

# RED ROSE

"is good COFFEE"



## EUROPEAN TREATIES ARE WORRYING BRITISH OFFICIALS; ITALIAN AND SPANISH DEALS

London, England, Aug. 17—British officials are looking uneasily toward the September meeting of the league of nations when the question of Germany's admission will come up again. Europe's political sky is clouded. Nobody quite knows what may happen in the near future. The nations are watching one another suspiciously. In the last few weeks there have been moves on the continent which make the British foreign office cautious and suspicious.

The Italian-Spanish treaty came as a complete surprise to British officials. For generations they have regarded Spain as a satellite of the British empire. Never in the last twenty-five years has Spain done anything in the international sphere without previously consulting Great Britain.

### Upholds Spain.

The Italo-Spanish treaty is regarded as extremely significant because by its terms Premier Mussolini will uphold Spain in her demand to obtain a permanent seat in the league council and in exchange Spain will not oppose Italy's claim to a place with the other powers in the control of Tangier and eventually a slice of the north Africa pie.

Mussolini's desire for Italian expansion in North Africa at the expense of France is well known in London. The British, fearing that this desire might lead to a conflict between France and Italy, endeavored last spring to distract the Italian dictator from his idea by giving him an opening on the western coast of Anatolia. After the Mosul agreement was signed Great Britain was not able to encourage Italy in its warlike attitude toward Turkey, but offered her compensation by signing the Abyssinian agreement, opening the eastern section of Abyssinia to Italian economic expansion.

Mussolini has accepted the treaty, but realizing the difficulties the Italians are bound to encounter in that very independent country which is ruled by an intelligent prince who has a large, well-organized army, he has directed his policy again toward the North African coast.

### New Gesture by Mussolini.

Thus the Spanish-Italian treaty is regarded by British experts first as a new gesture by Mussolini against France, and second, as being likely to cause trouble when the question of Germany's admission into the council of the league is brought up again. The league's difficulties will be further increased by Poland's attitude. According to information which has reached London, Poland insists (1) that she be elected to the council simultaneously with Germany, (2) that she be assured beforehand that she will be re-eligible after three years of tenure for a council seat for another period of three years, and (3) that no nonpermanent member of the council before the expiration of its mandate.

It is feared that these claims, together with Spain's insistence on having a seat in the council, will discourage the most ardent league friends in Germany. Already, it is reported, they show only lukewarm enthusiasm concerning Germany's joining the international body at Geneva.

The Balkan situation is viewed pessimistically, although the danger of an imminent conflict there is over, thanks to the timely and energetic intervention of the British and French representatives in Belgrade and Sofia. British officials are in close touch with the situation in that section of Europe. However, they continue to be worried. They assert that they have definite proof that the latest conflict between the Serbs and the Bulgars

## INTERNATIONAL HAS FAITH IN NEW BRUNSWICK

(Financial Post.)

The International Paper Company has confidence in New Brunswick, and faith in the success of the industries which will be based on the development now begun, declared A. R. Graustein, president of the International Paper Co., at Grand Falls, N. B., at the commencement of the development on the St. John River.

It was the first public address which the president of International Paper has made in Canada since he took over direction of the largest paper company in the world, and which has lately commenced a most extensive expansion programme in Canada.

Referring to the development of Grand Falls, Mr. Graustein drew attention to the fact that the project which is now being undertaken required the co-operation of the International Paper Company, the province of New Brunswick, the province of Quebec, the Dominion of Canada, and the state of Maine. In this connection he pointed out that the International Paper Company, which is now entering the field of New Brunswick, has been heretofore practically a United States corporation, but now, with its activities in Ontario and Quebec, and also in New Brunswick, it appeals to investors in Canada as being sound, and, he declared, those Canadian investors will have a share in the management of its Canadian industries.

### The Perfect Saleswoman.

Secretary of Labor Davis said during the National Electric Light Association's Atlantic City convention:

"To make perfect lighting universal the electric light companies' salesmen would have to be as persuasive as the Paint Rock housewife."

"The salesman, you know, called on a housewife to sell her a jar of freckle remover and, by George before the fellow got away the woman had sold him two quart jars of freckle remover of her own make."

was due to wire-pulling by interested western powers and they fear that next time complications may not be averted as they were last week.

## LAST OF AN OLD INDIAN TRIBE LIVES ON BAY OF FUNDY ISLE; LOST A SON IN THE GREAT WAR

Nipping the grass from the other side of the fence is an alluring diversion for man or beast. It was with something of this thought in mind that I took the steamer for Grand Manan at Eastport. This little Maine town has the distinction of being the easternmost port of the United States. Just why the boundary makers did not run the national line a few miles farther east and give us the island, which would seem naturally to belong to the nearest mainland, is one of those mysteries which must be left to statesmen or their biographers to solve.

Perhaps the island was given to Canada as a quid pro quo for something better, or perhaps the commissioners were getting hungry when they came to the question of the island and tossed a coin to see to whom it should go, without arguing the matter. At any rate, you cross the border when you descend the steamer's gangplank and must expect to have your baggage passed by the customs inspector. The Canadians are friendly, however, and the ordeal is an easy one, writes Henry Hoyt Moore in Travel Magazine.

The fact that Grand Manan is on the other side of the international fence happens to work to the advantage of the seeker for the picturesque. The Canadians are fond of saying to you, when you ask them about local affairs, "If only this place belonged to the States, capital would come in, the population would grow and we would have a thriving resort here." But "resorts" are just what you don't want, and so you bless the boundary commission, after all. Your steamer sails only three times a week—if the Americans had put Grand Manan on their map, there might be daily trips. She is a tiny affair, and uncorrupted—if the Grand Mananites were Americans, she might be a conventional excursion and jammed to the rails. As it is, you feel that you are getting away from the hustle of the States as soon as you settle yourself comfortably on her after deck.

Rising from the troubled waters of the Bay of Fundy, Grand Manan—the name, a conglomeration of French and Indian, simply means Big Island—doesn't strike you as particularly impressive when you get your first view of it from the steamer's deck after a half-hour's run. The long, low line of broken shore disappoints one who has come to see "the finest cliff scenery on the Atlantic Coast," and the captain's statement that the great cliffs are on the other side of the island only partly reassures one. But we realize that the mariner always seeks the safest harbor, and, unlike the tourist, has no use for the rocks except as landmarks to avoid, and we bide our time.

The little sheltered harbor of North Head soon appears, and with it the wharf where we are to land, with its waiting group of fishermen, village people and summer visitors expecting their friends.

The island was originally inhabited by a tribe of the Passamaquoddy Indians, and the guide books still tell you that a remnant of them live here and pursue the porpoise fisheries. But it is the nature of guide books to become out of date, and the last porpoise-fishing Indian left the island twenty-odd years ago when the use of popoile oil as a lubricant for watches began to decline. At least that is what the sole survivor of the old tribe—Grand Manan tells you. He was not, as the reader might imagine, a toothless, ragged old "Mr. Lo," but a well-conditioned, well-dressed man of some education, who used good English and discussed the affairs of his people with intelligence. He was even the possessor of considerable property, including ten thousand dollars in cash, which he had received from the Canadian Government for the loss of his only son in the war.

Nevertheless, he was visiting the island for the purpose of selling Indian trinkets made by his people on the mainland and of collecting the long sweet grass which they use in making baskets. In a friendly talk around the hotel fireplace—for in Grand Manan a bit of a blaze is often a comfortable thing even in July—it became evident that the old life of the nomad still had its attractions for him. He did not care to live at the hotels, but preferred to camp out on the beach and "cook his own."

### Prefers Old Life.

Asked whether he would prefer his people to become completely reconstructed and work in factories for steady wages, as some of them do in Old Town, in Maine (where the famous canoes are made), or live by hunting and fishing as in the old days,

he answered with unexpected fervor, "The old ways for me."

The porpoise gambols at will in Grand Manan waters since petroleum came to save his skin, but his neighbor the hake pays tribute in untold numbers to the thrifty islanders' love of gain. Hake is not a sporty fish, it seldom appears on well-to-do tables, and it doesn't even get canned like tuna or salmon. But some enterprising Blue Nose captain discovered that the natives of the West Indies like a change of diet from bananas to fish, and that they think salt hake is about right. So hake is caught in seines, salted down, and sent in schooner-loads to the inhabitants of Turk's Island, Santo Domingo, Cuba, and other places in the Antilles. It is a coarse fish, and cheap. Not entirely tabooed by the Grand Mananites, it apparently is seldom an honored dish. Slabs of it hung outside one of the groceries of North Head, and I asked the price. "Ten cents," was the answer. "A pound, do you mean?" I asked, having in mind New York prices for fish. "No, for the whole fish." It looked as if a large family could subsist for a week on one salted hake, judiciously supplemented with bread and vegetables. But while other kinds of fish were frequently seen on the hotel tables, hake was never encountered.

Down by the salting houses schooners lay moored to the piers, ready to take on their cargoes of salty slabs. The scene was an animated one. The fish merchant and the captain of the schooner were busily weighing the fish and keeping tabs on the tare; helpers carried the piles of hake from the scales to the pier's edge, where others tossed them on to the schooner's deck. Here they were crammed into every vacant space, the packers unceremoniously jumping on the fish with their heavy boots to make them fit more snugly—subtle flavors like those imparted by boot-heels being apparently unobjectionable to, or unnoticed by, the West Indian chefs or gourmets.

### Natives Kind Hearted.

The Grand Mananites are a simple, seafaring folk, kind-hearted, trustful, and seemingly much inter-related as with other similar island communities. In a North Head graveyard is a small shaft bearing an inscription telling of one of the many sea tragedies of which Grand Manan has been the unwilling scene. A great ship went ashore and most of the crew perished, but one of them scaled the high cliffs of the island and escaped the fate of his less fortunate companions.

We spoke of this to a villager we chanced to meet at the post. "Oh, yes," he said. "That was my grandfather. He had a hard time that night. His feet were badly frozen, but he recovered and settled down here. He'd had enough of the sea." Another man, in talking about the war, in which he had been engaged in the unheroic but useful task of buying horses for the Government, spoke admiringly of his nephew's active life at the front and his fighting in many battles.

The show-place of the island, so far as the visitor is concerned, is several miles distant from the fishing villages, at South West Head, and we soon arranged to go there to see the cliffs. In Grand Manan, as everywhere, the genius of Detroit provides the means of casual transportation. We asked the flivver man whether he could take us to South West Head and what the cost would be. "Well," he said, deprecatingly, "it'll be an all-day trip and a little expensive. I'll have to charge you about seven dollars." Then, apologetically, "But I'll take a lunch along for the party if you make the trip." The joy with which the bargain was closed on the part of the "party" was ill concealed.

## BIG LEAGUE, GAME SCORES

New York, Aug. 16—The St. Louis Cardinals defeated the Chicago Cubs, 5-4, in a hard fought game today when Bottomley singled with the bases full and two out in the ninth inning.

The only other game scheduled, Boston at Pittsburgh, was called off on account of rain.

### American League.

The Chicago White Sox and the Detroit Tigers played ten innings to a scoreless tie this afternoon, the game being called to permit both teams to catch a train.

St. Louis and Boston, a double header, the Browns winning the first game 6-1, and the Red Sox grabbing the night cap, 7-1.

## HOW TO CONTROL THE DISEASES OF POTATOES

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The decided increase in our seed potato industry has resulted in a marked spread of diseases of which Mosaic is one of the most serious. An application of practical control measures is necessary if we are to retain the large market which has developed as a result of providing disease free seed in the past.

Mosaic is common throughout the potato growing sections in Canada, being particularly severe on the Green Mountain variety. It is responsible for serious reductions in yield where care is not taken to eliminate the disease and when infected seed is sent South heavy losses result. This fact is of great concern to Canadian seed potato growers who are building up a market in the United States.

The leaves of plants affected with Mosaic are mottled with dark green and light green areas. In mild cases this is the only noticeable symptom, but as these light and dark areas become more marked, the leaf takes on a puckered or crinkled appearance. In bad cases the leaves become distorted. In such cases it is common for the lower leaves to drop off and the plants take on a spindly or weakened appearance. This reduces the leaf surfaces which, in itself, retards the plant functions.

The cause of mosaic is not known but investigators have learned that it spreads in the field. Once a plant becomes infected the disease is permanent and will be carried over year after year in the seed. It is favored by cool weather and slow growth.

Control is effected in the use of an isolated tuber unit seed plot coupled with early and persistent roguing, spraying to destroy aphids which are known to transmit the disease and thorough cultivation to remove any weeds which may harbor Mosaic. If the grower finds that his crop suffers despite these measures it would be advisable to discard this stock and obtain new seed known to be disease free. Government certified seed should be used as it is exceptionally free from disease and provides all that can be desired for foundation stock.

## 360 CHICAGO GUNMEN SLAIN IN 4 YEARS

Chicago, Aug. 16—If a cemetery had been set aside four years ago for gangsters it would by this time be in a flourishing condition.

Chief of Police Collins has been going over the statistics and is puzzled. More than 200 gangsters are dead as the results of feuds. Also the police have killed 160 during the four years. Forty-two gangsters are dead since Jan. 1, shot down in feuds. The killings in the suburbs lift the figures to 54 dead men since Jan. 1. Chief Collins finds that during the last year his police have killed 60 gangsters. This list is outside of the family gang killings.

Yet with this extraordinary death rate, gangsters seem to spring up ready to be cut down. That is what puzzles the chief. They seem to thrive on death.

"The police can do nothing to stop gang killings," said the chief. "They are beyond protection by police."

The gangsters have an organization of their own. There was a time when they had the city divided into territories and each faction respected territorial rights. That was before the days of hi-jacking.

"Nowadays they are all over the city, and when they want something they take it. When their demands are refused they back them up with revolvers or shotguns."

"If gangsters kill each other, we don't care very much of course we make an honest and sincere effort to find the guilty parties and when arrested we try to hang them. But the task is hard."

### A DYEING NEED.

Some one's invented a waterproof match.

Which is certain to turn out a wow sirs.

But the needed invention some genius should hatch is coffee-proof white flannel trousers.

Berry—I know a man who knows nothing about base ball, yet never misses a game.

Terry—Sure—I saw him play yesterday!

# A LITTLE THING

**T**HE power called habit is a little thing \* \* \* but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

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