it is not a benefit to a man, it is merely a habit, which, having been adopted, is continued under the delusion that it is nice. Our forefathers, who strolled about the country wearing smocks and girdles of skin, killing rabbits by throwing stones at them, and living in caves, played with their mouths because they had nothing else to do. We cultivate the same habit because it has come down to us through thousands of years.

Go to the street and watch how many people look at you. Every man, woman or child in this city and in every other city knows what it is to have passers-by turn and stare at him or her, in a very rude manner, and exactly the same number of people do exactly the same thing themselves. They scarcely realize the fact, but it is true just the same, as they will find out if they bother noticing. Nothing could show ignorance and rudeness more, yet we all do it and never imagine it is wrong. Our grandfathers' grandfathers did the like, and we have not improved.

These are only trifling instances of practices which are as common as the day is long. Why do we continue them? We don't know very well. They just stay with us, like the poor.

WARSAW, Oct. 26—Three terrorists who had been sentenced by a court martial to death, were executed this morning by shooting. Over 150 other terrorists have been arrested.

TULA, Oct. 26—At a meeting of the local nobility held here today, it was decided to exclude Professor Mourmont, who was president of the defunct lower house of parliament from participation in the activities of the nobility on the ground that he is one of the signers of the Viborg manifesto.

BIZERTA, Oct. 26—The submarine boat Luton was towed into dock tonight. The bodies of the ill-fated crew probably will be taken out of the ves-

THE DRAMMER.

They sell the dear old farm for debt: The villain smokes a cigarette. The heroine has much regret; The villain smokes a cigarette. They sell her pig, her dearest pet; The villain smokes a cigarette. The hero cries: "I'll kill him yet!" The villain smokes a cigarette. Thus ends Act I. with all eyes wet The villain lights a cigarette.

The curtain's up. Act II. is set: The villain smokes a cigarette. The hero's comrades fume and fret; The villain smokes a cigarette. Detectives spread a crafty net; The villain smokes a cigarette. He flirts a bit with the sousrette The while he rolls a cigarette. This is his scene to hussle get; He lights another cigarette.

Act III. The gruff has locks of jet; The villain has a cigarette. She's his'n now, as he would bet, And so he smokes a cigarette. But hie! The hero yells: "Well met!" The villain drops his cigarette, B-b-bang! As down his corpse they let, He smokes a cigarette. Though dying he does not forget To gamely puff his cigarette!

FOLLOWED BY FROST.

A young gentleman with an unusual voice insisted upon singing at a social gathering. "What does he call that?" inquired a disgusted guest. "The Tempest," I think," answered another.

"Don't be alarmed," said an old sea captain present. "That's no tempest; it is only a squall and will soon be over."

A TALE OUT OF SCHOOL.

Chapter I. Little Eva—Don't you think my papa is a nice man? Little May—Yes, he must be. Mama says she thinks he's the nicest man she ever met.

Chapter II. Little Eva (at home)—Oh, mama, May told me this morning that her mama said she thought papa the nicest man she ever met. Eva's Mama—! ! ! ! !

Eva's mother gets a divorce! Chapter IV. May's father gets a divorce! Eva and May (in chorus)—Well, well, a pretty mess we've made of it. And all because we couldn't keep our nasty little mouths shut—November Young's Magazine.

SAM'S AS FATHER.

In a London street a girl of twelve and a boy of ten were playing a family drama of "mother and father," and Bobby was being instructed in his role.

"Now, Bob," said the girl, "you just walk up ter her corner an' wait there till we tell yer to come. We're a goin' ter get dinner ready, an' when we call yer, yer ter come 'ome and chuck the tea."

"Er!" said Bobby. "Come 'ome drunk, do I? And why for?" "Why for?" said the girl, "because the girl, with a glance of mingled scorn and pity. 'Ain't it Saturday?"

MIGHT BE IMPROVED.

Harry Bulger, who is making good in "The Man from Now," was reminiscing on his past in Browne's of the night.

"Used to live with a chap," said Mr. Bulger, "who was phenomenally absent-minded. One night, dressing for dinner, he encountered trouble with his tie, which would not keep a satisfactory knot. Finally, however, he arranged it, gravely donned his waist coat and dinner coat and turned to me for approval.

"Harry, do I look all right?" he demanded. "Yes," I replied, "but if you will pardon the suggestion, I think the effect would be better if you were to put on your trousers." — November Young's Magazine.

CROCK'S HELPING HANDS.

Amos Crock of Fort Fairfield, who has only one hand, with the help of his five children (from 14 to 7 years of age) in one day last week picked up 313 barrels of potatoes for H. W. Blaisdell, Mr. Crock received a \$2500 barrel for the work.

Who says Aroostook isn't a poor man's country, or that children don't play?

GOOD COVER.

Captain (conducting examination)—Supposing you were leading a detachment across a river and you were suddenly attacked by the enemy, how would you make up for the absence of cover?

Sergeant—I should place my men one behind the other.

GOOD POLITICS.

Larry—I'll never vote for 'r! Ward Heeler—What difference do you think that makes? Larry—it makes a split in th' pairty, be Jarge!

The first Friday ladies' night at St. Andrew's Rollway was a great success, judging by the many expressions of approval heard from the large crowd of both spectators and skaters who were present. While somewhat different from the popular "ladies' night," all the skaters enjoyed the chance.

During the first few bands the gentlemen, as on Tuesday nights, skated with the ladies. The sixth band the gentlemen skated that band alone, either singly or together, and it was somewhat surprising to see the many graceful lady skaters there are. The seventh band the ladies retired and gave the gentlemen a chance to show, not gracefulness, but speed. The eighth to the tenth band, including intermissions, all the skaters reversed, and judging from the ease in which the skaters learned "the new way," as they called it, it will not be long before skating to the left will be as easy as skating to the right.

CHICAGO, Oct. 26—The coroner's jury today in the inquest into the death of William S. Stewart, of Toronto, Canada, who was found in his room in the Saratoga Hotel on Wednesday, shot through the head, returned a verdict of suicide.

SATURDAY SERMONETTE.

BOOKS.

I used to provide myself with a readable book when I took a railway journey. I don't do it now, there is no need, there are always books on the train, even though the news agent has none. The more passengers there are the more books you have to read for every passenger is a book.

The books all have different bindings—there are no sets—Some are bound in morocco, some in calf, some in pig and some in donkey. Some are worn men and some are hard and some are light and frivolous. Some are interesting, others are dull and commonplace and you yawn as you read them.

It took twenty, fifty years to write some of them, and there is one dosing in the seat in front of you that must have taken eighty years to write that one. How wrinkled and yellow and shrunken the binding is. What a story in that old book, if we could only read it, for each year is a chapter.

There is a tiny book across the aisle, laughing and crowing in a mother's arms. Not one chapter has been written, only two or three pages—a month for a page—and yet how these carved men and the wondrous women delight in watching it and some of them would like to handle it and for get for while their care and if they could—their sins, and like the tiny book not have a sullied page.

On the shelf just behind you are two books in showy cheap binding trying evidently to attract your attention. You turn over a few leaves but there does not seem to be a sensible thought. It is dress and bells, balls and beaux on every page.

There is splendid reading in some of these books. There is one over there, the binding is not new neither is it old. It was bound strongly for service more than ornament. What splendid stories are written here of well fought battles and hardy won victories. A book to stir one to brave deeds.

Look at that book over there. It is old and shabby and worn. What stories are in this book. It tells of struggle and toil and hard times and covers are half torn off. The beautiful binding is defaced past repair. How sad the story this battered book tells of a wasted, ruined life that involved others in ruin, friend, mother and wife.

The most of the books seem sad. There is no joy, no helpfulness in reading them. But now and then there are books that give you strength for your work. Books we are all writing, each covers are half torn off. The beautiful binding is defaced past repair. How sad the story this battered book tells of a wasted, ruined life that involved others in ruin, friend, mother and wife.

THADDEUS.

On Sunday the Carmarthen Methodist church will have been dedicated thirty-seven years. The congregation intend to celebrate the anniversary in a fitting manner. Sunday morning, Rev. Dr. David Hutchinson of Main street Baptist church will preach and in the evening the sermon will be delivered by Rev. David Lang of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church. At each service a collection will be taken in aid of the trust fund. On Monday evening Rev. D. Hutchinson will deliver a lecture in the church. The subject will be "Our Country, or from Ocean to Ocean." Tuesday a congregational social will be held which will close the anniversary services.

Dr. C. Sydney Emerson,

DENTIST, 34 Wellington Row. Porcelain Work a Specialty.

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All notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths must be endorsed with the names and addresses of the persons, sending same.

MARRIAGES.

FINNIGAN-MCMURRAY—On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Samuel Howard, Elizabeth McMurray to Jeremiah Finnigan.

MILLIKEN-MAC VICAR—At the residence of the bride's father, Peter Mac Vicar, of St. George, Oct. 24th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Josephine Mac Vicar to Edward Milliken.

GREENLAW-HOLT—At the Baptist parsonage, St. George, Oct. 24th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Ethel S. Holt of Bonbec to F. Howard Greenlaw of Bay Side, N. B.

DEATHS.

SINCLAIR—In Brooklyn, on the 24th inst., William Donald Sinclair, formerly of this city, son of the late W. Sinclair, aged 40 years.

FUNERAL on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, from the residence of A. E. Henderson, 30 Orange street.

CUNNINGHAM—Suddenly, on Oct. 26th, Mary Albertina, youngest daughter of George W. and L. B. Cunningham, aged 18 months and 21 days.

FUNERAL on Sunday at 2.30 p. m. from her father's residence, 40 Carleton street.

JOHNSTON—On the 27th inst., at Ben Leonard, Francis J. Johnston, aged 86 years.

FUNERAL Monday at 11.30, from his son's residence at Ben Leonard. Burial at Barnesville, Kings Co.

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A complete up-to-date stock in all our various lines.

41 King Street.

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Confectionery. We have just received a choice lot of BUTTERSCOTS, 50c per lb. MAPLE WALNUT FRITTERS and TING-A-LING.

Ask to see our 40c Mixture of Chocolates and Creams; they are selling fast.

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CANADA'S EXPORT

BACON TRADE HAS

RECEIVED SETBACK

Strong Effort Required to Recover Lost Business.

TORONTO, Oct. 26.—The Globe this morning, referring to the decline in exports of canned meats, says: The startling drop in, of course, directly due to the strong feeling in Great Britain against canned goods, caused by Chicago packing scandals. The representative of one of the most prominent local packing houses says they have had considerable stock in Britain for some months they have been unable to get rid of it. The British public refusing to use canned goods, irrespective of what country they came from.

The decrease in the canned goods export trade, however, bothers Canadian packing houses very little. The great bulk of their business is the exportation of fresh meat, and their export trade, to a large extent, is their surplus.

It is expected, too, that when the present feeling in Britain against canned meats moderates, as it is bound to do, there will be a splendid field for Canadian exporters of canned meats. But, while the drop in canned meats is due to lessened demand, the decrease in exports of bacon and pork is due to an entirely different cause.

British demands for Canadian bacon is capable of handling all Canada can supply. The trouble is directly due to decrease in number of hogs raised in the country.

About two and a half years ago, after holding strong for half a dozen years, hog prices became somewhat easier. A number of farmers came to the conclusion they were not getting enough return, and stopped raising them.

This movement was not felt until about a year or eighteen months ago. Since then, and until a while while ago, there has been a steady decrease in the number of hogs available for packers.

The last month or two, however, has shown some improvement, for with the strengthening of prices caused by the shortage, farmers are raising more hogs. Packers state, however, that the Canadian export bacon trade has received a set back, and it will require strong efforts to recover their position in British and other markets.

To get trade back she will have to out those countries which have captured the markets she could not supply, other countries being principally the States, Denmark and Ireland.

The market for Canadian bacon, packers fear, may be somewhat restricted for a while at least. They anticipate that a largely increased supply of hogs will come upon the Canadian market.

While, if given this market could easily handle the increased offerings, the temporary set back in the export

OUR SLIPPER SHOW!

We call our Slipper stock "Our Slipper Show" for it's nothing short of a "show." This is the season of the year when slippers are in great demand, and we have taken unusual care to provide a splendid assortment.

We've Slippers for all occasions and for every member of the family. Slippers, that Ladies will delight to wear—Slippers for home, or for balls and receptions. Slippers that will stop the noise of the romping Boys. Slippers for the Children and for the Babies, and Slippers that will keep the "Governor" of the family happy and contented by his own fireside.

Excuse us, please, from trying to describe the styles. It would be an endless task.

Slippers from 75c. to \$1.85

Come to our Slipper Show. You'll hardly know which pair to select—they are so handsome.

D. L. MONAHAN,

106 King St., West End.

Think It Over!

WE'RE selling a man's Box Calf Blucher Boot with heavy double soles for \$2.25 a pair. Not a cheap boot, but one you usually pay much higher for.

Another snap for the careful buyer is our Box Calf Bal., (extra good quality of stock), with heavy double sole, that we're letting our customers have

For \$2.50 a Pair.

These are no sample lots or old stock, but

Fresh New Goods at Sample Prices,

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Dress Skirts. Underskirts.

Our line of Dress Skirts embraces all the new materials, showing the latest styles and a good range of colors. All marked at distinctly popular prices.

WOMEN'S SKIRTS \$1.85, 2.40, 2.88, 3.38, 3.85, 4.25, \$4.50

MISS'ES' SKIRTS \$1.65, 1.95, 2.00, \$2.15

WOMEN'S PLAIN CASHMERE HOSE 25, 30, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60c Pair

WOMEN'S RIBBED CASHMERE HOSE 25, 30, 40,