

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1926

## The Evening Times-Star

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### THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Having said farewell to one Governor-General, whose personality and his relation to her soldiers in the Great War endeared him to her people, Canada today welcomes another with the same whole-hearted greeting that is extended to every new occupant of Rideau Hall.

Lord Willingdon does not come unheralded to Canada. He has been a member of Parliament, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, Governor of Bombay, and Governor of Madras. He has an excellent record as an administrator. As the King's representative the welcome extended to him by the Prime Minister voices the feelings of the Canadian people. In a recent interview he said he understood that one of his duties would be to see to it that the Dominion was possible, and wherever he goes the citizens will be glad to give him the assurance of their loyalty to the Empire.

Lady Willingdon is a daughter of the first Baron Brassey. She will undoubtedly uphold the hospitable traditions of Rideau Hall, and win for herself a warm place in the hearts of Canadians. Lord Willingdon comes at a time when the Dominion has just been assured of a period of stable government, and his tasks will not be arduous. When he comes to the Maritime Provinces he and his distinguished consort will enjoy the heartiness of the welcome extended, and be convinced that our people are no less attached to British traditions and loyal to the flag than were their forebears of nearly a century and a half ago.

### CIVIC INVESTIGATION AND TAXES BY INSTALLMENTS

His Worship the Mayor has placed his cards squarely on the table with regard to his invitation to Dr. Horace L. Britain to conduct a civic survey. Dr. Britain's reputation has been known generally throughout Canada. So well known is he that he has been accepted more or less unquestioned as one of the highest authorities on civic in the Dominion, yet few may have been in a position to quote definite instances of service rendered by this expert. Very rightly, Dr. White has caused inquiry to be made in this regard and yesterday he published the results, which would appear amply to justify his selection of Dr. Britain.

Some have contended that the choice or approval of the expert who is to conduct the survey should be left to the citizens themselves. To others this savor of an unwarranted expansion of the modern plebiscite habit, held by many a departure from democratic ideals of government, as heretofore held, and tending to enable elected representatives to shirk their responsibilities. His Worship Mayor White is not the man to evade responsibility. He was placed in his position by popular vote and his official acts are in the name of the citizens of Saint John. Doubtless he will continue to act on this principle, always paying due regard to the expressed wishes of those he serves.

Much credit is also due to those who organized and obtained some 5000 signatures to a petition to His Worship, thus strengthening his hand and providing him with definite assurance, were that necessary, that he has a solid backing to his efforts to arrive at the causes which lie at the root of our civic troubles.

One other point is being generally discussed at the moment. Along with the original demand for civic investigation was another for the privilege of paying taxes by installments. This is a matter quite apart from the investigation of the departments, their interrelation and correlation. Owing to the necessity of securing legislative permission to alter the method of collecting taxes the installment plan could not well be considered, much less put into operation, before this year's taxes were due. Saint John would like to think that this matter is receiving due attention so that the required legislation may be obtained to make installment payment effective in 1927, assuming that no insuperable objection to the scheme can be demonstrated.

### HATLESS HEADS

The poet has celebrated the "barefoot boy." Now the bareheaded boy offers himself as the subject of praise in rhyme. A writer in the Boston Transcript has this to say about a change which has also been noted by all recent visitors to eastern cities in the United States:

"The increasing number of young people who are constantly to be met on the streets without head covering of any kind except that provided by nature suggests a slight wonder whether this practice is likely to grow until the whole population goes bare-headed."

## DINNER STORIES

PAT tied his horse and cart to a lamp-post one dark night, and went into the public house opposite to get a drink.  
He stayed inside about half an hour and was surprised on coming out to be accosted by a policeman, who said: "Where is your light?"  
Pat looked at his horse and cart. Then he turned to the policeman again. "Begorra!" he said. "Don't you see the old horse holding it up?"

THE doctor had just been visiting an Irish patient, and as the man's wife was showing him out he said to her, "Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"  
"He is not, sorr," came the reply. "He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer."

IN a certain part of Alabama, a colored pastor had made himself extremely unpopular with his congregation. When his unpopularity was at its height, the time for the annual election of preachers came around. The reverend called his flock together.  
"Brethren and sisters," said he, "all who want me for their pastor for another year will please say 'I'!"  
No one wished him back, so consequently there was a death-like silence. However, the pastor was not daunted. He waited for a moment and then cried:

"Ah, ha, silence gibs consent. The yore pastor annuler year."

## THE PIM OF THE LIMELIGHT

NEXT?  
TULARE, Cal.—It must be a coming, or something. Anyway, there seems to be no end to the variety of

contests to which American cities are addicted. Bachelors' leagues, Charleston steppers, blondes blondes, brunettes brunettes, best dressers—go on, you know, for them all have contests conducted for their special benefit. But out here at Tulare they've got a new one—for freckled boys.

It is a contest to see who can keep that barefoot boy complexion.

TIRELESS  
COLUMBUS, Wis.—The fine art of banditry moves up a peg. A group of men raided suddenly on a share of that admiration which one naturally bestows on a creature endowed with more than the average of skill in the pursuit of its appointed destiny. Such is the sharp-shinned hawk.

In all its structure it is designed as a machine for the capture of small and swift birds, its short powerful wings and long tail give it the ability to fly swiftly and silently through the woods, ready on the instant to seize the startled songster.

present a member of the Board of Governors of this institution. Massey is President of the National Council of Education, and has published various articles on educational and other subjects.

Just Fun  
BUTCHER: "You want some brains, madam?"  
Housewife: "Yes, please. My husband hasn't had any for a long time."

ONE matron is trying to invent a pocket-letter box to hold letters which she requests her husband to mail. The box is perfected, will work on the principle of an alarm clock and will ring a bell every 15 minutes until the letter is mailed.

"TROTSKY is a man of few words," remarked Brown.  
"Well," answered the flippant friend, "you take a look at some of the words in a Russian dictionary and you won't blame him."

NO PLACE TO GO  
"Why don't you get married?"  
"Because we can't get any house or flat."  
"But can't you live with your parents-in-law?"—News Letter, Belfast.

QUITE a circus performance at the cafeteria a few days ago. Yes, the fire-eater from John Robinson's burned his mouth inhaling soup.

DID your friend completely recover from his broken leg?  
"Yes, complications set in."  
"He married his nurse!"

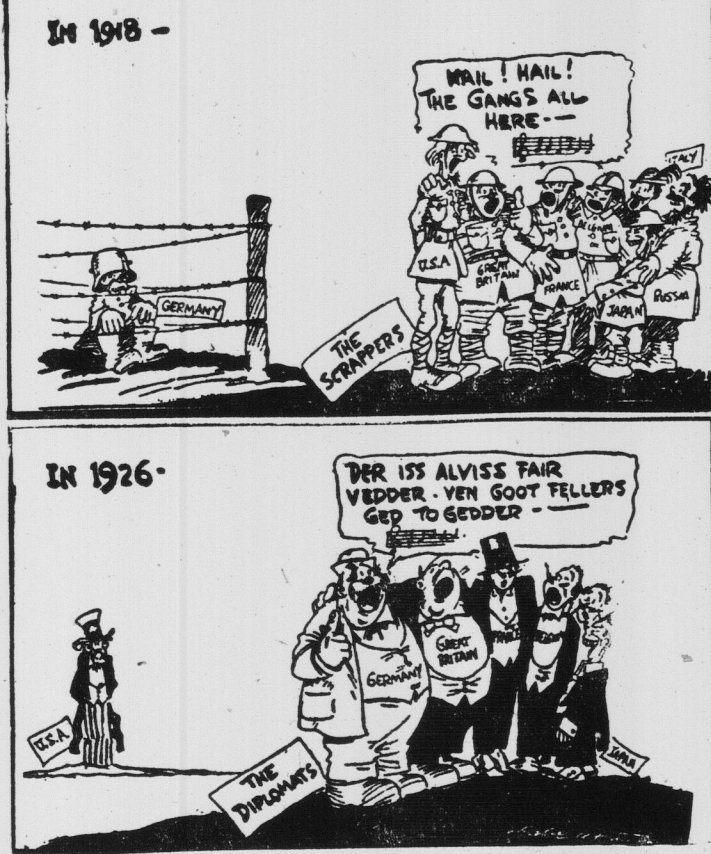
WAS HE PROFANE?  
I BEAT him, auntie, after duce had been called four times.  
"That wasn't the expression I heard him using, my dear."—Passing Show, London.

THE Chicago boy who thought he could rob a bank and get away with an old man when he finishes it.

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## How Times Change



—Hungerford, In The Pittsburg Sun.

## Queer Quirks of Nature

BY ARTHUR N. PACK  
ALL Hawks live by preying on other creatures, and it may surprise many to hear that all do not live mainly on other birds. Yet there are many hawks that seldom kill birds of any kind and some that are incapable of catching small birds, however much they wish to.

Most of these are our friends, for they prey mainly on mice, gophers, ground squirrels and other rodents that destroy our crops.

The subject of our sketch, however, is one of the most expert of bird-catchers, and has little to be said in its favor, save that it merits a share of that admiration which one naturally bestows on a creature endowed with more than the average of skill in the pursuit of its appointed destiny. Such is the sharp-shinned hawk.

In all its structure it is designed as a machine for the capture of small and swift birds, its short powerful wings and long tail give it the ability to fly swiftly and silently through the woods, ready on the instant to seize the startled songster.

Should the bird try to escape, the hawk without an instant's pause follows it, sometimes catching it in the midst of thorn tree or briar patch to which it has darted.

The nest of the sharp-shinned hawk built at some height from the ground, frequently in an ever-green, in the early summer, and holds from three to five eggs about the size of a pigeon's, beautifully spotted and clouded with brown and lilac on a whitish ground. The young in their first autumn, like most hawks, lack the transverse markings on the breast, each feather bearing a spot of dark brown.

## POEMS I LOVE

BY CHARLES KILMER

"Sanctuary," by Aline Kilmer.

MRS. KILMER is the widow of Joyce Kilmer, who wrote "Trees." She is a genuine poet, and has moments of inspiration. This is the result of such a mood, I think.

God has builded a House with a low lintel, And in it He has put all manner of things.

Follow the clue through the mazes that lead to His door. See what is there for our finding.

Look in! Look in! See what is there for our finding.

Peace is there like a pearl, and rest and the end of seeking.

Light is there and refreshment. But there shall be more.

There we shall find for our use wide, beautiful wings.

Ecstasy, solitude, space; and for those who have been too lonely.

The love of friends, the warmth of a homely fire.

Oh, never grieve again for the piteous ending Of loveless things that could not be made to last.

There all bright passing beauty is held forever Free from the sense of tears—to be loved without regret.

There we shall find at their source music and love and laughter, Color and subtle fragrance and soft incredible textures.

Be sure we shall find what our weary hearts desire.

If we are tired of light, there shall be velvet darkness.

Falling over long fields, with stars, and a low voice calling.

Calling at last the word we thought would never be spoken.

But we, being hard and foolish and proud and mortal,

Are slow to bend and enter that humble portal.

IT WAS a fair lady, star of a play which is running interminably on Broadway, and she was conversing earnestly on the story of her life. She mentioned that she had left school after the fifth grade, and in the prettiest manner possible she deplored this deficiency of education, which had cost her, she said, any amount of effort to mend in later life.

"I think everybody ought to have a complete education," she went on with charming earnestness. "If possible I think they should even go through high school."

She said this with a look of earnestness which was almost touching.

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