

THE DAILY MAIL

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FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 30, 1937

THE OLD SONGS REMEMBERED

THERE IS something encouraging in the thought that inspired formal honoring of the memory of a man whose claim on attention today is purely sentimental. George Washington Johnson, who died twenty years ago, was a Wentworth County school teacher who did his work well, but there is nothing unusual in that. What has endeared him to Canadians is his writing of a song that most of them know: "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

The theme, of course, is the evergreen memory of youth: "When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a Queen." Then the thoughts of youth are "long, long thoughts." One turns to adventure, and it is "Hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away." Another aspires to high estate in the affairs of men, while still others are dissatisfied with everything and develop a cynicism that generally they shake off as the years pass.

School Teacher Johnson appears to have had the sentimental touch in his make-up. Surely none other could dwell so fondly on the courtship of a girl who became his wife, and died at the age of 23. The simple story is beautifully told in "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"; and it is delightful evidence of appreciation for the simple and lasting things of life that a cairn in memory of George Washington Johnson is to be unveiled on Saturday in Hamilton. It proves that, even in a hard and practical world, romance is far from dead or dying.

The incident recalls that some years ago there was a dispute over the authorship of this old song, it being claimed for a United States writer, but that is neither here nor there so far as its value is concerned. Always there are claimants to popular productions, and the Wentworth school teacher was not concerned about copyright.

It is worthy of note that of late there has been a remarkable revival of the song popular a generation or longer ago. The radio has done a great deal in promoting this. And there is no greater thrill for older listeners than to hear coming over the air old melodies they knew in youth, the songs their mothers sang. For these what chance has jazz or crooning with "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Home Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "In the Gloaming," "The Canadian Boat Song," and the almost forgotten fullabes of childhood days? It is good to become reminiscent now and again over such things. These old airs may not have been great musical productions, but in the main they were good literature, and they were sweet and pure.

PLEA FOR NATIONAL UNITY

IT WAS A significant coincidence that Prime Minister King, addressing an Ottawa gathering, and Sir Herbert Marler, speaking to the Canadian Club in New York, both emphasized the need of Canadian national unity. At no time since Confederation was established has unity been so seriously threatened; its importance was never so essential. "There are some parts of Canada," said Mr. King, "where some think their only citizenship is to the Province." They forget they are Dominion citizens, failing to appreciate, as Sir Herbert stated, "the incontestable fact that on the success of the whole of Canada will depend the success of every part of the country." While in some sections there is an inclination to look for impediments to prosperity along Provincial boundaries, Canada is the fifth trading nation and stands fourth in exports as a result of unified policy. Local difficulties and aspirations are permitted too frequently to overshadow larger affairs on which all must rely.

This incongruous situation can be recognized as natural to some extent in a country of the Dominion's size, state of development and geographical position. But it is not necessary with an intelligent citizenship. Canada is part of the British Empire, not as an aggregation of Provinces, but as a Dominion. It is the Dominion that contributes to the support of British peace policies, establishes good-will with neighbors, and takes part in world deliberations. It is through the Dominion that trade progresses or lags and affects the welfare of every community.

If these things are worth holding, it follows that the means must be maintained and strengthened by co-operation contributed by every citizen. Yet public men find it necessary to urge national unity. Our efforts, Sir Herbert Marler pointed out, should be a continuation of those of Sir John Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Borden, "to harmonize and not to accentuate our differences."

Manifestly, Mr. King is disturbed by the disintegrating influences of sectional differences, and especially of "subversive forces." The two put together. If it were not possible to capitalize discontent in restricted areas, harmony would not be so easily broken. The theoretical answer, of course, is to remedy unsatisfactory conditions where found. Who is to do this and how? Undoubtedly the Prime Minister is right in urging citizens to get into either of the two old political parties and work for their betterment. Disharmony is emphasized when citizens run away from the opportunities provided for their expression of opinion, led by strange doctrines. Democracy, weakened by a confusion of political shibboleths, becomes easier prey for the modern dictator.

Political unity under the system adopted in this country is a first essential to national unity, for it helps to keep national thought straight. Alberta would not be victimized to the detriment of the country had the policy of progress by evolution, for which both old parties stand, not be thrown overboard. If we look at things squarely and are satisfied to build on experience, we shall continue to recognize the Provinces as part of an entity which must function adequately to serve the welfare of each.

National unity is by no means defunct, although threatened. Perhaps the greatest hope lies in the fact that the work being undertaken by the Royal Commission under Chief Justice Rowell is receiving the co-operation of every Provincial Government and every progressive public organization in the country. Recalcitrant groups must eventually fall in line or lose whatever standing they possess.

Snapshots

Is there ever a check-up of the proper kind made on the milk dealers who are furnishing the general public with milk? This is important in the interests of public health. Some of the milk sold today is excellent and in other cases the milk left at people's houses at the present time smells bad and tastes worse. This check-up should be made at once.

Two people ran into each other last night in the darkness which surrounds the new bumpway at the corner of University Ave. One lady was injured about the nose.

More and better street lights on our city streets might improve the appearance of the streets and eliminate accidents.

D. W. Morrison, Mayor of the mining town of Glace Bay, N. S., is to arrive to take charge of the strikers at Minto. If the mines at Minto were to remain closed it might be a good thing for their competitors at Glace Bay.

A golf player made a shot in the dark that won a match. Here is a hint for local golf players. They could practice at the local bumpway at the intersection of University Avenue and Brunswick street.

This week was a dull one in Russia. Only nine disliked persons were sentenced to disappear in the usual way.

Japanese tailors are objecting loudly to the suggested "honorable shabbiness" move to save cloth, but it is believed the trouble will be patched up at the seat.

A girl will spend a whole day making up her mind what dress to wear to a party—and just two minutes making up her mind what man to marry for life.

"There is already far too much talk in the world,"—Dr. Alexis Carrel. Quite right, but it's the first thing a child is taught and everyone is curious to know a man's last words.

R. C. M. P.

(Continued from Page One)
ter had not employed strike breakers nor any new men since the strike started and that he had found the statement to be absolutely correct.

Following an outbreak of violence in connection with the strike situation in Minto which took place yesterday the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have sent six additional men to Minto to reinforce those who have been guarding the strike situation since October 13th. On that day the strikers went out because the operators refused to recognize their Union. In the outbreak which took place yesterday one man was struck on the jaw and the strikers chased another workman into the woods. Several automobiles were injured by stones thrown from amongst the strikers. Joint action on the part of W. B. Evans, owner of Rothwell Mine, and Mathias Wuh, president of the local Union of United Mine Workers of America prevented the situation from becoming more serious. Mr. Wuh claims that he urged the strikers to resume peaceful picketing and requested them not to use violence whilst Mr. Evans ordered his employees to go back to work in the mines when they prepared to do battle with the pickets. The U.M.W. officials said that they generally deplored the incident which took place yesterday and which will not do their order any good.

P. F. Muise, who left Glace Bay after supervising the strike for two weeks, claimed the men had been ordered to avoid violence. Wuh declared that if they could not picket peacefully they would be ordered to refrain from all picketing.

"Someone in the crowd, unknown to me, started throwing," said Wuh. "A real riot would have ensued if I had not finally succeeded in making the men listen to me. Had the affair gone farther, a few of the non-union men would have been the real cause of it, because they became very aggressive and offered to fight. Mr. Evans realized the seriousness of the situation and ordered his men back."

Reports that the Rothwell mine was using strike breakers, was believed a possible cause of the disturbance. Evans has denied these reports, offering to show payrolls revealing that all men now employed at the mine had worked there before the strike.

Mr. Evans' statement was supported fully by Fair Wage Officer H. R. Pettigrove after the latter made an investigation. Mr. Pettigrove said that there are absolutely no strike breakers employed by Mr. Evans.

"I am very glad that none of our men were seriously injured," said Mr. Evans. "If the strikers' aim had been better the results might have been more serious."

"I note in the afternoon press that Mathias Wuh, president of the local who was with the men, says that he regrets the incident. If he did not wish our men to be interfered with why did he lead an army of 100 or more to practically block one of the paths by which our men walk to

work, and to point where those going by car could also be intercepted?

"In addition he had placed small groups at other strategic points, one of which groups chased another man right on his own dooryard. For the last few days there had been persistent rumors that our men had better not go to work on Friday."

"Different men were warned that they had better stay home. This would lead one to believe that the whole affair had been pre-arranged. Those who made such threats were ignorant of the quality of the Rothwell men, who have the courage of their convictions. They wish to continue working and have no desire to be dominated by this union. Every man turned up for work. Every man worked."

The Fair Wage Board held a meeting here today to discuss the situation. They may return to Minto later.

D. W. Morrison, president of the U. M. W. District 26, arrived from Glace Bay yesterday afternoon and addressed a special meeting of the miners. Officials had nothing to say after the meeting.

Mr. Morrison is mayor of Glace Bay a mining town in Nova Scotia. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Minto strike should result in the Minto mines closing down that more coal might be sold from the Glace Bay mines.

TORRIES GIVE

(Continued from Page One)

Hon. R. B. Bennett, Leader of the Conservative Party, to contest the by-election. Hon. Earl Rowe, Leader of the Ontario Conservative Party, was being given an acclamation in Dufferin-Simcoe, the convention was told.

The possibility of a general election next year, added to the fact that no support from Mr. Bennett would be forthcoming, prompted the withdrawal of candidates, it was learned. E. J. Harris, a candidate, declared he would not care to contest a campaign for a two-year term of office. He declared there was no campaign fund available.

FOREIGNERS ARE

(Continued from Page One)

which was one of the few almost whole buildings left in the area.

Three British soldiers were killed and three seriously wounded last night as Japanese bombardments west of Shanghai brought deadly peril to Britons and other foreigners.

British military headquarters said the privates, members of the Royal Ulster Rifles, were hit during a two-hour shelling by Japanese artillery of the Hungjao area west of Shanghai.

MR. MONAHAN RECOVERING

Many friends of Thomas O. Monahan will be pleased to learn that he is recovering from his recent illness and is able to be about the house. Mr. Monahan was taken ill while on a motor trip to the New England States.

PRES. DE VALERA

(Continued from Page One)

land that is not yet free is indeed a righteous one. Which it well may be. I know too little about history to say "yes" and to much about human nature, which includes the British—to say "no." But I must, on principle, quarrel with these Irish about their methods of working for Their Cause. And not only with them, but with a world of struggling peoples. Do not misunderstand; the struggle must go on. The urge in man to find a larger and a larger life is fundamental enough to be called a tropism, the tree-root must reach for the darkness of the inner-earth and the leaves torture themselves until they find the sun-light, but man, less and more important than he feels himself to be in the Universe, has yet to learn the only method, the only way to this larger life. Not by demanding, but by making sacrifice will he thus grow. There is nothing creative in a bullet. To pull a trigger is to admit defeat; defeat on the Field of Battle where the victory really matters. A nation at war is the temper-tantrum of a child "writ large." In Education there is a theory abroad known as the "Recapitulation Theory." By it the development of the child is explained in terms of the development of Society. Society has passed through this and this stage, and it is in this fashion that the growing child will mature. The theory is not accepted by people in Education. And I should like to add to their reasons for rejecting the statement that the whole assumption behind the theory is false. Society has not yet "arrived." In many places she has reached the stage of adolescence. In others—I shall leave it to you to name peoples, nations and parties—there has been retardation, and even what we might call haltation. And indeed a reading of the front page of any newspaper might make us feel that reversion to an early, un disciplined stage was in fashion. But, you say, "Can we suggest nothing positive?" Yes, and it is, to get on with the job of bringing Society, which is only ourselves, our

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communities, to that stage of maturity which we acknowledge in the lives of the greatest few in history. It would seem that the reverse of the Theory of Recapitulation was the true order. That is to say, what man has been in these few, society can and must be.

One thing more, and then we shall return to listen to the traffic of Dublin, this "maturity" attained by the few—Jews, Socrates and others, was only had by supreme effort and supreme sacrifice. The "sacrifice" part of this isn't logical; it is a continent away from "common sense," but it seems that life will grow only if the conditions for growth are present. And as the sunlight is to a garden so is the losing of "self" to Man.

Eamon De Valera has not severed his connection with Britain, as was hoped by many who voted him in as President in 1932. And chiefly for two reasons, one financial the other military. He realizes, as the hot-headed left-wing Irishmen do not, the impossibility of "walking alone" in these two fields. So he postpones the day of complete severance until Ireland is united. Which he knows will never be on the present policy. He is a shrewd man in this half-Spaniard, De Valera.

The monuments about Dublin are not attractive. Two of them, however, are interesting enough to be mentioned. One, in a business section of the town, is raised to a man who was shot by the British for treason. I should judge that one of the motives behind the erection is defiance. The other monument is that of Queen Victoria which stands outside the National Museum. It is known, not officially of course, but by those who understand the dealings of England and Ireland during her reign, as "Ireland's Revenge!"

We were in Dublin during the week of the Horse Show, and visited it the day of the much-watched, international jumping contest. The Irish showed, during the afternoon, that when it comes to horse-flesh, they are still supreme.

That night we found ourselves in the world-known Abbey Theatre. The play was a semi-political comedy. By the lines and by the response in the audience we came nearer to understanding Irish attitudes than we had in any single experience. And how different are these Celts to the stolid Germans as each people seeks to realize its "destiny"! But more of that anon.

After the play came the catching of a bus. At a busy corner we asked a rugged, ruddy public servant which one to take. "Well," he said, speaking carefully, "such and such such and such on the front," then, as a sudden after-thought caught him off his guard, "And Tibbadden does be on it too." Where else in the world could we have heard such a pleasing colloquialism! I can hear it yet, the soft burring of the "r" and the rising inflection at the end. It is such things as this that make a traveller wish to return.

The next day we caught the train for the North. Along the beautiful sea-coast run, there are several villages which look ideal for a lazy holiday. The Valley of the Boyne started my wife—who is not only partly Irish, but who has as well, a "weakness" for History,—reciting dates. But I

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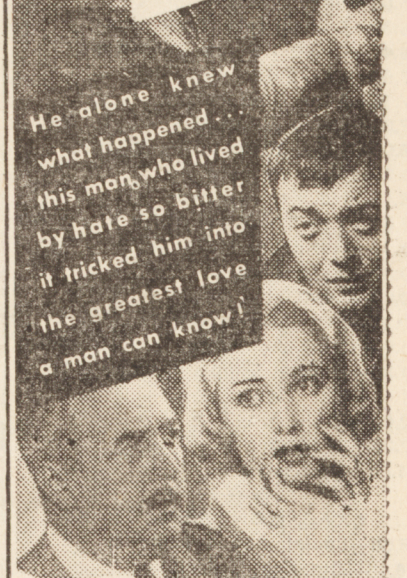
As we neared the border of Ulster we were both leaning far out, examining every bridge we crossed and looking for the smouldering ruins of Custom's Houses. Just a few days before our journey, the ardent Republicans, who feel that even De Valera is too inclined to stroll along, had celebrated the arrival of Royalty in Ulster by planting bombs and lighting matches. They burned the Custom's Houses on both sides of the line, since their policy is an "agin the government" one. It is difficult to say whether these fire-eaters are members of the Underground Army or not. At any rate such an army exists, and a big one,—so "they" say armed and ready, crouching, waiting to spring.

But we saw no smoke, except the drifting gray cloud of grass fire, and we heard no sound but the steady tack-ity-tack of the wheels crossing the rail-joints. Presently a Custom's official came through the train. We sighed. Not because we were once more safe on British soil, but because of friends and days that we had left behind in the blessed spot called Eire.

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