

# The Evening Times and Star

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## HARBOR COMMISSION AND RAILWAY CONNECTIONS

If it is found feasible to adopt electricity as motive power on the Canadian National Railway between Moncton and Halifax, the Evening Times hopes that the plan will be adopted. If it proves, after expert examination, to be sound business policy it will be a progressive and proper step. It is also true that the improvement of grades between Moncton and Halifax, the putting in of more long sidings, and ultimately the double tracking of the line are improvements which business will justify and which should be undertaken once the Dominion government and the Canadian National Railway directors are ready to give the Maritime Provinces justice in connection with national transportation.

So much for Halifax and transportation matters east of Moncton. St. John is intensely interested in these developments because the scheme dealt with by Mr. H. J. Logan yesterday in Moncton brings sharply to the attention of our citizens here in New Brunswick the injustice from which St. John has suffered for many years because the Dominion government has not recognized the decisive value of the short haul and has fed St. John, and the territory tributary to St. John, upon promises.

Too long we have had a diet which a scriptural writer described as the east wind. It is about time that we in St. John and in most of New Brunswick put our partisan politics away if such politics in any way prevent us from co-operating and concentrating upon certain essentials which are necessary to give St. John justice in transportation matters; and not only St. John but the great freight-producing area of Canada which can be best served, served more quickly and more cheaply, only when the sound rules of national transportation are recognized and adhered to, and when St. John shall have a four-tenths grade between Fredericton and McGivney Junction such as already exists between Fredericton and Westfield on the Valley road and from McGivney to Winnipeg on the National Transcontinental.

The mayor and commissioners, the Board of Trade, the Rotary Club and all those organizations and those energetic citizens who have faith in St. John and pride in it should unite in insisting that a clear cut policy of extension and improvement be laid down with respect to our railway connections and our terminal facilities, and they should fight together to secure from any existing government at Ottawa, be it Grit, Tory, or so-called Unionist, a comprehensive plan, with all possible speed, year by year, until this port and the country which it serves shall have decent justice.

For years past the government and the various authorities to which it has entrusted the operation and management of the national railways in this section have given us what has been well described as "branch line treatment" not only with respect to ordinary passenger connections and accommodation, but in many other matters vitally affecting the welfare of St. John and the territory it serves. The interests of the port and those of the province, and even a minimum of self-respect, should render us unwilling longer to tolerate this sort of thing.

When the worn out rolling stock, the refuse of various railroads, has been steadily unloaded on us year after year, we have protested in vain. When people put up with that sort of thing too long, bureaucratic authorities—the paid servants of the taxpayers—grin behind their hands and say to themselves that so long as we put up with it, we must like it. To a great extent we deserve what we get. The time has come to wake up, roll up our sleeves, and fight this thing through to a show-down.

The Prince of Wales will take home many pleasing memories of his Canadian tour. Southern Alberta this week supplied the picturesque well when it introduced His Royal Highness to cowboy work and an Indian pow-wow. The hardy cow punchers found the prince on his Mustang a red-blooded youth who made not a bad attempt at the spirited work of the plainsman. And the prairie in round-up time affords a real test. Wearing the feathered head dress of a chief, the prince was installed by the Stony Creek as their leader and to his other titles added that of "Chief Morning Star."

## A SEA KNIGHT.

Of local interest is a London announcement in the Times despatches yesterday that Captain Bertram Hayes, commander of the White Star liner Olympic had received the honor of Knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of his service during the war. The award is especially fitting at this time when the White Star Line is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary.

Through the long months of the war the Olympic, the largest British vessel afloat, ploughed back and forth across the Atlantic between Canada and the Mother Country carrying thousands and thousands of our fighting men. Not only did she land every man safely on the other side, but through the gallantry of her commander and crew successfully engaged several of the enemy's undersea craft and sent them to the fate which they had intended for the leviathan and its precious burden. One of the last duties was to carry back to Canada two of New Brunswick's most famous units, the 26th Battalion and No. 1 Section 2nd D. A. C.

The fifty years of the White Star Line's existence have seen wonderful changes in ocean transportation. "Before the building of its first steamship," says the New York Times, "the company had a fleet of clipper ships, which carried thousands of pioneers to the Australian gold diggings and thus assisted in the foundation of that great British colony. The horses for the Indian troops, which, under General Roberts, were on the march from Kabul to Kandahar, were taken from Melbourne to Calcutta on these clippers, as well as the horses for the Madras artillery which took part in the Afghan campaign." Thus the record of war service of the line saw its beginning in the early days of its history and its first half century closes with its duty well and nobly continued.

From the Olympic, which was of 2,000 tons register, the line has expanded until today we have the 47,500-ton Olympic sailing into our ports. This big ship transported 300,000 troops during the recent war and when added to this is the work done by the Baltic, Celtic, Adriatic, Celtic and others, the White Star Line has a war record of which its people should be proud. The contrast between a thousand empires are due to the officers and crews of the company and particularly to the gallant commander of their largest vessel, whose elevation to knighthood is a fitting reward for his great achievements.

Something like a chapter from a Jesse James story is today's account of the robbing of the Ocean Limited on its way to Halifax from Montreal. The bandits' methods were more modern, of course, and there were lacking the dashing horsemanship and the rattle of small arms. But the hold-up of the mail clerks was no less effective than of old. The stake played for, and won, was a large one, \$75,000.

There may be bloodshed before the Fiume situation is worked out. D'Annunzio's forces have the sympathy of the people, who wish their city to be part of Italy. Despatches tell of the poet-warrior's troops being ranged in a fortified line around the city and of a determination to destroy the place if they cannot hold it. Italian troops are being moved into position about Fiume.

## SHOPS PROSPER IN RHINE AREA

Little German Children Will Miss Mr. Thomas Atkins—Parts Freely With Money

Cologne, Germany, Sept. 17.—British forces on the Rhine are diminishing daily, and it is fair to say they will leave behind them an excellent impression. Isolated disturbances have occurred, but it would be wrong to form a general impression from these. A surprising feature indeed, has been their rarity in view of the fact that we are occupying German territory and an intense feeling of disgust had been aroused among British soldiers by Germany's loathsome methods in waging war.

The people of the Rhineland feel that they owe the British a debt of gratitude because not only has British occupation brought with it relaxation of German officialdom, but has also meant increased prosperity. Signs of this are visible everywhere in the Rhineland. Shops, etc., are full; even exorbitant prices are not acting as a deterrent. British troops have parted freely with their money, and German tradesmen have not been slow to take advantage of this characteristic.

"Tommy" has also left behind him the best of memories among the Germans. Particularly the German children will remember his many acts of spontaneous kindness and the civility of his demeanour and conduct will be an indelible memory for the German fraulein.

During the influenza epidemic in Southern California, the speculators and players at a ball game all wore "flu" masks, even the umpire showing his decisions through one. A fine of \$50 was the penalty for removing the masks, even when the game called for enthusiastic rooting.



(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

## THE OTHER SIDE

All day long I sit around and weep because the prices are so steep. Whatever I have to buy, a pup, a pencil or a pie, a quilt, a quagga or a quince, the price I'm touched for makes me wince. And so, by rising prices pinched, I cry, "Let profiteers be lynched!" And all the neighbors proper dope; you bring a tree, we'll fetch a rope." But this thing has another side, which cannot fairly be denied. I am forgetting, when I yell, the price of things I have to sell. I have an old sea-bitten hen that lays each morning in her den; and when I go on buoyant legs, to sell her luscious, germ-proof eggs, all neatly packed in crate or tierce, the price I get is something fierce. I have an ancient tinnish cow, with antlers growing on her brow; she springs, each day, a peck of milk; that's why my wife is wearing silk. I sell the milk by pint and quart, and take in the costs of every sort. In those grand times that I lament, the old cow didn't make a cent. Sometimes I fear when prices fall I'll still rear up didn't make a cent. Sometimes I fear when prices fall I'll still rear up and wildly bawl; if things I sell are going cheap, I don't believe I'll cease to weep.

## CANADA—EAST AND WEST

Domestic Happenings of Other Days

### Quebec Surrenders.

On the seventeenth of September, 1759, the British warships, under Admiral Saunders, added their quota to the final capitulation of the City of Quebec into which the shattered French army had retreated after the decisive battle on the plains of Abraham. Martin, pilot, of Quebec, the exhausted army of France, watching constantly for the renewal of hostilities, saw on the afternoon of the 17th twelve British warships close in. At once they started the bombardment of the city; on, rather, to be more accurate, they trained their guns on the city. At the same time the cannon that General Townsend had succeeded in getting into position were ready to belch forth death and destruction. The two forces lined up to crush the city and bring death to many, the French Commander Ramez had no alternative but to run up the white flag and ask for a parley. This he did. He proposed to the British that he should march out with all the honors of war and go to the camp of Vaudreuil. He did everything he could to prolong the negotiations, hoping probably that something would happen to relieve him of the necessity of making a surrender. But nothing occurred and so at eleven o'clock at night on Sept. 17, 1759, the French general agreed to surrender the City of Quebec.

### "TAKE A THINK OF SAFETY."

There's a man who listens silently When you read the safety rules; There's another who will laugh a bit And say they're all damn fools. There's still another, by the way, Who by experience was taught That machines are dog-gone treacherous things When in their dogs you're caught. There's a road that leads to sorrow, That is wide and long and straight, And the fools that line this highway Pull up short when it's too late.

If a hand is worth a fortune And an eye is worth a frow, Why take a chance of losing 'em When you know just what to do? A little care, a little thought Preserve the lives of men; So buck up, "Bill," and take a think Of safety rules, in "Safety Engineering."

### LIGHTER VEIN.

"You seem gloomy, my friend. I fear you are suffering from nervous depression." "I ain't naturally this way, doc, just been reading the literature in your ante-room, that's all."

Planning a Profiter's Home. Archer—Have you any suggestion for decorating the study, Mr. Quickrich? Mr. Quickrich (war profiteer)—Only that it must be brown. Great thinkers, I believe, are generally found in a brown study.

"I don't see how I could possibly be any worse off than I am sir." "Then cheer up. You've got nothing further to worry about."

"Success depends on hard work." "Yes," rejoined Farmer Cornloss. "I know a man whose farm got covered up with weeds and mortgages while he was workin' terribly hard to be the best checker in the neighborhood."

### Her One Regret.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane," said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own just like that if I had time."

He had fairly puzzled the good village folk, had that clever ventriloquist, and now he was going to perform his last and greatest feat. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, with a grand bow, "I will proceed to sing that famous ballad 'Go—' in a lady's voice, which will appear to proceed from the empty chair above your heads."

The minutes passed. Looks of strain and agony, doubt and anger, chased one another across the performer's face, but there was no song. Then a voice suddenly broke the silence. "Tain't no good, guv'nor," it said, "I've bin 'lost the gramophone needle."

Two women of uncertain age, who had long been rivals in love, quarreled over a trifling gift which the object of their adoration had indiscreetly bestowed on one of them. "He intended those flowers for me," the elder woman said to the lucky recipient. "You wretched little slut on the road to my house and shamelessly robbed me of his offering. Your gilly face tells tales."

The other woman shrugged her shoulders and she sniffed at the pretty bouquet and answered sweetly: "O, well, my dear, have it your own way. At any rate no one will accuse you of having a telltale face. It's so very difficult to read between the lines."

And now the deadly breach between them has widened beyond repair.

## Hoover for Ratification

Banquer Commercial—Mr. Hoover has had a remarkable opportunity to judge of conditions in Europe and on his return to this country after five years of service abroad, he states his conviction that the treaty ought to be promptly adopted including the league of nations "in its present form or as near it as can be obtained." This expert evidence and not that of a politician.

Mr. Hoover speaks of the difficulties of the European countries and the imperative need for the period of readjustment to really begin but this is awaiting the final adjustment of peace. Mr. Hoover considers the treaty from the standpoint of Europe as well as from that of the United States and this is the only fair way and the only way that can obtain lasting results.

The delay in the ratification of the treaty in the senate of the United States is causing great unrest abroad and the many statements in the foreign press would seem to very clearly convey the belief that President Wilson has been the dominant figure in the negotiations. There is constant statement that President Wilson obtained remarkable concessions, and if now by action of the senate the treaty is changed and must return to conference it is exceedingly clear that the next draft will not be nearly as satisfactory to the American people.

All good business instincts call for ratification without amendment. The business of the world demands speedy ratification and no further delay and behind this demand is the argument of the business man who has obtained a far better trade than could have been expected and knows that if the trade is nullified and ever it was made that he will not fare nearly as well. The little group of wilful men in the United States senate do not attempt to tell us what would happen if the subject of the peace negotiations is reopened. They brush aside this proposition with the broad but not convincing allegation that the European nations will accept whatever treaty changes the United States may make but in such assertion they are building upon the sands. Such is not the testimony of the men who are most closely in touch with European conditions. They know that many of the European countries would welcome an opportunity to tinker with the treaty and that the tinkering would be done with a view to personal advantage.

### Two Duties.

(Boston Globe.) As the autumn sets in, so does a fear. Last autumn brought a grisly visitor. Will this autumn bring him back? Thousands and thousands are the households that were desolated. Memory can scarcely look at that time without a shudder. All in the conjecture which is certain to be indulged in the possibility of a return of the influenza which ever it was there are two points to bear in mind.

The first is that one of the surest ways to bring it back is to be afraid of it. And one of the surest ways to keep it away is to forget, as well as we can, that such a thing ever existed. Disease is a wild beast. It springs on those who fear it. Look it steadily in the eye and, provided no foolish chances are taken, more than a strong probability exists that it will sink away to its lair. That is the duty of the average citizen with regard to the "flu."

But beyond that lies a duty for our public officials. As responsible custodians of the public health, they should go quietly about making preparations to handle, if possible, to head off any repetition of last year's conditions. It is cheaper in money, to say nothing of life, to cope with such a conflagration at the start than at the finish; and if our health officials are all ready and on their feet, never comes, so much the better. Let no one begrudge the time, labor and money thus spent. It will have been spent well.

### Thew Want Results.

Kingston, Ont.—The Board of Commerce has almost unlimited power to check the inflation of the cost of living. The people of Canada are in no mood to stand for any longer delay in the use of that power. They have to foot the bills for the upkeep of the board, and they want something for their money. They want to have the money they spend with one hand come back to them by way of the other, hand—in other words, they simply ask that the Board of Commerce justify its existence and its expense by lightening the burden of living costs for the working classes.

### Rocket Kills Baby.

London, Sept. 18.—During a fireworks celebration at Leamington, a rocket swerved to an adjoining roadway and alighted on a perambulator containing a three-week-old baby. The explosion of the rocket set fire to the carriage, fatally injuring the baby who was snatched from the flames by its father, but died at a nearby hospital.

### Flour Prices.

Toronto Mail and Empire: The Canadian Wheat Board says that flour should be retailing for less in Ontario, because the wholesale price has dropped. This is a matter for the Board of Commerce officials to follow up. Retailers will have to be made to conform to lower wholesale prices.

### Gigantic Strawberry.

London, Sept. 18.—By ingenious cross-fertilization of three famous varieties—Royal Sovereign, Monarch and President—Hatfield gardeners have evolved a new strawberry of gigantic size and delicious flavor, which will be named the Hatfield Victor.

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### Drowned in Puddle.

London, Sept. 18.—While picking wild flowers at Milford, Surrey, Miss Kate Chubb, 45, had an epileptic fit fell face down into a puddle of water only two inches deep and was drowned.

### 15,000 Acres of Fuel.

London, Sept. 18.—More than 15,000 acres of Cardiganshire peat bog are being developed for fuel to relieve the inconvenience and suffering occasioned by the shortage of coal.

### Union of Doctors.

Liverpool, Sept. 18.—Liverpool doctors have passed resolutions placing them on record as favoring the organization of a trade union and affiliating with the Medical-Political Union.

### Just Catching Up.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Johnson," said the school teacher, "that your little boy, Bearcat, appears to be utterly incorrigible." "Pears to be utterly—pu—which?" obstinately returned Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "Incorrigible beyond reform. He quarrels and fights all the time. I cannot imagine what is the matter with him."

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all—Judge.