

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 18, 1926.

GETTING TOGETHER

THERE was much significance in the conference between representative farmers and leading business men of the city in the Board of Trade yesterday. It was the beginning of a movement which deserves the very hearty support of the business men of Saint John. If agriculture is to prosper there must be close co-operation between the farmers and the people of the cities and towns. Each may thus be helpful to the other and both derive benefit. The farmer complains, not without reason, that he is given much gratuitous advice which is chiefly notable because it reveals partial or complete ignorance of the problems which confront him from day to day. The business man may also complain that the farmer purchases elsewhere what he could purchase with equal advantage at home. The best way to overcome a mutual misunderstanding is to get together. Therefore, this conference in Saint John, which is but preliminary, may serve a most useful purpose. When summer comes again members of the Board of Trade might well arrange a series of motor tours which would take them from time to time into the heart of the agricultural districts, where they would be assured of a most kindly welcome. During the winter there should be opportunity for getting together, if the agricultural associations thought it worth while to hold meetings and invite business men from the nearest city or town to join with them, whether around the festive board or at a meeting called solely to discuss agricultural matters.

BAXTER'S LUCK

AT the last session of the New Brunswick legislature, the Premier, Hon. Dr. J. B. M. Baxter, painted a gloomy picture of the financial prospects of the province for the coming year, by anticipating a possible deficit that might, perhaps, necessitate a form of direct taxation in the new year. Hardly had the session ended, however, when things began to happen which, from day to day, made the imposition of a new levy on the people of the province more and more remote.

First of all came the announcement that an arrangement had been made with the Canadian National Railways whereby a sum amounting to about \$250,000 would be paid, in lieu of accrued taxes on the property of the railway within the province. Following this, a few months ago, it was figured that some \$250,000 in succession duties would accrue to New Brunswick from the estate of the late Lady Smith, of Dorchester.

Now comes the statement from Fredericton that the province is to benefit by more than \$250,000 from inheritance tax on the property of the late Lady Strathcona situated in this part of the country. Thus the province is assured of a revenue approximating three-quarters of a million dollars which was not anticipated when the Premier put forth his gloomy picture of the possibility of direct taxation. Naturally, in the light of these happenings, Dr. Baxter's views along these lines have altered considerably.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC

DISCUSSING the report of the Duncan Commission, the Calgary Herald thinks it possible that a twenty per cent. cut in freight rates applied to the Maritimes "may have reactions in other parts of the Dominion." It says also that Alberta is interested in the establishment of coaling plants and might seek similar aid for the coal industry of that province. Touching the matter of seeking a market in the United States for Maritime pulp, paper and fish, the Herald suggests that this might also include consideration of the western cattle men for free entry of their cattle into the same market. Senator Lilley of Alberta told the Canadian Board of Trade in Saint John that cattle buyers south of the border were very favorable to better treatment of our western cattlemen, and he believed it proper representation were made by the Government the matter might be satisfactorily adjusted. Now that Canada has a representative in Washington, the time would seem to be opportune to initiate negotiations such as would benefit both the Maritimes and the Prairie Provinces. The Calgary Herald is entirely sympathetic in its comment on the Maritimes and the Duncan report. It says:

"In general this may be said, that the remainder of Canada is in sympathy with the Maritimes' effort to escape from difficulties created by geographical and historical conditions. They have things to do for themselves, especially in relation to agriculture, as the Duncan report says. But they have suffered under disadvantages, and if the strength of the Dominion as a whole can be employed, within reasonable bounds, to improve their economic lot and make them feel more satisfied as partners in the confederation, there will be a widespread desire to have this aid extended to them."

ENGAGING CANDOR

IN the correspondence column of the New York World there appeared recently a letter signed "(Miss) P. Chattahoochee Fink, Secretary, International Dry Travel League." In part it ran thus:—
"It was only the other day that I asked a prominent government official whom I happened to meet one evening in the home of a dear friend why he went to Europe and back this summer on an English vessel instead of sailing under the glorious Star Spangled Banner which paid him his salary, and he told me that it was on account of the milk, he being on a milk diet, or partly so, by doctor's orders. All of the ocean ships, he said, excepting the American ones, had live cows on them to supply fresh milk three times daily, for, as he explained, they have to milk them three times every day instead of twice, because cows

produce milk more rapidly on the water than on land. It seemed strange to me that the foreign ships should do this and the Americans not, until I was told by a sailor of whom I made inquiries that it was because several of the sailors on the American ships had been hooked by the cows, so they thought it best to get rid of them to avoid accident. Surely, Mr. Editor, that dilemma could be evaded by using harmless cows, and I am surprised that the managers of our boats have not thought of it."

That is one way certainly to dehorn the dilemma. But—well just but!

The cities of the Western Provinces are confronted every winter with an unemployment problem. In addition to a slowing up in some other seasonal occupations there is a drift into the city of men from the harvest fields. The City Council of Winnipeg has had the matter brought to its attention, although conditions are better this year than last. It is said that had weather during the harvesting season reduced the earnings of the workers in the fields and made them less able to endure the winter. There is already a provision in that city to give relief to married men who have been residents for at least twelve months in the city, and the council is reluctant to do any more unless it is in the form of work for which wages will be paid. We are more fortunate in Saint John in this respect than the cities of either the Central or Western Provinces.

The Manitoba Free Press says: "Dimes in his hand, dimes in his pockets and even dimes in his food have caused a Leavenworth man, name withheld by postal authorities, to call for help. A writer in a comic magazine, inspectors found, wrote a story of a triangle between a king, his queen and an assassin. It closed with: 'If you want to know the moral of this story, send ten cents in cash to Box 137, Leavenworth, Kas.' The lessee of Box 137 had never heard of the story or the jokesmith." With a grain of imagination the boxholder might have invented a moral—no great feat in regard to a comic triangle story—and enjoyed the silver shower which falls on few men these hard times.

The late Mr. John R. Vaughan had been so long a familiar figure in King street that his passing brings a sense of loss to the older folk who had been associated with the boot and shoe business since the time when shoe factories were still able to exist in this city. His father before him had been engaged in the same line. For more than fifty years Mr. John R. Vaughan has been known to the buying public as a reputable merchant interested in the welfare of the city, and true to the honorable business traditions established by his father nearly a century ago.

The streets of Saint John are dangerous to life and limb. Because the sidewalks were not cleaned after the big storm they are now a combination of hog-backs and glare ice, with today a deceptive covering of light snow. Heels go skyward and heads go down. Two people were quite severely injured in Dock street yesterday while hurrying to the train. In the midst of the shopping season citizens have to take grave chances in going about the principal streets. This is a time when civic authorities should prove that they have "sand."

We are told that the people of the Republic of Colombia desire the establishment of direct steamship lines to Saint John and Halifax. The view has been expressed that there is a most valuable trade awaiting development by Canada in the republics along the shores of the Caribbean Sea and in South America. The Federal Department of Trade and Commerce would do well to look into this question. Such a trade would be of particular value to the Maritime Provinces.

The example of the Royal Family is always one that may advantageously be taken as a pattern by His Majesty's loyal subjects and particularly worthy of emulation is the decree that the ingredients of the Royal Christmas dinner shall consist entirely of Empire food products.

Other Views

THE PRESS AS A MODERN FORCE.

(La Presse)
IN his address before the Advertising Club of Hamilton, Ald. T. G. Morgan described in a very excellent manner the important part that the newspaper plays in modern life. We make life according to our image, he said, and publicity through the medium of the newspaper press is subject to that rule. The world makes an increasing appetite for news, and as the advertisements the newspaper carries with the news, are made interesting true, and as it ceaselessly strives for greater perfection the newspaper press will be indubitably an instrument par excellence to facilitate economic and social relations between societies and nations. The newspaper is the friend of the people. Its function is to be of service in every way. The people realize this more every day and show greater confidence in a modern force which spares nothing in an endeavor to inform, instruct and please. It is to be hoped the friendly alliance will endure.

CURABLE TROUBLES.

(Montreal Gazette)
MOST of our evils are curable. We make the "woodlands glad or mad." We are finding out that the personal equation is the besetting sin and co-efficient of all our reckonings. We are becoming daily more conscious that alms and slaughter are not "inevitable." If half the people who glibly talk about life as a ridiculous conflict amongst mannikins, and ourselves as hapless puppets of superior powers, or driven like leaves before the blast, would only get hopefully and earnestly right down to useful work instead of inventing new adjectives for a cross-word puzzle, what an immense difference it would make to the mundane map and the human record. Of all reforms, this is the most needed.

GOOD TEETH v. FINE MANNERS.

(Kitchener Record)
IF we would just forget that we are perfect gentlemen and gentlemen, and crunch our food loudly and with vigor at our dining tables, our teeth would last years longer and give less wear than if we were to eat with a prominent dental surgeon. The doctor explains that there is nothing for the teeth quite so good as bone-crunching, toast-crunching, celery-crunching and all the various forms of mastication upon which Etiquette with a capital E frowns. Which will we have then, the good teeth or the fine manners? It will be a brave man or woman who dares say the former shall be first.

IMPOSSIBLE DREAM.

(Portland Oregonian)
THOUGH English has been chosen as the language of the Tokyo conference, Esperantists profess to be encouraged by the fact that their lingo was also considered. Artificial speech is the impossible dream of idealists who don't understand that people can create mechanisms but can't make them alive.

News and Views From The British Capital

LONDON, December 2, 1926.—It has not escaped the keen eyes of the lobbyists at the House of Commons that Mr. Lloyd George has lately carried round with him a fairly capacious cardboard satchel. This is quite "the new addition to the ex-Premier's parliamentary armoury, and is used for the better portage of his prodigious collection of journalistic and other opposing pamphlets. It is inferred that the satchel is due to feminine persuasion, and a sympathetic sense of the right honorable gentleman's incurable habit of mislaying things. For this reason it is quite a cheap article. And so far "L. G." has not managed to lose it. It is probably, however, a labor love. For "L. G." with his strong artistic temperament, will never develop, in any but a sectarian sense, into a methodist. Often in the old days before the domestic feud, I have watched Mr. Asquith, as he then was, sorting out "L. G.'s" notes for him during a speech, when they were as hopelessly mixed as the Old Guard at Waterloo.

"C. P."

We have been assured that soldiers are the only true judges of a soldier. If the same applies to journalism, it seems to do with even greater veracity, than Mr. C. P. Scott, the splendid veteran who so many years has controlled the Manchester Guardian sans peur et sans reproche, ranks unique among great editors of today. Because all journalists, without distinction of genre or complexion, esteem "C. P." above all other living newspaper figures. In an age of reckless sensationalism and twisted propaganda, when so many journals are tainted by "interest" and exploited by Macklars, "C. P." has serenely maintained the unrivalled reputation of his great newspaper by sheer human interest and wholesome enterprise. He has been offered all sorts of "recognition," honors and a peerage even, but remains plain "C. P." an octogenarian, but in the office, and whose seat for all that is best in life remains undimmed. The Marquis of Lincolnshire presided last Monday at the banquet in his honor given by the National Liberal Club.

Vesuvius Again.

For several seasons Mount Vesuvius, once more at its old tricks, is the most famous though by no means the most formidable, of volcanoes. For English-speaking people its historic tragedy is embalmed for ever in the "Masses Days of Pompeii." Its location on the brink of the Bay of Naples makes it a world's landmark. And its steep rise from the sea gives it an air of impenetrable mystery wholly lacking in Mount Etna, with its low-lying slopes, though the Sicilian volcano could just as well be a giant in a peep-hole. Hamlets and villas cluster contentedly round Vesuvius, fatalistically accepting the odds of Olympian caprice. There are no signs of interest in the giant's boiling choler, and occasionally the red-hot lava pours forth from its crater. But Vesuvius is a volcano of the "dumb" type. By day its peak wears a plume of smoke. By night a red feather of fire that challenges the stars. Vesuvius embodies Italy's slogan: Che sara sara!

Attendance at Race Meetings.

The end of the flat racing season and the advent of the National Hunt are, I hear, causing the racing executives around London some concern. During the past month the public attendance has been well below that of previous years. There are a number of reasons for this. First, and around London during the winter months, and though the public are each year showing an increasing interest in the racing game, and many of the best sportsmen and sportswomen are being attracted, any diminution of attendance reduces the number of meetings. It has been urged that the betting tax, playing its part by causing racers to go up in the sport, but I am assured by eye-witnesses of the tax in working that such is not the case, certainly not to any serious extent. It is stated that it is the tax has "put the lid on" all other taxes the sporting public has to bear, and now the exorbitant price of food and the high cost of living in the winter—makes many a man think twice before he ventures out to spend any of his diminished means by an afternoon's attendance at the races.

Record Breaking Monster

THE next ideal at which racing motorists are aiming, says a London letter, is the production of a car which will cover three miles in a minute. Captain Malcolm Campbell, the well-known driver, hopes to realize that ideal with a new car which has just been built for him. The car looks like a very dromedary for strength, but for speed. Its immense frame seemed to be only just clear of the ground, and the twelve cylinders 600 h.p. Napier motor was bulging out under the stream-line bonnet. The three gears of epicure type are a wonderful piece of work, and when the car is run at its fastest, form a solid member and revolve together with the propeller shaft. The efficiency of this gear is such that by a slight pressure of the thumb on the second gear wheel when in mesh the car can be made to crawl.

Massey In Washington

(Border Cities Star)
ONE finds millions of Canadians in the United States and a great many Americans in Canada. We are related by marriage, by social contact and by the strongest kind of business ties. Many millions of American capital are invested in various enterprises in this country. Canada is Uncle Sam's best customer and Uncle Sam is Canada's best customer.

Between two countries whose relations are as close as ours, many matters are bound to arise. For some years Canada has felt the need of having an official spokesman in Washington. For the most part, it is the American readers of the Canadian press who have been handling the British Embassy. Canada has no complaint to make on this score but she has felt, nevertheless, that it would be better to have a Canadian embassy in charge of a Canadian intimately in touch with the Canadian problems and Canadian conditions. Such an official, it is believed, could do much for the Dominion in the United States.

The effects of Mr. Massey's appointment are already being felt, even though he has not yet assumed his duties in the American capital. We have received many columns of favorable publicity in American newspapers and magazines. The New York Times, the Literary Digest and other widely-read publications have treated the latest Canadian move with great respect. Canada's name and aims have been brought prominently before millions of American readers. Canada's message is "getting across." Our American cousins are learning something new about us. They are being brought to appreciate that the Canada of today is not the Canada of a quarter of a century ago.

Preparing For Peace

(Toronto Globe)
A DISARMAMENT conference is not to be held during 1927. The nations evidently want to arm themselves thoroughly before starting in to arrange a peace footing.

Queer Quirks of Nature

BY ARTHUR N. PACK

YOU may have seen some hapless fly or bee stark and dead upon pale purple clusters of the milkweed blossoms, and probably have believed that most of the rest of the world, that the milkweed's nectar is poison. But this is not so, and, in studying the cause of their untimely end, you will find unfolded one of those marvellous exhibitions of the interdependence of nature.



Fly Caught in Milkweed

ence of living things which scientists call the balance of nature.

The milkweed is interesting, though the farmer holds it in high contempt. Its seed lightly floats almost incredible distances upon the bursting of the pod.

The flower attracts to itself the insects upon which it depends for continuation, and forces them to perform the office of pollination.

The flower is ingeniously constructed and when bee, wasp, or butterfly alights upon the flower, its feet get tangled in the little silks between each pair of the tubular sections.

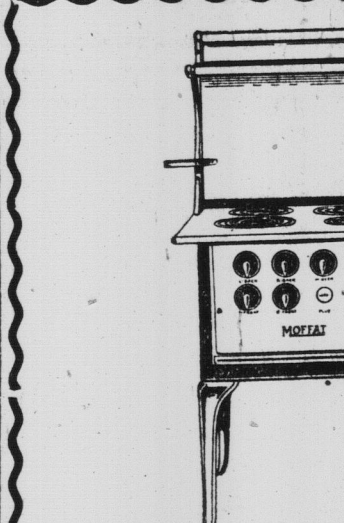
In the struggle to escape, his claws become covered with pollen, and he flies away to another flower, which this time may be a pistillate flower and in repeating the process the pollen is shaken in his struggles and lodges in the receptive pistil, thus insuring the germination of the seed.

Sometimes, however, an old or weak

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bee, wasp or fly, has not the strength to struggle free from his floral prison. His legs are held as if manacled. In his frantic efforts to escape he may break his entrapped members and flies away a maimed and crippled insect, or perchance he becomes an easy meal for some lay spider.

Poems I Love

BY CHAS. HANSON TOWNE

"To the Terrestrial Globe," by W. S. Gilbert.

IN any collection of humorous poetry, this lamentable set of verses by the famous collaborator with Sir Arthur Sullivan will always be included. It has lasted for a generation or more. Like the earth it celebrates, "it rolls on." It is the kind of fun they seem to make in England better than anywhere else.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bill?
What though I suffer toothache's ill?
What though I swallow countless pills?

Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!

It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
It's true my butcher's bill is due,
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

(It rolls on.)

ELIZABETH, aged six, went to visit her grandmother in the country for the first time. To her amazement grandma took off her hair and laid it on the bureau. After that she took out her teeth and put them in a glass of water. Elizabeth's eyes could pop open no wider, as she excitedly exclaimed: "Oh, grandma! Do let me see you take out your tongue!"

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Editorial
THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1926
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