

# RED ROSE "is good COFFEE"



## DAIRIEN, MANCHURIA, IS NOW THRIVING UNDER JAPANESE RULE

By PAUL WRIGHT in Chicago News.

Dairien, Manchuria, Sept. 7.—On the steamship coming from Kobe to Tientsin was a charming and highly educated Japanese woman, wife of a professor in one of the empire's universities. She said: "The Russians are dreamers. We Japanese, we do things."

It is impossible to know whether she had Dairien in mind, but that is very likely, for certainly Dairien is the place where Russia dreamed and Japan did something.

Russia's dream was gigantic like everything else Russian. Here was the end of the railway across Manchuria, a truly ice-free exit for much of the traffic of the trans-Siberian a great city with a great hinterland stretching for uncounted miles up into the bean and wheat fields of Manchuria into the vast grazing country of Mongolia. The spot was a much better market place for Russia than Vladivostok could ever be. All this under the protecting wing of Port Arthur, the impregnable.

Aud Russia spread itself. Between the high hills and the sea it planned and platted a metropolis, not a grid-iron of straight streets but a creation of squares of intersecting thoroughfares that meet in central circles of broad avenues and all those things that delight the heart of the landscape engineer who once in a long time gets one of the world's opportunities. And having measured and staked out, Russia began building as only Russia knows how. Thus, at the beginning of this century, Dairien, the "Far Distant City," came into being here. And a Port Arthur, behind the tall hills guarded by forts and cannon and men, Russia had a stronghold calculated to make her supreme forever in the far east.

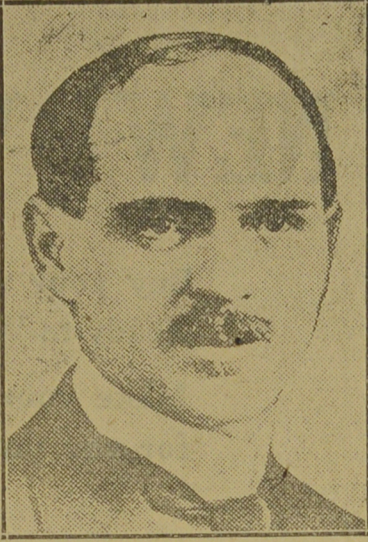
Such was the Russian dream that Japan shattered. Yet to call it a

dream is not quite fair, because Russia had converted its vision into houses, avenues and railways before Japan shook it into consciousness and sorrow and took it over.

This is spot we viewed from the steamer's deck at Dairien. The Russian Dalny is lost. The Japanese Dairien, on the same spot with the same streets and most of the same houses, is up and coming.

Altogether, Dairien gives the impression of being the biggest thing than Japan has ever done, and here the Japanese are to be seen to better advantage than in any of their home cities.

Its architecture puzzles you. It is a conglomeration of Japanese, Chinese and Russian. Many of the heavy structures were evidently built by Russia and veneered by Japan. The outside walls may be stuccoed in pink and decorated in a sort of Graeco-Roman, catch-as-catch can manner by Japanese artisans but the walls are heavy and enduring and inside you see the great Russian stoves that reach from floor to ceiling. The Russian stove is a wonderful, a



JOINS MEIGHEN MINISTRY  
Hon. Andre Fauteux, has been sworn in as Solicitor-General at Ottawa. He held this same portfolio in the Meighen Government in 1920.

most admirable weapon against the cold, a remarkable bit of adaption to environment that Japan for all its practicality has not yet approached.

The place is Russo-Japanese. Most of the people are Chinese. The Japanese number 75,797; the Chinese 187,874 and the "foreigners" (this bit of information is from a pamphlet published by the South Manchurian railway which is Japanese,) number 449.

Blinks—He boasts he never forgets a favor.

Jinks—He never does—if he did it.

Aunt Malena (confiding her opinion of modern styles)—I think they might as well go around naked as have nothing on!

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## ROLLER BEARING DIVORCE MILL NOW GRINDS THEM OUT FAST; THE GOOD OLD DAYS RECALLED

(By Tom Williams in Toledo Blade.)

"In th' days when there wasn't so much to go 'round and th' women were kept busy mostly scraping th' bottom of th' family larder there wasn't any high-hatting, and divorce was a scandal and not a social event."

"Husbands and wives worked on shares more, and lawyers and clients less. Then you had to keep a tarpaulin over th' divorce court machinery to keep them from rustin'. Now you have them on ballbearings, and it takes a special oiler beside."

Wearing a slicker and a son's western hat the Old Timer had walked into the railroad crossing shanty and was stamping his soggy shoes on the floor as he "lowed" it was the dampest August since '82.

### Every Season "Worst."

"Of course, every season is the worst ever, to hear folks tell it," he went on as he hung his rain-shedding garments on their respective pegs. "It's a perversity of human nature to find fault with th' weather. It's a good thing it's beyond the control of mortals. If it wasn't there'd be international law on it, and naturally that would mean wars over it."

"When we'd be wantin' to harvest our oats in America they'd be due to flood their rice in Japan, and international complications would result. We'd be at each other with gas, hand grenades and propaganda and bayonets and there would be a rise in the periscope market and the rate of exchange."

"Yes, sir; I can remember a wetter August, a hotter July, a colder winter, but I never remember a season that did not have its weather grumblers—and most was folks not affected one way or another by weather conditions. I claim th' farmer is th' only man that has a right to criticize weather. And he does it—from habit mostly."

### Takes a Walk.

"But if all th' calamities as th' result of the weather prophesied for this old earth of ours had a-come true—well, none of us would be here to worry about them. Look at th' corn crop, for instance. It don't seem but a few weeks ago when it was popular to prophecy that th' price o' moonshine would advance tremendous because, they told you, there would be a corn shortage because of the late season. Huh!

"Took a walk in th' country Sunday. Yes, sir, a walk. Sounds strange, eh? Well, it is a little old-fashioned, and I spose they'll be passin' a law against it soon. But I'd rather be arrested for trespassing than become th' subject for a coroner's inquest."

"Well, what I started to say was that th' farmers who didn't net in a rush and waited for natpre to give th' word before plantin' their corn, have th' best crop. Those that didn't have faith and tried to rush th' season come in second. And of course, th' calamity howler who predicted no crop, is denyin' it and forecasting the weather for th' coming winter."

### Taters Look Good.

The crossing watchman tamped another charge of tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, using his little finger as a ramrod in the process. There was the remnant of an early morning fire in the bulging abdomen of the cannon stove. The Old Timer took a long paper lighter from a can of them on a shelf in the corner, stirred the ashes and embers and got a light.

"Taters looking good, too. Wonder what's become of th' old fashioned tater bug that needed only a hint that you'd planted those taters for yourself and he'd skeddaddle. He was of th' beetle family and was a gentleman. He was pretty pert on his legs and could fly, too. If you found him present in your patch you went with a brush limb and started whalin' 'round and he'd go a-kinin', afoot or a-wing. Two or three such treatments and he'd change his habitat."

"Then came th' pesky greasy, lazy and repulsive modern tater bug without any table manners whatever and no sense of th' proprieties nor of ownership—all stomach like any glutton. I know by my little patch here at th' shanty that there is a perilous war on between man and th' insect pests for th' food of th' world and begad, it ain't at all certain who's going to get away with th' grub."

### Gotta Diet Insects.

"In th' old days such pests wasn't known much. There was th' big, flat pumpkin bug that looked like a small turtle, and th' cut worms would bother sometimes. And th' varmint, but you could vent your spite on them with a gun or traps and get even. But th' insect pests of today you got a diet, and it takes a different menu for each variety. You go out to take count of th' casualties of your last attack and you're just as likely to find th'

army thrivin' and rearin' for more.

"A farmer always had to be an all sorts of mechanic, doctor and veterinary. Now he's got to be a chemist and scientist along with it. So many things in th' world that want to eat growing things before they are ready."

The Old Timer made a vicious swing with his harvest-field hat at something in the air and nearly lost his balance in the maneuver.

"Bumble bee?"

### Got Dratted Flies.

"No, sir-e-e. You'd never find me belligerent with a bumble bee. He's my friend—a friend to man. 'Twas one of them got dratted ax flies. First one I've seen for a long time. They ain't as plentiful as once. Guess they find it pretty hard to get blood out of tractors, trucks and automobiles. Like TWO—ROLLER BEARING th' sparrow. Has to hustle harder for his livin'."

"Did you ever drive oxen? 'Course not. I forget. Don't suppose you even saw a team of 'em. Well, a oxen is about as hard to excite as a snail or a Indian smokin' his pipe of peace. He's th' coolest critter in creation. You holler at him 'till you are black in th' face, and you crack a black-snake whip so it sounds like a coast defense gun, and he don't excite—not a oxen."

"He will roll his big, round liquid eyes at you and make you ashamed of yourself. It makes you feel as if he'd said: 'What you excited about? I got nothing to do all my life but work—and there is lots of it.' He don't get bet up even when th' dinner bell rings and start on a tangent for th' barnyard as I've known some horses to do."

"But let a ox fly come pesterin' 'round and a ox is a lion and a elephant all rolled into one and, if you don't know your stuff you'd wish you did. For a ox dancing th' Charleston to th' music of a ox fly is about as docile and controllable as a cyclone. His reasoning powers is paralyzed. He's just all bull and no brains. And don't ever claim you've had a real he-man's job on your hands until you learn to control a excited ox team and wing a ox fly at th' same time."

### Kids Are Smarter.

"Yes, sir-e-e, it's th' finest exercise for th' development of mental agility that I knows of."

"And what's all this talk in th' papers about th' percentage of dullards increasing? It gives me th' doldrums. I think 'twas all started by folks who's quit thinking and want th' world to stand still 'till they catch up."

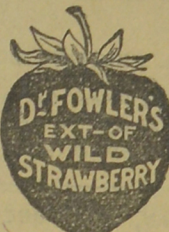
"Smart, why kids is twice as smart as they use to be in spite of our wagon-rut education. If you don't believe it try and tell 'em something."

"Anyway, did you ever think that if th' world didn't change the way it does how tiresome it would get? 'Twould be like sitting down to one screen picture for a lifetime."

## SCHOOL INCLUDES COURSE IN MOVIES

New York, Sept. 7.—At last the movies have been recognized as worthy of a place in higher education. The new school for social research here, an institution of collegiate standing, has announced a course on history and art of motion pictures will be included in its curriculum.

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## CAMPAIGN IS WARMING UP IN KENT CO.

Shediac, Sept. 5.—The election campaign is warming up in Kent county. Alexandre J. Doucet, Conservative candidate, addressed four meetings today, speaking in Cocagne, Notre Dame, Richibucto Village and Mount Carmel. Since he commenced his electioneering Mr. Doucet has addressed about 35 meetings.

The Liberal candidate, Alfred Baurgois, is also conducting a vigorous and exacting campaign and has been speaking in many centres in the country. Buctouche was one of the places where Mr. Bourgois spoke today.

## THE LOOP IS WELL SCRUBBED

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Business men and building owners of Chicago's central business district, known as "the loop" pay \$3,144 each night to have the office floors scrubbed. The work is done by women.

A rate of 42 cents an hour is paid each of 1575 women, who also receive the same pay for overtime, which occasionally runs to 2 hours a night. They do not have any union, and are among the few workers here who are not organized.

The char-women are in charge of the building janitor who belongs to one of the strongest unions here, and who draws a "salary" check twice a month that makes th ordinary white collar worker ashamed of his weekly stipend.

### MENTAL YOUTH.

There is a proverb, oft quoted too: "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." True, but the reason you can't is not because the dog is old but because he knows a bundle of tricks and is too lazy to learn new ones. Woodrow Wilson once said that the reason college boys are notoriously conservative is because they associate too much with their elders.

One of the noblest examples of the expanding mind was that of the late President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard. He was a man of opinions, and the courage to express them even when they ran contrary to popular acceptance. He was elastic of mind though never vacillating. He was a truly educated man who preserved his mental youth even when physically feeble.

Keep your mental youth, and be always young.

# A LITTLE THING

**T**HE power called habit is a little thing \* \* \* \*  
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