

THE ST. JOHN EVENING TIMES

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 28, 1904.

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THIS IS THE LIMIT.

A large, handsome and good natured sergeant of police came to the Times office yesterday afternoon.

He did not come to subscribe for the paper, but to inform two members of the staff that they were liable to arrest.

The sergeant performed his disagreeable duty very graciously, and went away. He probably did not know that he was working out the political spite of the friends of the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme of gift and graft.

But that was what the sergeant was doing. The police department was informed that there were two men on the Times staff who were not taxpayers, and should pay a license, before being permitted to continue their work in St. John.

One of the gentlemen in question is Mr. A. E. McGinley. Mr. McGinley is a native of St. John. He was born here, and his father was born here. Mr. McGinley was educated here, and went into newspaper work, and was a reporter for about eight years on the St. John press, earning the reputation of a clever writer. He was also, when old enough, a taxpayer. But for a year and eight months Mr. McGinley had lived in Montreal, where he did notable work as a member of the staff of the Montreal Herald. He came back to his native city and accepted a responsible position on the staff of the Evening Times. The editor is able to testify that Mr. McGinley is a valued member of the staff of this paper. He is also a voter in this constituency.

Yesterday a police sergeant informed Mr. McGinley that he had been reported for working in this city without a license.

But the sergeant was instructed to deliver a message to Mr. W. T. Croke, another valued member of the writing staff of the Times. Mr. Croke was for a dozen years on the staff of the Montreal Transcript, and came to St. John to accept a better position, and to become a citizen and taxpayer. He did not come here to work for a week or so on a campaign sheet. Mr. Croke was informed that he must pay for a license in order to square himself with the world of St. John. Mr. Croke at once agreed to pay the bill.

This would appear to be about the limit of political spite.

The chief of police did not take action until he was told that it was his duty to do so. The chief was called up by telephone and informed that he must take action in the matter, as the party making the demand had ample information to warrant such a course.

Chief Clark does not say who laid the information, but the Times has learned that it is a part of the political programme of the Grand Trunk party in this constituency.

A plain statement of the facts is all that is necessary. The friends of Mr. McGinley and Mr. Croke, and all lovers of decency and fair play, will read the rest on Nov. 3rd.

A DISCREDITED GOVERNMENT

It may be taken for granted that the directors of the Grand Trunk railway are not pure philanthropists.

It is a matter of record that they were assured that the Grand Trunk Pacific project, if carried out, would "tie up its trade to the Grand Trunk."

The Grand Trunk has its terminus at Portland, Maine. The whole purpose of the Grand Trunk company would be to carry to their own terminus at Portland the traffic of the Grand Trunk Pacific. They have sufficient control of the latter to carry out their own plans.

Why did the government rush into the arms of the Grand Trunk and the Grand Trunk Pacific? Prior to their doing so, was there any loud demand for hasty action? Every person in Canada knows there was not. It was not that the country and the people could not wait till something was known about the proposed route. It was, as Mr. Blair plainly put the case, that certain promoters who saw large profits ahead of them could not wait.

And yet the Globe insinuates that men who oppose this scheme are grifters. The grifter could ask no better opportunity than is afforded by the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme.

It is not to benefit Canada, but to enrich themselves, that the promoters of this gigantic scheme have approached and conquered the government. Every thinking man knows this. The hide-bound party man, who thinks more of party allegiance than of the good of his country, cannot deny the fact that this is a scheme to enrich the members of a corporation.

Why should that scheme prevail? Why should not the country derive the full benefit of the enterprise, and at the same time make certain that

Canadian seaports would get the business? The only thing that could stand in the way of a sweeping condemnation of the government's course would be the misguided feeling that a man should stand by his party, even when the interests of the country are sacrificed.

The electors of St. John may be counted on to stand by the interests of their own city and the country at large. A government that proposes to sacrifice those interests has outlived its usefulness.

TO MR. O'BRIEN.

The following letter is respectfully directed to the attention of Mr. Richard O'Brien, candidate for the city of St. John.

To the Editor of the Evening Times:—Sir, I regret that Mr. O'Brien should have thought it necessary to make use of my name in addressing the electors yesterday. It is quite true that I drew attention at the meeting of the Board of Trade to the clauses in the G. T. P. Railway Bill providing for the line being carried through the maritime provinces; but these clauses are undoubtedly acting on their terms. It could not be otherwise, for, with the present feeling over Canada that no part of the Dominion should be neglected in so important a measure, no government, I believe, would venture to introduce or pass such a bill without inserting provisions of the kind.

But while these clauses are in the bill, what do they amount to? So far as Halifax and St. John are concerned the question is not only one of route but one of terminals. If the road was entirely under government control, the government, as owning the road, must of necessity provide those terminals. If under control of a private corporation such as the Grand Trunk, that corporation will provide terminals or not as it sees best for its own interests.

The G. T. P. has spent large sums in providing terminals at Portland, Maine. I understand that Mr. Wainwright, one of their principal officials, has stated distinctly that the Grand Trunk transcontinental will not feel bound to provide such terminals at St. John or Halifax. Who then is to do this? And failing this, being done, of what use will the G. T. P. transcontinental be to either party?

Personal friendship for Mr. O'Brien has prevented my taking any active part in the election campaign, but since he has thought proper to mention my name, I should like to ask him, in all fairness, to explain the difficulty I have now mentioned.

Yours truly,
W. M. JARVIS.
St. John, N. B., 28th Oct. 1904.

EMERSONIAN POLICY.

The Intercolonial Railway is carrying hay from Vercheres, Quebec, to Antigonish without charge. It is a government bribe to the electors. St. John merchants who import hay have to pay the freight.

On Aug. 31st, the ministers of railways, finance and militia were at Antigonish. On the same day a meeting of farmers was held. The farmers deplored the scarcity of hay, and decided to ask the government for a reduced freight rate, to enable them to procure hay from Quebec. A delegation saw the ministers, and a promise was of course given.

But no concession was granted until Sept. 24th. On that day the conservatives nominated a candidate in Antigonish. That night the liberal candidate hurried to Montreal. It was Saturday night, and on Monday he telegraphed home that everything was all right.

It was all right for the people of Antigonish, but not for the people of the railway, for instead of reducing the rate the government wiped it out altogether.

The freight on hay from Vercheres to St. John is \$3.80. One shipper alone is sending 2,000 tons to Antigonish. It is said they will get altogether about 25,000 tons, on which the freight would be close to \$100,000.

It will cost the country about \$100,000 to run this election in Antigonish.

Other patrons of the I. C. R. have to pay freight on their hay and other goods. But the government wants to carry Antigonish.

UTTERLY CONDEMNED.

The Times today prints some extracts from the speech of Mr. Blair, in condemnation of the government's railway policy. They are as forcible as when they confounded the advocates of the G. T. P. scheme over a year ago. It is true that a subservient majority enabled the government to force the measure through parliament, but the people were not consulted. They have now the opportunity to express their views, and it may be safely pre-

dicted that they will recognise Mr. Blair as the safer counsellor. Indeed they have Sir Wilfrid Laurier's assurance that Mr. Blair was the best railway expert in Canadian parliamentary life. Mr. Blair knows that even with a railway commission it will be impossible to protect the interests of the country under the G. T. P. contract, and therefore he has reaffirmed his opposition to the whole scheme.

COARSE AND BRUTAL.

(Moncton Times.) Not content with slandering the living, Hon. Mr. Emmerson's Moncton organ pursues the dead to the grave side with its cheap jibes. "Dropped dead after hearing Lorden" is the slurring headline which it places over an account of the lamentable sudden death of Mr. Albert Carter, one of the most highly respected residents of Westmorland, while returning to his home at Point de Bute on Tuesday morning. The coarseness and brutality of the Transcript will be resented by the hundreds of Mr. Carter's friends throughout the county and by the right thinking people generally. The Transcript has taken on for the purpose of the campaign the ex-editor of the Plaindealer and other scurrilous writers from the I. C. R. general offices, who are apparently given a free hand.

The people are asked to trust the government in connection with the G. T. P. The government sprung the scheme without consulting the people, amended it to the further advantage of the company without consulting the people—and would do the like again. They have proved themselves utterly unworthy of confidence. And who would trust the Grand Trunk?

Col. Tucker returned yesterday from New York. But Mr. McKeown got the nomination. Manipulation of a convention is a great political art. Col. Tucker may not have been aware of the fact before, but he knows it now.

Mr. Hebert did not withdraw from the fight in Kent. The government papers which were so sure that he would be greatly disappointed. Mr. McKeown will be the next representative of Kent county.

If the people of Canada want to get all the benefits that may result from a transcontinental railway they will retain control of it and not build it for the profit of Grand Trunk stockholders.

St. John is vitally interested in having the traffic of the new transcontinental railway come to maritime province ports. The G. T. P. terminus will be at Portland, Me.

The Grand Trunk terminals at Portland will get an increase of business if the G. T. P. scheme is endorsed by the people of Canada.

Mr. McKeown tried to defend the G. T. P. once before—and was snowed under. The winter of his political discontent again approaches.

The people of Portland, Maine, have a deep interest in the Canadian elections. They hope the government will be sustained.

It is probably not true that the editor of the Globe and the editor of the Liberal News make faces at each other.

The nomination proceedings in St. John yesterday clearly indicated the election of Messrs. Daniel and Stockton.

Who are the publishers of the Liberal News?

It is a red hot fight, all along the line.

"Why is it said by my hon. friend (Sir Wilfrid) in this manner and in these terms, that we must not pause a moment to deliberate? Government may possibly not deliberate, but Parliament has a right to deliberate; the country has a right to deliberate; and in my judgment, sir, before we impose a burden of such great magnitude on the neck of the people of Canada, before we commit this country by an act of this parliament to a scheme of such large extraordinary proportions, it is only just to the people of Canada that they should have a chance to talk it over, and think about it, that the press should discuss it, and that everybody in the country should know what the government are contemplating."

—Mr. Blair.

"Now, my dear, don't fret because James has gone into politics. A man must have some vice, and it is better to have it in politics than gambling or drinking. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called 'drake ducks'; but just as you would not call a duck a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time."

—A SCHOOL BOY ON DUCKS.

A schoolboy in Jewell City, Mo., was assigned to prepare an essay on the subject of "The duck is a low, heavy, fat bird composed mostly of meat and bones. It is a stupid, poor creature, having a hoarse voice caused by getting so much food in its neck. It likes to waddle and carries a toy balloon in its stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so back on his hindquarters that he cannot walk. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called 'drake ducks'; but just as you would not call a duck a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time."

STORY OF A STORM AT SEA.

The Undesirable Experience of Men who Tend Horses on the Voyage.

A missionary, tending horses for his passage across the Atlantic, describes his experiences, in the November "Canadian Magazine," as follows:

Our sleeping quarters were down in the "forecabin," adjoining the horse pens. But the human filth and stench of this "black hole" drove us to sleep among the horses. The food consisted of meat tougher than "bully beef," soggy bread and plain tea. But we were more fortunate than the others in our food, for in recognition of my medical treatment of the steward, who fell ill, he permitted us to eat in the galley with the cooks. We ate standing beside the dresser, and at times, had to hang on to the galley ropes with one hand and feed with the other, while our bodies were kept in the clothes from sliding off as the ship rolled and pitched.

I had only eight horses to feed and water, but my friend, had twelve. And as I was fortunate in having less work than my companion, so was I more fortunate also in being free from seasickness, while he, poor fellow, was sick much of his time. The regular voyage run was nine days, New York to Liverpool, but owing to mighty storms encountered during this winter season we were four days overdue.

One night, I awoke from sleep among the horses during a raging storm, we learned that the captain had been unable to keep the ship heading against the wind, the heavy vessel being as a cork in a boiling cauldron, in terror and despair had determined to attempt to turn and run before the wind. All was made ready. The last hope fluttered in every heart. The signals sounded. See, she turns! The steel plates crack! The tempest shrieks around the rigging bending the masts and striking her on the weather beam with a crash, it swings her clean around, driving her back upon her track and the American coast! For a night and a day he let her drive on, as I see in my journal, "This has been to us the day of days, a day of a mighty storm at sea. As dawn broke the hatchway was strewn with wreckage and with dead, dying and drowning sheep—a hundred to a hundred—dead and dying. The horses, for life, struggled to retain their feet. It was pitiable to see the grand, strong men, and even men, upon their haunches or felled to the floor, the next hurried with the force of the engine against the breast planks and iron stanchions.

Feed boxes, stall boards, pallets, lumber, bundles of hay and bags of grain flew through space or floated about the flooded deck. Sheep were dashed from one side to the other and back again. The horses, terrified, neighed and snorted. Their terror increased as the confusion and tumult was added the bleating of the sheep, the moaning and howling of the cattle, the whinnying and struggling of their neighbours, and the yelling and shouting and cursing of men.

The wind, howling, swept down the stoke hold with wrath and fury; the ocean piled into mountainous billows drove its water through the portholes, scuttles and hatches. The ship, after every sea which flooded the horses to the knees and blew their drenched tails taunt against their bellies. They knew their danger. Fear stood out in every ear and muscle, in every eye and nostril. The ship itself seemed struck with the same spirit as she rolled and plunged and shuddered and creaked and groaned in every steel plate!

During the thirteen days voyage our ship was not once removed, though much of the time we were wet to the hips with sea water flooding the main deck. Occasionally we took off our boots and socks, rinsed them both out in the horse buckets, and put them to dry under the blankets on the horses. On landing in Liverpool the first use we made of our "sea legs" was to waddle up to the public bath.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Like a breath of peace and tranquility in the November Canadian Magazine which shows no evidence of the political turmoil that is disturbing the country. The first article deals with "The Argentine Gaucho," a peculiar character who lives on the ranches and prairies of our great South American competitor in wheat-growing. The illustrations for this article are exceptionally fine. A. Theodore Waters, a Canadian who has been a self-supporting missionary in British Tongaland, tells how he worked his way to South Africa via London, how he studied the Zulu language and how he fared there in wartime. There are some rare photographs with this article. The editor gives his impressions of Canada's display at St. Louis, and they certainly are not in harmony with the average opinion of other writers. This too is illustrated prominently. There is a short history of the Grenadier Guards, the oldest regiment in the British Army, with some more excellent illustrations. The Canadian Celebrity of the month is Robert Meighen, another man who has carved his way to prominence by native courage and ability. There are splendid portraits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden, of Earl Grey and Lady Grey, and a new portrait of Marshall Saunders. The stories are worthy of the number.

A SCHOOL BOY ON DUCKS.

A schoolboy in Jewell City, Mo., was assigned to prepare an essay on the subject of "The duck is a low, heavy, fat bird composed mostly of meat and bones. It is a stupid, poor creature, having a hoarse voice caused by getting so much food in its neck. It likes to waddle and carries a toy balloon in its stomach to keep him from sinking. The duck has only two legs, and they are set so back on his hindquarters that he cannot walk. Some ducks when they get big have curls on their tails and are called 'drake ducks'; but just as you would not call a duck a duck, I'd rather be a drake every time."

—A SCHOOL BOY ON DUCKS.

ONLY YOUTH IS NEEDED.

Robert Meighen's Remark to a Young Man in Montreal.

Almost every day throughout the year there appears on the floor of the Montreal Board of Trade an elderly man of medium height and well preserved frame. Should he remove his hat, as he is apt to do on a warm summer's day, swinging it to the side, he would reveal a thick, white hair as thick as that of the average youth, though it, as well as the liberal mustache and square trimmed beard, is whitened with advancing years. As he crosses the room, mayhap in a preoccupied manner, his quick step and nervous action indicate a divorce between his spirit and his withered hair. Passing through into the Corn Exchange Room, he will pause in front of the quotation board in a somewhat characteristic attitude, regarding it attentively, through his thick rimmed spectacles, and remarking upon it in a partial undertone, and apparently impartial manner. But it is only apparently impartial, for being a president of the League of the Woods Milling Co., this man is deeply interested in the wheat market, the dividends of the company which he directs largely depending upon it.

Robert Meighen is one of the best known and best liked members of the Corn Exchange. He is also among the foremost of the League of the Woods millers. He is a successful business man, successful not alone in having great wealth, but in exercising it with the average man's years.

Everything, so, he declares one thing more.

"You are rich," said he in his somewhat dramatic manner to an evasive and "I ask for but one thing—to be twenty years younger." I cannot think how you have it, and in a country like Canada, you ought to be able to get the most of it.

His confidence in what Canada has to offer to energetic young men is born of his own experience and his hopeful and fearless outlook, which outlook, by the way, is more easy for the successful than the unsuccessful to reach.

The tribute to youth came from a man not yet old. His sixty years set lightly on him. His physique is as sound, his step as quick and elastic, and his intellect as bright as they could well have been when he came to the Corn Exchange five years ago—T. C. Allen in November "Canadian Magazine."

D. MCNICOLL IN TOWN.

Dr. McNicoll, vice-president of the C. P. R., was in the city yesterday, and left this morning for Edmundston. Mr. McNicoll expressed the opinion that the C. P. R. would likely accept the city's offer of \$50,000 in exchange for the control of the Sand Point winter port facilities. He visited Sand Point yesterday and expressed great satisfaction at the appearance of the facilities. He says the C. P. R. have spent a million dollars improving the facilities of the eastern section in expectation of more business, and that the steamship service will be better than last season. There will be three P. R. S. sailings monthly and the Atlantic service. Mr. McNicoll was accompanied to St. John by Dr. E. Brown, the C. P. R. agent at Hong Kong. Col. H. H. McLean who has been in Montreal on a business trip returned to the city in Mr. McNicoll's car. The visitors were entertained by Col. McLean in his home last evening.

ST. DAVID'S Y. P. A.

The annual meeting of the Y. P. A. of St. David's church was held last evening. The officers for the evening were appointed as follows: Alex. D. Murray, president; Dr. W. Ledingham, first vice-president; Frank Milligan, secretary; Miss Lou Fraser, treasurer; Mrs. J. M. Barnes, pianist. The conveners of committees are—Social, Mrs. G. W. Campbell; Bible, Dr. Currie; Historical, Miss Nellie McIntyre, and Carrie Balfour, secretary. Miss Ethel Shaw, music. The executive will hold a meeting next Wednesday evening, after prayer meeting, in the congregational church.

Is Your Breath Bad?

Bad breath is one of the early symptoms of catarrh which should be checked at once and not allowed to run into consumption. The surest cure is fragrant healing Catarrhose which cures catarrh by removing its cause. No case is too chronic—even the most stubborn yield in a short time to the balsamic vapor of Catarrhose. It makes cures that last, for once cured by Catarrhose you stay cured. Catarrhose is pleasant, convenient and safe to use, relieves almost instantly and is guaranteed to cure every type of catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Use only Catarrhose, complete outfit \$1.00; sample size 25c.

A Delicate Throat.

Cool nights and snappy mornings, may bring unpleasant reminders of your delicate throat. If you grow hoarse without any apparent reason, if an ugly little back ache, take

Brown's Bronchial Balsam

It soothes and heals. It drives away that raspy soreness in the throat. It cures all the coughs and cures every case of coughing which are so likely to produce soreness of the lungs. Use a bottle.

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Here's A Puzzle For Somebody

AND ALL ON ACCOUNT OF

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"The hold upon the people of Annapolis county which this 'Royal Household' flour has secured of late is one of the most remarkable things I have seen in my eighteen years business experience," said an Annapolis county merchant who attended the Halifax Exhibition. I find that the majority of my customers absolutely refuse to take anything but 'Royal Household' and I tell you it is almost a serious problem with some of us as to how we are going to sell the stocks we have of other fairly good flours.

To the Public.

The Publishers of the St. John EVENING TIMES beg that you will give this paper a very careful perusal, and they have every reason to believe that you will concede it to be one of the best and brightest journals to be found anywhere.

It is their intention to improve THE TIMES day by day, and make it without exception the leading evening paper east of Montreal.

The subscription price of THE TIMES is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance, but any one subscribing at the present time will get the paper until December 31st, 1905, for this amount.

If you desire to subscribe for THE TIMES either by the year or by the month, kindly fill out either of the attached order forms and return with the required amount to THE TIMES office, Canterbury Street, as soon as possible. The paper will then be delivered to your address each evening.

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Enclosed please find \$3.00, for which send THE EVENING TIMES until Dec. 31, 1905, and thereafter until ordered discontinued by me, in writing, at regular annual rate, payable in advance.	
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AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.	
Men's Hand Made Kip Long Boots, \$2.00.	

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they must either go without or buy cheap jewelry when they have a limited amount of money to spend, SHOULD SEE the many good and tasteful things we have that are moderately priced. For instance, Diamond Rings from \$15.00 up; Gem Rings from \$1.25 up; Silver Brooches from 25c. up.	
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