

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1925

The Evening Times-Star

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"NOW IT CAN BE TOLD."

The election being over, certain Conservative newspapers have turned their searchlights upon Montreal and the Patenaude adventure. They now feel, apparently, that the attitude and ambitions of a certain Montreal group can be discussed with less injury to party prospects than while the fight was on. The Ottawa Journal introduces this subject—painful or diverting, depending upon where you sit—by the bald statement that for several years past a limited number of people in Montreal, led by Lord Atholstan, "have been trying to dictate to the Conservative party in Canada. And inasmuch as they could not dictate to Mr. Meighen, and so found themselves hampered in their self-imposed job of dictating to the Conservative party, they have long made Mr. Meighen a target for their curious arraignments."

That is the overture. According to the Journal this Montreal group began years ago to tell the country, so far as they were able to reach it outside Montreal, that Mr. Meighen would not do, that a greater man must be found, although in the last general election these very gentlemen in Montreal could not elect a single Conservative in their district. The party outside Montreal insisted that Mr. Meighen retain the leadership, and, says the Journal, he "yielded to the pressure of the party and stayed in the game. He fought on. He got no support from Montreal; on the contrary some of the self-constituted Conservative leaders there kept doing their best to stab him in the back. And so the general election of 1925 came along." Then Mr. Patenaude is introduced. The Journal describes him as able, honorable and sincere, an estimate not easy to reconcile with the Journal's next statement, which is this: "But Mr. Patenaude came proclaiming that he objected to Mr. Meighen's imperialism. This is nonsense. Mr. Meighen is no imperialist in the sense which Mr. Patenaude fears; but, fearing it, Mr. Patenaude made himself a cat's paw of the Montreal end of the campaign, and some of his followers were worse. Mr. Cahana, for instance, who declared that if he got to Ottawa he would not go accepting Mr. Meighen as the party leader. This sort of thing, we think, was neither sensible nor manly." The Journal suggests that the Montreal group believed Mr. Patenaude could secure such a following that he would be able to hold the balance of power at Ottawa and dictate to Mr. Meighen, or even succeed him in the leadership. The Journal continues:

"Well—our Montreal friends have received another lesson. The election again have told them that they are of no political importance. Large money is said to have been spent in Mr. Patenaude's interest. None of it got anywhere else. Sir Clifford Sifton's farrago of nonsense to the contrary notwithstanding—that Montreal was flooding the elections with 'millions of dollars' in the Conservative interest. And it didn't do any good in Quebec. Four Conservatives only elected in the whole of the Province of Quebec, and one of these elected himself—Sir George Perley, Mr. Meighen's most trusted ally."

The Journal concludes by reading a severe lecture to the Montreal gentlemen whom it regards as a group of would-be dictators. It is to be hoped, it says, that these Montreal people now recognize "that to keep stabbing behind the scenes at such leadership in disregard of the expressed will of the majority is not decent; that to attempt to dovelail a national party into an unholy local provincial alliance with the opposition party is treachery; and that to assume that a national party can be more appropriately guided by a local junta, which can't elect a poundkeeper in its own backwash than by the voice of the rest of the Dominion is a conceit and a folly which almost excites Sir Clifford Sifton's recent distaste that many big business men do not exhibit outside of their own businesses any startling indication of brains—at least, not on politics. So, may a more decent spirit of Liberal Conservatism be shown by some of our Montreal friends hereafter."

The municipal elections in England and Wales yesterday show large gains for the Labor and Socialist groups. The change in most instances falls short of giving these elements control in the councils.

Winnipeg is facing some unpleasant notoriety by reason of the fact that nine murder cases are to be tried at the session of the Supreme Court opening there to-day. It is to be noted that almost all of the prisoners are men of foreign races.

Canadian grain exported through United States ports last week amounted to 2,822,000 bushels, and the week before to 4,502,000 bushels. In those two weeks 588,000 barrels of North American flour passed through American ports, much of it from Canadian mills, or milled in American cities from Canadian flour.

Premier Poincaré's second ministry in France is likely to be short-lived. The Socialists have decided to with-

hold their support, and it is predicted in Paris this morning that the government is likely to encounter an adverse vote in the Chamber, if not to-day, in the near future. It appears that for the present any French ministry which shows a disposition to meet the country's difficulties by introducing the necessary scale of taxation has little chance of survival. Meantime the franc goes lower and the danger of financial collapse keeps increasing.

Justice, or the lack of it, as administered in the United States continues to produce many oddities. The Boston Post deals editorially with one more: "In the District of Columbia a man was on trial for highway robbery. The jury convicted him promptly, but in reporting the verdict the foreman made a slip of the tongue, saying 'not guilty' in answer to the clerk's question as to the verdict. He corrected himself instantly. The jury was polled and every juror responded 'guilty.' Nevertheless the presiding judge ordered the convicted prisoner set free on the ground that the foreman's error could not be corrected. Was there ever a more absurd and nonsensical illustration of the way some courts allow technicalities to defeat justice? No wonder the authorities find it hard to put crooks behind the bars."

Odds and Ends

Fate
(Bret Harte.)
The sky is dotted with the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in the air,
The winds are out with waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea today.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb,
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join in the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee,
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallow'd up in the earthquake shock.

The Divining-Rod.
(F. McDermott in Chamber's Journal.)
The divining-rod of modern days is a simple forked twig of hazel wood. With this twig in their hands, certain individuals are able to locate the presence of underground water. Persons with this power are to be met with in almost every country of the world, without distinction of age, sex or race. They are alike only in the possession of this faculty, and their ability to use it depends in every case on the presence of the twig. It is the twig, in fact, that by force of twitching and contortions indicates the presence of the hidden water. And in consequence for many centuries the power was supposed to reside in the twig. But the twig is useless in the hands of the majority of people. Today, therefore, the view generally held is that the person using the divining-rod is the real source of power, and that the movements of the twig are merely the indication of some action taking place within the living mechanism of the holder.

Nothing could be simpler than the outward appearance of an experiment with the twig. The water-finder—or "dowsers" as he is usually called in these islands—walks slowly over the ground where the presence of underground water is suspected. He holds an end of the fork in each hand, and his arms are tightly pressed to his sides. Suddenly the twig will start to jerk and twitch in a convulsive manner. "I can only," runs a typical account, "describe the antics of that twig as a pitched battle between itself and the dowsers. It twisted, it knocked about, it contracted and contorted the muscles of his hands and arms, it wriggled and fought and kicked until it snapped in two. . . . While the rod is behaving in this erratic manner the holder of the rod is not immune from peculiar sensations. Since the power of locating the water lies in him rather than in the rod, 'dowsers' liken his experience to the passage of a current of electricity through his whole body. There is a tingling of the fingers usually present, and very often a sensation in the pit of the stomach like that experienced on the downward movement of a swing.

Science, unable to explain these manifestations, has labelled them quackery. Belief in the rod has declined in consequence, and is today confined to the more unsophisticated parts. In these islands the regular employment of the rod will be met with only in rural neighborhoods. Occasionally, as in the experiments last century in connection with the Richmond water supply, the unbelieved town-dweller will call in a dowsers. But only in the country and men able to earn a living by the employment of this peculiar faculty. The West Country of England is particularly faithful to the old belief. Dowsers are regularly employed by private individuals and even by public companies, while a modern Western university—that of Bristol—employs a dowsers in connection with its researches in the Mendip Hills.

Farm "Hands" Now Use Autos.
Many of the itinerant autumn workmen who make their living traveling from one harvest field to another and working by the day, especially in the southwest, now use automobiles which they themselves own. Many of the cars are of an old model, but they work well and the hands carry their families with them, camping out when traveling between jobs. Some of them go from Texas to British Columbia every year.

Just Fun

IF THE good die young, a lot of old people ought to be temporarily embarrassed.

IF THE girls didn't keep cool in their summer dresses last summer then it is an impossible job.

There was a young fellow named Tom
Who dropped a big dynamite bomb,
And now up in Mars
They are saying, "My Stars!
'Where on earth did he emigrate from?'"

HAVE you heard of the goof who was told to order a course dinner and asked for bran muffins?

THOMAS A. EDISON says in time men will live to be 200 years old. They will have to live that long if they ever hope to answer all of Mr. Edison's questions.

BANK handits are said to have a horror of buckshot fired from a gun. It's a form of broadcasting with which static has no influence.

HOW SAD!
DR. W. D. MARON, veterinary surgeon, of 721 Pine street, was yesterday afternoon bitten by a dog with rabies. The dog, which belonged to T. A. Lupton, died a few hours after biting Dr. Maron.—From Iowa Weekly.

"What is the matter with the youth of today," somebody inquires. It surely couldn't be lack of advice.

THE LATEST IN JAZZ
"Have you heard the new Tango song?"
"No—what's that?"
"Tangonna Rain No Mo."

A PESSIMIST is a man who complains because he has to pay inheritance taxes on a million dollars willed to him by a distant relative.

HALITOSIS.
I used to love Mary,
But lost the poor kid;
My best friend wouldn't tell her,
So I went and hid.

A GIRL'S kisses are like pickles in a bottle—the first is hard to get; but the rest come easy.

FIRST BOY SCOUT—"Have you heard that song about the three tamps?"
Second Boy Scout—"No, what is it?"
First Boy Scout—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned doctor who used to try to find out what was the matter with you and then told you that you would be all right in a couple of days?

AND the only man who can really fill another man's shoes properly is a good shoe clerk.

A MAN in Toledo has been arrested for shooting his room mate. He says that he was trying to kill a bee. At least give the fellow credit for thinking up a new one.

DO NOT ask a candidate what he stands for if you are trying to catch a street car.

SUNSHINE SPELLS

By DR. W. F. THOMSON.

I want no dose in brimming cup
To keep my fagging spirits up;
All I want's a good cigar
And play the game—nine holes in par.

And another thing we could never understand is why it costs twenty-five cents to check a two dollar hat for a thirty cent lunch.

Who spends his nights in the cold, fresh air will have no use for the doctor's care.

Cleanliness is next to godliness—which probably accounts for some of our ungodly pictures.

That Grand Pop, at eighty, will outlive his new born grandson is a fifty-fifty bet.

A bear's a beast
That hibernates;
The kind that man
Off imitates.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.
Breathe deeply, eat slowly and you'll never feel lowly.

"Just a little croup" is often just a little diphtheria.

When chilling winds begin to blow
We order coal—a ton or so;
Then hug the stove until the spring
Finds a pale, anemic thing.

Dinner Stories

"YOUR references are good, I'll try you," said a farmer to a lad who applied for a job in the poultry farm. "Is there any chance of a rise?" the boy asked.

"Yes," said the farmer, "a grand chance. You'll rise at 4 every morning."

A MAN who had availed a great peril by an act of heroism was much complimented for his bravery. One woman said, "I wish I could have seen your feat."

Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing downward, said:

TWO men were discussing horse racing and remarking upon the silly names many horses were given. "If I kept a race horse I know what I should call him," said one.

"What?"
"But that's absurd, isn't it?"
"Is it? Well, tell me anything that goes quicker?"

ANYONE who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following:

A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remem-

Isn't It a Pity Pets Grow Up



From the Western Mail, Cardiff.

The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

IF THE UPLIFT SHOULD CEASE.
The Socialist, the Communist, the Anarchist, the doctor, the lawyer, the vegetarian, the professor of ethics, the physical-culturist, the soldier, the professional politician, all have some prescription for bettering us; and almost all their remedies are physically possible and aimed at admitted evils.

To them the limit of progress is, at worst, the completion of all the suggested reforms and the leveling up of all men to the point attained already by the most highly nourished and cultivated in mind and body.

Will man ever reach this limit? Well, ask any man would he like to be a better man; and he will say yes, most plausibly. Ask him would he like a million dollars; and he will say yes, and mean it. But the pious citizen who would like to be a better man goes on behaving just as he did before. And the tramp who would like to have a million dollars does not take the trouble to earn a hundred.

The trouble is, we do not desire the end enough; and in most cases we do not effectively desire it at all.

IF ALL the professional teachers of morality, the paid performers, were to quit tomorrow and the Uplift cease, Hell WOULD NOT claim us one and all; to the contrary we would continue in about the same old fashion, in about the same old groove.

The professional teachers of morality are constantly telling us the importance of good conduct, as if we did not know.

The people do know; the dullest man knows. Millions of men have lived millions of years, and tried everything.

Man knows what is best for him. He has learned from endless EXPERIENCE, best of all teachers.

The rules for wise conduct of life, simple and easily understandable, are within reach of everyone, and no one has an excuse for not knowing them.

But we are all so conceited, and have a disposition to KNOW IT ALL, that we trust our judgment against experience, and these simple lessons are neglected.

BUT, after all, we have the word of the Book of Common Prayer that, "No mere man since the Fall, is able in this life perfectly to keep the Commandments."

If YOUR conscience doesn't hurt you, don't worry about the world going to the dogs.

Poems That Live

BEAUTY.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curbed from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, does not lie.
Hid in more chaste obscurity,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy, too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

—Thomas Moore.

AT DAWNING.
"I worked on that problem until 5 o'clock this morning."
"Did you finally get the idea?"
"Yes, it began to dawn on me."

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Other Views

THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST.

(London Daily Express.)
Since the war, despite our industrial troubles, the general standard of living has improved. Many workpeople have their own houses. Still more have money in the savings banks. Were it not for the deplorable extent of unemployment, which, after all, could be reduced by determined effort, there is no single grievance which would justify any agglomeration of men in possession of their senses in following the counsels and practice of despair.

EMPIRE DEVELOPMENT.
(London Morning Post.)
(The Empire Industries Association has been started for the purpose of extending Imperial Preference and protecting home industries.) It is in the further development of the Empire, as the Empire Industries Association recognizes, the promise of the future resides; and therefore the association advocates the extension of the policy of Imperial Preferences. The execution of that policy is intimately related to the problem of unemployment; for it is the essential principle of the development of Imperial resources, that migrants leaving this

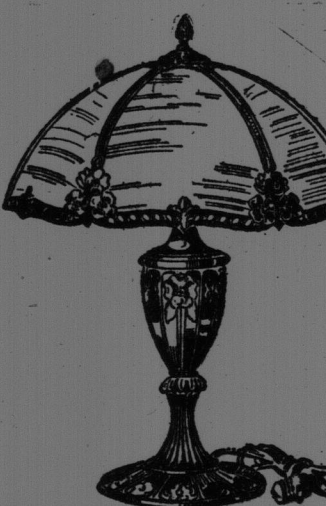
country for the Dominions should both increase the productivity of the Empire, and become the customers for the manufactures of Great Britain. It is little use to put men on the land unless a market for their wares is assured to them; and the system of preferences gives them an advantage over foreign competitors in the best market in the world. Conversely, unless the industries of this country can exchange their goods for the food and raw material supplied by the Dominions, the population of Great Britain must continue to be dependent upon foreign exporters, who will continue to control prices.

THE RUSSIAN FRONT

(London Times.)
It is a singular coincidence that the points where Russian and British influences clash are the same as those which were the scenes of Anglo-Russian rivalry in the unhappy years before the Agreement of 1907. Territorial spoliation is out of date; but penetration by propaganda has taken the place of arms in the struggle for power. Having received a serious rebuff in this country at the last general election, Bolshevik activity against the British Empire has been redoubled elsewhere. And in the east the schemers of Moscow believe that they have found the Achilles heel of Great Britain.

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