

CONTRIBUTORS OF CONSCIENCE MONEY INCLUDE PEOPLE OF ALL AGES AND ALL WALKS IN LIFE

In 1883 a lad of 13 permitted an easy conscience to induce him to withhold a nickel from the conductor of a Brooklyn horse car. The other day that nickel, with three more for interest, came back to the B. M. T., says the New York Times. The lad's conscience had not rested so easily after all.

Such occurrences are frequent in the lives of railroads and street railway companies. Those particular 20 cents were sent from Norfolk, Va. One man traveled many miles to hand over in person to the station agent at Dover, N. J., the \$2.50 he had withheld a quarter of a century previous when riding from that place on the Lackawanna.

In 1912 the Public Service Railway Company of New Jersey received from an ex-conductor \$2 in compensation "for nickels knocked down." In 1922 a Syracusan mailed the same company a dollar bill "to settle my accounts before I die," and in the same year the corporation received \$4.50 from a woman who explained that when a child "my parents often passed me off as far below fare 'age.'"

Origin of the Fund.

The real conscience fund, from the standpoint of size, is that held by the Treasury Department. Begun in the early days of President Madison, the Government's conscience fund has reached more than \$600,000.

Shuffling through the mail one morning, President Madison saw a five-dollar bill flutter to his desk. The anonymous sender explained that he had cheated the Government. The Presidential brow scowled. Here was a situation. What the President decided would become a precedent.

"Give it to my department," suggested the Secretary of the Treasury. And that was the solution.

"Draw up a new account and call it the 'conscience funds,'" suggested the President.

Fear, remorse or religion usually lies behind the contributions to conscience funds. The two cents forwarded to the Government by a contrite sinner who had used a canceled stamp may seem of trivial consequence in the Nation's large financial affairs. But it is no small matter to the man who thus has eased his mental anguish. Barely does the sender

make known his name. He considers this unnecessary, the restoration of the money serving to clear his soul.

Effect of Religion.

A Civil War veteran some years ago took aside an Indiana pastor and said he had sorrowed miserably because on leaving the army he had taken with him a Government mule. He gave the clergyman \$2000. Another Civil War soldier mailed to the Government a contribution because he had cheated the Nation in a horse trade.

Religion showed its influence again in 1923 when the War Department received from Minneapolis a letter containing \$5 and the explanation, "Since Jesus saved my soul, this debt has been on my heart. It may not seem much to you, but it is a lot to me."

A penitent wrote to Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo in 1916: "In a separate package I am sending \$30,000 in gold bonds for the Conscience Fund. This makes \$80,000 I have sent, or four times the sum I stole from the United States. Conscience gives me no rest until I have consummated my four-fold return like the publican of old. May every thief understand the awfulness of stealing is the sincere wish of a penitent."

Pathetic Letter.

No letter so stirred the guardians of the fund as one turned over to it in 1896, which read:

"To His Majesty, President Cleveland:

"I am in a dreadful state of mind. About two years ago I used two postage stamps that had been used before. I did not realize what I had done until lately. I think of it night and day. Now, dear President, will you please forgive me? I will never do it again. Enclosed find cost of three stamps and please forgive me for I was but 13 years old and I am very sorry for what I have done.

"From one of your subjects." The letter was in a girl's writing. It bore an Ohio postmark. Determined efforts were made to find the sender. The President wanted her as his guest at the White House. She was never found. If she reads this she will know that President Cleveland forgave her her sin, but always regretted her failure to attach her name and address.

Some Strange Contributions.

The Treasury Department receives all such donations, whatever the

branch of the Government to which they are made. The department then decides which division of the Government is entitled to the contribution. It even makes appropriate use of such payments when remuneration is in kind. Some penitents believe in the Biblical theory of an eye for an eye. One mailed three electric bulbs to replace three stolen ones. Another sent a slide rule.

Secretary Mellon one day received this letter:

"You have made a tax refund. The Government having returned to me money it collected wrongfully. I am enclosing \$500 which I withheld from the Government because of rough treatment by your agents when I was forced to pay an amount in excess of that here returned to you."

One man mailed eight \$1000 bills, sending a half of each and retaining the other halves. He trusted his own conscience, but not that of the Government. He required acknowledgement in the press of the receipt of the first halves. This acknowledgement rendered, he forwarded the others.

Municipalities, department stores and individuals are beneficiaries of conscience fund payments, though the payments of penitents to the Government often are the most spectacular, especially as they are usually larger or represent an expression of patriotism.

CITIZENS OF AMHERST ARE INTERESTED

Amherst, N. S., Oct. 16—Amherst shareholders of the Manufacturers' Finance Corporation of Toronto met today to consider what action could be taken dealing with the financial affairs of this organization.

A list was produced containing the names of shareholders, not only in Amherst but the entire province and disclosed the fact that many people had invested their money in the bonds of the corporation. It was estimated that the amount of investment made by the people of Amherst exceeded \$75,000, the amounts ranging from \$10,000 in individual subscriptions down to a few hundreds of dollars. After the matter had been fully discussed, a committee consisting of D. W. Robb, Dr. G. E. O'Brien, C. S. Sutherland, C. L. Martin and C. B. Chapman was appointed to work in co-operation with the Protective Association, an association recently organized by shareholders in Toronto.

THE AUTOMOBILE STYLED AS A CURIOSITY IN MOSCOW; AND EVERYONE DRESSES ALIKE

(John Gunther in New York Sun.)

Moscow.—Moscow is not so much a metropolis as an immense village, and not so much a village, perhaps, as a camp—a camp somehow frozen to permanence on the great plain.

Moscow begins with the Kremlin—citadel of the camp. Next to the Kremlin abuts the Kitai Gorod, once a fortified city, still with its walls standing. The wall of the Kremlin dates from the late fifteenth century, that of the Kitai Gorod from the middle sixteenth.

Moscow begins with the Kremlin—battlements. So a third series of walls began, circling the Kremlin and the city. The walls, built in the seventeenth century, have long since disappeared; now a boulevard marks the circle where they stood. Still further outward Moscow spreads. Another concentric wall appeared—now again a boulevard. Beyond the second boulevard Moscow is still straggling.

Suppose we take a stroll through Moscow—survey its rambling cobbled streets, crowded open squares, church domes and trembling towers. Evening is best—in summer anyway.

Blue dusk begins to fall a little after 6 o'clock. The tense city slackens a little and the glaring edges of nighttime activity are a little dulled. But far twenty-four hours a day life throbs in Moscow.

Things Are Drab.

Perhaps the first impression is the almost total absence of automobiles. The few that we do see are relics of an almost neolithic past, strange monsters with distorted body lines, paintless fenders, grotesquely fanciful hoods.

We pass the shrine of the Iberian virgin, its blue dome studded with gold, and enter the enormous cobbled rectangle of the Red Square. At one end stands St. Basil, surely the most fantastic church in the world. Ivan the Terrible blinded the architect so that another church never could be made like it. It has eleven spires and comes, in green, red, yellow and gold, scaled pineappled, obliquely burred, convoluted, transversely striped. To the right, the red wall of the Kremlin stretches between lofty towers.

Here perhaps is another first impression. Small dots of people drift across the square. They are both extraordinarily drab and extraordinarily animated. It comes as a shock to find that every one, almost without exception, dresses exactly alike.

Another first impression is that of decrepitude. At one corner we see a bundle of street car rails lying in a gutter. Back in the hotel the carpets flap dustily. Buildings are fairly clean, but most of them are sadly out of repair. I can count a dozen broken windows. Moscow is still a dilapidated city. Yet for all its drabness and uniformity it contains something enormously active and alive.

Drabness? Walk a bit further and leave the Red Square behind. Behind, too, is the squat cubical mausoleum housing the body of Lenin. Here we see a bridge. We climb it, and look back under the lucent blue sky to a vast horizon of golden domes, tall red towers still capped with black imperial eagles; a pair of searching spires and every few yards a new bundle of turnip tops, pointing from the churches to the sky. In the distance the river winds like a silver scimitar. Further in the distance—only an interminable flat horizon.

We walk on and discover new things differentiating Moscow from other European cities. There are no outdoor cafes. Most of the little restaurants have only a dozen tables each, clothed covered; and to find them one must descend rickety stairs to basements. There are no brilliant street lights. Except for a few German illustrated papers, it is impossible to buy a foreign newspaper or magazine.

Radio and Food.

We turn back from the river along one of the rotary spokes which intersect the boulevards. At each important corner a loud speaker attached to a telephone pole blares out songs, canned news, market reports, speeches. Knots of people cluster together listening. The night is darker and now every one seems dressed in

gray. A girl in a light summer frock comes along—rare apparition!—she looks like a butterfly in the blue-gray gloom.

But the markets are still busy. Along the Okhotny market stand two packed lines of people. On one side hawkers lean over their trays, placed on folding camp stools, selling—what don't they sell? We see samovars, sunflower seeds (the Moscow substitute for chewing gum), brassieres, shoe polish, raw cheese and rawer herring, hardware, women's garters hung dangling in many colors from a wire holder, rat traps, steel engravings. On the other side, screaming, shouting, bargaining, women hold out in their hands chickens alive and dead, tiny garden apricots, small stuffed pigs, and the biggest and most luscious strawberries I've ever seen.

One Excellent Shop.

This isn't a scene at just one market. It is everywhere. Every street corner one finds the small knot of noisy camp stools—cigarettes, apples, shoe laces, writing paper—and always sunflower seeds. A penny a handful these! And between the corners wandering hawkers cry. They, too, are itinerant department stores. And there are beggars—plenty. Professional ones mostly.

Of course there are shops. They are uniformly clean—especially the excellent food shops—but uniformly ill-lit and drab. But on the Tverskaya is an immense food shop which would rival Portnum & Mason's in London or Tibbet & Garland's in Chicago for luxury, comprehensiveness—and price! The street vendors have rows of tiny candles on their tables.

We circle the city from the Arbat—where new movie theatre beckons with the only bright lights in Moscow—down "A" Boulevard to the Nikitsky Vorota. Here again a cluster of dark figures under the loud speaker again the hurrying, prowling trams. At one corner are two kiosks side by side selling rival brands of drinking water, the notable "Borzhom" and even the more notable "Narzan."

Here the boulevard becomes a sort of park. Down the gravel path boys walk balancing trays of tomatoes on their heads. Another carries a load of doughnuts—at least that's what they look like—and an older fellow with a samovar strapped to his middle dispenses tea. A cobbler has an open shop on one side, selling rubber heels made from old automobile tires.

A close ring of workmen is just ahead, most of them dressed precisely alike. Inside the ring one of them dances, a dance, maybe, of his native Kazan; another is improvising an accompaniment on Moscow's favorite musical instrument, the accordion. The crowd claps, reels, throbs; further on young soldiers walk arm-in-arm, singing.

And So to Bed.

The dusk has deepened into night and along the Petrovka, with its line of shuttered dark shops, we turned homeward. A distant taxi horn sounds strange. We note that most of the houses stretch half a block, with huge courtyards behind; for the last three minutes one bulwark of a place has been No. 37 without change. At one corner next to a very modern wine shop (vintorg) is an ikon. A few straggling women stoop to pray.

The izvotchiks are calling us now. Time to go home—three blocks for a ruble. They are the ragged coachmen driving even more ragged droshkys behind yet more ragged horses. Their calls echoed down the street. But not all of them have fares. Back at the hotel, next to the Red square again, we see a long line of them—sleeping in their own cabs.

The bells ring out the evening call from Spasskiya tower. Through all the square the long-sounding, sweet-echoed tones reverberate. Mother Moscow is ready to go to bed.

THE WORST TRIAL

This world is full of problems And has been since the flood; But they're all fun compared to one A car stuck in the mud.

"It takes all kind of people to make a world," said the Misanthrope, "which is too many."

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS ARE GAZETTED

His Honour the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:

Walter S. Jones to be a member of the Board of School Trustees for the Riverside Consolidated School in place of Orle A. Reid whose term of office has expired. Term of office to expire June 30th 1931.

Robert B. Potter of Woodstock to be a Justice of the Peace.

Raymond S. Gabel of Woodstock to be a Commissioner for taking affidavits to be read in the Supreme Court.

Alfred Wilson of Belleville to be a Provincial Constable.

John D. Mehan to be a coroner.

Charles Landry of West Bathurst and W. F. Sullivan to be Revisors for the Town of Bathurst.

Philip C. Leger of Saint Antoine to be a Provincial Constable.

Howard F. McLean of Chatham to be a Provincial Constable.

Sydney Park of South Esk to be Revisor for the Parish of South Esk.

Stanley F. Jamieson of 83 Wright Street to be a Justice of the Peace.

Bart Duffy of Brookville to be a Provincial Constable.

Fred Bridges to be Chairman of Revisors for the Parish of Sheffield in place of Byron Upton who has removed from the parish.

Fred A. Fisher to be Chairman of the Board of School Trustees for the Town of Sackville in place of Fred A. Fisher whose term of office has expired. Term of office to expire June 30, 1932.

Mrs. Frank Gereau to be a member of the Board of School Trustees for the Town of Marysville in place of Mrs. Frank Gereau whose term of office has expired. Term of office to expire June, 30, 1932.

MRS. GRUNDY IS NO LONGER LISTENED TO

New York, Oct. 17—"Parental control in America is obsolete, the church and ministry no longer guide life, and dear old Mrs. Grundy is no longer listened to, but laughed at. "Liberty has become license," declared Prof. Edward H. Griggs, president of the department of philosophy at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, in a lecture on "Present Problems of American Life."

"America, in the last decade, has moved forward in material advance with dizzying rapidity, but there has also been an ebb tide in the tide life and bigotry are rampant. This has been shown in the present religious intolerance in the Scopes case in Tennessee and in the 'muzzling' of teachers, who as a result do not dare present actual conditions.

"America is still an adolescent country, with all the characteristics of a youthful civilization. It seeks the big and not the finity, seeks quantity and not quality. But there is hope. It shall grow up."

Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Leek of Fort Fairfield, are visitors to the city today.

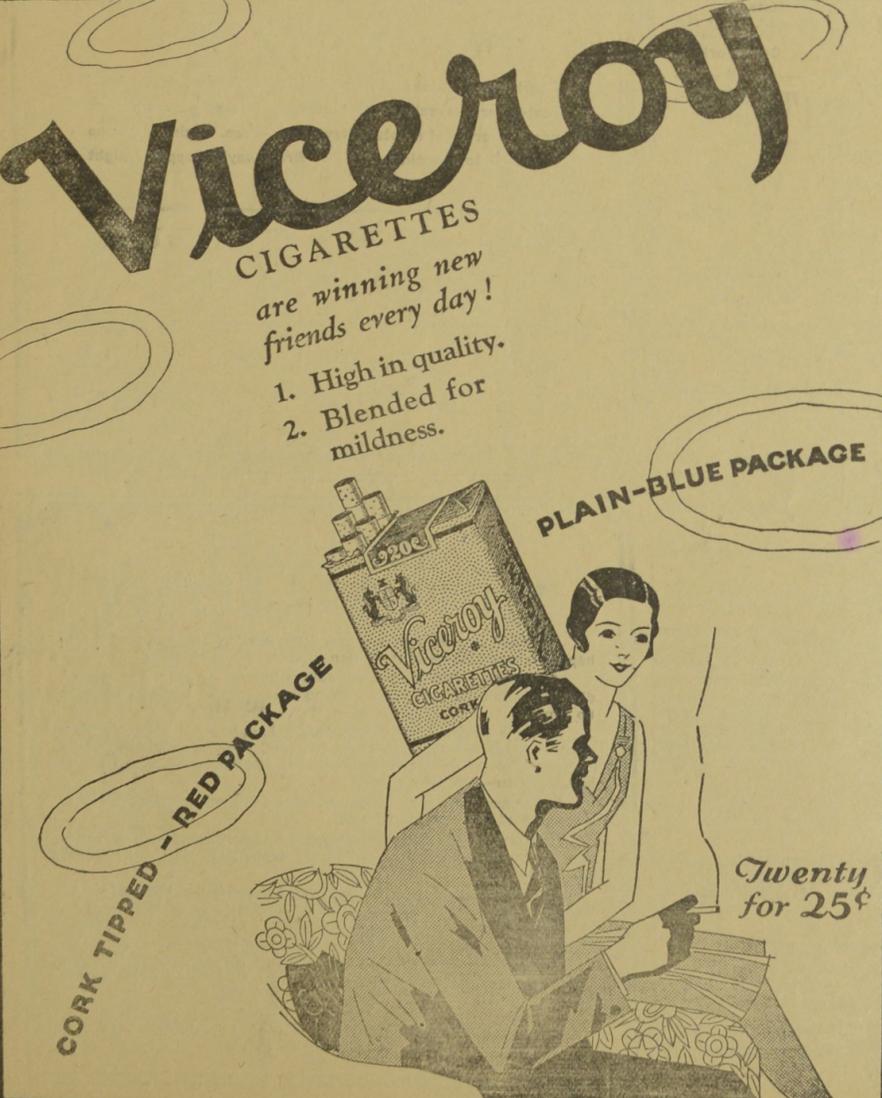


may not make the man but they improve his appearance" Beau Brummel

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