

# MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY MAY 27, 1910

## The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., MAY 27, 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, 192; Advertising Dept., 31; Circulation Dept., 15. Subscription prices—Delivered by carrier \$5.00 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 Representative—The Clougher Publicity Syndicate, 30 and 31 Outer Temple, Strand, London.

### THE EVENING TIMES THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

New Brunswick's Independent Newspapers.

These 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 entwine  
The Maple Leaf forever."

#### WHO PAYS?

Mr. D. King Hazen, student of Shakespeare, philosopher, moralist and mentor, also incidentally a barrister and representative in the absence of the attorney-general of New Brunswick, has momentarily withdrawn his searching mental gaze from the great problems of mind and matter, and levelled it upon the humble and unobtrusive editor of this newspaper. In a letter to the Standard the young man kindly observes:

"Shakespeare at a beautiful scene makes one of his characters say: 'I can easily teach twenty what were good to be done than be of the twenty to follow my own teaching.' The words are applicable to the editor of the Times. He professes to teach men to be men, but judging from his political writings he fails to follow his own instructions. It is earnestly to be hoped that his example of manliness will not be adopted by men who wish to make their lives something more than a living lie, or by those who desire strength enough to resist the temptation of being bought by the 'spoils of office.' His example can make for a better manhood only by antithesis. In the Wednesday issue of the Times there appears an article, inserted undoubtedly by his knowledge, and probably written by him, which shows to what meanness and falsifying he will go in order to teach men to be men in political matters. The article is full of untrue statements that can only be excused on the grounds of ignorance. But when ignorance suits best the objects of a man who would teach men to be men, or a newspaper that stands for 'honesty in public life,' it is of course, excusable."

In this mild and well-considered paragraph, written no doubt after a brief period of introspection, to be sure that the writer had divested himself of all prejudice and was in a mood to speak as becomes a public moralist, the reference is to a story in Wednesday's Times, as follows:

"Attorney General Hazen has cost the municipality a needless expenditure of money on account of his absence from his duty as crown prosecutor in the county court this morning. When the court opened at 11 o'clock D. King Hazen, son of the attorney-general, on behalf of his father, asked to have the criminal business stood over until June 15 next. Although the motion was opposed by counsel for two of the prisoners, his honor allowed the motion. The municipality has to bear the expense of a petty jury and other fees which could be saved had the cases been proceeded with. Attorney General Hazen is in Boston where he addressed a meeting of the Intercolonial Club. Hon. H. F. McLeod, solicitor general and the next crown lawyer, was not in court. It is seldom that a motion such as was made by Mr. Hazen Jr., this morning is made without disclosing the grounds."

This story was not written by the editor of the Times-Star. Its correctness was, however, vouched for by a lawyer, Mr. D. King Hazen asserts that the attorney-general is not called upon to give reasons when asking for a postponement, and that there is no additional cost. This is real news. The people will be delighted to learn that under Mr. Hazen's beneficent sway judges and juries and lawyers and constables and witnesses may be summoned to court and sent home again without a cent of expense. If this may be done in one case, doubtless it may be done in all; and, since there is no expense, people may no longer murmur against what Mr. D. King Hazen's friend Shakespeare would term "the law's delays." But is the statement true? Lawyers say not. Let us hope this postponement at the instance of the attorney-general without disclosing reasons is not an instance—to quote Mr. D. King Hazen's friend Shakespeare again—of the "insolence of office." Also let us hope that the postponement until June 15th has no relation to the fact that the exchequer court meets in the meantime and that the attorney general will appear there in his private capacity as counsel for Mr. G. S. Mayes.

It has pleased Mr. D. King Hazen to allude to an organization with which the editor of this paper, in his private capacity as a citizen, is connected, and which, whether with his aid or in spite of him, has done some good in St. John. The

#### WITNESSES

Whenever my heart is heavy,  
And life seems sad as death,  
A subtle and marvellous mockery  
Of all who draw their breath,  
And I weary of throned injustice,  
The rumor of outrage and wrong,  
And I doubt if God rules above us,  
And I cry, O Lord, how long?  
How long shall sorrow and evil,  
Their forces around them draw?  
Is there no power in Thy right hand,  
Is there no life in Thy law?

Then at last the blazing brightness  
Of day forsakes the height,  
Slips like a splendid curtain  
From the awful and infinite night:  
And out of the depths of distance,  
The gulfs of purple space,  
The stars steal, slow and silent,  
Each in the ancient place—  
Each in armor shining.  
The hosts of heaven arrayed,  
And wheeling through the midnight  
As they did when the world was made,  
And out of the depths of distance,  
The stars steal, slow and silent,  
Each in the ancient place—  
Each in armor shining.

And I lean out among the shadows,  
Cast by that far white gleam,  
And I tremble at the murmur  
Of one note in the mighty beam,  
As the everlasting squadrons  
Their fated influence shed.  
While the vast meridians sparkle  
With the glory of their tread.  
That constellated glory,  
The primal morning saw,  
And I know God moves to his purpose,  
And still there is life in His law.  
—Harriot Prescott Spofford.

#### IN LIGHTER VEIN

CARRYING IT TOO FAR.  
And there are some men who will do  
their best and even their best friends.

#### WAITING.

"Has she selected her bridesmaids  
yet?"  
"No, she's waiting to find out which  
of her friends will spend the most for  
dresses for the occasion."

#### UNCLE EZRA SAYS:

Playin' on one string soon wears out the  
string as well as the player.—Boston Herald.

#### DEFINING A SUBWAY.

"Pa, what is a subway?"  
"A subway, Alphonse, is a cyclone car  
with a railroad running through it."  
—St. Louis Star.

#### HIS ROYALTY'S UNDOING.

'Tis not the wealth of gold and stocks,  
Nor millions hoarded up in bonds,  
That make Dan Cupid bend the knee,  
A pair of twinkling eyes, some locks  
Of golden hair—there are the wands  
That tickle His Cupidity.  
—Hard of Benzie.

#### PRACTICAL POETRY.

The bluebell and the daffodil  
Have had their day,  
And made our pulses gently thrill  
In roundelay.

But they are hackneyed, and the bard  
It really seizes,  
Such vegetation should discard  
For never themes.

In fact, the time is now at hand,  
Or so I woen,  
To sing about the carrot and  
The kidney bean.  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### COMPENSATION.

The retired insurance agent was telling  
a friend some of his experiences: "If once  
got a man to take out a \$50,000 life insurance  
policy," he said, "only the day before  
he was killed."

"My word," replied the friend, "that  
evidence that the company. I expect you  
wished your persuasive powers had not  
been so successful!"  
"Hunt! No," said the agent. "You see,  
I married the widow."

#### JUST ONE INSTANCE.

"Well, said the mill-looking man after  
a long silence, 'it won't be long before  
the watermelon will be up with us in  
the market.'"  
"Humph!" replied the aggressive man.  
"I do love the watermelon. I remember  
that on one occasion last summer—"

"Oh, yes, you bought a watermelon. So  
did I."  
"I was passing by a grocery."  
"So was I."  
"I saw this melon."  
"Yes, and I saw one."  
"I stopped and looked on it."  
"I was the same kind of a fool! Yes,  
I stopped and looked."  
"And the sound told me that I had  
found a juicy red-core."  
"Same here."  
"And I bought it."  
"So did I. Yes, I bought it and broke  
my back lugging it home."  
"I put mine on ice for two days," said  
the mill-mannered man.  
"Same here. Bought fifty pounds of ice  
extra."  
"At the end of two days I invited ten  
people in to help me devour that prize."  
"I invited eleven."  
"And the melon was cut."  
"And so was mine, and it was greener  
than grass and harder than sandstone—  
but let's let it go. What fools we made of  
ourselves."  
"But mine was ripe, sir. It was red. It  
was juicy. It was a fit food for angels.  
It was the largest, finest, nicest, most  
beautiful, most exhilarating—most!"  
But the aggressive man had closed his  
eyes and pretended sleep.

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No.	Height Inches	No.	Height Inches
1	14	20	30
2	14	21	30
3	14	22	30
4	14	23	30
5	14	24	30
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80	14	99	30
81	14	100	30

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