

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 15, 1926.

FRANCE ON RATIONS

The French public seems convinced that the "hour of penitence" predicted by Joseph Caillaux two years ago has at last arrived. It recognizes the necessity for drastic steps if the nation's finances are to be set on their feet.

The committee appointed to draw up a programme for the limitation of exports has recommended a number of internal economies such as the closing of bakeries for one or two days a week, the curtailment of the consumption of meat—in fact it is recommended that France go on rations, not so strict, but similar to war-time food restrictions.

A note of warning is sounded by business interests who fear reprisals by countries exporting to France if the limitation of imports is made too strict and apparently France has decided to endeavor to economize internally rather than by raising tariffs to restrict imports.

France, in other words, is preparing to cut down all waste and extravagance and without disturbing the commercial relations of other countries any more than is necessary, to use their own products, and as little of them as possible, in an effort to save the national currency.

The attitude of the French press is divided between warnings against going too fast and resigned support of the new programme.

The British view appears to be that France must cease playing politics and balance her budget before that country can succeed in stabilizing the franc.

The peculiar and to us over here the most extraordinary circumstance in connection with the struggles of the continental nations to stabilize their currency is that one country seems to learn nothing from the experiences of the other countries in meeting their financial problems—unless it be in the matter of establishing restrictions. Each apparently has a lesson for itself in the lessons already learned by its predecessors in financial re-establishment. Austria learned nothing from Russia. Germany nothing from Austria and France nothing from Germany. Nations evidently are like individuals in that each must learn in the bitter school of personal experience.

MAKING CANADIANS

Nearly four thousand boys, of thirty-six national origins, staged the Pageant of Scouting in the Amphitheatre Ring in Winnipeg during the first week in June. Under thirty-six flags the national groups were assembled at one stage of the entertainment, thus illustrating the varied national character of the citizenship of Winnipeg. The solemn, unfolded by the pageant in its different features made it clear to the onlookers that the Boy Scouts are not a military organization, but "one engaged in fitting boys for more useful and healthier citizenship." These boys will be better Canadians because of their fellowship, and the effects of their training will be of a far-reaching character. It will be the fault of native-born Canadians if the children of alien immigrants do not absorb Canadian ideals. At the Board of Trade banquet that was a feature of the Winnipeg conference last November a Saint John delegate made the acquaintance of a man who spoke with a pronounced foreign accent, but who proudly introduced his son, an alert young man who spoke perfect English, and who is a member of the Young Men's Board of Trade of Winnipeg. Both father and son have entered heartily into the life, and busy themselves with the concerns of Canada. Therein lies the solution of the immigration problem of the Dominion, which is peculiarly the problem of the growing West.

WILLIAM TELL

It is just about the limit. They are asking us to believe that there never was a William Tell—at least that is what Lorna L. Becket does in "The Mentor." Dismissing the next thing to happen will be some image-breaker will come along and deny the reality of the dragon St. George killed. Perhaps he will dispute the existence of Moses and Giff. In fact there is no saying to what lengths iconoclasm may not proceed unless somebody puts a stop to these pernicious activities—the anti-revolutionists might name a subcommittee to prosecute offenders and go give Mr. Darrow another chance to plead in defence.

And on what does Miss Becket base her assertion forthwith? Just the mere omission of the name Tell, William, from the historical record, and company acquaintance rolls of the thirteenth-century Swiss irregular Toxophiles.

Now is not the explanation apparent to all? The malignant Hapsburgs were pursuing the national hero to wreak their vengeance on him. It became necessary to change his name. He did so—frequently—and every time a spy betrayed the alias. At last friends conceived the ingenious plan of referring to him as William—Don't Tell! This is distinctly more subtle than the crude

practice of the law-courts which label a person Mr. X or Madame A.

To argue that Mr. Don't-Tell is not the correct name of the Swiss national hero is futile. He was that hero when his name was Schmidt or whatever it was. He was still the same hero when he became William Don't-Tell and that's that. But most interesting is the manner in which his middle name dropped out.

It dates from the renaissance of the art of yodelling, that strange vocal sound with the property of curdling milk in the peculiar fashion now known as condensed milk. As the Swiss peasant plucks the alpenstock to adorn his hat and leans on his trusty edelweiss while he bewares the curdling can—incidentally a false note creates a bubble in the fluid and intensifies the curdling, hence the Gruyere cheese. It may be mentioned in passing that it is only beginners who indulge in false notes—tyros, in fact, from the Tyrol.

Now the favorite curdling yodel was the tale of the Gellert and the apple business. But just try to yodel the word "don't." It can't be done. Hence Bill's surname became simply Tell and if anybody thinks he can explain things better he is at liberty to try.

Those who have been worrying about how to invest the money saved by the new income-tax law should take notice that gasoline has gone up two cents a gallon—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Now that all the debts are settled, that Americans have to do is to buckle down and pay them—Publishers' Syndicate (Chicago).

Naturally Americans don't understand the situation in Poland. We don't even understand the situation in Berlin—Arkansas Gazette.

Rudimentary skills were discovered in the throat of a New York man, who had probably just returned from Florida—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

Lake Superior has shrunk nine inches in the last year, but so far there is no organized movement to change the name—Winston-Salem Journal.

Now we see that a woman is supposed to use perfume to match her moods and emotions, and we know one thing that will have to be changed in a good deal of the time—Ohio State Journal.

Trade notes says the automotive industry gives employment to three and a half million people in the United States. And that's exclusive, too, of policemen and morticians—Arkansas Gazette.

Odds and Ends

Schoolboy Humor—"Howlers" in Examination Papers (Calgary Herald).

Here are some of the best "howlers" from a recent examination. A London contemporary:

Posters are sheets of paper pasted on blackboards.

Gray wrote "Energy in a Country Churchyard."

Quebec is Latin for two by two.

Raleigh invented potatoes, tobacco, and also the bicycle.

The Old Hundredth is the name of an inn.

A moleculer is a girlish boy.

Pompeii was overwhelmed by a great eruption of salvia.

A little goose is called a goblin.

Saul was anointed by Samuel, who poured petrol on his head.

Habes Corpus was a phrase used during the Great Plague of London, and means "Bring out your dead."

Why They Failed

(Boston Transcript.)

"No less than four of my business acquaintances went to the wall last month, a haberdasher, a musician, a watch manufacturer and a dentist."

"What caused their failures?"

"Well, in the case of the haberdasher it was clothes competition; the musician was unable to meet his notes; the watch manufacturer had too much time on his hands and the dentist lost his pull."

Classified

(From the Kansas City Star.)

The Chinese situation has cleared up considerably. A year or more ago Wu Pa, leader of the Chihli party, was deposed as head of the Peking government by Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-hsing, and now Wu Pa-fu has deposed Tso-lin and Chih-lin with the aid of the Kuomintang party and turned loose Tsao Kun, who was president before Tso-lin. This, of course, disposes of Chang Tso-lin and Feng Yu-hsing and puts the Hungh army in control of a situation that had become obscure to us, but which is now completely clarified.

Some Similar Medicine

(Border Cities Star.)

Mexico's department of immigration has adopted a number of new regulations that include the following section applying to Americans:

"Every adult male American to enter Mexico must bring with him one hundred American dollars. Every adult female American must bring letters proving her to be a person of moral character and, in the case of married persons, a copy of the marriage certificate."

While Canadians are not affected by the American quota law, Europeans are, and one fancies that a number of the latter will do some quiet chuckling over the Mexican edict. Uncle Sam has raised the bars high against the outside world. He is now to find that someone else can make unpleasant immigration regulations.

Just Fun

MANY people seem to be getting voices for better or worse.

It's easy to smile and be merry When life flows along like a song; But the man worth while Is the man who can smile When everything goes dead wrong.

MANKIND is no longer safe. A Cleveland, Ohio, woman dry agent arrested a man while he was taking a bath.

THOSE who break the ice to go in swimming aren't so hot. So many social climbers suffer in the same way.

PITY men who hunt work couldn't find it as easily as those who hunt trouble.

BY THE time the safety razor bob becomes the vogue in feminine hair someone may invent a bathing cap that really will keep out the water.

THE more a man has the more he wants—with the possible exception of twins.

WHEN a multimillionaire and his wife decided to stop fighting a bunch of lawyers have to look for other work.

HE—Let's sit out on the steps during this dance.
SHE—No, I just got this dress on, and I want to send it back tomorrow.

SOME flappers' faces are not as bad as they're painted.
The days is shot to pieces.
For our strong, Louisie,
When she left home this morning,
She forgot to paint her knees.

THE prepared for good time never comes.
SHE MADE UP FOR IT
DO YOU remember when you proposed to me? I was so overjoyed that I couldn't speak for an hour?
"Yes, and it was the happiest hour of my life!"—Karlakuren, Oslo.

OPPORTUNITY is one knacker who always comes with a boost.

Other Views

INTERPROVINCIAL CONFERENCE.
(Sherbrooke Tribune.)

Provinces are not unlike persons. Left to themselves, they have a tendency to attend only to those matters which affect them closely and are of more or less intimate concern to them. It is a very different matter when the rulers of the different provinces work together to bring about the general prosperity and well-being of Canada. It is then that the whole population of the Dominion enjoys the profit.

THE GOLDEN RULE.
(Guelph Mercury.)

The British ambassador suggests that the powers of the world give more thought to the application of the golden rule in the affairs of nations. What a confession of the real impotence of war to make the world better! War has, indeed, corrected many irregularities, but this old thought, now coming forward as a new ideal, is that might have been applied ever since the words were uttered by the One who went through the world with the message now described as the golden rule.

ANCIENT WOE.
(Oakland Tribune.)

It is related that in the imperial museum at Constantinople an Egyptian tablet dating back four thousand years before the Christian era is on exhibition. This tablet's inscription, translated, reads as follows: "Our earth is degenerate in these latter days. There are signs that the world is coming to an end. Children no longer obey their parents. Everybody wants a book. The end of the world is manifestly drawing near." This weariness, chronicled thousands of years ago, has a strictly modern sound. It lacks only some passing reference to such things as the Charleston, jazz and the saxophone to make it strictly up-to-date. Despite the pessimism and heaviness of spirit shown of old the world has survived. And despite the pessimism and heaviness of spirit revealed in some quarters today, it is likely that the world will continue to survive.

Timely Views On World Topics

LAUDS MUSSOLINI FOR EFFORTS TO IMPROVE TRAVEL.
By EDELL HOOD
Executive Head of the Ford Motor Organization in a Recent Interview After His Return From Abroad.

MUSSOLINI is winning friends among the visitors and tourists by the way he is doing things to make life and travel pleasant in Italy. The train de luxe from the Riviera to Rome was nothing short of marvelous. I understand Mussolini did it.

Every one in Europe wants a car, but they have to buy machines of low horse power because of the tax. In England the Ford has the most competition from the Morris car.

Russia is a land of tremendous possibilities for development, but no one

Dr. Chase's Ointment
For Half a Century the Standard Successful Treatment
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It Doesn't Pay



—Thomas, in Detroit News.

POEMS I LOVE

Herod's Speech, from "Herod," by Stephen Phillips.
IN THE last act of Phillips' tragedy occurs this majestic speech by the mad King. His reason has left him, as he sits on his throne, surrounded by his soldiers and courtiers, pondering on the death of Mariamne, his Queen. Here Phillips rises to the heights of eloquence, in blank verse that is as royal as the garments of his pitiful monarch. But I hope readers will turn to the entire play—well worth studying.

HEROD: Pour out those pearls, And give me in my hand that bar of gold.
I heard an angel crying from the sun, For glory, for more glory on the earth; And here I'll build the wonder of the world.
I have conceived a Temple that shall stand In such splendor that men bright from it Shall pass with a light glance the pyramids.

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold To be a counter-glory to the Sun. There shall the eagle blindly dash himself. There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon Shall aim all night her argent archery; And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars, The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomons; Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell, And flashings upon faces without hope— And I will think in gold and dream in silver, Imagine in marble and in bronze conceive, Till it shall dazzle pilgrim nations, And stammering tribes from undiscovered lands, Allure the living God out of the bliss And all the streaming seraphim from heaven.
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Queer Quirks of Nature

PEAT BEDS GROW FROM WOODLAND MOSSES.
By ARTHUR N. PACK.
President, The American Nature Association.

MOSSES are of many species, and their presence adds much to the beauty of the forest, and to its usefulness.

They are thought to have been derived from the algae, and have modified their structure to enable them to withstand drought. They still like moisture, however, and are at their best when well supplied with it.

The floor of a forest that is well covered with moss holds the water like a sponge, letting it flow off gradually, to be used as it is needed by the other plants, and so preventing floods and erosion.

Often, too, a thick bed of green moss will stop a fire, by virtue of the moisture which it holds. A bed of moss is like a forest in miniature displaying beauty of form and color unsurpassed in charm and interest.

The age-long accumulation of mosses of the sphagnum type has resulted in the formation of the vast beds of peat found in many northern countries, and which furnish fuel for the people of sparsely wooded sections.

Sphagnum is most useful as an antiseptic dressing for wounds, and was gathered in large quantities in Europe during the World War for this purpose.

In the swamp of our northern states large quantities of this moss are still found but these deposits are rapidly being depleted on a wholesale scale by florists, who use it for packing plants and cut flowers for shipment. Undue exploitation of these accumulations of many years will result in the extermination of many interesting bog plants.

It was used first in Russia, then will come the truck, and last of all will come the automobile. It will be a matter of motor evolution.

knows when that time will come. It was immense areas which might be cultivated, and tractors will have to be used. The tractor will be general.

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The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn

SAYS I to myself, well, today is the day to get a real rest in a sensible way. I'll tune up the car and I'll take all my gang, an' I'll let all the worry and such things go long.

"Course the kids and the wife are all glad to agree, so they pile in the bus in a hurry, an' gee, the thought of a trip in the out-of-doors bright is the sort of an outing that just hits me right.

We ramble along on a wonderful street and I'm dogin' the millions of autos we meet. The traffic is wild and it shortly appears that the buzzing and honking will deafen my ears.

We seek for a roadway where traffic is tame, but shucks, all the others are doin' the same. An untraveled highway? Fate laughs in my face, and I find, like all drivers, there is no such place.

We finally get home and I smile when I think how the plans for a rest-up have gone on the b'y/s. My nerves are on edge and my eyesight is spent. I'm a blamed sight more tired than I was when I went.

The largest room in the world is the one for improvement.

Hurrah! They're not going to have guns any longer in the America army. They're long enough.

One of the most common things that is rather uncommon is good common sense.

The rooster has a heap of nerve. Just think, and you won't doubt it. The hen will lay an egg and then the rooster will about it.

One satisfaction in getting flowers out of a garden—you can have you pick.

Sounds fair enough when a hen gives a peck for every kernel of corn you feed her.

Some children don't mind because their parents don't mind whether they do or not.

FABLES IN FACT.
THE CONDUCTOR KEPT TELLING PASSENGERS TO MOVE FORWARD IN HIS CAR COMMA AND ONE OLD KINDLY FELLOW ALWAYS COMPLAINED WITH THE REQUEST "PERIOD 'TAS A BUSY TIME OF DAY AND PEOPLE KEPT JAMMING INTO THE CAR PERIOD FINALLY THE KINDLY OLD FELLOW MADE ONE FORWARD MOVE TOO MUCH DASH DASH DASH AND THE CAR RAN OVER HIM PERIOD

DINNER STORIES

THE joke makers' association had a feast. They exploited their humorous abilities, and all made merry, save one ghim guest. At last they insisted that this melancholy person

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GRADUATION DAY

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should contribute to the entertainment. He consented, in response to much urging, to offer a conundrum.

"What is the difference between me and a turkey?"

When none could guess the answer, the glum individual explained: "I am alive. They stuff turkeys with chestnuts after they are dead."

SOME time ago a man was charged with shooting a number of pigeons in the garden of a farmer. In giving his evidence the farmer was exceeding careful, even nervous, and the attorney for the defense endeavored to frighten him.

"Now," the lawyer remarked, "are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?"

"I didn't say he shot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him o' doing it."

"Ah, now we're coming to it. What made you suspect that man?"

"Well, firstly, I caught him on my land w' a gun. Secondly, I heard a gun go off an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four o' my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think them birds flew there and committed suicide."

SOME folks spend their time making money while others spend their money making time.

Everywhere

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