

# The Evening Times-Star

The Evening Times-Star is printed at 23-27 Canterbury street, every evening (Sunday excepted) by New Brunswick Publishing Co., Ltd., J. S. McKenna, President.  
 Telephone—Private branch exchange connecting all departments, Main 2417.  
 Subscription Price—By mail per year, in Canada, \$5.00; United States, \$6.00; by carrier, \$4.00.  
 The Evening Times-Star has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.  
 Advertising Representatives—New York, Frank R. Northrup, 350 Madison Ave., Chicago, E. J. Powers, 19 South La Salle.  
 The Audit Bureau of Circulations audits the circulation of The Evening Times-Star.

ST. JOHN, N.B., MAY 28, 1924

## AT OTTAWA.

Since the vote on the budget, which puts an end to uncertainty about the Government's majority, there is no further talk of an early election. The Prime Minister in his speech disposed of the idea that there would be an appeal to the country in the near future, but Liberal prophets are now going beyond that and saying that there will be no election until the country has had one, or possibly two years, to observe and reflect upon the effect of the tariff changes already made, and possibly on others which may follow at another session.

One feature of the Prime Minister's speech which is causing considerable discussion was his announcement that the appointment of a tariff commission is contemplated. In former years the Liberal Party was rather wary of the plan to introduce a tariff commission, feeling that the tendency might be to take the "fiscal question" out of the control of the House of Commons, which, after all, is the real tariff-making body of Canada. Hon. Mr. King, however, says that the commission will have no powers beyond those which are advisory, from which it may be judged that it would provide the Government and the House with information in detail concerning the practical effect of the tariff policy of the day, supplying facts which would make it easier to appreciate at their true value many of the arguments presented in the House of Commons by all the parties.

No tariff commission could be allowed to undertake in fiscal matters the responsibility which naturally rests upon the government of the day. The country elects the House of Commons, but it does not elect commissions, and, no matter what party was in power, the commission, it must be assumed, would be a fact-collecting body, and not a policy-making one. It is worth noting that the Liberal Toronto Globe takes rather kindly to the commission idea. It says such a body will not impair parliamentary control of fiscal policy, "but it might supply Governments and Parliaments with exact information as to the conditions and needs of industry and the working of tariffs. It need not mean any violent departure from the practice of the past. There have been Tariff Commissions in previous years. The revision of 1897 was based upon such an inquiry. A very full investigation was made by the late Government in 1920, but no action was taken upon it. The new departure would be the establishment of a commission or board which would be working constantly and supplying a stream of exact information. This would meet the necessities of the case better than an occasional inquiry. The conditions of industry are always changing, and it seems more in accord with practical wisdom and business sense to watch them constantly than to wait for the accumulation of a mountain of difficulties and then collect a pile of evidence so huge as to discourage the most conscientious and industrious of Ministers and members of Parliament. Difficulties should be dealt with as they arise, and information used before it becomes stale."

## JUDGING PEOPLES.

Hilaire Belloc, a famous English publicist, has written a book based on his observations made during a visit to the United States, and in it he suggests that the people of Europe and the Americans represent two distinct schools of culture and that it will be impossible for them to understand each other. In fact he says rather plainly that the United States must keep out of European affairs if disaster is to be avoided. English reviewers who favor American participation in a European settlement are saying of Mr. Belloc that he probably met only a few Americans and judged the whole nation by these, being thus in the position of some people who think all the Chinese are laundrymen and that all the inhabitants of some Southern European countries must be ditch diggers.

And now comes Sinclair Lewis, author of "Main Street," who is back to the United States after spending a year in England, where he has been at work upon a new novel. He has avoided the kind of mistake Mr. Belloc made and warns others against judging whole peoples by a few individuals. Speaking of his experience in England, Mr. Lewis says:—"I am cured. I'll never talk of the peculiarities of England or America again. The English are an admirable people, and I like many of them. I don't like all of them any better than I like all Americans. It is a mistake to judge people by those of that nationality who happen not to like." Commending Mr. Lewis' view, one writer attempts to expand it by saying: "Everyone of us who says, 'I don't like Americans, or Englishmen, or Germans,' is making the mistake of judging people by those of that nationality who happen not to like." It is foolish enough, surely, to judge a whole race by knowledge of a comparatively small number of its people, but the

conditions and possibilities indicate that he is a man with whom the committee might find an early conference useful.

## JACK LONDON'S BOSS.

A remarkable old-timer for whom Jack London, the famous author, once worked in a northern gold camp, returned to Victoria, B. C., the other day after an absence of sixty years, and, registering at the big Balmoral Hotel, discovered that it is spread all over the site where he built some shacks in the sixties. This adventurer is James Neil, who for the last seven years has been living at Peel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie, 500 miles north of Dawson City. He recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday, but he is still very spry, and announces that he will go shortly to Australia and visit Ballarat, where he cleaned up \$50,000 many years ago in a gold stampede. Before that, however, he proposes to do some exploration work on Vancouver Island.

## A LONG TIME WAITING.

Many of the boys of another generation used to read the stories written by Captain (he is General now) Charles King. Probably some of the boys even of today read these old yarns, dealing with Indian fighting and life at United States army posts. At one time they had a rather astonishing vogue, and while to-day they are regarded as old-fashioned, they were not without life and color and, above all, action.

Forgotten by the public for a long time, General King, who is now nearly eighty, gets into the news again through the announcement that the United States War Department has moved him for gallantry in action in 1891.

This recognition has certainly been a long time catching up with the aged writer, but justice is welcome however late. Somebody in the War Department, in going through the old records, found that when King was a subaltern in the cavalry service at twenty he earned a citation for gallantry but never received it. The official account says that on May 24, 1884, young King, "with fourteen enlisted men, surprised and attacked a band of Apache warriors, greatly superior in number, and completely routed them, killing eighteen and destroying all their supplies and equipment." It all sounds a little like a chapter from one of Charles King's old-time stories, and it smacks of picturesque days that will never come again.

## Herriot and What His Rise Signifies

(The Spotlight in Toronto Star.)  
 Presently the most puissant man in France. Possibly a premier. Likely an office-refuser, if our nearest adviser knows him as well as he says he does. Monsieur Herriot is the acknowledged chief brain and best actionist of the forces which have overthrown Poincaré. He cares more for the advance of his advanced political principles than for his own advancement; and to be sensitively aware that the pride of high office is mighty often the short pride that precedes a long fall. It is said, though, that he may take the premiership, intending shortly to hand it over to Briand, who was upset by Poincaré during Lloyd George's last winter as the wangling wizard of Europe.

Briand ranked as a socialist many years before either of his premierships. But like others who seem to think that political progress ought to be accomplished by kangaroo flights, Briand found that in office you must get often what you can of what you want. When he was faced with a railroad strike in which he believed the employees were grossly in the wrong, and something like wholesale sabotage impended, he called the railwaymen to their regiments and set them to defend what they seemed likely to destroy. He made them Frenchmen first.

Herriot is sometimes called the millionaire socialist; but the title would not be accorded by every one of our fellow citizens who says "Marx, Marx," and thereby hopes to enter into the dictatorship of the proletariat. Herriot is not a bit scared of socialism; but he is frantically scared of some socialism. He is a Liberal of the sort they used to call radicals. In 1919 he induced his friends to refrain from running him for re-election to the dignified senate, and to nominate him for the chamber of deputies, because there alone could he hope to enjoy the action which has become the breath of his nostrils.

Wherein is evidence of one of the most extraordinary phenomena, intellectual and political, of modern times. His first distinction came to him as professor of rhetoric in Lyons University. He perfectly filled the post, for he can furnish oratory as well as talk about it—which very few of the gentlemen who discourse melodiously on how to speak in public do. He is also a distinguished author. His daily walk and conversation say "Liar" to those persons who declare that good talkers are bad doers of their own word. He has all the eloquence of Viviani, whom we heard at Ottawa during the war and more great about his practicality. He has a genius for organization; and as an administrator he is in a class by himself.

Whenever Mister Churchill, M. P., sees Herriot's name he is seized by a fit of remorse for mayoring Toronto such a little while. Tommy was our exemplar of profound silence for only seven years. Monsieur Herriot has been mayor of Lyons eighteen years, and, if he refuses the premiership, seems likely to be mayor for the rest of his natural life.

Lyons is about as big as Toronto—the second city of France, indeed; and as famous in the history of the past as Toronto is going to be in the annals of the future. As mayor of Lyons, he really originated something which is more than can be said of some of our city hall clingers. Lyons has had great intervals for centuries—why shouldn't it when over ten thousand silk looms were working there as long ago as the French court was supplying the Chamberlain of the Second Empire with robes and bribes. It was during an international fair at Lyons, thirty years ago next month, that President Carnot was assassinated.

Major Herriot, by his enthusiasm and ability to bring things to pass, instituted the annual Lyons International Exhibition, which spectacularly is a masterpiece of our own exhibition, and which does more actual business than our own darling is not avaricious enough to desire. He was on this side last year, getting exhibits for his show, woodworking machinery being one of the excellences he was then mostly looking for.

The year before he had been in soviet Russia, whence he attracted specially gorgeous exhibits of furs to Lyons, where millions of frames' worth were sold. He did a little political investigation on the spot, which makes him willing to accord recognition to itself.

ONE VIEW OF IT.  
 (J. L. Garvin in the Observer, London.)  
 Not by sacrificing his own fixed principles, but in entire accordance with them, the first Labor Ministry's Chancellor of the Exchequer has played for immediate advantage, and has won it out and out. The budget is a masterpiece of electoral and parliamentary tactics. It is not meant to cause an early general election. It is meant to prevent one and does. It cannot be thrown out. Only political amateurs could think the contrary. It seems meant clearly to prepare for another budget, next year, and for an attempt to sweep the country upon the lines of Mr. Lloyd George's famous campaign in 1909 and 1910.

JOBS SCARE IN U. S.  
 A young man who arrived home yesterday morning on the steamer Governor Dingley from Boston reports employment conditions bad in Boston at present. Factories have closed down and thousands of people are seeking in vain for work, he says. There are many people, whose former homes were in the Maritime Provinces who would be happy to return to their native land if they had the price and any chance to obtain employment on coming back.

UNDERGOES OPERATION.  
 William Kierwin, of 125 Main street, was taken to the St. John Infirmary on Saturday evening where he underwent a serious operation. It was reported last evening that the operation was successful, and although very weak, the patient was improving.

INDIGESTION  
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had graced his board, but baffled he inquired: "What hen, Jenny?"  
 "That hen o' mine ye killed w' a stone fifty years back."  
 Described  
 "Was the dance a full-dress affair?"  
 "For the men it was."  
 "And for the women?"  
 "For the women, barely so."  
 Hereditary.  
 First Doctor—"Has old Richleigh any hereditary trouble?"  
 (Old Writer.)  
 Second Ditto—"Yes; I hope to hand his case down to my son."  
 Needless Prejudice  
 "You want me to play bridge with a bunch of women. Excuse me! I couldn't take their money."  
 "Don't worry! You won't."  
 The Art of Licing  
 In this the art of living lies:  
 To want no more than may suffice—  
 (Old Writer.)  
 There's something, too, in this, we'll bet;  
 To want no more than you can get.

THE NIGHTINGALE  
 (From Colours)  
 He deadens all birds with the note  
 Of his so hale and lusty throat,  
 And with his singing  
 Each copse, each hedge is ringing.

Where sits he? That I cannot mark,  
 But for his voice now, hark, hark,  
 How his voice sallies  
 Ring through these leafy alleys!  
 What is he? Say a censor, high  
 By angel swung sightlessly.  
 Whence Heavenward taper  
 Smoke-wreaths of perfumed vapor.  
 What is he? Say a befrill chime,  
 Fine-tuned, fine-threaded, quick to  
 rhyme,  
 Though unheeded,  
 Alert, exultant, golden.  
 He is—where I can reach him not—  
 A spark of fire, a message caught  
 From roofs high over  
 Those low roofs us that cover.  
 It irks me not, though old I be,  
 That he the laurel bear from me;  
 Sweet bird, I know it.  
 Thy yours, the crown as poet.

For what man yet could fathom all  
 The riches of that treasure hall  
 Of wondrous singing  
 The nightingale is king!  
 —Kenneth Hare.

IN LIGHTER VEIN  
 He Didn't Propose  
 "What will your father settle on the man who marries you?"  
 "All the rest of the family, probably."

A Long Memory  
 Premier Ramsey MacDonald told at a dinner in London how white on a visit to his native town of Lismoremouth recently an old farmer named Jenny had said to him: "Jimmy, when ye gaun to pay me for that hen?"  
 Mr. MacDonald searched his memory hurriedly for some unpaid-for fowl that

Half Blind  
 How Long?

Is it any great exaggeration to call part sight a state of being half blind?  
 The multitude in every city who know no better sight than part sight go on as they are because they are quite blind to opportunity—glasses!  
 Experts everywhere declare that four in five stand in immediate need of glasses.

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BOYS CASE STOOD OVER.  
 Four juveniles appeared in the police court yesterday afternoon and were charged with breaking windows in a building in Rockwood Park and acting disorderly. Hon. J. R. Armstrong, representing the Horticultural Association, appeared and asked the court to punish the boys severely as a warning to others. Evidence was given by Police Constable Bettie and Joseph Tobo, while the fathers of two of the boys promised the court to make good the damage done. The case was allowed to stand over until Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

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If the house is not piped for gas we can install the pipes, stove, etc., right from our mains, at a yearly rental, which is the last word in efficiency, combined with the least cost.

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