

The Evening Times

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 7, 1903

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THE EVENING TIMES THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

New Brunswick's Independent Newspapers

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The Maple Leaf forever."

"The People who
will not support their
own City must one day
want a City of their
own to support."

PROHIBITION BY WARDS

An experiment that will be watched with a great deal of interest all over the province has been decided on by representatives of the different churches of this city. It is an effort to bring into force the local option clause of the liquor license law in some or all of the wards of the city. The law provides that if before the end of the year one quarter of those in a ward who are qualified to vote in a provincial election sign a petition to the mayor then a vote must be taken at the time of the mayoral election for or against local option in the ward named. If half the total vote of the ward is secured in favor of no-license, none can be granted for at least three years, and not then until another vote has been taken. The difficulty is, of course, in getting half the vote, which means half of all on the lists, including the dead and absent voters whose names have not been removed.

The significant fact in connection with the present effort is that it is inaugurated by the churches. Rev. Mr. Graham stated last evening that he had been assured of the sympathy of both Protestant and Catholic leaders in church work in the initial effort in Dukes ward. There will be a concentration of effort. If the petition is generally and satisfactorily signed in Dukes ward within the next two weeks, the work will be extended to other wards before Dec. 31st, and next spring will see a vote taken in a number of them, including one or two in the North End, with the object of excluding the saloon from their borders.

ENGLAND'S PROBLEM

The Times a few days ago quoted some statements made by Mr. Victor Grayson, the Socialist M. P. who was suspended from the British House of Commons for his incendiary remarks. The London Leader quotes some further observations made by Mr. Grayson in an address at Derby. We quote:

"He was announced, he said, to speak on 'The Unpardonable Sin.' They all knew the hackneyed Commandments. It was not wrong to do things; the greatest crime that any man could commit against the moral and civil law was to be found out in doing them inartificially. If they were found out they went to gaol; if they were not, they went to the House of Lords. To him there was only one unpardonable sin, and that was poverty. It was no crime to be poor; but if they were poor and quietly poor they were miserable animals; if they were poor and satisfied, they were nothing but palpitating jelly fish. Poverty was a much worse thing than they had ever dreamt of; but if the poor died the rich could not live another week. They could not get rich unless they plundered the poor. He was not sorry to be thrown out of the House. He was glad. As he looked at that magnificent pile of buildings he felt it looked like a tawdry mausoleum of the starving poor. 'All who enter here abandon hope.' (Laughter.) There were 60 men in that lethal chamber doing what he was; and if the Labor party and their supporters were thrown out tomorrow there would be a Workmen's Unemployed Act of some value placed upon the statute book in another month. That was what they wanted."

But even Mr. Grayson does not go as far as one Mr. Will Reeves, who was summoned in London on the charge of having made the following statements in an address to the unemployed:

"It I were not a Socialist, I should be an Anarchist, and you can guess what might happen. A man who sends soldiers to murder my fellow men in Yorkshire and Belfast will have to answer for it some day. That murderer today is the Prime Minister. His right hand man is

the type of man from Battersea. I don't reckon Burns will die in his bed. I tell you what, friends, on many occasions he walks home by night; say no more about it. He will be like those Jews we read about in the Bible. Very likely some day he will wake up and find himself dead."

Mr. Burns, meanwhile, goes on telling his fellow workmen that if they drank less there would be less destitution.

The cause of the Socialists is not advanced by the news which comes from Glasgow. In that city a fund of £30,000 was quickly subscribed for the benefit of the unemployed, with the result that the really deserving were elbowed away from the source of help by drunken loafers who would not work if they had the chance. We quote again from the Leader:

"Lord Provost Bilsland announced yesterday that a large proportion of those seeking help from the fund was not from the deserving poor, but from persons with bad reputations for drunkenness and worse evils. The deserving poor were suffering in silence, while many applicants pleading starvation were enjoying fair incomes. Investigations by a 'Leader' representative amongst leading officials substantiated the Lord Provost's assertion. 'Glasgow,' declared a well known poor law administrator, 'has become the hive of vasalets. Men who never worked since birth are flocking to Glasgow, in the hope of participating in the relief fund.' Yesterday large crowds of loafers again hung round the council chamber, entailing upon the authorities additional police precautions."

Before Mr. Grayson and his friends can convince the people that they have the only real solution of social problems they must tell what they propose to do with these gentry who never work and have no intention of doing any work.

SECTIONAL APPEALS

One of the lessons of the late political campaign in Canada is that sectional appeals do not pay. It is unnecessary to go outside of New Brunswick, or for that matter outside of St. John, to find evidence of the fact. There has been some heart-searching in this city since the result of the contest was made known.

In the main, the Canadian people are fair-minded. There are always those to whom a sectional appeal can be made with some success, but intelligent persons are able to perceive the drift, and foresee the result of the introduction of such an issue. A few uneasy and ambitious persons may be able to make temporary gain by secretly reviving ancient prejudices, but in the end they lose. No intensely narrow man can rise to prominence in the public affairs of this country.

The subject is one which deserves attention, however, and the leaders of thought should exert their influence to develop more of that wider patriotism which determines its course after thoughtful consideration of broad issues, affecting the general welfare. Racial and religious intolerance, in such a country as Canada, is the most pernicious influence that can be invoked in public or in private life. No man will forswear his race or his religion, or tolerate an uncalculated attack upon either. It is unfortunate that there are always some persons whose conception of liberty involves insistence upon the right to compel all others to think as they think—or suffer undesirable consequences. The Canadian people as a whole do not subscribe to this doctrine.

By the will of the late George F. Parkman the city of Boston gets \$5,000,000 for its parks and \$500,000 for various institutions. The will provides that the \$5,000,000 shall not be used for the purchase of additional land, but simply to improve and maintain the Common and other public parks. So great a sum carefully administered should transform the parks of Boston.

The election of Taft means a revival of trade and industry in the United States. It will be gradual, but general, and will have a good effect on both sides of the border.

There is still doubt about the result of the Newfoundland elections. It looks now like a deadlock.

On Monday, Thanksgiving Day, the Times will not be issued.

A SAVORY DINNER DISH.

Casserole of Beef—Saute three or four sliced onions in a tablespoonful of butter. Put them when soft into the casserole. Cut a steak, taken from the upper side of the round, into pieces suitable for one portion. Put them in the saute-pan and sear them on all sides, then put them in the casserole. Add a tablespoonful of flour to the saute-pan, let it brown, and then add slowly a cupful and a half of water and stir until it is a little thickened; season with a teaspoonful of salt, a half that amount of pepper, and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Add, if at hand, a little Worcestershire sauce and a bit of mushroom catsup. The sauce should be highly seasoned, and such condiments as are at hand may be used. The sauce will be richer if stock is used instead of water. Turn the sauce over the meat, cover the casserole, set in the oven, and cook slowly until the meat is tender, then cover the top with parboiled sliced potatoes. Put them in the saute-pan and sear for a few minutes to finish cooking the potatoes. The sauce should be of the consistency of cream.

Stores open till 11 tonight.

St. John, Nov. 7th, 1903.

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FOOT LITTERS McRobbie 94 KING STREET

Big Stove Sale
A Money Saving Proposition

In order to make room for the new line of ENTERPRISE STOVES and RANGES which will be ready for the market early in the new year, we have decided to have a clearance of our present stock of ranges and heaters.

This will be a big money-saving proposition to all who require a new stove, as our stock is large and variety unexcelled. The sale will begin Monday, November 2, and continue until the present stock is sold.

Early buyers will secure the plums. The special prices are for cash only. If charged, regular prices will prevail.

Emerson & Fisher
25 German Street
"The Stove People"

Herring - Hall - Marvin Safes and Vaults

Largest Builders of Burglar and Fire Proof Safes

Canadian Agents

The Canadian Fairbanks Co., Ltd.
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HENNERY EGGS

Shipped from our own henneries in Sussex (daily). Put up in boxes holding 1 dozen.

THE WHITE DAIRY, 38 Sydney St.

Bargain Sale of

Wall Papers Prices for a few days lower than ever. Just opened complete line of all kinds of LAMPS. Come and look over our stock. Prices will interest you at

WATSON & COMPANY
Corner Charlotte and Union Streets

THE KIND OF COLD THAT GIVES YOU COLD

That's the kind of weather these few days. But if you do take cold you needn't keep it long

"Weeks' Break-Up-A-Cold Tablets"

will cure it quickly. There's none just as good as we've given hundreds of packages away the last couple of days to prove it and have more to give. Ever get other cold, cures free?

"Reliable" ROBB, The Prescription Druggist, 137 Charlotte Street

Shaker Flannels from 8c. yard up.

In White, Pink, Blue and Striped Patterns. Flannelettes for Waists and Wrappers. Wool Flannels in White Grey and Red.

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FOR Diamonds, Jewelry, Watches,
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41 KING STREET

THE RUBICON

I.
One other bitter drop to drink.
And then—no more!
One little pause upon the brink.
And then—no more!
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day.
When my free spirit, newly born,
Will soar away!

II.
One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides.
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides.
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

III.
One motion—and the stream is crest,
So dark, so deep!
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep!
Then onward! Whatsoever my fate,
Nor shall I care!
Nor shall I care!
Nor shall I care!
Can touch me there.
—William Winter, in Putnam's and The Reader.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.
"Ethel Barrymore says she wants to marry a poor man," replied the lady who had been married four times, "she needn't hesitate for fear of making a mistake. She'll get one if she marries. They're all poor."

REFORM.
"What we want," said the statesman, "is reform!"
"Yes," answered the plain politician, "but we want to be careful to get the credit for reforming somebody else instead of letting somebody reform us."—Washington Star.

THE DETERMINING TEST.
Teacher—Johnny, can you inform the class as to how the age of a chicken is determined?
Johnny—Yes'm; by the teeth.
Teacher—Why, Johnny, chickens have no teeth.
Johnny—No'm; but we have.—From the October Bohemian.

AFTER.
(Harper's Weekly.)
Mother (from remote apartment)—What is little Willie crying so about, Jane?
Jane—About the peaches, ma'am.
Mother—Well, go out in the yard and get him some.
Jane—He don't want um.
Mother—Well, what is he crying about?
Jane—Bout the ones he's done had.

AS WE ALL KNOW.
Spector—Your new house doesn't look much like the architect's original design.
Victime—No, but it looks more like it than the cost looks like his original estimate.—The November Smart Set.

HIGH DIPLOMACY.
Mrs. Gramercy—You look all tired out.
Mrs. Park—No wonder. It's so trying to find out from your friends what they'd like to have for Christmas without conveying the impression that they may expect to hear from you.—The November Smart Set.

FOUND USE FOR IT.
He—My friend married for money.
She—Does he regret it?
He—He doesn't regret the money.—The November Smart Set.

A NEW SENSATION.
(Life.)
Mrs. Bullion—I wish I knew something to do that would provide me with an absolutely new sensation.
Mr. Bullion—Go out and pay cash for something.

A SACRIFICE TO SCIENCE.
(Success Magazine.)
A jelly young chemist, tough.
While mixing a compound of stuff
Dropped a match in the vial,
And after awhile
They found his front teeth and one cuff.

GREAT IDEA.
(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
"I think," said the young physician, "that I'll confine myself strictly to office practice. 'That's a good idea,' rejoined his friend, the druggist. 'People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well in spite of a doctor's advice.'"

COULDN'T POOL FATHER.

(Life.)
Stern Parent (as daughter comes upstairs at midnight)—What made that young man stay so late?
Pretty Daughter—Why, we—er—got to discussing politics and didn't notice the flight of time.
Stern Parent—That story doesn't go, young lady. People who discuss politics make a lot more noise than you two did.

THE INGLENOOK PHILOSOPHER of Kennebecasis Bay.

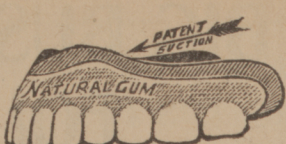
I mention him to point a moral but not to adorn a tale. He was a man who, as Mr. Mantalini would say, went to the "demnition bow-wow" at a rapid pace. Yet he was once the pet of a fond mother (he was the youngest of a family of a dozen children) and he was my

UNCLE SIM.

My maternal grandmother idolized him, and as I remember him he was a young man of good appearance, witty, alert, well learned and the master of a good trade, but he was unreliable in this respect: when business was brisk he was as likely as not to take his gun or fishing rod and go off on an ungranted vacation. Then there was trouble and he found himself out of employment.

On these occasions he would come to his mother's and sometimes stay two or three months, lamenting his ill-luck. My grandmother thought the world was cruel to her favorite boy and yetted him and cuddled him just as she had done since he was an infant. Finally a consultation was held between the mother and her other sons and her daughters, and it was decided that Sim should marry. A young lady of good family, good education and good appearance was selected for the experiment (or sacrifice) and they were brought together. The scheme worked well (or ill) and a year later the marriage took place. My grandmother was elated and had the young pair fitted out with a magnificent store of home-made carpets, blankets, feather beds, pillows and underclothing, etc., and they set up housekeeping in a town about 30 miles away with apparently a fair future before them. Sim visited his mother occasionally after this, but I noticed when he had gone away that she was thoughtful and depressed. Then word came that they had an heir—a son. But this did not help matters. My Uncle Sim became an idler, unkempt and disreputable. My father and mother drove out to talk with him and his wife about their affairs, but they would not talk—they wanted to be let alone and to die as soon as they could, and after awhile Uncle Sim wrote us that his wife was unfaithful, that he had "gone West" and never would be seen by any of us again. He was not, but we heard later that he had become what is now called a tramp or hobo. Their child died and Sim's wife disappeared as utterly as if she had been buried in the sea. Inquiry in the neighborhood elicited the fact that Sim had become insanely

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Gold Filling \$1 up
Other Filling 50 cents

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Ladies' 7 Button Gaiters in brown, fawn, tan, green, red, blue, grey and black, 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.
Ladies' 9 Button Black Gaiters, 60c., 75c., 85c., 90c., \$1.00.
Ladies' 12 Button Black Gaiters, 75c., \$1.00.
Ladies' and Misses' Jersey Leggings, \$1.25.
Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Leggings, 90c., \$1.25.
Children's and Infants' Leggings in black, brown, red, white and fawn, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.15.
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jealous of his wife without the shadow of a cause—that he had broken her heart and crazed her by his abuse. This, it was said, was the work of an evil-minded gossip.

I once saw a woman with the muscles of an ox and a carving knife in her hand chasing her husband from his house, declaring she would cut his heart out if she got hold of him, and I once heard the same woman telling an unsophisticated young wife whose husband's business occasionally took him from home for two or three days that no man so situated was ever faithful to his marriage vows. The unsophisticated young woman brooded over the remark and in a year her family was broken up and the future of herself, her husband and their children was shattered. I sometimes think that if there is a specially hot boiling spring in Hades women like the one I have mentioned, and men of the same sort, should be compelled to bathe in it daily through all eternity.

But we are unsympathetic beings. The man who loses his balance on the icy pavement of King street, or runs a quarter of a mile to miss his car, we think a fit subject for mirth. My Uncle Sim was weak, else he would not have gone to Mr. Mantalini's "demnition bow-wow" as rapidly as he did, and there were people who smiled to see him go.

Whitehead, Kings Co., Nov. 4.

PLENTY OF ORDERS.

Nags—Yes, I am just back from a two-months' trip on the road.
Wags—Got any orders?
Nags—You bet. I took my wife along.



TOO BAD.

Adolphus—I say, dear boy, they tell me Cholly caught quite a cold, don'tcherknow.
Augustus—Yes, he went without his chrysanthemum one day last week.

WHY HE SMILES.

The smile that wreathes my face is not
The smile of one who won
The bet he made election day;
I smile because the sun
Marks now that solstice of the year
When sausage is the game,
And to the breakfast table lo!
The buckwheat cakes have come.