

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 20, 1926.

THE EXHIBITION.

Exhibition time is approaching. How are the citizens of Saint John approaching the exhibition? The spirit of the people of Amherst is made plain by the invitations issued there. Visitors are bidden there in the name of the citizens by the Mayor, and while it may be contended that this is only nominal, it is likely to result in something more than that. Amherst, collectively, has constituted itself the host of all who go there for the exhibition. The citizens of Saint John are vitally concerned with the success of this exhibition. The city is behind it with a solid guarantee in case of a deficit. But the interest of all who live or work in Saint John is deeper, it is less direct than that. In the first place, there is the educative side of the project. That need not be stressed, but it may be well to remind people that every little progressive idea picked up has its definite dollar and cents value. The point it seems desirable to make is that the exhibition may be made by the people of Saint John either a lure to bring former visitors from near and far back to our community, or, through the neglect of a slight endeavor, the reverse. Every single man, woman and child has it in his or her power to boost or knock Saint John at exhibition time. The manner in which a boost can be effected is simple and needs but little effort.

The recipe is: "Assume the holiday spirit." If you meet a friend or a stranger from outside, greet him with a smile, tell him all the value and all the fun of the fair, tell him it's a good exhibition, and show him that you and your city are glad he is here. If he is a customer, talk of the jolly exhibition instead of the weather. He may be a business prospect, but for the time being forget it. He is here for a good time. If he is having a good time he will spend, and even if he is busy enjoying himself that he does not spend as much as you would wish, the chances are that he will return to Saint John to do the spending just because he has had a good time and enjoyed himself here. You may want to make a deal with a man and you invite him to lunch, but that is not the time to press the deal. You let him enjoy himself and you show that you enjoy his company. That is the main thing. Saint John must see to it that the holiday spirit is predominant during exhibition week. Cherry talk, cherry faces and a cheery place go to make up the best kind of welcome and, speaking about a cheery place, what about a good show of hunting? Saint John is not very good at dressing up, but that is a matter easily remedied. Flags are the cheery things imaginable and the symbol of rejoicing on land and sea. Here is a matter wherein store can compete with store, street with street, neighbor with neighbor, and, besides doing the city collectively immense good, it has a tremendous psychological reaction on itself. So hang out the flags from the window and stretch them from house to house. Go one better than Jones, next door, and see if your block cannot beat that adjacent.

The humblest of us can help the exhibition and Saint John in this manner. The employer can give the lead, the employee can get behind the employer and put a bit of the holiday spirit into his window dressing or his approach to a customer or anything and everything. Sell the visitors Saint John and the jolly exhibition all the time.

And why? Well, if you do not think it worth while to be cheerful for your own sake and the sakes of those around you, if you want to reduce all profit and loss to a money matter, you can still find it to your advantage. Remember a man dips into his pocket more readily when he is happy than when sad. Few can resist the infection of surrounding jollity. Most desire to return where gaiety has been found. Therefore, should the citizens of Saint John make ready to celebrate the coming exhibition in gala style, to make it a carnival with the carnival spirit of light-hearted enjoyment pervading every nook and corner, radiating from every face, tingling every relationship and making the week one of brightness and jollity. Let us all join in this for the sake of the city—which is for our own sakes.

POMPS AND VANITIES.

Reflection on the recent ceremony of conferring the freedom of our city on an illustrious personage inclines one to regret that there is not more pomp and circumstance attending such functions. When the people who pay the taxes are so minded to honor a man by declaring him exempt from taxation so far as they are concerned and record the fact on a parchment scroll, surely they are entitled to expect a little fun out of the proceedings.

In the Old World there are many pleasing reminders of medieval splendor surrounding analogous ceremonies and by a little harmless plagiarism, with adaptations to suit environment,

Saint John ought to be able to devise an appropriate ritual to mark the occasion.

Take, for instance, the landing of the King in the Channel Islands where he drops the royal title and becomes Duke of Normandy. He is rowed in near the beach and the Grand Seigneur wades out to meet the boat, leading a white horse on which the Duke mounts and is led to shore. At least that is what is reputed to happen and possibly accounts for His Majesty's rare visits to the Channel Islands. Now, we have just the place to stage a little pageant like that. Think how the populace thronging the wharves along the Market Slip would cheer to see His Majesty wading into the river controlling a spirited palfrey.

But having whetted our appetites in this manner there is no reason why we should stop there. We might re-enact the scene of the Burghers of Calais and arrange for the School Trustees, barefoot and with halters about their necks—a heavy fine to be imposed on anybody who played monkey tricks with the hempen noose—to meet the person it was desired to honor and kneeling present the keys of the Vocational School on a plush bolster, the latter to be manufactured by the students of the said school. The recipient might keep the keys until the next would-be Freeman came along.

Discarding anything that savors of roughness, such as the buffet administered to one raised to knighthood, there seems no reason why the recipient of the city's freedom should not contribute to the gaiety of the hour. There is an ancient custom preserved in some municipalities of "beating the bounds." That might easily be a little excitement, especially while beating that portion of the city's frontier which the maps show as leading through the Reversing Falls. To accept the freedom of the city under these conditions would ensure that the honor was conferred only on the stout-hearted and adventurous.

There are many other suggestions that might be put forward to make a civic function more picturesque and inspiring, but for the moment these will suffice. Citizens with imagination might devote some of their leisure to formulating a programme which would add a spice of romance and excitement to an otherwise dull and formal ceremony. Is not the City Chamberlain the official to see to it?

The Dominion Government estimate places the Canadian wheat crop at 316,900,000 bushels. The Manitoba Free Press says these official figures are not taken very seriously in the West, and that although recent hot weather was the best opinion in the grain trade today is that the crop will be between 340,000,000 and 360,000,000 bushels. While the Canadian exportable surplus will be less than it was last year, it will still be very great. How much of the Canadian wheat going to the United Kingdom and to other countries will pass through American channels? How much will the ports of Saint John and Halifax handle? What has become of the Railway Commission's enquiry as to the greater use of Canadian ports and as to recovering for Canadian ports and railways the tremendous volume of grain captured through one cause or another by the American routes?

Odds and Ends

Lord Dewar's Epigrams

Members of the South African bowling team were the guests of Lord Dewar at dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel, London.

The host, welcoming them, uttered a number of his witty epigrams.

Most men (he said) did not wake up to find themselves famous; they usually dreamed they were famous and then woke up.

We wasted three years of our lives talking about the weather, only one year of our lives saying "Hello" through the telephone, and one year waiting for the correct number.

Scotsmen wasted three years of their lives telling stories against themselves. Englishmen wasted three years of their lives listening to Jews and Scotsmen telling tales against themselves.

Americans wasted three years of their lives trying to find out where their fellow-citizens got their drink from.

A Frenchman wasted three years of his life raising his hat and deciding who should go through the doorway first.

A donkey wasted three years of its short life braying.

A good-looking woman wasted three years of her life looking in a mirror. All women like bargains, but they would never have it suggested that they were wearing a bargain.

Judge not a man by his clothes, but by his wife's clothes.

In the past we used to look to the future; today we look to the tax collector, and tomorrow the death duties. To bring them that hath cometh the revenue officer.

Providence giveth, and the tax collector taketh away.

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The Back-Seat Driver



—Sykes, in New York Evening Post.

Queer Quirks of Nature

GOLDEN ROD GAINS IN FAVOR

By ARTHUR N. PACK

WHEN the shortening days of summer merge gradually into those of early autumn, and most of the more showy flowers have dropped their withered petals and are ripening their seeds, the golden rod and ragweed have their day.

By the dusty roadside, along the edges of fields where the crop of grain or forage has been gathered, on the banks of the stream playing its course toward the river, or even taking possession of the broad acres of an abandoned stretch of hillside or valley slope, the yellow-crowned favorite and its humbler associate fill their appointed destinies.

NATIONAL FLOWER

Few there will be to praise the ragweed, and deservedly so, for few could well spare that troublesome plant, with its myriad scattering seeds planting trouble for the gardener of next year. Only the juncos and sparrows from the north, that hardy tribe whose breeding nests are in the weeds, have shown in the winter months, have cause to bless its fecundity.

But the golden rod, who, unless he be a martyr to hay-fever, and believes that this particular plant causes it, does not love its belated beauty?

GAINING IN FAVOR

With a few exceptions the species are American, and a majority of the hundred-odd are native to North America. They vary much in habit of growth,



Golden Rod and Ragweed

They improve by cultivation, the plants growing larger and more shapely, and the blooms fuller and more richly colored. They are easily transplanted and may thus be arranged to give the most pleasing effect, especially if combined with a hedge or group of some showy shrubs which develop bright contrasting colors as autumn approaches.

The Political Fray

Liberal

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL

(Manitoba Free Press.)

Early last year when it looked as if C. N. R. would earn a substantial profit over its operating expenses the point was made that a pickup in the whole business of the country to the extent of five or ten per cent. would increase the earnings of the National Railways to a point where they would cease being a drain on the public treasury. This appears to have happened and with it has come the silence of the croakers and the C. N. R. killers.

If the present rate of increase in earnings, as is likely to be the case in view of the general upswing in Canadian development, the Canadian National Railways, which some people wanted to throw to the dogs even as late as 1925, will be earning money for the people of Canada.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

(Moncton Transcript.)

Talk of trade depression and hard times will carry even less weight in this campaign than it did last fall, and the suggestion that Conservative rule would be better for the country than the operation of Liberal policies has been disproved so conclusively that no longer can carry weight even with the unthinking. The Canadian electors have the evidence before them and they can and will judge for themselves. A continuance of Canadian prosperity can be assured by the return of the Liberals to office.

MEIGHEN AND TAXES.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Speaking at North Bay, Mr. Meighen attempted to minimize Mr. King's income tax reductions, which entirely exempt so many people, by saying that income taxpayers are only a small portion of the population, and "there are still taxes on clothing, and on farm and household utensils, which are used by the great bulk of the citizens, and which levy their penalties against all." True enough. And what is the chief of these taxes? The tariff. And who wants to increase this tax? Mr. Meighen.

MEIGHEN AND BYNG.

(Toronto Star.)

It is a curious fact that the best Mr. Meighen could say in his keynote speech at Ottawa for the Governor-General's action in refusing dissolution to Mackenzie King was that His Excellency had acted with "scrupulous honesty." Mr. Meighen set himself the task of putting His Excellency's action in the best possible light, and it is noteworthy that nowhere in his carefully written speech did he say that action was constitutional.

MEIGHEN AND WAR.

(Toronto Globe.)

Mr. Meighen finished his week of campaigning in Ontario without telling the people where he actually stood on the question of aid to the Empire in the event of war. Why did he dodge the question?

Conservative

THE NEW GOVERNMENT

(Vancouver Province.)

In considering the cabinet, however, the people of Canada must not forget that strong and able ministers and energy, honesty and aggressiveness on the part of a government will be of no avail if a House of Commons is not returned so divided as to give that ministry both fair and adequate support and able and honest criticism.

We do not want a ministry which can count so little on the confidence of the House that it dare not have a policy, or a mind of its own. And we do not want an opposition so lacking in organization and strength that it can not do the work an opposition is expected to do under our system of government. Mr. Meighen's ministry both fair and adequate support and able and honest criticism.

THE CUSTOMS AFFAIR

(Amherst News.)

It is not necessary to go into detail in connection with the Customs scandal, but the disclosures not only revealed that immense quantities of goods were being smuggled into Canada, but that the loss of revenue to the government was enormous. This has been estimated all the way from \$10,000,000 to \$30,000,000. But this was not the feature that caused the withdrawal of Progressive support. It was that the Government had had knowledge of this business for a long time, and had done practically nothing to improve conditions.

KING IS RESPONSIBLE

(Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.)

It was open to Mr. King to clear the skirts of his Administration when the situation existing in the Customs Department was first drawn to his attention, by calling upon Mr. Bureau to vindicate himself, or resign. Constitutionally, it was the obligation of Mr. King to take such action and when, instead of doing so, he elevated the Minister of Customs to a position of higher honor, he committed his administration and himself to responsibility for the political errors of Mr. Bureau, for which he and they then became directly answerable to Parliament and the country.

THE RAILWAY QUESTION

(Sydney Post.)

Mr. King's latest platform exploit is the assertion that state control of the C. N. R. will be endangered under Mr. Meighen's premiership. As Mr. Meighen was the mover, and Mr. King the chief opponent, of the bill which incorporated the C. N. R. Company, the latter's alleged fear would seem to be as groundless as it is insincere. Apparently Mr. King is not so sure of himself as he would like to appear. Mr. King will not say in this campaign.

POEMS I LOVE

K Poems I Love...

"It Was a Love and His Lass," by Shakespeare
ONE of the loveliest and freshest of the songs that run through Shakespeare's plays is this youthful expression of the joy of life. It is sung by the two pages in "As You Like It" and in the words of one of them, "like two gypsies on a horse," while Touchstone listens and counts it "time lost to hear such a foolish song." I am afraid he was wrong.

It was a love and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie;
This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower;
And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho and a hey-nonino!

For love is crown'd with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

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DINNER STORIES

TOMMY had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?"

At this Tommy, in all consciousness of gully, quickly responded: "Ain't been home yet."

A BRITISH actress spent the summer in a village in America, and during her holiday engaged a local farmer to drive her about.

"To entertain her," the driver chatted "free and frequent" on local gossip.

After suffering boredom for a time, the actress said, somewhat sharply, "I engaged you to drive me, not to talk to me."

The farmer collapsed. Subsequently he sent in his bill, one item of which puzzled the actress very much.

"That? Oh, that's easy, I don't often take it, but when I do I charge."

THE builder took a friend to see a row of houses he had just erected.

"Can you hear me, Bill?" he remarked through the dividing wall.

"Yes," was the answering whisper.

"Can you see me?"

"No," was the reply.

"There's walls for you," replied the proud builder.

Just Fun

OF WHAT use are dimples to the girl who never smiles?

SUCCESS is harder to forgive than failure.

TWINKLE twinkle, little star, grandpa bought a motor car, pulled the lever back too far, music by the G. A. R.

MY FRIEND Dora is mixed again. She thinks that the hencock is an attachment for a sewing machine.

AN OPTIMIST had his right arm amputated as a result of an accident.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I'll be able to take off my shirt now without unbuttoning the cuff."

"Mr. Meant-to" has a comrade. And his name is "Didn't-do."

Have you ever called to meet them?

Did they ever call on you?

These two fellows live together in the house of "Never-Win."

And I'm told that it is haunted by the ghosts of "Night-havens."

ANIMAL TRAINERS

state that they experience no difficulty in lions' mouths. The trick, we presume, is in taking them out.

FOLEY'S STONE POTS

THE KIND MOTHER USED

For good rich BAKED BEANS

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