

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., MARCH 23, 1935.

HUNTING TROUBLE

What good can come from the resolution of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, the Labor M. P. for Winnipeg, declaring that Canada should refuse to accept any responsibility for complications arising from the foreign policy of the United Kingdom? Has not this gentleman selected a very poor time to be playing with fire?

Playing with that element at this time is a dangerous enterprise, but one that has an irresistible attraction for minds of certain type; but just now the time is particularly unpropitious. What does Mr. Woodsworth want? We read that in yesterday's debate he urged that Parliament should now serve notice that our partnership in the Empire is one of limited liability. He would have Canada serve notice upon the world at large—still a very troubled world—that the greatest of the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire has decided definitely to stand aside should war arise from the necessity of protecting some vital Empire interest.

Any such declaration by the Parliament of Canada would be hailed with delight—by whom? By the enemies of the British Empire, who would naturally welcome this proof of a breaking up of the bonds of the Empire, the weakening of the ties of blood and of common interest which make the Empire what it is.

This debate is unfinished. Perhaps before it runs its course members of the House will ask Mr. Woodsworth some pointed questions. He might well be asked—since he is so fond of this doctrine of limited liability—what he thinks would happen in the long run if Australia adopted the very principle he is advocating, and if that principle were accepted by Great Britain, would he be in Australia in the end. In that event, how long does he think Australia's vacant spaces would be safe from the teeming millions of Japan?

Coming nearer home, should Canada follow Mr. Woodsworth's advice, declare itself free from all Empire commitments, and insist upon releasing its partners in the Empire from any responsibility so far as we are concerned, how long does Mr. Woodsworth believe the present gentleman's agreement between this country and Japan, with respect to limiting the number of Japanese immigrants to British Columbia, would continue to work satisfactorily? The British Government, which it signed the Locarno treaties, did not attempt to bind the overseas Dominions. The Foreign Secretary included in the chief part of his declaration that the Dominions would not be bound by Britain's action unless they elected to be so bound and so declared through their Parliaments. But Canada already has set its hand and seal to certain obligations as a member of the League of Nations, and the duties and responsibilities it has so accepted differ little in principle from those involved in the Locarno agreement. Is Mr. Woodsworth proposing that Canada shall seek to escape from its commitments with respect to the League? Judging by the tenor of his speech, the wind sits in that quarter.

Parliament would do grave injury to the interests of the Empire and to the cause of world peace should it go on record as taking the first step to break up the family circle. This country—a vital point which Mr. Woodsworth prefers to ignore—cannot be compelled to send troops to any theatre of war beyond its own boundaries. Should Great Britain become involved in a struggle in Europe or Asia tomorrow, no troops would leave this country, however grave the issue, unless Parliament had assembled and had decided that they should go. Hon. Mr. McEwen has even gone so far as to say that no troops would leave the country under any circumstances until the question of participation had been decided by the people of Canada at a general election—a declaration which is today the subject of a very lively discussion throughout the country.

But Mr. Woodsworth, while he prefers to be blind to Canada's complete powers of self-government in this respect, overlooks another circumstance which must always be considered. While Canada, conceivably, might declare its neutrality should Britain or one of the other Dominions become involved in war tomorrow, the enemy would be in no sense bound to respect that declaration, or would only respect it should Canada refuse to permit Imperial troops to pass through its territory or through its ports, refuse to allow British ships to outfit in its harbors, and refuse to permit its citizens to furnish Britain with any form of aid.

If Mr. Woodsworth had his way, he would have this country get out of the war, in which case, should our own safety be threatened, and he and his kind would be found appealing to the United States to take us under the shelter of its wing. Liberty of thought and speech must be upheld. Mr. Woodsworth is within his constitutional rights

In expressing such views as those contained in his speech yesterday. Yet it is very difficult to believe that the Woodsworths are good for Canada, or for the Empire, or for the cause of world peace.

J. WALTER HOLLY.

During the last year or two death has made heavy inroads upon Saint John's leading citizens, and now another prominent figure passes with the death of Mr. J. Walter Holly. While he had been in ill health for some time past, and while his death was not wholly unexpected, news of his passing comes as a severe shock to the community in which for many years he was an active business force.

Mr. Holly was the only son of Shadrach Holly, who was the first Mayor of the town of Portland, and father and son were associated in the lumber trade until 1900, when, upon the death of the elder Holly, his son became associated with Mr. F. E. Sayre and Company, Ltd.

Socially as well as in a business way Mr. Holly was prominent both in this city and at Rothesay, where of late years he made his home. He was an ardent fisherman and devoted to hunting also, and was one of the early members of the old Saint John Golf Club.

His death at a comparatively early age removes a citizen of high standing and usefulness. The bereaved family will have the sincere sympathy of this community and of many friends throughout the Maritime Provinces.

The Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg is caring for forty feeble-minded children and the city claims these should be a charge on the province. The contention is well-founded. No Children's Aid Society can hope to find a foster home for a feeble-minded child. The Saint John Society has learned that fact. The care of these unfortunate should be a charge on the province.

Odds and Ends

Laura Looks Us Over

(Bystander in Toronto Globe.)

American writers who send to their home papers a story of their impressions after a brief residence in or visit to Canada are very often dull and sometimes in ally amusing. In American fiction our principal products seldom vary from Northern Lights, timber wolves and blizzards, with a gay-uniformed mounted policeman or two thrown in to give a pinch of color. The rest of the population seems to divide its activities between timber-stealing and bootlegging. If an odd character in the story happens to be engaged in professional or business life, it is invariably discovered, sooner or later, that he is a chance visitor or tourist from "God's country."

Feature writers for American publications sometimes go one better on their brothers who pound out serials and short stories by the yard from their writing mills. It seems to be the correct thing to find that we are distinctly English in our speech and customs over here. Writing for The New York Herald Tribune, Laura Gaskell tells her readers of the immense smuggling traffic carried on between Windsor and Detroit. Mrs. Gaskell admits she is not thoroughly acquainted with the habits of Canadians, but she observes:

"We lived here long enough for my husband to wear his hat down like the Prince of Wales and to have acquired a taste for English cigarettes, so I speak only from hearsay."

Mrs. Gaskell later tells us she has been a resident of Canada for nine years, which period should have given her ample opportunity to discover that we don't all smoke English cigarettes, that the average Canadian is not nearly so slavish an imitator of Royal fashions as the average New Yorker. While she and her husband were fishing on a private preserve, they were accosted by a run-runner—"a slim little bootlegger," with a "courtly bow and a dazzling smile that disclosed impeccable teeth," who carried in his boat a "wicked sawed-off shotgun." This was the manner of their greeting to the romantic purveyor of contraband poisons:

"An instant more and he was upon us. We hastily folded up our legs and said, 'What ho, old thing?' (You see, we've lived here thirty-nine years and are privileged to have our greetings semi-English.)"

After such a greeting, we should have imagined the bootlegger quite uncertain as to whether he was experiencing something in real life or "morning-after" delusion. But this bootlegger was of a type that might have done ample justice to a role in a court novel of the Middle Ages, for, when he was departing, he made an other bow, and said:

"Many thanks, lady, and kind air." The author tried a bit of smuggling herself, but her experience was such that she is henceforth away from that sort of thing for keeps.

Why is it so many bad businesses have such irresistible fascination? They're so easy to go on and on. There's a lure in outwitting the other fellow, even in risking forbidden things. I had been told it was exciting when laden down with dill pickle stuff to declare a couple of small things in port and on which to pay the duty. Bull! I did select

Poems That Live

MY BONNIE BELL.
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surely Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening glides the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near;
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appears.
Thus seasons dancing life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

—Robert Burns.

Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

THE SUMMIT OF LIFE.

ASK the average man to tell you what the prime of life is and he probably will say, "middle age." But middle age is a term of indefinite meaning. Many a man of 70 is "middle-aged" in the sense that his judgment is clear, his brain active, and his body in good condition.

It cannot be said that a particular age all men are at the prime of life, though a London professor recently tried it, setting it at age 27.

At different ages men are better at different tasks, and some wear out more rapidly than others. Any guess between 30 and 60 would be as sound as the professor's. A remarkable young man of 27 is likely to be still more remarkable at 37 or 47 or 57.

A few years ago "Too old at forty" was a popular theory with the younger generation. A doctor of international note even allowed himself to be quoted as saying that men ought to be chloroformed at 40. Then it was discovered that most of the important work of the world was done by men over 40.

UP TO our 40th year, it has been observed, we may be compared to the respect of the way we use our vital energy, to people who live on the interest of their money; what we spend much faster than we earn; and from the age of 40 onward, our position is like that of the investor who begins to retrench upon his capital. At first he hardly notices any difference at all, as the greater part of the expense is covered by the interest. But the deficit goes on increasing; his position becomes less and less secure.

Then his fall from wealth to poverty becomes faster every moment, until at last he has absolutely nothing left.

MEN with important work to do conserve their energy by leading normal lives, eating light, exercising their mind, keeping serene. Thus we have men like Edison, Burbank, Justice Holmes, very useful in what younger men dread to think of as "useless old age."

Most men, Americans particularly, live too fast, burn up all their energy and die young, without ever having enjoyed the fruits of their toil.

Just Fun

THEY are curing insanity with golf, but nobody has yet discovered anything to cure golf with.

THE doctors say that women are too weak for housework and the men are not strong for it, what are we going to do about it?

THE secret in feeling well is in light eating. A trial will convince the most skeptical.

POSTSCRIPTS
Poor John was caught
Out in the rain.
He died of water
On the brain.

Some fool went hunting
For a hare
And when he shot
Poor Frank was there.

Here lies the dust
Of Johnny Shiver
He once drove a
Flivver.

IT HAS been said that ignorance is bliss, but that doesn't apply to business.

ANOTHER good thing about telling the truth is, you don't have to remember what you say.

VICTOR: "What color is the best for a bride?"
Lowman: "I prefer a white one myself."

something small once, but it might as well have been TNT. I chose matches—a small carton of the safety sort one buys at theemporiums for the tenth part of a dollar.

I was nearly arrested. A stern old chap read me at least 30 pages of "whereases" and "insomuches," and clear at the end it said: "Such a person is liable to imprisonment in a Canadian penitentiary for no more nor less than one year." A year in a dark, unhealthful cell! Here was a dilemma. I promptly shrieked. I ought to have smiled and powdered my nose. Fortunately a friend, a lawyer, came along and saved me. But I threw the matches in the river. Never again!



Made by Canadian Workmen of Canadian Clays With Canadian Coal.

The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn

DAD'S LULLABY
HOTSY, tosy, cake and pie, come now, youngster, don't you cry, Mister Sandman, bye and bye, plans to close your little eye.
Rockin', rockin', to from fro. Down we come and up we go. First it's fast and then it's slow. Toodle, toodley, toddle tow.

Ride the road that seems so steep, on our way so fast asleep. Happy playtime's sure to keep. Quiet, youngster, don't you peep.
Little paddies, held so tight. Time to turn down low the light. Peace and quiet through the night. Rockin' left and rockin' right.

Now we're on your way to bed. Wide-awakeness all has fled. Softly, softly the tread. To the trundle bed we're led.

Maybe silly—maybe sad. Still it makes a youngster glad. Verse like this each tot has had—rocked to sleep at night by dad.

The best way to get people to telling you about their children is to start talking about your own.

Son—Say, pop, what makes the world go round?
Father—How many times have I told you to keep off the cellar?
You'd hardly say the telephone girl hired either a business or a profession. Just a calling.

The brushing of my hair, said he, I do it 'cause I realize
The best of men must part.

NOW, HONESTLY
Spare a moment to consider the fellow who considers your spare tire. Punctures may come, and punctures may go—but your auto can't when you're not one.

One of the best known American customs is to drive to a garage when a car breaks down. And, if it weren't for the good-natural fellow who removes the bad tire from the car, a heck of a lot of us would be in a heck of a fix a heck of a lot of the time.

Think of the peace of mind when he finishes his job—and you go merrily on your way.

He's glad you're gone—and you're glad he's gone. We don't know who invented the first garage man—but thanks, anyway.

It's a shame an author, who pounds his typewriter day and night, can't sell his stories so much per pound.

When a doctor pays a visit to the victim, the victim pays the doc.

My gosh! Now ya can't even believe cook books. A young bride in a cake and the recipe said it was perfectly delicious.

FABLES IN FACT
LITTLE JIMMIE CARRIED A MOURNFUL COMMA IF NOT MOURNFUL COMMA LOOK AND HIS MOTHER FINALLY INQUIRED WHAT THE MATTER WAS PERIOD THE YOUNGESTER BEAT AROUND THE BUSH FOR A WHILE AND THEN SAID COMMA QUOTATION MARK HAS A CAT REALLY GOT NINE LIVES PERIOD

MARK QUOTATION MARK AND WHEN HIS MOTHER REPLIED THAT SHE GUESSED THE SAYING WAS TRUE COMMA JIMMIE SMILED ALL OVER AND CONTINUED COMMA QUOTATION MARK WHEN THEN COMMA MRS. MORGAN'S CAT HAS EIGHT COMING PERIOD QUOTATION MARK

DISCOURAGING GOSSIP.
Forest Standard
An auto-telephone-gossip union is about to see the light of day in London, whose specific purpose is to obtain legislation to charge all telephone gossipists \$1 a minute after five minutes' use of the wire, the revenue to be applied to the reduction of the civic income tax. Roughly 10,000 members have already signed on the dotted line in the Forest city. It is stated, 90 per cent. of whom are men, and the executive of whom will shortly be elected and installed. The idea is a good one and similar unions will in all probability spring up all over the country.

DESCENDANT OF CROMWELL
The Sentinel, Toronto.
The announcement that General Albeny, of World War fame, would pay a visit to Canada has been received with enthusiasm throughout the Dominion. The field-marshal, who is a great-grandson of Bridget Cromwell, the British cause and personal devotion to himself unexcelled on any front during the war. Not only in regard to his great qualities for military leadership, but both physically and mentally does he bear a strong resemblance to his great forebear.

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Dinner Stories
TOMMY, a city lad had moved to the country and was raising chickens.

"How is he doing?" a friend asked his mother.

"Splendidly! The little fellow is always reminding his father to feed them or clean out the coop. Every now and then the lad collects a dozen eggs and takes them into town and sells them to the grocer."

"Where do you get your eggs then?" the friend persisted.

"Oh, I buy them from the grocer," was the mother's response. "I'm so

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Dinner Stories

always reminding his father to feed them or clean out the coop. Every now and then the lad collects a dozen eggs and takes them into town and sells them to the grocer."

"Where do you get your eggs then?" the friend persisted.

"Oh, I buy them from the grocer," was the mother's response. "I'm so

much more used to getting them that way than direct from the hen."

He bowed, tipped his new derby and smiled.

"Are you afraid of animals?"

"No, sweetie," she smiled icily at the embryo Don Juan. "I feel perfectly safe with you."

HE: "BEFORE we were married you used to say there wasn't another man like me in the world."

SHE: "Yes, and now I'd hate to think that there was."

"HOW do I stand with you?" said the youth to his dancing teacher.