The Evening Times.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 18, 1908

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NORTHUMBERLAND

"The Mistakes of Mr. Hazen" might be made the title of an interesting book. The scene of the latest chapter would be laid partly in Northumberland county, and partly in St. John. Mr. Hazen knew that Mr. Hutchison's card was to be published, and he and his colleagues approved of it. They were a party to a deal by which certain interests in the north shore county were to be specially represented in the legislature. It was believed that if Mr. Hutchison gave some color of independence to his declaration to the electors he would be able to slip in quietly and without opposition. The Conservatives, it was thought, would not oppose a man who was good enough for Mr. Hazen, and the Liberals would not oppose one who was good enough for Mr. Morrissy.

The whole matter was considered by the government, and Mr. Hutchison's vote-catching card was published. It created general surprise, and in Northumberland county the wonder was coupled with indignation. Conservatives and Liberals turned the matter over in their minds, and began to ask questions. They were not long in getting at the true inwardness of the whole affair, and the first result was a Conservative convention which repudiated Mr. Hutchison and named a party candidate. When Mr. Hutchison learned that he would be opposed, he retired from the field. The Liberals will now meet and name a candidate, and there will be a fair contest between the supporters and the opponents of the government.

Whatever the result of this contest, the developments of the past few days, since the Hutchison card was issued, will make for cleaner politics. It should not be possible for a few representatives of any single interest in a constituency to nominate and elect its representative in the legislature. None should be more ready to denounce such a course than the premier of the province, yet Mr. Hazen became a consenting party to the deal by which Mr. Hutchison was to seize the vacant Northumberland seat. The objection to the deal does not involve the personality of Mr. Hutchison, who is a capable business man. It is the principle, or rather the absence of a right principle in politics, to which the people object. Some sharp things were said to Mr. Hazen and others at yesterday's Conservative convention in Newcastle, and the occasion for such remarks should never have arisen.

Mr. Hazen has exhibited weakness, and a disposition to bargain, where he should have boldly risked defeat on the merits of his government and its policy. If he were not afraid, why did he not urge his party to hold a convention and name a candidate. The stinging rebuke of the Chatham World, and of several of his supporters at yesterday's convention, must have made the premier wince when he read the reports. He knows now that he has shown weakness where he should have shown strength, and that some more of his followers have lost confidence in his judgment, and in the lofty pretensions to which he gave expression when leader of the opposition. The statesman has become a bargaining politician, swayed by expediency rather than devotion to principle, and not wise to sum up the disastrous possibilities of a proposed course of action.

The people of Northumberland county will elect their own representative. It is hardly to be believed, after what has transpired, that they will elect a supporter of Mr. Hazen. Much, no doubt depends upon the candidate to be chosen by the Liberals. Doubtless he will be a worthy man, in whom confidence can be reposed, and the Liberals of the county should rally around him as they did around Mr. Loggie, and wipe out the stain of the Hazen-Hutchison deal.

THE U. S. TARIFF

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce expresses the view that there will be no general reduction of the rates of duty, but rather the reverse. This view is apparently very general, and is reflected in the confidence with which industrial concerns are enlarging their operations. Referring to the tariff hearings before the Ways and Means Committee the Journal correspondent says:—

"Many pieces of evidence are coming to light that tend to confirm the worst fears of the tariff revisers—those, that is to say, who believe that revision should mean a general reduction of the rates of duty. That the extreme wing of the protectionists should be on guard was to be expected, though it was hardly anticipated that they would go as far as they are actually going. A substantial part of the time of the committee thus far has been taken up with the remarks of men who have appeared for the purpose of stating how 'wise' 'just' and 'beneficent' the old rates of duty are and who have warned the committee to beware of changing one jot or one tittle of the law, lest disaster or panic should come or industry be thrown into confusion. Another large part of the time has been occupied by those who want higher rates of duty or a rearrangement of existing rates such as will apply the protection they already have to all classes or grades of an article and thus give them an equally effective safeguard in all directions. When to these classes of witnesses is added those who have appeared to request that articles now on the free list be removed therefrom and placed on dutiable schedules, it is seen how small a percentage of attention could be given to the consideration of possible reductions or equalizations of the rates. It might be believed that there would be abundant time for the latter when the committee goes into executive session. Such would doubtless be the case if there were any disposition to question the justice of the present rates. No such disposition has, however, appeared. The committee members have, of course, recognized that they were under direct surveillance from the agents of protective organizations who have been constantly in the room, but there has been no exhibition of desire worth mentioning to probe into industrial conditions or to test the statements of witnesses.

"Some persons believe that the committee's mind is already made up, not only as to the general drift of the 'revision,' but as to the details of the plan. There are certainly some incidents in the situation that have a peculiar appearance. For example, a large volume entitled 'Notes on Tariff Revision' has just been printed in a very limited edition by the committee. This volume contains explanations of technical terms, a statement of the industrial uses of various commodities and a reprint in large type of the sections of the existing tariff. In a parallel column is given the text of the new tariff that is to be reported by the committee, with the spaces for rates of duty left blank. This would seem to point to the belief that the outline of the old tariff is to remain. Curiously enough, the clerks who prepared this document seem to have been gifted with the power of foresight, for they have added here and there new sentences enumerating certain commodities and leaving blanks for rates of duty to be attached to them. No point has been observed where they omitted any commodities from the schedules or transferred any to the free list. That plans have been pretty well shaped is likewise indicated by the position taken by Chairman Payne from time to time when he has pointedly assured a given witness that a certain paragraph or schedule would be 'straightened out.' Indications may change as time goes on, but up to date it would appear that the only serious contest over the new tariff will be to prevent the enactment of higher rates of duty and to hinder the cutting down of the free list."

We are told that Emperor William displayed "a marked degree of condescension" when he met Chancellor Von Buelow yesterday. "Condescension" is good. It was the kind of condescension displayed by the coon when he comes down from his perch.

There will be general rejoicing that Prince De Sagan and his wife are happy and have not yet decided to separate. They have been married a month or two. Their mutual forbearance is quite wonderful.

The French people of St. Pierre, Miquelon, do not take kindly to liberalism in matters of religion. They are devoted to the church, and to religious teaching in the schools.

Mr. David McNicoll repeats what he has said on several occasions, that St. John need not fear for its future if the people pursue a progressive harbor development policy.

The Liberal of Carleton county meet to day to nominate the winning candidate in the by-election.

The Conservatives, it is said, on good authority, will contest the election in Richmond and Wolfe, and it is alleged that there is sufficient evidence to disqualify the member-elect, E. W. Tobin. In addition the election of Hon. Mr. Fisher in Brome, Mr. Lovell in Stanstead and Mr. Robb in Huntingdon may be protested. The disqualification of both the minister and Mr. Lovell will be asked for.

Stores open evenings till 8 p.m. St. John, Nov. 18, 1908.

Men's Overcoats

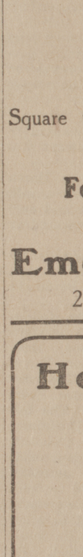
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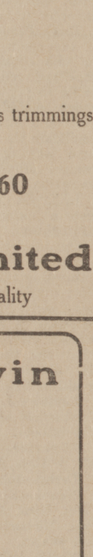
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WHEN I HAVE TIME

(Exchange.)

When I have time so many things I'll do
To make life happier, sweeter and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair.
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days,
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of your intent—
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with holy, sweet content
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear;
They may not need you in the far-off year—
Now is the time!

IN LIGHTER VEIN

COULD PLAY FOOTBALL.

"Say, pa, General Washington and his army were good football players, weren't they?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because my United States history says that General Washington and his army fell upon the Hessians at Princeton and killed a lot of them."—Town and Country.

RASTUS OBJECTED.

"If you want to be comfortable and prosperous," said the man who takes a friendly interest in everybody, "you should go to bed with the chickens."

"Deed, boss," answered Mr. Rastus Pinkley, "in dis yere tired kin' o' weather dem chickens don' go to bed early 'nuff to suit me."—Washington Star.

THE REAL THING.

(New York Tribune.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, apropos of certain curios, whereon he believed he had been swindled, said with a light laugh:

"The one drawback to knowledge is that it reveals so many dupes and swindles for us. One summer, for instance, I was 'doing' Switzerland. In the neighborhood of Geneva, where the Swiss talk French, I climbed a little peak one fine morning and on my arrival at the chalet at the top I heard the pretty handmaiden call into the kitchen in excellent French:

"'Quick, mother, quick! Here's a tourist. Put some milk on the fire. You know they always like it warm from the cow.'"

ALL WRONG.

Omaha Bee.)

In one of his burlesque sketches on English history Bill Nye spoke of Julius Caesar's jumping into the water as he approached the English coast, wading ashore, running up to London, and walking through Regent street.

"An acquaintance of mine reported to me," said Mr. Nye, "that he had asked an Englishman how he liked the story. 'Not at all, not at all,' was the reply. 'That fellow Nye doesn't know what he is about. There wasn't any Regent street then, you know.'"

THE MUDDIED OAF.

(Washington Star.)

Walter Camp was talking about football at a dinner at the New York Athletic Club.

"Had we not reformed our football," he said, "it would have fallen into grave disrepute—into such grave disrepute as surrounded cricket and football both during the Boer war, when Kipling wrote his poem about:

"'The flannelled fools at the wicket; the muddied oafs at the goal.'

"That poem hit the English 'footers' hard. One of the English 'footers' during their visit to us told me how he was walking one day to his club in football clothes when a newsboy hailed him:

"'Paper, sir?'

"The footballer walked on; whereupon the boy yelled after him:

"'Yah, ye muddied oaf! Like as not ye can't even read.'"

THE INGLENOOK PHILOSOPHER

of Kennebeccasis Bay.

The streams from the hills are pouring a flood of water into the river and the Bay, which very soon will be coated with thin ice, when navigation will cease and we, on this peninsula between the Kennebeccasis and the St. John will have to content ourselves with unfrequent communication with the rest of the world until Nature turns the surface of the Bay into a bridge over which we may safely travel. Isolation from the world, as we grow old we conclude, is not by any means so serious a calamity as the young are apt to suppose. The farm provides for most of our physical wants, and for mental diversion, what could be better than a few old books that have been read and re-read many times and never found dull or stupid? It may be a secret, but it is a fact that the old can read books over and over and at every reading discover something new, or something old which they had forgotten, which is most likely. If you are in the country, tied down by circumstances, and have but few books, it is well if your memory is treacherous for then you have something fresh to read every day. Last week I read Johnson's "Rasselas" from cover to cover and found it just as new and just as stately in diction and just as true as I did——ever so many years ago: then I read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and as I turned its pages I saw Hester Prynne and Dr. Dimmesdale—she with the Scarlet Letter in her bosom and he with one hand pressing his heart. Then I turned to Tristram Shandy, and so renewed the acquaintance of at one time very familiar, but almost forgotten friends. There are no Samuel Johnsons, no Lawrence Sternes, no Nathaniel Hawthornes, writing books now-a-days. There seems to be no new field of thought for the writers of the present to explore.

I had never seen a sheet of water like Kennebeccasis Bay in my country school days. The "river" that flowed past our schoolhouse was only about sixty feet wide and in summer was frequently forded by the smallest of us, boys and girls; still there was good trout fishing at the tail of the saw mill only a short distance away. The trout were not very wily: we caught them on bent pins attached to a bit of twine: our rods were sticks of birch or willow. Near the school house the river flowed through a gorge about thirty feet deep, and was hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs. At the foot of those cliffs trees were growing, some of whose branches reached almost to their top. One day we laid out our lunch at recess, of course as near the edge of the cliff as possible. Suddenly I had no idea "where I was at" and a few seconds later, on looking around me I realized that I was at the bottom of the cliff, swinging on one of the tree branches that I had instinctively grasped in my descent, with my feet about three feet from the ground. My companions above were very much alarmed but I was without a scratch.

In winter we had great sport in that gorge, the older boys and girls skating and the younger sliding, racing and playing ball. One of our older girls, Emily—she was fifteen and was the "young lady" of the school—was a marvellous skater, so was her brother Charles; he was seventeen, and was the athlete of our company. Aside from these there were Betsy and Nancy and Candace and Lucy, and Allan and Stephen, and James:—these were among the older pupils: I have not met one of them for more than sixty years.

If any of those old companions are alive (which is improbable for I was one of the youngest of them all) what would they say if we were to meet again?

Emily would close her eyes and remark dreamily, "I think I remember the boy. He had yellow hair and great brown eyes. You cannot be the same person for you are bald, have gray whiskers, wrinkles, and wear spectacles. He had none of these and he never wore spectacles."

Charles would say: "Don't try to impose on me: ——— this rheumatism! Get out!"

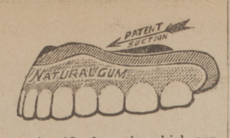
Nancy would remark: "You say you are Towhead! Towhead is nothing but a boy! Off with you."

Lucy would adjust her glasses and look at me critically. "Yes, I knew him: he and I were sweethearts when we were children. I sometimes think we may meet again: it was pleasant to hear you speak his name, but, of course you cannot be he. As I remember him, he don't talk a bit like you. Good bye."

It is well that children cannot see into the future, and it is well that their childhood is not always forgotten by the old.

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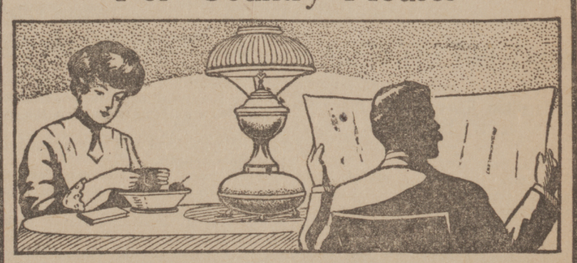
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A SCHOONER YACHT IS DRIVEN ASHORE

The Fleur de Lis at Craig's Point on the River Felt the Effects of Sunday's Gale.

The schooner yacht Fleur de Lis, owned by Arthur Boyne, of the Provincial Immigration Department, was driven ashore at Craig's Point in the St. John River during Sunday afternoon's gale. She was badly strained and half filled with water. Capt. Belyea got to work at once and managed to pump the vessel out. He expected to float her at high tide last night. Sunday's gale was very bad along the river. At Craig's Point, Capt. Belyea says, the heavy seas broke over the little vessel, the spray going to her masthead.

The Fleur de Lis was formerly a Grand Manan fishing schooner, when she was purchased by Mr. Boyne and fitted up as a cruising yacht. He used her along the river last season.