

SAYS CANADA CANNOT AFFORD TO BE COWARDLY IN ITS RELATIONS WITH UNCLE SAM

(Vancouver Sun.)

When the Fordney Tariff Bill was first discussed at Washington several years ago, few Americans thought the bill would pass. Aimed at Canada, America's best customer, who was then buying annually \$400,000,000 worth of American goods, most Americans thought the tariff so unjust, and that there would be so much protest from Canada, that United States, in her own selfish interest, could not afford to let the Fordney Bill become law.

Canada had a right to resent and resist the terrific tariffs of the Fordney and subsequent bills. But Canada is now paying the price of being too cowardly. A tariff war with United States could not injure Canada more than she is now being injured, and this is proven by Canada's ability as an independent trading country with foreign trade of \$250 per capita against the United States foreign trade figure of \$100 per head.

The day that the Fordney tariff was first mooted in the United States, Premier Mackenzie King should have got up on the floor of Parliament and, backed by Western farmers and Tories, should have served notice on the United States that the moment the Fordney Bill became law, a Canadian bill having a similar effect against American products, could go into force in Canada. But Canada did not.

The Fordney tariff of two cents a pound against Canadian cattle actually hurts the American farmer, who used to buy raw range cattle from Canada at five or six cents per pound and get two or three cents per pound for fattening those cattle for American markets, and, like industrial manufacturing, it is the "finishing" man who makes the big profit.

On wheat, it is the American miller, not the American farmer, who is really getting the benefit of the tariff against Canadian wheat.

But the unfairness and the iniquitous part of the American tariff is that operative portion which, notwithstanding Canada's \$800,000,000 worth of annual purchases from United States, allows the President to immediately bar out by tariff any Canadian article which happens to compete with American goods. That treasury decision, or "T B" as it is now popularly described, has been used against Canadians (even to the detriment of the United States consumer) to a degree and in a manner that no self-respecting Canadian business man can any longer submit.

A British Columbia quarry some months ago secured a contract for pulp stones to be shipped to United States. Ten days after that contract was signed, pressure was brought to bear on Washington and at once a "T B" was put into effect placing a fifty per cent. duty against Canadian pulp stones; the Canadian producer had to pay an extra \$5,000 duty or face an even greater loss for failure to carry out his contract. This same treatment is coming along every month, and for a country that enjoys \$800,000,000 annual business from Canada, United States in trade is treating Canada as if she were a penal colony; this has got to stop.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought out in the open on a general principle policy—the policy of mass formation. Canada is trying to fight out her tariff problems with the old mass formation front, while United States is adopting in tariff the methods of modern trench warfare. Canada has been making a bold friendly front on reciprocal trade, while United States has been "mining" and "sapping" at Canadian trade until she is actually undermining Canada's national economic existence.

Canadian business men should not blame American business men if they find Canadians sitting down acquiescing to this and that foolish and unfair tariff against Canada. But Canadian business men must blame themselves and their political leaders, who, from Sir Robert Borden's budget in 1919 down to Robb's budget of 1927, have continued tariff reductions; Mr. Robb in 1927 finally called a halt.

But, with the present trading cards all stacked against us, stopping tariff

reduction against United States is not enough. Canada's acquiescence to America's tariff war has made United States bolder in her declarations, bolder in her actions and exactions, until today there seems to be no limit to the extent United States is willing to transgress against Canadian trade and feeling. Instead of yielding further, the ground we have already lost must be recovered; the trade concessions Canada has granted in the past must be balanced or cancelled.

Canada will now have to do what she should have done ten years ago—what the Borden's, the Meighens and the Mackenzie Kings had not the vitals to do, or for some reason have left undone.

Canada has got to tell United States, in the friendliest but frankest and firmest way, that the present tariff war against Canada must stop; that present trading arrangements must be immediately put on an equal basis; or, failing that, Canada will be compelled to take means and measures to protect the pockets and feelings of her ten million people. Canada has long tried to be an honest, friendly business neighbor to United States, but that attitude is now being used against us. Canada cannot be cowardly.

BULL MOOSE KILLED BY FALL AT VEAZIE, ME.

Bangor, Me., Aug. 26—A young bull moose came to an untimely end at Veazie this afternoon when it was discovered by some boys on the river bank who gave enthusiastic and exciting chase along with several dogs. The moose ran down along the bank until he came to the hydro electric dam, and although it tried to stop fell over the retaining wall, a drop of about 30 feet, to the ledges below and broke its neck.

A game warden took possession of the moose and by permission of the State Fish and Game Department, sold it to a Bangor hotel.

AMERICAN LADY HURT IN AUTO CRASH

Halifax, Aug. 26—Miss Annie Evans and Miss E. D. Hacke, both of Philadelphia are in hospital here suffering from injuries sustained when their automobile driven by a Mr. Stokes, also of Philadelphia turned over on a gravel road about eight miles from Truro on Saturday. Miss Evans' condition is critical and she may die. She suffered a serious gash in the scalp and right ear and was badly shaken up. Miss Hacke's injuries are not so serious. Mrs. Stokes who was also riding in the car and her husband were uninjured.

PREMIER KING CONFERS WITH COSGRAVE

Paris, Aug. 26—Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Premier of Canada, held a conference tonight with President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State who arrived in Paris for the signing of the treaty for the renunciation of war on the same train with Senator MacLachlan, of Australia, and Sir James Parr, High Commissioner, New Zealand.

Earlier in the day, Premier King conferred with the Canadian delegation which left for Geneva for the opening of the League of Nations' council on Monday.

Having nobody in particular in mind, there is the kind of man who nourishes his prejudices and lets his principles starve.

WHAT MAKES LONDON GREAT; THE CITY OF OLIVER TWIST AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN

(Edward Price Bell in Chicago News)

"Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that the hidden in London wholly unknown even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants."

See the opening paragraph of Chapter L, "The Pursuit and Escape," in "Oliver Twist."

Of what district was Dickens, writing?

He was writing of a district about which a London alderman once said: "It does not exist; it never did exist."

This alderman should have known his Dickens better. He should have known that this great novelist, particularly as regards the London scenes of his action, painted conscientiously from reality.

When he wrote of "the coarsest and commonest of wearing apparel dangling at tradesmen's doors and streaming from house-parapets and windows," and when he pictured "unemployed laborers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, the very raff and refuse of the river," he stood viewing these things and persons, so to speak, with his palette in his hand.

In the chapter indicated Dickens was describing a district south and west of the Thames between Southwark and Rotherhithe. He was preparing, in his accustomed careful way, to project an incident of immense dramatic force—the last desperate effort of Bill Sikes to escape. ("Escape," you will remember, the murderer did, but only at the end of a rope with his own hands.)

Dickens was writing of Jacob's island. It was where he represented it to be, and it is there yet. You can see it any day you like, though the London alderman (Dickens called him "an amazing alderman") declared in 1850 that it did not exist and never had existed.

You will find Jacob's island less loathly than Dickens found it. Improvements have taken place there as everywhere. But, if you are acquainted intimately with the novelist's picture, you easily will be able to believe that you are seeing many objects, animate and inanimate, which he saw.

Jacob's street is there. It is the street in which stood the reeking, ramshackle house in which Bill Sikes and Oliver Twist rolled on the floor in their final struggle, and from the roof of which Sikes fell to his doom. Jacob's street runs before one today as it ran before the mapmakers of 1761.

You will find some ill-looking sights and some unpleasant smells in Jacob's island still. You will find some rough river folk there. Your ears will be assailed with the din of heavy wheels on cobbled streets. But you will enjoy yourself, I fancy, in thousands of Dickens.

You will find the site of the Dead Tree public house. You will find Tooly street whence the three tailors addressed a petition to parliament beginning, "We, the people of England." Weary, you may go into Southwark park, sixty-three acres in extent, and perhaps read a few of those concluding tender lines of "Oliver Twist," in which the author painfully takes leave of his characters.

For instance:

"I would show Rose Maylie (if he were permitted to go on with the story) in all the bloom and grace of early womanhood, shedding on her secluded path in life such soft and gentle light as fell on all who trod it with her, and shone into their hearts. I would paint her the life and joy of the fireside circle and the lively summer group. I would follow her through the sultry fields at noon and hear the low tones of her sweet voice in the moonlight evening walk."

Bermondsey, Surrey, the larger subdivision of this river-side world of Dickens, was the center of the British leather trade when "Oliver Twist" was written. It had been such for generations before. It is such to the present day.

ations before. It is such to the present day.

Tanneries and leather works; the largest leather factory in England; fellmongers' skin-dressing yards; a great leather and skin market; the largest hat factory in the world; wool staplers' yards; parchment, glue and size factories; ropeyards, chemical engineers' yards, iron foundries, emery works, wharves, granaries, shipwrights' yards mast and block-making yards, sailmakers' lofts.

And there is Spa road, recalling Bermondsey Spa, where Thomas Keyse, a self-taught artist, discovered a chalybeate spring in 1770 and gradually developed a famous amusement park—pioneer of resorts widely popularized since in many parts of the world, especially America.

Keyse was clever. He had his own pictures of butchers' and fellmongers' shops, joints of beef and mutton, cod and halibut, cauliflower, tomatoes, fruits; he would attract customers for his art by means of his chalybeate waters,

music, fireworks and gay company.

Thomas Kese put on even a representation of the siege of Gibraltar, covering an area of four acres. He had "The Rock" there. It was fifty feet high and 200 feet long. He aimed at a "minor Vauxhall," a place of public resort from the reign of Charles II., almost to the present time.

JOURNEYING

(From the Kansas City Star)

How "How many miles to Dublin?" I asked a man from Slare, He smiled and said: "Now that depends On how you travel there."

"If you must go to the high road The wide and traveled way, The journey will be sure to take A long and weary day."

"But if you take the byways, And look for tree and flower You'll count the time of traveling A short and happy hour."

—KATHERINE EDELMAN

The ultimate height of cynicism is achieved in the caption over a scientific article in a European journal, as follows: "Why Breathe?"

RADIO MESSAGE PROVED A FAKE

RADIO MESSAGES . . . N. . . N. . . .

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 26—The executive committee of the American Radio Relay League, Inc., has voted to authorize a reward of \$500 for information leading to the apprehension of the person or persons who broadcast the messages signed "Rockford Flyers" and which are now believed to have been false.

DOES YOUR HUSBAND

However many Evenings We stay at home He always sings At time to start For a movie show This button has dangled A week or so!"

Time seems to be the main factor and two hours of a dull orator is claimed to be harder on the radio batteries than 40 minutes of Sousa's Band.

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CITY OF FREDERICTON Notice of Sale of Lands.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act 1926, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City taxes, for the years mentioned hereunder, made and assessed against the parties hereinafter named, unless the several sums due, together with the costs of this notice, are sooner paid, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1928, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises owned or occupied by the respective persons hereunder mentioned and set opposite their respective names.

Property to be Sold.	Name of Person Assessed	Arrears for Years	Total Due
Lot corner King Street and Taylor Alley, 40 ft. on King Street and 109 ft. on Alley	ROY H. McGRATH	1925-1926-1927 .....	\$740.42 Interest ..... 79.06
Farm on east side Maryland Hill Road, known as the Cameron Farm, containing 75 acres	ARTHUR S. TYLER	1925-1926-1927 .....	\$221.59 Interest ..... 27.00

Dated the 31st day of July, A. D. 1928.

FRED I. HAVILAND,  
City Treasurer.