

The Evening Times.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 8, 1909.

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THE EVENING TIMES THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

New Brunswick's Independent Newspapers.

These papers advocate:

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Honesty in Public Life
Measures for the Material Progress and Moral Advancement of our Great Dominion.
No Graft
No Deals
"The Shamrock, Thistle, Rose entwine The Maple Leaf forever."

CANADIAN NAVY

Canada will not go lightly and carelessly about the work of building a navy. The gravity of the task is admitted, and the people realize that in such a matter blunders are very costly. But there is not the slightest ground for the suggestion that Canada cannot successfully construct a navy. She has all the advantages to be gained through the sympathetic co-operation of the imperial authorities, and this, at the outset, is of the very highest value.

Lord Northcliffe lays emphasis upon the mistakes and misfortunes that go with naval undertakings, and it is well not to be over-sanguine in the matter; but another and greater Englishman once said that "difficulty is the condition of success." The Canadian people will assume the burden of responsibility and go on to success. So far as the manning of the ships is concerned, no country can produce a harder or more intelligent people than those along the seaboard of Canada. Given the ships, and trained officers, there will be no difficulty in finding the men, from among whom in turn will rise other officers, competent to perform their duties with credit to themselves and honor to their country.

A STRONG INDICTMENT

At the International Congress on Alcoholism, now in session at Washington, Lord Alverstone, chief justice of England, declared that in his belief 90 per cent. of the crimes passing under his observation were due to drink. Judge Pollard of St. Louis and Lieut. Col. Hardy of Edinburgh declared that at least 85 per cent. of crimes coming under their observation were due to drink. These are not the statements of eager fanatics, but of men of coldly legal mind, who dispassionately observe effect and cause, as these are unfolded to their view.

Surely there is here a warning for those addicted to the drink habit, and for those who have not as yet formed the habit. The growth of public sentiment in opposition to the social custom of drinking has been very marked in the last year or two, all over the world. One reason for the change is the deeper and more widespread interest in social reform and the improvement of the condition of the very poor. Whether it be the settlement worker, the social visitor, the advocate of better tenement house conditions, the society for the prevention of tuberculosis, the children's aid society, the free kindergarten teacher, or any other individual or organization seeking to accomplish something along the line of social betterment, the ugly fact always prevents itself at an early stage that intemperance lies at the root as the greatest contributing cause of ignorance, misery, insanity and crime.

A PITIFUL CASE

A despatch to the Times one day last week stated that at Thurso, Quebec, a boy of ten years had been sent to the reformatory for a term of six years. The specific charge against him was the theft of a team of horses, which he drove for forty miles without a break. Several days later he returned without them. They were recovered by the owner, but the boy was given the severe sentence noted because of his previous bad record. He seems to present a remarkable case of natural depravity. The Ottawa Citizen says of him:—

years ago piled a layer of ties on the track near Thurso, with the evident intention of wrecking a train. On account of his youth sentence was at that time suspended. Since then he has carried on an unchecked system of crime. He has broken into almost all the stores in Thurso and taken goods and cash therefrom. Not the least curious feature of his actions is that he did not reserve the things he stole for himself. He shared them most generously with other children. Neither homilies nor chastisements cured him of the desire to steal, and Magistrate Goyette felt bound to inflict the severe sentence of six years in the reformatory.

The German ambassador to the United States declares that the world policy of Germany is purely commercial, and without territorial ambitions. But if German commerce is to grow and flourish territorial expansion will eventually become an issue. In the meantime, Lord Northcliffe may enjoy a breathing space.

FARMERS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company and the Salvation Army have nothing in common, but both recognize the value of New Brunswick as a field for farmer immigrants. With such vigorous and resourceful right and left hand supporters the Hazen government should be able to do some effective immigration work. It has as yet failed to disclose its policy, but may gain some inspiration from the railway company and the Army, although neither has as great reason for action as the government itself.

Commissioner Coombs states that the Army seeks to divert to Canada the tide of migration which at present flows from English agricultural villages to the cities. Doubtless these would prove very desirable settlers. New Brunswick has given many farmers to the west, with the result that there are untenanted farms scattered all over the province. These farms should again be made productive, and there is a large extent of virgin territory which offers homes and the means of gaining a comfortable living to a large population. Nowhere is the settler far removed from schools, churches, post offices, railways or steamers, telephones, and other modern conveniences, while the markets are easy of access. St. John is destined to become a large manufacturing city, as well as a great national port, and it will therefore offer to the farmers a market of ever-increasing value. Other towns and cities in the province will grow and flourish, still further enlarging the local market. One has only to consider what the Moncton of today is to the farmer, in comparison with the Moncton of thirty years ago, to realize what this urban growth means to the agricultural interests of the province. Hence from every standpoint New Brunswick is constantly growing more desirable as the home of a thrifty farming class.

THE FREE TRADE ISSUE

Of the real issue in British politics at the present time the New York Journal of Commerce says:—

"As Mr. Asquith said, no alternative scheme has been proposed and sooner or later Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, would have to show his hand, and 'it would have to be a hand that would suit the game of the tariff reformers.' This implies that the real issue is to be between those heavy taxes upon incomes and estates of decedents and upon certain land values, and a new system of customs duties a part of whose purpose will ostensibly be the protection of British industry and the promotion of British trade. It must bring the policy of free trade into question with confidence, while the so-called Unionists are evidently not ready to accept it, but content themselves for the present with opposing the government's budget and the tax scheme that goes with it. The first reading in the Lords is merely formal, and the debate there will not be taken up until after the 22nd of this month. If they venture to reject or materially modify the bill, after the vote of the house that claims the prerogative of voting the government supplies and determining the manner of providing them, there will undoubtedly be a dissolution and the issue will go to the country. Then it will have to be faced as that of 'tariff reform.'"

It would be a remarkable political overturn if the McBride government should be defeated in British Columbia, but stranger things have happened in the political realm of Canada.

One reads with interest that in Australia, the home of ideal labor conditions, twelve thousand miners have gone on strike, and that all the rest are expected to follow their example.

An unsuccessful bidder for the little steamer Premier, on the Kennebecasis, is evidently much worried by the fact that he was out-bid. He joins in the hue and cry against Hon. Dr. Pugsley, whose only crime is that he invested some money when the steamer was built, and is not kicking about his loss.

An exchange states that Mayor Arthur, of McKeesport, Pa., has decided that men convicted of intoxication must sign a paper permitting their wives to draw their wages for at least one year. In the case of an unmarried man his next of kin, man or woman, is to draw his wages. The alternative is a term of six months in the work-house.

The battle between the state and the church in France has reached another acute stage. The ecclesiastical authorities have denounced the public schools, and warned parents on pain of excommunication not to send their children to these schools where Catholic schools are available. The government is equally obdurate and defies the church.

Hon. Mr. Fielding says that Newfoundland will be heartily welcomed into the Dominion whenever the people of the ancient colony feel that their interests and those of Canadians are alike, but that this country cannot press the matter. The finance minister is entirely right. Whenever there is an election in Newfoundland it still seems to be necessary for each party to disclaim any sympathy with an annexation policy. Until the people learn more about Canada and the advantages of union the Canadian government cannot well do more than indicate that the latch-string is out on this side of the gulf.

Stores Open till 8 o'clock.

St. John, Nov. 8, 1909

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There is no time in all the year that you need warmer underwear more than now. Neglect now the warmer underwear and you may contract a cold which is liable to cause you much trouble all the winter months. You'll find in our stock just such Underwear as you need. It includes the best makes in every size.

MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR, 50c. to \$2.50 each
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It is with a feeling of pride and pleasure that we announce the arrival of our Women's Footwear for the Fall and Winter Seasons.

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They come to us direct from the Workshops of the World's most noted Makers of Women's Shoes.

There's many a new style feature in the Fall models, and we will take the greatest pleasure in showing our Women patrons the handsome Footwear, that will be in vogue during the coming season.

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157 CHARLOTTE ST.

DOLLS FOR THE CHILDREN

Dolls large and small.
Dolls from 1c. each to 40c.
Dolls dressed and undressed.

WETMORE, GARDEN ST. STUFFED DOLLS STUFFED CATS

The appeal which is made today in behalf of the local branch of the King's Daughters is worthy of the sympathetic attention of the citizens. The appeal is for a better womanhood, and a fair opportunity for those girls whose circumstances compel them to toil for a living. The aim of the King's Daughters is high and noble. Their success, while largely dependent on personal effort, yet requires a central home, an organization, and funds to carry on the work.

THE THREE YEW TREES

The wind that talks in the trees
Is more to me than love.
Telling over the timeworn graves
Where my forefathers lie at ease,
And I heed what the wind says, as it waves
The branches, and soft over the worn stones
move
Sunlight and shade of the three yew trees.

I lie awake and with delight
Hear the rain pelt the roof.
And smile to think it beats all night
On the grey and timeworn stones.
And the thought of the beds where my
fathers lie
Somehow subdues my soul, that says:
"What are the light of a woman's eyes
And the feet of the children along the
ways?"

I hear the ring of the stone
On the scythes at reaping time.
And take my place with them there;
But somehow I seem alone
Midst the scythe-men red and the reapers
fair
As they bend and bind, where the green hills
climb
From the valley, where are the three yew
trees
And all my people lying at ease.

The men look puzzled on me at times,
As I swing the scythe, and the women smile,
White-teethed women with full red lips,
And arms that shall some man beguile;
But at the first time I should pass
The scythes, or the jar from the long, cool
grass.
And happen to touch their finger tips,
I look to the vale whence the calm hill
climbs
Where my forefathers lie at ease
Neath the worn stones and the three yew
trees.
—Fred Niven, in London Nation.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

DO!
"Tis best to think before you speak,
It is the safest way,
Don't always say just what you think,
But do think what you say."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE EASY MAN.

"Sometimes a man dat is easy an' good
natured," said Uncle Eben, "spoils the dis-
position of several other people dat has to
fight his battles for him."
—Washington Star.

SAVING.

"But, Bertha, it was only last month that
I paid a dressmaker's bill of fifty pounds,
and here is another one for this month of
forty pounds."
"Well, dear, you see that shows that I
am beginning to spend less."
—Denver Post.

NOT PREPARED.

Mother, may I go out to skate?
"No," my darling Sue.
Postpone it, dear, till we can get
Some arnica for you.
—Denver Post.

AN END IN VIEW.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large
mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid
of him)—"He's a good dog; he never hurts
anyone. Don't you see how he's wagging
his tail?"
Little Girl (still shrinking back)—"Yes, I
see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of."
—Washington Herald.

WOMANISH.

The average woman is not satisfied to do
as she pleases unless she can make other
people do as she pleases.
—New York Times.

THE POSE.

All mankind has a pose—
"Tis a beautiful game,
And wherever one goes
He will find it the same.
Little trouble, I'm sure,
To tell which is which;
For the rich all talk pose,
And the poor all talk rich."
—Washington Herald.

A STEADY JOB.

A traveller got into conversation with some
of the loafers in a country store, and at
last came to an old farmer sitting on a sugar
barrel, waiting for the mail.
"What do you think of the tariff?" he
asked.
"What they do to it?" was the reply.
"Why, haven't you read the papers?" said
the traveller.
"Well, I used to," said the other, "but
'bout a year ago I shot 'em off. They got
to be too trivial for me. Since then I've
been took up reading a book!"
—New York Sun.

PRIDE, ETC., ETC.

She was very, very pretty,
Exceedingly so.
In manner somewhat haughty;
Her attire a fashion plate;
And as she stepped on board the car,
Most dignified her air;
We common mortals held our breath
To see a goddess there.
She knew us not, we were apart
From her exclusive set;
The wonder was she deigned to board
A car both damp and wet.
But as she proudly trod the aisle
Fate set for her a trap—grab,
A lurch, a gasp, a frantic grab,
—And she sat my lap.
—Eleanor Millner.

SUMMER RANDOMS ON KENNEBECASSIS BAY

(No. 4.)

"Oh, I do love you so," murmured the
woman.
"This expression of devotion, coming
suddenly, surprises and overpowers me,"
said the man.

"I didn't mean you," says the woman,
mildly. "I meant the golden rod. It's the
most beautiful thing that grows."
"Where?" asks the man. "Is the remark-
able beauty about it? Pretty graceful for
a wayside weed."

"Wayside weed, indeed!" cried the
woman, indignantly. "It's our national
flower."
"Which?" asked the man.

"The golden rod," says the woman,
hotly.

"That's all very well," replied the man,
calmly, feeling at the moment a great elea-
tion. "I'd like to know which golden rod.
There are a hundred and fifty distinct
species of it. Which is the national flower
of Yankeeedom?"

"Impudence!" says the woman, in re-
gard to the reference to her great and
noble country as Yankeeedom. "I don't
believe it."
"What?" asked the man, surprised at
this expression of incredulity.

"That there are a hundred and fifty
species of golden rod. There's only one."
"Look at the plant you are bending
over," says the man. "Examine the leaves,
long and slender; flowers in full bloom;
Latin name the what-dye-call-it. Look at
the one beside, with broader, rougher
leaves, flowers hardly budded. There's
another species, and another. You can
find ten or twelve by the wayside. Golden
rod blooms once. You find the flowers
from August till October. You find the
daisies; of all about the middle of
October. Which is the national flower
of your glorious and nameless country?"

"They all are," says the woman, hotly.
"Don't call my country nameless. It is
America."
"It is the most pathetic thing in the
world," says the man, "this earnest strug-
gle of a great people without a distinctive
appellation, to contract a broad geographi-
cal term into a national name for them-
selves. Suppose that talented and ingeni-
ous people, the French, were to lose their
memorabilia, forget they are French, and
call themselves Europeans and their coun-
try Europe, who would be so base as not
to sympathize with them? Yet in this
far more pathetic case, a people who never
had a distinctive name—"

Further national discussion was cut
short by a violent attack which the woman
made on the man with a paddle. Sympa-
thy is not always appreciated.

Have a care of your poor tired feet,
CATSPAUR RUBBER HEELS will do the
trick; no hot motion, no slip, every step
safe. Soft and sure. All shoe dealers
and repairers.

NO INDIGESTION OR SICK STOMACH

Heartburn, Gas, Headache and
Dyspepsia go and You Feel
Fine in Five Minutes

Take your sour, out-of-order stomach —
or maybe you call it Indigestion, Dyspep-
sia, Gastritis or Catarrh of Stomach; it
doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble
right with you to your Pharmacist and
ask him to open a 50-cent case of Pape's
Diapensin and let you eat one 22-grain
Triangle and see if within five minutes
there is left any trace of your former
misery.

The correct name for your trouble is
Food Fermentation — food souring; the
Digestive organs become weak, there is
lack of gastric juice, your food is only
half digested, and you become affected
with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness
after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn,
griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of
stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation,
pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of
gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervous-
ness, dizziness or many other similar
symptoms.

If your appetite is feeble, and nothing
tempts you, or you belch gas or if you
feel bloated after eating, or your food lies
like a lump of lead on your stomach, you
can make up your mind that at the bot-
tom of all this there is but one cause—
fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself in five minutes that
your stomach is as good as any; that there
is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermenta-
tion and begin eating what you want
without fear or discomfort or misery.
Almost instant relief is waiting for you.
It is merely a matter of how soon you
take a little Diapensin.

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or Kindling, Try
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TOOTH PULLING

EN ROUTE

Dentist Does Hurry up Job for
Street Car Conductor; Passen-
gers Look on

(Providence Journal)

If anyone is collecting funny stories of
unusual delays to travellers the passengers
on a certain inward-bound car from Paw-
tucket way on Tuesday night have a brand
new one for him. The conductor of this
particular car, seized with a violent tooth
ache, had the offending tooth extracted
while you wait.

The operation was in full sight of the
passengers, as the dentist's room, with
well-lighted interior, can be seen from the
street at night.

The one-bell and two-bell signals had
been given with increasing violence as the
car came into town and the sufferings of
the nickel collector increased. It was a
particularly savage ding that stopped the
car in front of the dentist's and the pas-
sengers wondered at the frantic flight from
the car of the conductor. Next they saw
him take the doctor's chair in the office
and the man of the forceps do a hurry
job that showed he realized that he had a
rush order and that blockade of traffic
was imminent if the tooth didn't come at
the first yank.

The job was done in a jiffy, the passen-
gers all saying oh! and experiencing a
feeling of relief. Their feelings of relief
were nothing as compared with the con-
ductor's as he bounded back to his car,
gave a ding-dong that sounded like a mer-
cy peal of joy bells and started the
wheels of interurban commerce a rolling.

"Say, I've heard of stopping country
trains for cows on the track, to pick up a
bat blown off and to pick huckleberries,
but this is the first time I've heard of a
car stopping for tooth-pulling while we
wait," said the travelled man. "It didn't
take much longer than for some people to
board the car, either," he added.

"And if it had taken an hour, I'd
rather have waited than have a man around
me suffering with toothache."

PERHAPS YOU PREFER to have your
wife warm her cold feet on your back. If
so, you don't need a Walpole Hot Water
Bottle made of one piece of rubber and
guaranteed for two years.

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