

# POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1926

### The Evening Times-Star

The Evening Times-Star, printed at 25-27 Canterbury street, every evening (Sunday excepted) by New Brunswick Publishing Co., Ltd., J. D. McKenna President.  
Telephone—Private branch exchange connecting all departments. Main 8417.  
Subscription Price—By mail per year, in Canada, \$5.00; United States, \$6.00; by carrier per year, \$4.00.  
The Evening Times-Star has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.  
Advertising Representatives—New York, Ingraham-Powers, Inc., 23 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ingraham-Powers, Inc., 19 South La Salle Street.  
The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Evening Times-Star.

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#### AFTER THE CONVENTION.

The Canadian Board of Trade convention has provided food for thought and discussion for some time to come. Perhaps, from the viewpoint of the organization as such, the most inspirational address was that delivered by Mr. Colvin B. Brown, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, because it set out so clearly what the Canadian Board of Trade may become under energetic leadership in the years to come.

A most hopeful indication of success for the Canadian Board is the complete unanimity which marked the deliberations of the last three days. Not a jarring note disturbed the harmony of the proceedings. The spirit of the closing hours of the Winnipeg Conference prevailed throughout the Saint John convention.

Moreover, the delegates from the central and western provinces were deeply impressed by the truly Canadian spirit which animated the delegates from the Maritime Provinces. The latter made it clear that if the recommendations of the Duncan Commission are followed by proper legislative action these provinces will do their part to advance the prosperity of all Canada, in a true spirit of Canadian nationality.

The executive of the Board was strengthened yesterday by the addition of a representative from each province. It was already representative, but is now more so, and the voice of every section of the Dominion will be heard in its councils. It will thus be a great unifier, since nothing tends so much to satisfactory concerted action as a clear presentation of all points of view. It will be the fault of provincial boards if the benefits of their views on all matters of importance are not given to the executive, while the democratic nature of the national body is such that its voice will not be the voice of a faction, but of the business interests of all Canada.

The praise given to President Simms, Commissioner Scandlers and the Saint John Board of Trade, for the admirable arrangements made for the convention was fully deserved. The whole proceedings centered in the Admiral Beatty, whose management very ably cooperated; so that every need was met and the work of committees and of the Board expedited in a manner seldom equalled.

Now that the ship has been launched under such helpful auspices, every Canadian will desire for it favoring winds, and a fruitful voyage; and Saint John people will have delightful memories of contact with other Canadians from coast to coast, all animated by a national spirit which the Canadian Board of Trade will do much to promote. May they come soon again.

#### KIPLING AND THE TRIPPERS.

A new Kipling poem forming the introduction to a book entitled "Sea and Sussex" is quoted by the Montreal Gazette. It runs as follows:  
"On the downs, in the weald, on the marches,  
I heard the old gods say:  
Here come very many people,  
We must go away."

"They take our land to delight in,  
But their delight destroys;  
They lay the turf from sheep and all,  
They load the dunes with noise.  
"They burn coal in the woodland,  
They seize the east and the mill;  
They camp beside our dew ponds,  
They mar the clean-flanked hill."

"They string a clamorous magic  
To fence their souls from thought;  
Till our deep-breathed oaks are silent,  
And our muttering downs tell naught.  
"They comfort themselves with neighbors,  
They cannot hide alone;  
It should be best for their doling  
When the old gods are gone."

"So here are the downs and the marshes,  
And the weald and the forest shown,  
Before there were very many people,  
And before the gods had gone."

Kipling loves the Empire, he loves England, but, most of all, he loves Sussex. A huge proportion of his stories with English setting draw their local color from Sussex. And Kipling is not alone in this, for Sussex is a peerless county of concentrated variety of beauty in miniature. The lush marshland from Pevensey and Rye to Battle, where Harold fell; the weald, a paradise of hill and wood and stream, of village and farm and mansion; the downs of dew-ponds and rolling greenward, dotted with grazing sheep to the edge of the towering white cliffs beyond which the shipping of all the world passes up-Channel; all these attract the lover of the beautiful, and hold the historian spellbound.

But apparently Sussex has extended its invitation to the penitencer, the character tripper and the builder of the basses sort. The gregarious are making Sussex hideous with their litter of bottles and paper and their irreverent noise. The old gods, Wodin and Robin Goodfellow and all the "little people,"

have been driven out; and Kipling laments.  
Times change, and with cheap and rapid road transport many a hitherfore "unsuspected" place is converted into a clamorous rubbish dump. Up to a point it is inevitable, if said. But there is no reason why the tripper should leave a trail of discarded paper bags behind him. It is thoughtlessness, not deliberate offensiveness. We in New Brunswick know the breed. No one country has the monopoly of this type of irresponsible. So far our province is so large in proportion to the number of tourists who visit our beauty spots that the offence of those who leave an unsightly track is not yet unbearable. But that number is happily increasing, and it were well to take steps to stop a nuisance before it gets a good start. An appeal to courtesy and reason might best effect this.

#### HARBOR COMMISSION.

The plan of harbor management under such a commission as proposed by Premier Baxter at the Canadian Board of Trade banquet last evening has everything to commend it to the citizens. The commissioners would be the joint appointees of the Government and the two great transportation systems. Under such control there would be no suspicion of local management, and no clash of conflicting interests. The three parties to the appointment would have a like interest in bringing more business to the port, and in such management as would ensure the prompt despatch of vessels. A comprehensive scheme of harbor development would be carried out. Sir Henry Thornton and President Beatty are prepared to confer on the subject. The Government at Ottawa will undoubtedly be prepared to do its part. Of course all this presupposes such an agreement of the views on all matters of importance are not given to the executive, while the democratic nature of the national body is such that its voice will not be the voice of a faction, but of the business interests of all Canada.

The fact that the heads of the two great railway systems are in accord in their desire for improved conditions at this port, and ready to aid in solving the problem, should encourage the citizens to press for such negotiations as may bring about a greatly desired result.

New Brunswick has a large and growing trade with Cuba. If later despatches confirm those indicating urgent need of assistance for hurricane victims, the sympathy of our people will take a practical turn.

President Beatty agrees with Sir Henry Thornton that these eastern provinces must have their share of immigration. The railway systems can do much to bring about that desirable change.

#### Odds and Ends

Finer Things of Life  
(Winnipeg Tribune).  
The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.

MARCELLINUS.  
While we are examining into everything we sometimes find things we least expected to.

QUINTILIAN.  
The language of truth is simple.

SENeca.  
Truth is confirmed by inspection and delay; falsehood by haste and uncertainty.

TACITUS.  
A Useful "Claw."

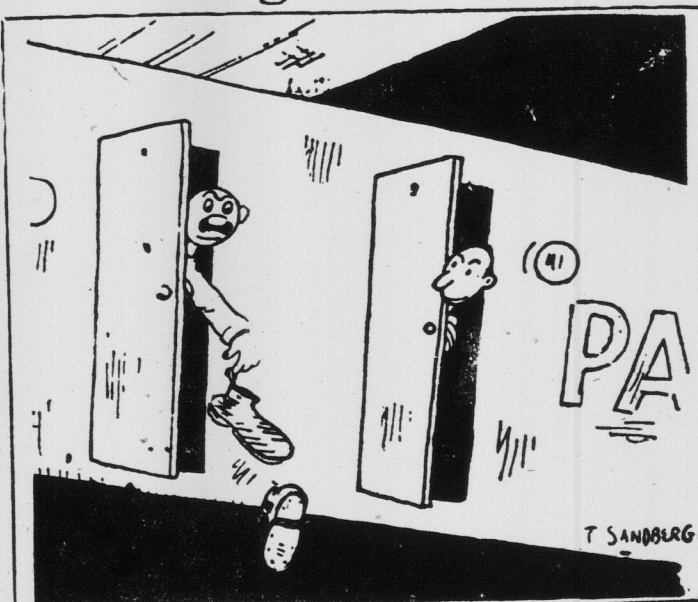
At a feast on a fifteenth century manor, served in Paris the other day by Prosper Montagne, a famous chef, no forks were used, the guests following the normal custom of eating with knives. We have grown so accustomed to the fork that we can hardly imagine getting along without it, but to this day Orientals deliberately prefer to eat with their fingers, and the Persians scornfully refer to a fork as a "claw."

Though the Anglo-Saxons had forks, they used the implements for serving, not for eating. The fork was not introduced into England for eating purposes until the time of James I. Even in the reign of that monarch forks were regarded as a curiosity, writing in his "Cruelities," says that he was dubbed "furcifer," evidently in contemptuous jest, because he used "those Italian neatnesses called forks." Here is another instance of time making the normal out of something formerly regarded as bizarre and affected.

Recipe for a Sea-Serpent.  
(John O'London's Weekly).  
Ingredients—The gift of one blue whale, spiced with two eyes large and bright. The head of a marine reptile of lineage at least several million years. The tail is a crocodile and several of his scales, taken preferably while he sleeps. The back fin of a sword fish.  
Mode—Fix the head on with a giraffe's neck, stuff with sea "sawdust," mix at a distance of a mile and view through the wrong end of a telescope. To be taken with a grain of salt. Seasonable—At any time.

A Gentleman  
(Marcus Aurelius).  
He is the best bred man and the truest gentleman who takes leave of the world without a stain upon his escutcheon, and with nothing of falsehood or dissimulation to tarnish his reputation.

### Forgetfulness



FORCE OF HABIT ON THE NIGHT AIR-EXPRESS  
—From Songdang-Strais, Stockholm.

### Queer Quirks of Nature

By ARTHUR N. PACK

IT IS spring, and Bob White is calling from a fence post beside the road.

It is a cheery call, and base indeed would be the man who would harm Bob as he sends forth his challenge. For the blithe call serves a double purpose; it tells Mrs. Bob that here he is on the job, and it proclaims to other Bobs, in no uncertain terms, that this is his domain, and that he will resent with all his might their intrusion.

Some suppose that this loud call is Bob White's only method of voicing his emotions, but this is far from the truth. Let his brown-throated sweet-heart wander near his perch and he drops down into the thicket and with the softest and most persuasive of calls pursues his wooing.

The gentleness and beauty of Bob White has led to attempts in some states to have him put on the list of song birds, that he might be protected.

For at all times of the year, though there is much virtue in this view, it has not found wide acceptance, for sportsmen dearly love to trap Bob, and his brood.

This sport has long ago resulted in his extinction from many parts of his range, especially where the climatic conditions were so severe that he had all he could do to maintain his race.

What a tragedy for poor Bob, for those of us who love him alive, and for our children who may never know his cheerful challenge.

three-road intersection near here, finds it necessary to perform pretty much in the manner of a conductor of a symphony orchestra. He could use two wave with both hands, point with his head and signal with his feet. "If" says he in his learned way, "there is anything to the theory that form follows function, I'll only be a few generations before we traffic cops will have a couple of extra arms. Or maybe we'll grow semaphores instead."

#### VERY ROUGH

IRONWOOD, Mich.—When a golfer teed off on the third hole of the local golf course, the other players, who were in the rough, thinking the thoughts of all golfers who slice into the rough he picked up his sticks and started to hunt for his ball.

in the bold male crosses in photos to designate the location of the victims of murder, mayhem or what have you. But Chicago's crime is becoming so open, so above-board, that an alert scene of a crime while the body of the victim is still there. One of three pictures of crime scenes in the newspaper, on the deceased were still visible. The Chicago "Spot Where The Body Was Found Artists," men who draw

which, when last seen, was headed into the woody rough. He looked and looked and presently found a black bear. . . . The lost ball has not yet been reported found.

married women; the latter seem disheartened at the outlook in life.

Where They Feed Properly  
(From the Galt Reporter).  
According to all the talk most people eat too much and the only people properly fed are those in jail.

Timely Views On World Topics

MARRIED WOMEN  
WORK TO BOLSTER FAMILY BUDGET

By ROSE SCHNEIDERMAN  
Woman Labor Organizer, in a Recent Speech.

EIGHTY per cent. of the 2,000,000 women engaged in gainful occupations in the United States are married.

These women not only are wage-earners but home-makers as well. Surveys reveal that most of them have families and they are not working for pin money, but to keep the family budget from becoming depleted.

As a woman engaged in the trade union movement, I have found that most of the women engaged at work are compelled to do so because their husbands do not receive a sufficient wage to support a family. In New England recently a survey of living conditions with the wage earners disclosed that in 85 per cent. of the homes the head of the household received less than \$1,500 a year, while government advice is that it takes at least \$2,300 a year for a married man to live and support a family.

Fathers are easier to organize than

Banish Pimples  
By Using  
Cuticura  
Soap to Cleanse  
Ointment to Heal  
Try our new Shaving Stick.

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### POEMS I LOVE

"The Swallow," by Ralph Hodgson.

AS IN the case of W. B. Yeats's "Cradle Song," which I have quoted, it seems astonishing that this poem by Hodgson could have been written by a man. Of course it is a woman's cry, uttered by the poet—the cry of maternity; and the poem is so delicate both in thought and treatment that one is amazed. It's almost ghostly trailing off, yet its absolute completeness, is another notable thing about it.

The morning that my baby came  
They found a baby swallow dead,  
And saw a something, hard to name,  
Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flowers, my baby dear,  
Sleeps on my bosom well, but Oh!  
If in the Autumn of the year  
When swallows gather round and go . . .

#### Just Fun

A HICK town is a place where there's no place to go that you shouldn't.

"IT'S a good thing our wives don't know where we were last night." "It is that? Where were we?" "I don't know!"

REALIZATION  
(By Amos Tash).  
Before I married Annabelle  
I was her pumpkin pie,  
Her precious peach, her honey lamb,  
The apple of her eye.

But after years of wedded life,  
This thought I pause to utter  
"I just I am one of these things—  
I'm just her bread and butter!"

CALIFORNIA woman wants a divorce because her husband threw eggs at her. She doesn't know an expensive compliment when she gets one.

HE DIDN'T GET IT  
AN Aberdonian went into a chemist's shop and asked for three penny worth of arsenic.

The chemist inquired what he wanted it for.

The Aberdonian replied: Two-pence. —Tit Bits, London.

FORCE OF HABIT  
COLONEL (angrily): Button up that coat!

Married Recruit (absent-mindedly): Yes, my dear.

HE FELT IT  
STORE Manager: What makes you think the fruit they threw at you was bottled?

Actor: I felt a jar—Ideas, London.

Other Views

BOOMED TO DEATH  
(St. Thomas Times-Journal).

The municipal income tax is one thing that is doomed to an early death, even if Mr. Ferguson does not at present see his way clear to abolish it.

Ratepayers cannot see why they should be required to pay a civil income tax in addition to a federal income tax and a property tax. In many respects, especially the part that fixes the exemption for children, the civil tax was heavier than the federal tax; now that the federal rate of exemption has been increased, it will hit a great many householders who will not be affected by the federal tax. The civil tax is going to be much more unpopular than it has been, and that was considerable.

A ROYAL EXAMPLE  
(London Morning Post).

The announcement that the Prince of Wales will go into camp with the Welsh Boy Scouts will not only fill with joy the hearts of the Welsh contingent, but will serve as a well-earned encouragement to every scout master.

In every part of the Empire the scout masters are quietly and conscientiously carrying on the work of that admirable institution, the Boy Scouts, sacrificing what is commonly a scanty leisure to the welfare and happiness of lads who are not endowed with too much of either.

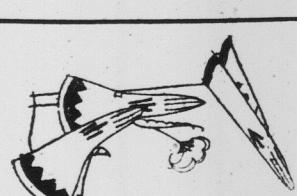
The benefit derived by the children is incalculable. They learn the rudiments of discipline, which they enjoy, simple crafts, dancing, how to manage a camp, how to cook, and generally make themselves and others useful and happy.

The example of the Prince will, we hope, serve to attract even wider attention for what is one of the best institutions in the country.

Y. W. C. A. Hallowe'en Festival, Oct. 28-29

### Many Half Price Dykeman Specials

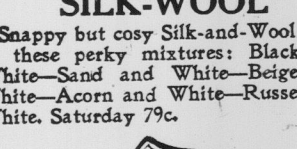
Saturday is a big day at Dykeman's, the store of extra specials. Glance down this teeny weeny hint of attractions spread all over the store in lavish order.



Chamoisette Gloves; plain with Silk stitched backs or with various embroidered and fancy two-tone turn-down borders. Twelve shades—Saturday 75c.



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Snappy but cozy Silk-and-Wool Hosiery in these pretty mixtures: Black and White—Sand and White—Beige and White—Acorn and White—Russet and White. Saturday 75c.



CREPE DE CHINE  
Hand printed and hand rolled edge Crepe de Chine Hosiery from France—Saturday 75c.

Solid Colored Linen Hankies—half price at 10c.

Another cheery change—solid Pastel tints in Swiss Lawn Hosiery with softest embroidered corners, hem-stitched, 10c.

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SMARTER WALL PAPER A WHOLE LOT LESS



NOT long ago Deacon Miller bought a horse and buggy and took his wife out one Sunday for a drive. They came to our neighboring town of Osseo and saw a sign which read: "Speed limit 15 miles per hour."

"Here, ma," said the deacon excitedly, "you take the lines and drive, and I'll use the whip. Maybe we can make it."

A GREAT many tourists ask about Indian nonchalance. The agent on a reservation was trying to explain.

"It used to work this way," he stated. "If a girl saw a timid fawn, she was called Fawn Afraid. If a young buck happened to spy a crazy buffalo, he might be called Crazy Bull. That's the way the Indians got their names."

"But the deer and the buffalo have disappeared. Times have changed."

"That's just it. Half the girls in this tribe are named 'Tin Lizie.'"

A COUNTRY farmer walked into the general store in the village. "I want," he said, "that tub of margarine and that bacon and all the other foodstuffs."

"Good gracious!" said the recently bereaved widow, who kept the store.

Open Saturday Night till 10.

See our large display  
—of—  
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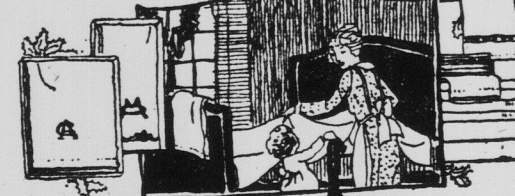
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Pure Irish Linen Damask Towels, guest size, \$1.25 . . . for 75c. pair

Large Hand Towels, Pure Linen, 32 x 22, \$1.60 value, Saturday \$1 per pair

Turkish Towels with minute stitch, faults not affecting wear . . . 25c.

Thick Turkish Towels, 45 x 25, Saturday \$1.50 value for 50c.

Extra Thick Bath Mats of chess check . . . 75c.

BEDDING BARGAINS  
Union Wool Blankets, 56 x 76, \$5.50 per pair

Comforters of Paisley and floral design, from . . . \$3

Krinkly Bedspreads, 76 x 92, various striping colors, \$4.50 value, Saturday at \$2.89

UNDERWEAR UNDERPRICED  
Wood's Lavenderknit Warm Vests, Saturday 49c.

Wood's Quality Knit Bloomers to match. Saturday . . . 69c.

Silk Stripe Bloomers, roomy, in Camel, Peach, Mauve, Pink or White. Saturday . . . 79c.

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Until a year ago we found what we considered the perfect coal for Saint John conditions. The public seem to think so too—for our great difficulty is to get hold of enough Consolidated Miller's Creek to meet the booming demand.

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