

THE EVENING TIMES.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 26, 1905.

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A RECKLESS JOURNAL

In the interests of reputable journalism in this city it becomes necessary to rebuke the St. John Star, and to protest against its reckless and very culpable conduct.

Yesterday the Star spread out in big headlines on its first page this statement: "Suit Case Murder Victim Supposed to be N. B. Girl—Boston Police Think Mutilated Body Found in Harbor Was Blanche Walker of Fredericton."

There was absolutely no excuse for thus harrowing up the feelings of relatives and friends of the young lady whose name was thus given. Her name had been mentioned last week as that of one girl who was thought by some people to be missing, but she was located on Saturday, alive and well. This was two days before the St. John Star invited her friends in this province to picture her dismembered body packed into a suit case and thrown into Boston harbor.

Two days after Miss Blanche Walker was known by the Boston police to be alive and well, the St. John Star published a "special despatch" from Boston stating that the Boston police believed her to be the victim of an awful crime.

This would appear to be the limit. It is bad enough to present as special cables from Europe news that is a week or several weeks old, and has already been published here, and is of no very special interest in any case; but to print fake despatches cooked up from a back number of a Boston paper, about people who are known here, and to fill the minds of their friends with horror and fear—days after the story has been proven false in the place where the rumor originated—surely this is the limit of what an intelligent public will endure at the hands of a newspaper to which they look for the real news of the day.

Possibly some people will feel a degree of curiosity to learn what violation of the canons of reputable journalism the Star will next be guilty of, but the majority will begin to ask themselves whether this is the sort of thing they want in the paper they take into their homes.

PATROL WAGONS

To the Editor of the Times.
Sir—With the debt of the city tipping the balance at three million dollars, and the waterworks to be heard from yet, it seems a poor time to instal a (\$3000) police alarm system, and procure a patrol wagon to drive degenerates from Albert county to the lock-up in comfort. When our city had at least 12,000 more inhabitants, and neither telephones nor street cars to rush the officers to the scene of trouble, the city did without the patrol and alarm system.

TAXPAYER.

The writer of this letter asks the Times to state its views on this question. This paper has expressed the view that for a city of its size and area, St. John has not a large enough police force—that a policeman has far too large a beat to be able to patrol it effectively. With regard to the patrol wagon, its purpose would not be to offer a luxurious conveyance to degenerates, but to protect the public from such a demoralizing spectacle as that of a half naked and drunken woman, screaming profanity, dragged through the streets, followed by a crowd of children. It is worth something to be able to prevent such occurrences as this. The Times does not know how much a patrol wagon would cost, but money spent on it would at least show a tangible result, which cannot be said of all the items in the civic debt to which taxpayer refers.

INTERESTING COMPARISON

The St. John Star cherishes the fact that on Saturday it had some alleged news items which did not appear in this paper—also some columns of special cables. The genesis of one of those special cables is set forth on Page 5 of this issue of the Times. Public attention is respectfully directed thereto.

Perhaps a better test of the relative merits of the two papers was that of last evening, when the second edition of the Times conveyed to all parts of the city, more than half an hour ahead of the Star, the news of the attempt by two unhappy young women in this city to end their lives by poison. When the Star did appear it had a meagre statement about one, and made the incorrect statement that the other story was unfounded.

On the whole, yesterday was a very good day for the Times, and not a very good day for the Star. Further comparison will be cordially welcomed by this paper.

For the present no charge will be made for the very wide publicity given to the Star by the mention of its name in a paper having so large a circulation as the Times now happily enjoys.

AN IDOL BREAKER

The Beachcomber, whose comments are a bright feature of the Halifax Echo from day to day, is a man who has not the fear of a title or a class in his heart, and he therefore indulges now and then in somewhat caustic comment on matters of local concern.

Someone has written to the papers that the departure of the garrison "will prove one of the worst disasters which has befallen Halifax for many a long day." The Beachcomber falls upon the writer of this assertion, and in his effort to maintain that "Halifax will not only worry along but be a much saner and sounder place without the garrison," delivers the following heretical observations:—

Canada is a young country. Its bul-

warls are only being erected; its manners and customs being moulded; its ideals and aspirations being created. It or any part of it may easily be marred in the making. Halifax might become the sore spot on the body politic of the Dominion.

Our ideals, our hopes, our national idea must be different from that of England or any other of the older countries; not necessarily better—only different. Our manners, even, must be our own. Our accent must be our own—and our sports and our eland and our vices; even assuming that the older countries could give us points on the last or any of these matters. As to cues-words, they are like in nearly all nations. We are willing to accept all of the English ones except "bal-ly" and "bloody." We are too big in Canada to wear other nation's clothes; the hand-me-downs of Europe simply will not fit us. They will "bind" under the arms and across the chest—and maybe even the knees. Halifax and Victoria, B. C., the two cities at either side of this vast continent which are distinctly military, are the two cities of Canada in which the least progress has been made in the past twenty-five years. They are delightful places, both of them; but they are not impregnated with the virile Canadian air, and in that sense they are not national. We have no sympathy with the remark made in the Canadian house of commons by a member in a moment of frustration, that "one Canadian is worth a dozen Englishmen," or words to that effect. Englishmen form part of the raw material of which Canadians are made, and it is good material. But the Englishman who comes to Canada as a settler is very soon welded in with the nation. The Englishmen who have come here as soldiers have formed a caste and a "colony" by themselves, and have remained as untouched by Canadian nationality as the Chinese who have come to this country. And what has their influence been? It has been the influence of drones in a hive.

All this, let it be thoroughly understood, is without the slightest intention to cast any reflection on what is called military society. We are discussing effects, not causes. Place in a new country like Canada any colony of persons, having a large amount of leisure; in the majority of cases, inherited means; a set of manners and customs the result of generations of caste as well as of that of India; and the assurance and self-sufficiency which seems inseparable from an insular nation, and you get the same results invariably. The English garrisons in Canada have always remained almost as much apart from the people as they have in India; or in the West Indies; or in Malta; or in any other of the many spots on the globe where a garrison is maintained.

We have not affected them, but they have affected our life, particularly that of the weak ones among us. That is why there are families in Halifax today who are pinching and struggling to keep in the swim; where the daughters would rather have a casual cup of tea or an ice at a garrison tennis-party than work to get a square meal at home, and where a few of the sons would rather be seen on the street in the company of an officer than in the office or the warehouse working to carry on the honorable traditions of a business built up by the ability and hard work of the father, or at furthest, the grandfather. We were told not long ago of a young man who, at a card party at his father's house, was overcome by the weight of seven years of brooding upon his innocent existence, and burst out with, apropos! of nothing, "Oh, mother, why was not your son put in the Imperial Army!"

For cases as bad as that, of course, there is no remedy except the merciful release of death; but we are afraid that there are a good many young men here who would rather be mistaken on the street for a military officer than for the Angel Gabriel. Perhaps that is why the younger generation of many of the old-house names almost historical in Halifax commerce seem to have run to seed—principally wild oats.

The military here have kept us picturesque too long, and the sooner we get over that and be natural, sensible Canadians the better. It may not be too late even yet for the girls to recover their mother-tongues.

The departure of the forces will undoubtedly withdraw a large part of the city's trade; but St. John and Amherst and Sydney and Vancouver and Hamilton and every other place of any importance in Canada has been progressing without military contracts and progressing immeasurably more rapidly than Halifax or Victoria.

Hall Caine's picture of the "tired and beaten generations of men" falling one after another to "the hushed realms of rest," assumes a terrible significance when one contemplates the long list of suicides or attempted suicides which appear in the daily newspapers. "Tired and beaten," how great is the number of those who give up the struggle. There seems to be a growing disregard for the sacredness of life, and in a larger proportion of the people a loss of that courage which defies fate and battles to the end.

The St. John Star yesterday boasted that on Saturday it had a story about the pollution of the waterworks, which the Times failed to get. In the Sun this morning Ald. McArthur denounces the Star's story as utterly false in every particular. Even the Sun does not accept as worthy of credence what appears in its irresponsible evening edition.

The Fredericton Gleaner has come out squarely as a hostile critic of the Dominion government. The Herald will now have some work cut out for it in the home field, and the respective editors will thrill with the joy of battle.

KARL CREELMAN IN WINNIPEG

Karl M. Creelman, of Truro, Nova Scotia, who a few years ago completed a trip around the world on a bicycle, passing through the city at the time, is again in Winnipeg, and this time he comes to stay. He came out from Nova Scotia three years ago, and since then has been a "lumber jack" in British Columbia, a sailor on the Pacific coast, a miner in Arizona and California, and a locomotive fireman in Texas and old Mexico. Creelman is now in the employ of the Canadian Northern as a fireman, and he, with his brother, recently out from the east, also in employ of the C.N.R., intends to make Winnipeg his home for the future. —Winnipeg Free Press.

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FIGHT WITH BULL MOOSE

Grand Falls Hunter Had An Exciting Time in the Woods on Saturday.

GRAND FALLS, Sept. 25th.—Bert Robinson had an exciting time with a large bull moose he shot on Saturday. Last week, Mr. Robinson, carrying a bag of provisions, started on a solitary moose hunt, something, he avers, he will never do again. The rain rendered hunting impossible until Saturday, when Robinson concealed himself near Poltar Brook Ponds. A huge bull moose trotted down from the adjoining ridge and stood in the pond not thirty feet from Robinson, who fired at the moose, but the shot only enraged the animal, which charged the hunter. Although greatly excited, Robinson kept the lever of his Winchester working and pumped lead into the maddened advancing animal. The bull was so close when he fired the tenth shot that Robinson says he could have touched him with the muzzle, and when he was in the act of rearing to attack the badly scared man, Robinson fired with the muzzle almost touching the moose and the shot struck the animal in the front leg near the shoulder, breaking the leg, and the moose went down. The tenth and last shot emptied the magazine of Robinson's Winchester, and it was a fortunate thing for him that he broke the leg of the moose when he did. The wounded animal lay there for several minutes, vainly attempting to rise and renew his charge. Robinson hurriedly reloaded his rifle, and carefully aiming, sent a bullet crashing through the bull's brain and ended his struggles.

Colebrook Masonic Lodge will be instituted here on the evening of Oct. 10th Benjamin Lodge, Andover, will attend in a body, and the following evening there will be a banquet in the Masonic Hall in Andover, opened for the first time, attended by all the members of the Grand Falls lodge.

BLANCHE WALKER
ALIVE AND WELL

St. John Star's Harrowing Story Absolutely False in Every Detail.

Boston, Sept. 25.—(Special)—Blanche Walker, of Fredericton, mentioned by newspapers in connection with the Winthrop murder case, was located at the Hotel Savoy, Chelsea, last Saturday night by a Boston Herald reporter. There was no reason for believing she was dead or missing.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

St. John Knights Leave to Exemplify Third Degree at Charlottetown.

Tomorrow the third degree of the third degree of the Knights of Columbus will be exemplified at Charlottetown, P. E. I. by a degree team from Boston under E. J. Hearn, supreme knight. The day's proceedings will open with high mass and sermon in the cathedral. A large number of candidates will be initiated during the afternoon and evening. The I. C. R. will issue excursion tickets from St. John to Charlottetown via Summerside.

Among the many St. John knights who left at noon to attend the ceremonies are, Grand knight, W. J. Mahoney, deputy grand knight, Dr. J. H. Lunney, chancellor, Geo. V. McInerney, Dr. J. M. Barry, Dr. J. D. Maher, Dr. S. H. McDonald, Messrs H. O. McInerney, Henry O. McCulloch, Arthur Patton, John Keefe, J. Gerald Burke, John Campbell, George Lumby, John McDonald, Jr. and Richard O'Brien.

SHEFFIELD

SHEFFIELD, Sept. 25. — Miss Margaret White, second daughter of Rev. G. W. White, of Upper Sheffield, left last week to take charge of the Little River school. Miss White is teaching under local license.

John Young has returned from a business trip to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Day, who left last spring for Portland, Maine, where Mr. Day has been studying medicine, have returned to Sheffield, where they intend remaining for the winter.

Duncan London and Miss Grace Up-ton, teachers of the Lakeside corner schools, have returned from Fredericton, where they have been attending the Teachers' Institute.

Mr. Appleby of St. John has the contract for building the new wharf at Taylortown, and has a crew of men at work now tearing away the old wharf.

John Wall of Nova Scotia who has spent the summer with his sister, Mrs. Ernest Burpee, left Saturday for Kings-clear to visit Mr. and Mrs. Will Barker.

CHATHAM

CHATHAM, Sept. 25. — On Monday evening, David Sadler, who has been librarian in St. Andrew's Sunday school for the last fifteen years, was presented by the school with a handsome leather dress suit case and several toilet articles. An accompanying address expressed appreciation of the manner in which Mr. Sadler had fulfilled the duties of his office.

The death of Frank W. Sweeney occurred at his home, Lower Napier, on Friday evening. The deceased took his tea as usual on Friday and died shortly afterwards. He had been a great sufferer from neuralgia and it is thought his heart had become affected by that disease. He was about fifty years old and leaves a wife and six children.

Bishop MacDonald of P. E. I. was the guest of Bishop Barry part of last week.

HARCOURT

HARCOURT, Sept. 25. — Thomas MacPherson of Kent Junction shot a moose on the 22nd.

Mr. Lutes of Stillville visited Harcourt Saturday.

Miss Grace Morton is recovering from her recent severe cold.

Rev. J. H. Black occupied the Presbyterian pulpit last night.

Rev. Mr. Champion is again able to fill his regular appointments.

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