

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 10, 1910.

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.

TELEPHONES:—News and Editorial, 122; Advertising Dept., 31; Circulation, Dept., 15.

Subscription prices:—Delivered by carrier, \$3.00 per year, by mail, \$2.00 per year in advance.

The Times has the largest afternoon circulation in the Maritime Provinces.

Special Representatives:—Frank R. Northrup, Brunswick Building, New York; Tribune Building, Chicago.

British and European representatives:—The Clougher Publicity Syndicate, Grand Trunk Building, Trafalgar Square, London, England, where copies of this journal may be seen and to which subscribers intending to visit England may have their names addressed.

THE EVENING TIMES
THE DAILY TELEGRAPHNew Brunswick's Independent
Newspapers.

Three papers advocate:

British Connection

Honesty in Public Life

Measures for the Material
Progress and Moral Advancement
of our Great Dominion.

No Graft

No Deals

"The Shamrock, Thistle, Rose entwined
The Maple Leaf forever."

BAD LOSERS

A solid Liberal victory begins to emerge from the election writer in Britain. Now that the Unionists have begun to realize that their attack has failed signally their chief spokesmen are beginning to make the old plea that it is possible to lose an election and to win it at the same time. The Unionists had been able to count on a bare majority, however small, the London Times, and Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Asquith, Chamberlain, and Mr. Bonar Law, would have thundered out the announcement that a government of traitors and incompetents had been put to rest by a loyal electorate. But when it is made plain beyond dispute that the majority is with the government of the day, what happens? This morning's cable tells us that the London Times is still explaining that a Liberal victory is not a victory at all, and that Mr. Asquith will not be justified in carrying out any of the larger policies to which he and his colleagues have long been committed. The fact remains, however, that these policies have the endorsement of a majority of the electorate, and Mr. Asquith may well deem that sufficient for his purpose.

Mr. Balfour is quoted as having indulged in one more change of base. He now explains that he is not opposed to Home Rule, believing that all local affairs should be managed locally. He tells the public that Mr. Asquith intends to do nothing for Ireland, but is merely keeping Mr. Redmond in good humor by lavish promises. This, from Mr. Balfour, will please the anti-Home Rule party in England about as well as Mr. Balfour's desertion of Tariff Reform has pleased the protectionists.

The Spectator, which is strongly against the government, has felt compelled as a simple matter of honesty to denounce Mr. Balfour's Tariff Reform sophistries. Before that statesman decided to send protection to the rear—about a month ago—he declared that Tariff Reform would not increase the price of food, but added that even if he were wrong the balance could easily be readjusted by the removal of the duties on tea and sugar. The Spectator, reluctantly, but firmly, declines to pass this over. The point, it said, when told by a doctor that certain treatment may result in breaking a blood vessel, is not greatly comforted by the surgeon's assurance that the bleeding will easily be stopped by the application of a styptic. Try as he will, Mr. Balfour finds himself unable to make a straightforward argument in favor of protection, and when he says that a duty on food will not increase the price of it to the British consumer, he may believe himself, but he finds few others who are convinced, while the great mass of the people are frankly persuaded of the contrary.

Conservative papers are making much of the fact that the government's majority will be no larger than it was before. But they are already forgetting that only a few weeks ago they were predicting that the administration would be overwhelmed and that a Tariff Reform ministry would rule the country. The striking thing about the situation is that the Unionists are not only beaten but are now seen to be so divided with respect to their policies that only an extensive reconstruction of the party can make even a respectable opposition. Mr. Asquith has been denounced as a traitor, as a tool of the Irish, as an enemy of property, and as a weakling in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. The vote thus far recorded shows what the country thinks of these wild Tory accusations.

Protectionist money has bought many of the leading journals of Great Britain, and of these journals the London Times, now a Harmsworth publication, is one of the worst examples. It is no longer "The Thunderer" of old. Mr. Harmsworth has turned it into a protectionist phonograph, but to that particular tune the ears of the people of the United Kingdom are deaf for this decade at least.

POLITICS AND MORALS

A recent German writer on the history of public morality, says of the moral development of the German people, that the people have no subjective notion of public morality, and no ethical ideal for public

morality. They face the facts with indifference; there is not a trace of moral initiative or of moral consciousness. They can find all kinds of forces in history except ethical forces. These are entirely wanting. The people allow customs to be forced upon them by the work of their own hands, that is by the economic and political arrangements they have adopted. They distinguish only between good and bad customs. In other words there is not among the Germans any party of "moral ideas."

The writer recoils from these conclusions in dismay, but they are, no doubt, facts, and it is just possible that the advance of the Germans in all types of true morality and ethics will be all the more real because of the way in which they recognize the facts. Facts should be accepted as such and made the most of. Miss Martineau once said: "I accept the universe, 'Owl, also had better,' was the comment of Carlyle. It does not follow that the Germans are less moral than other people; on the contrary, they are to be congratulated on having escaped one great source of political bungling. There is much humor in the current social discussion which brings 'ethical' notions to the criticism of facts, and 'speeches to Buncombe' will not bring men to the immortal gods," as Carlyle again reminds us. These ethical notions are most often figments of the imagination.

We often hear a party spoken of as being a party of "great moral ideas," and see efforts to catch or stampee the people by a phrase or a catchword. Fellow partisans are "friends," voting another ticket is "going back on one's friends," we are urged to stand up for the great old state; to "be true to the flag," or to do many other things in the name of bold new notions that cloud the issue and distract the interest. The "introduction of moral ideas" into politics, has, as a matter of fact served the most immoral of purposes and played into the hands of the most immoral of men. More crimes have been committed in this name than in the name of liberty. The corrupt party boss is commended as being "specially good to the poor," the man who plunders the city has a "charming personal character," goes to lodges, associations, brotherhoods, Sunday-schools, and is "unusually good hearted," while he works unheeded in the rich field of sinister opportunity opened up by this humber of words and phrases. In political battles the sinister influences are nearly always able to rally the religious people by urging them on to some pseudo-social vice crusade, or some Sunday-closing ordinance or cigarette law, or to divide them on race or creed or in some way start them on a latuous "moral" issue so that behind the dust of contention the franchise grabber can operate. They cater to religion, morals, education or philanthropy that they may have time to tamper with the underpinning of the social order or prepare to cut the guy ropes that keep the tent from falling.

The Germans are right and point out the way of true progress. The customs of a country are the products of each to live as well as he can, and they are also customs which hold and control each in his efforts to live well. The Edda has it that during Thor's visit to the giants he is challenged to lift a certain gray cat. Thor puts forth his whole strength, but can at most bend the creature's back and lift one foot. On leaving, however, the mortified hero is told the secret of his failure. The cat is the Midgard serpent, which fell in mouth, girds and keeps up the created world, and the giants were terrified when they saw one paw off the floor. All ethics grow out of the customs and are part of them. Each one puts into the group life as much as he can and receives back the order and the forms from which he cannot escape. There are no ethical forces in history. We will reach happiness and culture and ethics, not by making them the aim or the object of pursuit, but by losing ourselves in an effort to live as well as we can in the conditions in which we find ourselves. That people will not be cultured or moral who set these things before them as the aim of their lives, any more than an individual would under these conditions. In more departments of life than we are prone to imagine, the early religious dictum is true: "He that saveth his life shall lose it." It is true, not only of individuals, but of parties and of nations.

DODGING THE MEDAL

Illinois Hero Did His Best to Escape From the Carnegie Folk

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

The thorough organization of the Carnegie Hero Fund and the remorseless competency with which its rewards are bestowed may be gathered from the experience of its latest beneficiary.

Six years ago this young man saved a life down near Quincy, Ill. As soon as he saw that his fellow man was in making a hero of him he fled the town. He became a maverick in the west, but Mr. Carnegie's minions, after a long pursuit, rounded him up in Arizona, roped and threw him, and branded him for what he was. He is now enrolled with other brave men of like mettle, a medal on his breast and a thousand good dollars in his pocket.

The young man from down-state displayed one or two very natural and creditable instincts when he fled from public official recognition of his gallant act. But on the other hand, Mr. Carnegie did not establish his fund for nothing, and we congratulate him on the determined, thorough-going fashion in which his staff are carrying out his beliefs.

Tea or Coffee Sir?
Make it Tea if it serve
"SALADA"

Yearly sales, over 20,000,000 packages

MEMORIES

When sunset's golden arrows fit
Around the mountain tops so gray,
A beacon glowing where they hit,
While darkness strives to conquer day.

And through the canons, o'er the leas,
He sends his squad of shadows down;
Tis then sweet memory beckons me,
And takes me to a far-off town.

Where in my youth I loved to play,
And roam the dark green forests through,
Awaiting at the dawn of day,
For days are bright, when life is new.

Tis then the fables in early spring
Stretch green to June's unclouded morn,
The evenings tiny dew drops bring,
To dip the daisies on the lawn.

See again the old stone wall,
Where oft, a hand of love I trod,
Climbed its side, and risked a fall,
To pluck the sun-kissed golden rod.

Beneath their shade I lay me down,
The elms spread their dark green leaves,
The swallows building'neath the eaves,
Break the sweet stillness with their sound.

With rod in hand I fish the brook,
That through the field doth softly flow,
And pause at every little nook,
Where buttercups and berries grow.

And where the rays of setting sun
Are shooting through the hemlock boughs,
I o'er the new moon stibble run,
Across the brook to touch the cows.

How oft I've lingered where the stream
Is forced and upon the brink,
Against a hemlock lightly lean,
To watch the thirsty oaten drink.

Or dip my hands into the brook,
Where with the little minnows play,
And strive to catch without a hook,
By being just as spry as they.

Those who in this dark world of strife,
While mening all the cares of life,
Such simple joys have ever found,
Are taught to prize them, when they're gone.

And now without a pause to feed,
With many a toss of head and heel,
The cattle in a wild stampede,
Express the joy they can't conceal.

Now borne upon the breeze that sings
The dirge of the departed day,
Around me silently she flings
The fragrance of new mown hay.

Far looking from the pasture fence,
Beyond the field of yellow grain,
I see it pitched with low green tents,
Where late the reaper's scythe has been.

And thus I visit home tonight,
The land of lakes and azure sky,
The land where green fields blossom white,
The land where pine trees softly sigh.

O. R. Johnston.
Warren, Ariz., Nov. 12, 1910.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A FINE PRESCRIPTION.

"And how long, doctor, should I stick to this plan diet which you recommend?"
"Why—until my bill is paid!"
—Houston Post.

WILLING TO RISK IT.

Uncle: "My dear boy, it's a fact that the bacilli on paper money have caused many a death before now."
Nephew: "Well, uncle, you might let me have a few notes. I'm very much tired of life."
—Fliegende Blätter.

HIS CHOICE.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire, "I can cure you."
"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the bed of the sick man.
The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" waited the other. "The undertaker's bid is much less."

THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Some time ago a battalion of the Grenadier Guards were marching to church. On their way a halt was made for some little time.

As they stood awaiting the word of command to make a move, a little boy rushed up to a fat smart soldier, and said, innocently:

"The minister soldier, would you mind waiting here till I go and fetch my little brother Willie? He's got a sixpenny box of soldiers, and I am sure he would like to see some real ones."

"Run along, little 'un," said the guard-mountain, and the little boy, with a look back before the colonel puts us back in the box again."

Ever feel completely tied up; you bought those shoes, wore them, and had to keep them, but your tongue was looser. Just see to it this time that you get a pair of Percy Steel's shoes, and you will feel that you have reason to be glad and your tongue will run merrily.

At his store, 519 Main Street, and 230 Union Street, your feet will be correctly fitted with shoes that will wear satisfactorily. Try for yourself.

SLEDS AND FRAMERS

BOARD SLEDS, New Brunswick Pattern, - - - - 90c to \$1.30
CLIPPER SLEDS, or Coasters, - - - - - 60c to \$3.50
FLEXIBLE FLYERS, the Sled that Steers, - - - - - \$6.00
FRAMERS, all sizes in plain and fancy styles, - - - - 30c to \$3.50

T. McAVITY & SONS, LTD., 13 KING ST.

Brass & Copper Hot Water Kettles

With or Without Lamps.

We Have a Very Large Stock of The Best Designs to Choose From

Kettles With Lamps - \$2.00 to \$15.00 ea. Kettles Without Lamps - 75c to \$7.00 ea.

Our Lines of Christmas Goods Will Interest You.

Emerson & Fisher, Limited, 25 Germain Street

Waist Bargains

FOR Friday and Saturday

Lot White Jap Silk Waists were \$3.50 to \$5.00 for \$1.98. With lace and medallion trimming.

Lot Net Waists, very dressy, all new, in eoru and white, were \$3.50 to \$6.00 at \$2.87.

Embroidered Calmure and Poplin Waists, in white and grey, slightly mussed, were \$3.50 and \$4.00 at \$1.98.

Also some odd sizes in black Silk Waists, short and long sleeves, at \$2.87, were \$3.75 to \$6.00.

ROBERT STRAIN

27 and 29 Charlotte Street.

Crab Apple Blossom PERFUME

The original and genuine, made by The Crown Perfume Co., London Eng. 50c and 75c per Bottle.

E. CLINTON BROWN, DRUGGIST, Cor. Union and Waterloo Sts.

BERMUDA The Ideal Autumn Tour

9 OR 11 DAY TOURS, INCLUDING TICKETS, HOTELS, DRIVES, ETC., \$50.00 UP

McLEAN & McLEAN Railway and Steamship Ticket Agents 67 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

"Bronchitis" This is an acute inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes in the lungs.

The disease begins with a tightness across the chest, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness, and there is a dry, harsh, croupy cough.

After a few days the mucous begins to be raised. This is a first warning, but later of a greenish or yellowish sputum and occasionally streaked with blood.

Cure the first symptoms of Bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thus prevent becoming chronic and perhaps fatal Consumption.

Mrs. D. J. McFarland, New and N.S., writes: "My little boy, who was six years old, caught a bad cold which developed into Bronchitis. He was coughing and I could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good result I got another which completely cured him, without having a doctor. I cannot say too much in its praise and would not be without it in the house as I consider it a sure cure for Colds and Bronchitis."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Jarvis & Whittaker, General Agents For

Strong Companies Writing Fire, Motor Car and Motor Boat Insurance

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American Pea Coal

Suitable For Furnaces, Cooking Stoves and Small Tidy Price Low.

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Made to Fit the Present Style Toes and Heels

Men's 1, 2, 3, 4 Buckle Overshoes

Men's Jersey Storm Rubbers

Women's Buckle and Strap, and Button Overshoes

Women's Jersey Storm Rubbers

Misses' and Children's Buckle Overshoes

The Best From Two Factories: "Canadians" "Merchants"

Francis & Vaughan

19 King Street

TREE DECORATIONS

Glass ornaments of every description 1c to 15c each.

Timed 15c to 35c dozen yards. Snow 5c package.

Don't forget that Christmas belongs to the children, and since everything centres in the Christmas tree, why not make it properly attractive; the best time to buy is now.

Arnold's Department Store 83 and 85 Charlotte St. Telephone 1718.

All Sizes Scotch Anthracite In Stock. Lowest Prices

GEO. DICK, 46-50 Brittain Street, Foot of Germain. Phone 1116

A DELICATE INSTRUMENT

at Washington, called a seismograph, registers earthquake shocks.

It registered one at 12.30 yesterday noon, and strange to say, there was no earthquake.

It was simply a man in St. John dealing with a grocer who offered him a substitute for BUTTERNUT BREAD, that caused the tremor.

BUTTERNUT BREAD is a favorite bread because it is a FLAVOR-RIGHT BREAD.

FREE! FREE!

On Saturday and Monday I will give any lady buying one ounce of Perfume an Irish Linen Handkerchief and a Chateleine sample of "THELMA"

the Queen of Perfumes

"Reliable" Robb

The Prescription Druggist, 137 Charlotte Street Phone 1339.

For the Sewing-Room

With the new net scarf an applique of small velvet flowers is very pretty. They are but in terra cotta, the flowers in a border, narrow at the sides and wide at the ends.

In padding a buttonhole edge or a design for solid embroidery the white padding shows through the color that is afterward stitched under it in many cases. This is especially disagreeable in a dark shade. The problem has been solved by doing the padding in cotton as near the shade of the silk as possible. The result is satisfactory and is not extravagant when it is considered that the cotton costs only a few cents a spool.

A sharpened-down orange-wood stick is a good piercer for embroidery. This makes a nice, clean hole and does not tear the material. Many needleworkers prefer the orange-wood sticks to the steel or ivory implements.

CONFERENCE OF PREMIERS FAILS

The conference of provincial premiers at Ottawa, to discuss the question of the representation of the maritime provinces in the house of commons was adjourned yesterday afternoon to meet again at a future date to be agreed upon. It is unlikely that any agreement will be reached that will tend to better the conditions for the maritime provinces.

Fortune may not knock at your door, but you can always depend upon undisturbable calm.

An iconoclast is a man who knocks out theories into the middle of next week.