

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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ADVERTISING THE MARITIMES

A deal of nonsense now out of date is contained in some of the old saws and one of the worst examples of pinhead wisdom is that which declares that "good wine needs no bush." Even in the good old days it is inconceivable that the innkeeper with the very choicest and most celebrated cellar should fail to secure additional customers by advertising his wares according to the usual methods of the time.

The Maritimes have good fare to offer, dainties more palatable to many than those on the menu of the provinces west of us, but the gourmets have not heard of our table so they pass it by. We are not advertised like the other provinces as three witnesses before the Maritime Commission complained last Tuesday and complained with justice.

The reasons for this are numerous, complex and generally known, but they are not valid. There can be no excuse for discriminatory action against or neglect of any section of the Dominion and the sooner Ottawa and the emissaries of Ottawa, whether in the High Commissioner's office in London or the various Trade Commissions dotted over the surface of the world, realize that the Maritimes are no longer tolerant of neglect, the better for all concerned.

Whether it be in the matter of slips of desk blotting paper printed with miniature tourist map, or in advertising prospective settlers as to the various attractions of the provinces, or in securing foreign orders for the manufactures and products of Canada, the Maritimes must certainly receive their due. And in this regard it is to be suspected that where officials have been by commission or omission it has frequently been through their own lack of knowledge rather than through any desire to inflict injustice on us. The Maritimes must be advertised to the Canadian of other sections just as much as to the overseas Briton and to the foreigner.

A lady who recently came from England to Saint John, went to Canada House before starting and received the most courteous assistance and advice as to what she should procure in the way of clothing suitable for our climate. Well she complains of it that the information was all wrong. That is not as it should be. With a Dominion organization existing for the benefit of the Maritimes as much as for any other part of Canada it seems absurd to consider reversal to the old system of Agents General, but incidents like that cited tend to raise the question whether or not our interests are safeguarded in a proper and efficient manner. Therefore it behooves us to see that the world is as fully informed as it should be of what Maritime Canada has to offer.

It pays to advertise. We pay our share of the revenues out of which the rest of Canada is advertised. We naturally ask, and demand, that as much energy, efficiency and money be employed in forwarding our interests as employed for the benefits of any equal number of Canadians living west of us.

CONCORD.

Capital and Labor are both essential to economic stability and social progress. Both have their rights and neither can be ignored. Both have their individual interests, sometimes conflicting, but more often identical when stripped of misunderstandings. The basic interest of both is the general welfare of the whole community, and this is the aim of all far-sighted leaders of Labor as well as of Capital.

Major Ralph Webb of Winnipeg, who declared his attitude as "strong for Labor," explained that he meant thereby "real honest-to-God-Labor—the right stuff," warned delegates to the Union of Canadian Municipalities that the Bolsheviks are busy distributing Red literature and that "We've all got to fight for the things we fought for in the Great War." Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce, Premier of Australia, the stronghold of Labor, told the House of Representatives that the "adoption of the doctrine of international independence by the Dominions would mean disintegration of the Empire."

That is all good Labor talk. Nowadays we cannot isolate ourselves, nationally, industrially or individually. Therefore we must study each other, co-ordinate effort for the good of all and sink past differences in the rising tide of mutual understanding and goodwill.

MAKE AN EFFORT.

It is only human to like to sit back and take a rest while George does the job for us, but there are times when that does not meet the case even to a modified extent. Some weeks ago the Retail Merchants' Association of Saint John sent a delegation to the City Hall urging on that body certain matters in connection with civic taxation and most especially a system of installment payments. From that arose a more extensive interest in the matter of taxation on the night before.

tion and assessment generally which was taken up from different angles and in many forms by citizens whose share in the subject is infinitely varied. The net result has been an ever-growing demand for expert investigation of the entire system and a thorough overhaul of the machinery from A to Z.

It is understood that His Worship is applying himself to the problem, but in the meantime a movement has been set on foot to tender a petition to City Hall categorically stating the taxpayers' desires in this regard. The text of the petition was published in yesterday's Times-Star. Booths are to be set up in different parts of the city where citizens may append their signatures and now what remains to give to that petition an irresistible force is that taxpayers make an effort to add the weight of their names and so demonstrate the deep interest aroused in all quarters.

The more names the greater force will the petition carry. Hitherto Saint John has not been renowned for the manner in which its citizens have exerted themselves to vote at elections and plebiscites. Let us hope that it will be different in this case, that all those who have talked and written—and they number thousands—will now act. Employers might well do a service to the city by advising employees to sign the petition, by affording facilities, if need be, for so doing. Many taxpayers of Saint John are now at Rouses, Westfield and a dozen other nearby spots; could not the organizers of the petition make it convenient to secure their signatures?

The more signatures the better it will be. Let us bestir ourselves that far and make an effort.

The Anglo-Italian delimitation of spheres of influence in Abyssinia is alleged to involve dealings China, but a closer parallel would be Afghanistan where Great Britain and Russia have always divided an independent country into two zones wherein each exercises its national, political and economic influence. Even here, however, the cases are not on all fours because in Afghanistan the interests of the Powers were, and are probably ever will be conflicting and the agreement is rather not to "queer" each other's pitch than to help each other along, where in Abyssinia, Great Britain and Italy are combining to support each other's policies, which are, presumably, purely economic.

Odds and Ends

In A City Street
(E. M. Greaves-Carpenter in Ottawa Journal.)

The city, they say, is dull and drab. And lacks the beauty of common things. The glory of life in earlier days.

But in one day, in fair Philadelphia, I, walking a street of old, quaint houses, saw gray pigeons playing under the gaze of a mild and soft-eyed old brown horse.

An old man playing a sweet-stringed harp. On the grass-grown flags of this sunny street. Then, a knightly sign of the fleur-de-lis in a tapestried chamber where white gods gleam.

Suddenly, a holy sign: a white lambino on a high blue wall. Then a quaint little hop, its cunning wares. Flung on its steps in bright disarray. A young girl recalling Botticelli's "Spring."

A dusky cherub in stained yellow rags Gaily strutting a ukelele. To those who can keep The soul's eyes undimmed, Beauty is never far to seek.

"Silk Stocking" Districts.
(New York Sun.)

Today to call any New York City assembly district the "Silk Stocking District" would not distinguish it from the others. Silk stockings are now the rule, East Side, West Side, all around the town. With Theodore Roosevelt as a fledgling politician was nominated for the Assembly by the Republicans of the old Twenty-first in 1881, however, the designation was accepted as vividly descriptive of that rarefied section wherein dwell the individuals desirously or respectfully known as the "better element." Silk stockings were then the wear of the rich; they suggested extravagance even among the well-to-do.

Train Time

(From Everybody's Magazine.)
Deacon White had been pacing the station platform for twenty minutes. Rather hot under the collar, he went back to the ticket window.

"I thought you said the noon local was on time today," he roared at the station master's youthful assistant. "Well, she were," replied the latter. "Went through here right on the dot, 'bout three minutes afore you come in an' ast me."

No Larking

(Kingston Standard.)
Generally speaking, the man who gets up with the lark hasn't been on the night before.

Safe Behind Hindenburg Line



—From De Groene Amsterdammer, Amsterdam, Holland.
The German President, Hindenburg, championed the cause of the deposed Kaiser, and the proposal to confiscate royal property failed at the recent election.

Queer Quirks of Nature



One carries the scent of musk, the other that of musty straw.
By AUSTIN H. CLARK
MANY butterflies, like many flowers, have a fragrance that is very pleasant, while other butterflies, like other flowers, have a fragrance that is not at all pleasant. This is well illustrated by the two common butterflies shown in the picture. The one on the left, which is known as Doubleday's swallow-tail, has a very agreeable scent of musk. That on the right, the Dardanus swallow-tail, smells like musty straw.

The Political Fray

Liberal PATENAUE AND MEIGHEN (Toronto Star.)
Conservative BOVIN AND BURAU (Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.)

In his campaign less than a year ago Mr. Patenaue said: "I am as independent of Meighen as of King." Asked to state his objections to Mr. Meighen, he gave two: "I do not like his tendency towards imperialism which has been noted in Mr. Meighen's speech and 'both Mr. King and Mr. Meighen have tendencies towards the maintenance of national ownership of railways at all costs, whereas I say that if necessary they should be sold, so as to relieve the burden which is pressing so heavily up on the Canadian taxpayers. Surely now you can understand why I wish to be free of these men."

If that was why he wished to be free of Mr. Meighen in October of 1925, how does he come to be Mr. Meighen's Minister of Justice in July of 1926? On the great issue of public ownership which separated these two men nine months ago—which surrendered? Mr. Patenaue certainly did not give up his ideas after his defeat last fall, for he said: "We are proud of the doctrine we have preached, and if we had to start again, we would make the same campaign with as much vigor."

That same campaign, indeed, has been carried on by his newspaper backers in Montreal ever since. And does any one dream that it has now been abandoned, or that Mr. Patenaue made no stipulations in entering the Meighen cabinet?

CALLS IT AUTOCRACY

(Pembroke Observer.)
Tory autocracy is now in its element. Mr. Arthur Meighen is carrying on a one-man government at Ottawa, paying the expenses of running the country by Governor-General's warrants, without the sanction of Parliament, and his new ministers, when sworn in, will carry on for two months without having been approved by a vote of their electors. Having made a mockery of the Constitution in order to get dissolution of Parliament, which withdrew its confidence from him after he had been in power four days, Mr. Meighen is now continuing the farce and will prolong it until he and his makeshift cabinet are rejected at the polls in the coming election. The fight for constitutional government in Canada has to be once more won, and it will be won in the September contest.

THE MONTREAL "INTERESTS"

(Toronto Star.)
The Kingston Standard rejoices to find the Montreal Star definitely supporting Meighen. Of course it supports Meighen. Isn't its own Mr. Patenaue his Minister of Justice? Does anyone suppose that the bargain under which Mr. Patenaue entered the cabinet is anything but satisfactory to the Montreal interests which financed his "free-of-Meighen" campaign at the last election?

Just Fun

A FOUR-WHEEL brake is a wonderful invention. Now the automobile can stop on top of the pedestrian rather than run over him.

RED HOT GRANDMAMA
MOTHER (coming in at 2 a.m.)—you needn't have waited up for me, Ysobel, I have my own latchkey.
YSOBEL—I know it, mamma, but somebody had to let grandma in—Life.

"MURDER" isn't debatable," said Roscoe. But he hadn't listened to lawyers much.

THREE A. M. Voice from Above—
"Oh, daughter, does that young man like grapefruit?"

A CHASER
VISITOR: Do you like to recite, dear?
CHILD: No, but mamma always asks me, doesn't it make people go—London Punch.

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE
DINNER: There's a button in my soup.
WAITER: Typographical error, sir, should be mutton—Progressive Grocer.

A GLOOMY FUTURE
HE—"Can't you forgive the past?"
SHE—"If you give me a nice enough present—Life.

SOME USE SILVER NOW.
HELEN: Bob fell and cut himself badly on a broken bottle.
LENA: He must've got it cut?
JUDGE: On the hip, of course, ally.

VISION.
FIRST CLIMBER: I saw Mrs. Blueblood on the avenue.
Second Climber: How was she looking?
First Climber: Right past me—Life.

Timely Views On World Topics

SENTIMENTALITY AND POLITICS ARE AIDS TO CRIME

By A. M. CATHCART.
Professor of Criminal Law at Stanford University for Two Decades.
THE chief causes of so much crime in the United States today are what?

Maudlin sentimentality, politics and a misguided sense of sympathy. These are the three factors chiefly responsible.

Those who would blame the "crime wave" on the World War and its aftermath of moral decay are wrong. Rather, blame can be laid at the door of sentimentality epitomized by the movies, league baseball and other entertainment in the prisons, he says.

What happens when a murderer is accused? Intricate problems are submitted to unintelligent juries and these laymen, often deeply ignorant, are called upon to analyze matters that a law school graduate has found difficult to master.

All of the presumptions of law are in favor of the accused. After a murderer commits his crime, the first presumption is that he will not be captured. If he is taken, there is the likelihood of escape, or freedom on bail.

Then there is an almost interminable wait until all parties conveniently announce ready to proceed. Anywhere from a few hours to a few weeks are consumed in selecting a jury.

The indictment is read and the attorneys are permitted to talk forever, but the judge must not say a word.

DUMB AND SENTIMENTAL
JURIES
Then there is a strong probability that the jury will not understand the instructions, or through sentiment will return a verdict of not guilty.

If found guilty, there will be a motion for a new trial or an appeal. The convicted man knows that if these fail there may be a warm-hearted governor, or petitions from the four corners of the state to the parole board.

If the state's charge against the criminal successfully runs the gauntlet and accurately finally goes to prison, he will be entertained with baseball, radio, modern movies and in a short time his good behavior will return him to the bosom of his friends.

DINNER STORIES

THE near-sighted man and his wife were inspecting the latest art exhibition with critical care.

"That's the ugliest portrait I've ever seen," he cried angrily, striving for a better view of the abomination. "Come away, you fool!" replied his wife. "You are looking at yourself in a mirror."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRY

(London Free Press.)
For the sake of Canada and for the sake of the Liberal party, Mr. King ought to take the advice of such Liberal papers as the Toronto Globe, the Brandon Expositor, the Ottawa Citizen and every neutral and independent paper in the country and cut off his constitutional cry. If he does not he will force every elector in Canada who is opposed to the views of the Bourassa and the Ewatts to line up solidly behind the Conservative candidates. There will be no alternative.

WANT STABLE GOVERNMENT

(Calgary Herald.)
The people are tired of hair-splitting. They want honest and firm government. These microscopical researches among the thin threads of constitutional controversy will not satisfy a country that is hungry for stable government. To the need of such government the Canadian public is now aroused and they will vote in the next election, not on the cobweb of constitutional practice, but on the reality of this national necessity.



BY THEIR FIRST NAMES
CINCINNATI—One of those anachronisms are reads about is found in the person of young Mrs. Carroll Penton, assistant curator of the natural history museum of the University of Cincinnati.

Mrs. Penton is one of the few women who have specialized in the study of fossils (animal and geologic) and is the only female curator in the country. She is said to know, and intimately enough to call them by name, some 60,000 fossils.

MAD RUSH

PARIS—For some unknown reason, the annual migration of American tourists back to their homeland is almost a month ahead of time this year. Not until mid-August, ordinarily, do most Americans come up for air, survey the landscape in general and their pocket books in particular—and rush for home. But now, steamship lines find their July and early August bookings crammed. America wants to get home. Various reasons are given. Perhaps, even with the fall of the franc, prices are high. Perhaps Americans aren't particularly happy in Europe this year, with the debt situation and all. Whatever the reason, there's a concerted rush for home.



"The Mad Dog" by Oliver Goldsmith.

A BEAUTIFUL bit of satire is this old poem. Goldsmith is one of our literary pastimes; and I have never gone to London without visiting his grave in the Temple, just off the roaring Strand and Fleet street. Nothing is on his tomb save the inscription: "The man recovered of the bite, Oliver Goldsmith." For nothing more was he.

Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song. And if you find it wondrous short, It cannot hold you long.

In Illington there was a man, Of whom the world might say, That still a godly race he ran— Whence he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad— When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found, Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends, But when a pique began, Men, often deadly, Went mad, and hit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets The warring neighbors ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits. To bite to good a man!

The wound it seemed both sore and sad, To every Christian eye; And while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light, That showed the rogues they lied: The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died!

(Copyright, 1926.)

SAFETY FIRST
"THIS is how it happened, Judge. I saw that hand come out and sign a left turn. I started to turn to the right. Then I looked at the hand and saw a dinner ring and a bracelet. So I figured I'd better go through the department store window—"

"Discharged"—Life.

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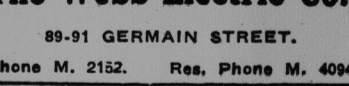


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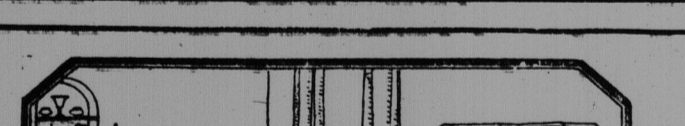
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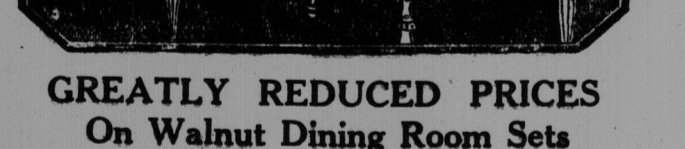
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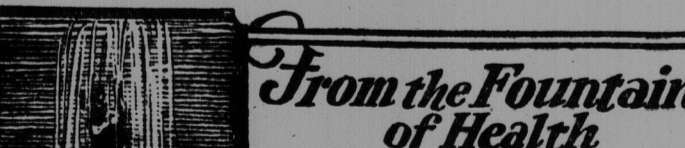
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