

# The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., JANUARY 13, 1926.

## THEY GET ALONG.

In its news columns to-day, The Times-Star presents a sketch of the career of Mr. Wendell Clark, a native of Saint John who has risen to a high position in the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce, and whose address was one of the outstanding features of the recent conference in Winnipeg. Mr. Clark's father was a well-known Baptist minister in New Brunswick, and held pastorates in this city.

Mr. Clark, who is now only thirty-four years of age, had a brilliant career at Toronto University, and after his graduation Sir George Foster, then Minister of Trade and Commerce, made him a junior trade commissioner. Within two years he won advancement to the full rank of trade commissioner, and went to Italy to represent Canada at the Lyons fair, subsequently being sent on special missions to Spain, Greece, Egypt and Switzerland. Within the last four years he has visited many European countries and negotiated trade treaties of much importance. In October, last year, he was promoted to the post of director of the Commercial Intelligence Service of Canada, which places him in charge of promoting Canadian export trade. His great ability and the character of the success already achieved indicate that there are still greater honors ahead of him.

These Maritime fellows do get on. Yesterday it was announced that Sidney H. Logan, a Springfield man, has been named New York agent of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has been appointed general manager of that institution. Sir John Aird has been both president and general manager of that bank since the death of Sir Edmund Walker. Sir John is to retain the presidency, and Mr. Logan takes the post of manager, a position of marked importance in the banking world. The Maritime Provinces have produced many outstanding figures in Canadian banking and Mr. Logan's promotion adds one more to the distinguished list.

It has often been said that the Maritime Provinces export brains. It is certainly true that a noteworthy percentage of the men who have achieved eminence in many walks of life in the other provinces, and in many parts of the United States, were born in the Maritimes. It is a matter for much regret that we have not been able to retain more of these talented sons and enlist them in the work of making their native provinces greater, but since they have gone farther afield in search of opportunities it is a matter of pleasure and pride to record their success. In coming days, as the Maritimes succeed in more rapidly developing their own varied resources, there will be fewer exiles. There is no better country anywhere than the Maritimes, and one proof of it is the class of men we produce. The day is coming when we shall keep more of them, and let us hope, bring back many of those who have left us.

## "JOHN TO JONATHAN."

Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London Sunday Observer, has made a characteristic English reply to Colonel George Harvey's recent lamentations over Great Britain. Colonel Harvey, whose observations were well intended but unduly gloomy, made a plea for sympathy for Great Britain, as a country distinctly on the down grade. Mr. Garvin's reply is entitled "John to Jonathan—The Premature Obituary." He suggests that Colonel Harvey ignored many of Britain's material and moral assets when he pictured the country as struggling under an insupportable load. And Mr. Garvin says, pointedly:

"The real trouble is one that no human wisdom could foresee. We never dreamed we would have to pay America without being paid ourselves. That is where we are hit. Equal squaring of accounts all round would have left us well on the right side. As it is, we are some \$80,000,000 annually to the bad—a pretty sum for a country not one-fifth as rich as the United States."

But Britain, Mr. Garvin observes, is by no means downcast. After a reference to the country's resources, its quickening education, and the resolute quality of its people, Mr. Garvin says Britain is not only going to remain a great producing and trading country for many a generation to come, but "we will, indeed, confess this—that many of us expect Great Britain, in due time, to be greater than ever. Why? Because there is an Empire still capable of vast development in its tropical dependencies alone, because we are in large business beyond this island, and our rubber industries are only one instance of our wealth-restoring process. We now know, beyond peradventure, that far from approaching bankruptcy, we are beginning to re-accumulate capital while paying our way."

Mr. Garvin predicts new developments in the line of economic co-operation in Europe which, he intimates, will move the United States in

the capacity to get on in the world. When Mr. Garvin says Colonel Harvey's obituary of John Bull is premature, there are some 40,000,000 people in the British Isles and some hundreds of millions in the Empire at large who will agree with him.

What shall halt so vast an army? What shall deny it an ever-increasing place in the sun?

Gorman, the Middle Atlantic champion, will meet Thunberg, the Olympic winner, and Joe Moore at Madison Square Garden tomorrow night at the three-mile distance. This will be Thunberg's first appearance in competition since he arrived in the United States. At the championship meeting here there will be tests at all the distances.

Mayor Foster of Toronto, who was re-elected at New Year's, appeared at the first meeting of the new Council on Monday morning last in evening dress. "A new precedent," says the Toronto Star. Apparently with the idea of explaining the Mayor's action, or intimating that there is no satisfactory explanation, the Star presents the following:

"Mayor Foster has a splendid United States precedent for wearing evening dress at a morning function. The United States ambassadors at the Court of St. James have to wear evening dress on all occasions, night or day, as they have no other garments authorized."

## Odds and Ends

### How They Start

(Halifax Chronicle.)

How do the good stories which pass from mouth to mouth originate is often the matter of speculation. In a recent number of the Literary Supplement of the London Times there is related a fine incident of the manner in which the world's best anecdotes get started and acquire their snap and pungency regardless of what has really happened.

This relations seems to show how much better the lie is than the truth. The following good story was told in a book recently published in London, "Myself Not Least," by an author who conceals his identity under the pseudonym "X".

Bored, it is said, by Ruskin's dreary drivel, Arthur Severn, par revanche, played him a trick. Taking advantage of a trick, he wrote a letter, Severn, a late riser, Severn got up early one morning and made a copy of a favorite Turner. He then took the original from its frame and inserted his copy in its place. This, when he hobbled to it, Ruskin continued to regard as the original, pointing out that only Turner could have so laid the colors. "That is," he said, "he was told of the trick, and was so furious that he would not speak to Severn or his wife for days."

It is an excellent story. But it is a letter to the Literary Supplement he tells what really happened. Ruskin not liking to risk sending the St. Gothard drawing (by Turner) to London to be copied, I offered to do a copy, which took me nearly three weeks. The professor agreed to let it go to be exhibited at the Fine Art Society in London; and when it came back I was sent for to Ruskin's study, where I found him, Baxter, with the Turner in one hand and my copy in the other. The two were framed exactly alike. Ruskin, looking much amused, said, "Arthur, you must tell Baxter the one to hang up, as I really can't tell in this bad light." (It was rather a dark morning). Ruskin seemed quite amused and pleased that the copy was so good, and ended by giving me a hundred guineas for my copy and saying, "Now if any dealers want it, they must give me 120." I have only to add that Ruskin's talk was not dreary, and I was not bored by it. Further, he was not a late riser at all; at one time he always saw the sun rise, and he did not hobble.

Thus the good story evaporates into nothing at all—the circumstances only that an old man in a bad light could not tell a copy from the original. It took genius to elaborate that simple occurrence into a worth-while anecdote.

## Shakespeare On a Smoky House.

(Utility Bulletin.)

When Will Shakespeare was 18 years old, in 1582, he ran away and married Anne Hathaway, in whose cottage at Stratford-on-Avon the young couple set up housekeeping.

Anne cooked for her poet-husband upon a crude kitchen hearth, and on rainy days the chimney smoked. He would complain and would scold. Else why did he write in "Henry IV.":

"O, he's tedious As a tired horse, a railing wife; Worse than a smoky house."

If the Shakespearean hearth had not smoked, the course of literature might have been changed. The modest Hathaway cottage became a shrine for pilgrims from all over the world. Recently a new caretaker was installed who refused to cook her tea upon the ancient smoky hearth. In a tiny alcove off the kitchen a gas stove has been installed. The kitchen remains as it was when the great poet's bride used it, but for the first time the blackened ceiling beams are free from the haze of smoke that has clung around them for more than 300 years.

LIAR BY THE CALENDAR  
SAPIENS: These ruins are 2,000 years old.  
Septimus—Gwen, it's only 1926 now.—Rutgers Chanticles.

## Just Fun

**SUSPICIONS**  
WIFE: "Dear, you're looking so well these days."  
Husband: "Listen, I don't want to play bridge again tonight."—Life.

**LITERAL**  
ROBESPIERRE: "Ah, la belle dame la Guillotine, she is one beauty."  
Louis XVI: "Aw, she give me a pain in the neck."—Scarlet Saint.

**CURIOUS**  
SHE: "How dare you! My father said that he would slay the first man who kissed me."  
He: "Did he?"—Kasper, Stockholm.

**REVERSED**  
ASSISTANT: "That hat makes you look 10 years younger."  
CUSTOMER: "Then it won't do. When I take it off I should look 10 years older."—Tit-Bits.

**IN THE OLD DAYS**, when every barber chair was full, a man was at least privileged to use swear words.

**BLAH!** The movies show us what happens to the villain's jaw, but never what happens to the hero's knuckles.

**A HICK TOWN** is a place where people never kill unless they're mad at one another.

**FINANCIAL**  
"TEN YEARS ago I arrived in the town with only one shilling, but that shilling began my fortune at once."  
"You must have invested it very profitably."  
"I did. I telegraphed home for money."—Northern Daily Telegraph.

## Twenty Years Ago Today

From Times' Files.

**A RECORD** quantity of grain has been stored in the I. C. R. elevator so far.

**THE LADY CURLERS** of Thistle Rink met and selected skips for the Holly Pin matches.

**TURKEYS** retailed in the market at 20-25 cents a pound while ducks sold for \$1.00 to \$1.50 per pair. Chickens 75 cents to \$1.50 per pair.

**ALL** the berths at Sand Point were occupied, many steamers being in port.

**THE "Times" New Reporter** stated that the trouble with the Ludlow was that no provision was made for her to go sideways.

**THE inquiry** into the Ludlow's accident was commenced today.

## Dinner Stories

**AN** Idaho storekeeper tells the following tale of Ole Olson, who later became the little town's mayor: "One night, just before closing time, Ole, halloo, quietness and breathless, came rushing into the store, all droppin' on his knees yellin', 'Yon, Yon, hide me, hide me! Ye Sheriff's after me!'"

"I've no place to hide you here, Ole," said I.  
"You moost, you moost!" screamed Ole.  
"Crawl into that gunnysack then," said I.  
"He'd no more gotten hid when I runs the sheriff."  
"Seen Ole?" said he.  
"Don't see him here," said I, with-out yin'.

"Then the sheriff went a-noshin' round an' pretty soon he spotted the gunnysack over in the corner."  
"What's in here?" said he.  
"Oh, just some old harness and sleighbells," said I.  
"With that he gives it an awful boot."  
"Yingie, yingie, yingie!" moaned Ole.

**AN** IRISHMAN once lined up his family of seven giant-like sons and invited his caller to take a look at them.  
"Ain't they fine boys?" inquired the father.  
"They are," agreed the visitor.  
"The finest in the world!" exclaimed the father. "An' I never saw violent hands on any one of 'em except in self-defence."

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## Can She Make It?



From the Star, London.

## The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

### IS YOUTH HAPPY OR SAD?

IT IS customary to call youth the happy, and age the sad part of life. Is this really true? Probably it would be true if it were desires and passions that made a man happy. Youth is swayed to and fro by them; and they give some pleasure and a great deal of pain. In age the desire for exploits and the might of enterprises cools and leaves a man at rest.

**IN GENERAL**, and apart from individual circumstances and particular dispositions, youth is marked by a certain melancholy and sadness, while genial sentiments attach to old age. Youth is the period of unrest, of longing, and age of repose. The child stretches out its little hand in the eager desire to seize all the pretty things that meet its sight, senses are still so young and fresh. Much the same thing happens with

the youth, and he displays greater energy in his quest. He, too, is charmed by all the pretty things and the many pleasing shapes that surround him; and his imagination conjures up pleasures which in this world he can never realize.

**BUT** when age is reached, all this is over and done with, partly because the blood runs cooler and the senses are no longer easily allured; partly because experience has shown the true value of things, but chiefly because the strange fancies and prejudices which previously concealed and distorted a free and true view of the world, have been put to flight with the result that a man can now get a juster and clearer view, and see things as they are.

It is this that gives almost every old man no matter how ordinary his faculties may be, a certain tincture of wisdom, which distinguishes him from the young.

## Poems That Live

### IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright—the air is clear,  
The daffodils dart and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The bluebird prophesying springs.  
So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet for the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
All things are new, the buds, the leaves  
That glid the elm tree's nodding crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!  
All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft leaves above  
The melting tenderness of night.  
Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For joy, it is not always May!  
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in the last year's nest!  
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### TOO SHORT A LOOK.

(Vancouver Province)

There has been a good deal of pessimism of an unreasoning sort in Canada during the past few years, but this has been due largely to the fact that we are being constantly forced to compare ourselves with the United States. Were the contrast drawn with almost any other nation in the world, our progress would appear phenomenal. Impatience is the principal thing on which our pessimism is founded.

### YOUNG SCOUT.

"Auntie, one of our scouts faced two lions by himself."  
Auntie: "Where, dear?"  
Young Scout: "Oh, at the zoo."—Passing Show.

## Other Views

**OUR TIME HAS COME**  
(Toronto Globe)

Canada is boss of the wheat market this year. It is a long-delayed fruit of the richness of our broad acres.

**A JOB FOR THE TOWN FATHERS**  
(Saskatoon Star)

The problem of making our civic fiscal system fairer and better calculated to keep property in the hands of individuals should engage the earnest attention of the city council.

**WHAT WILL WE DO THEN?**  
(Boston Transcript)

"Everything will be run by machinery 25 years from now," says a Baltimore professor. Undoubtedly—and when the machines are run by machines there will be no further use for human beings.

**WELL OFF**  
(Halifax Herald)

The farmer of the west is no harder up than thousands of people in the east who pay income taxes. In fact, he is much better off. There were few of the Progressive members of parliament during the last term who were not well-off men. They were owners of valuable farms and had money invested. As a class, they average well financially, much better than other classes that are hit by the income tax.

**WHEN THE SHOES ON THE OTHER FOOT**  
(Victoria Colonist)

Britain is now making considerable profit out of the rubber trade and the position which she occupies in the market has enabled her to put on an embargo which restricts export. There is a fuss and flurry in the United States because of this action. In that country the embargo is described as discriminatory, but nobody complained when the Fordney tariff went into operation. If conditions in the rubber trade were reversed and the United States were in the position Britain is in today we are very certain that Britain would not squeal. She would meet the situation by growing rubber.

**Menu for the Family**

**MENU HINT.**  
Breakfast.  
Fruit, Fresh or Cooked  
Cereal with Top Milk  
Waffles and Syrup  
Coffee

**Luncheon.**  
Baked Beans Brown Bread  
Cabbage and Apple Salad  
Cookies Milk of Coffee  
Dinner.  
Escalloped Oysters  
Baked Sweet Potatoes  
Lettuce and Onion Salad  
Tutti Frutti

**TODAY'S RECEIPTS.**  
Sour Milk Waffles—Here is a recipe using sour milk. If you are using sweet milk omit the soda and use three more teaspoons baking powder, making four teaspoons in all. Two cups flour, three-quarters teaspoon soda, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoon salt, one and one-half cups sour milk, two eggs, four tablespoons melted shortening. Mix the soda and baking powder with the flour, salt and sugar. Sift and add the milk slowly. It is a good idea to use an egg beater to blend the ingredients. If you are doing this beating the egg whites which have been lightly beaten; add the egg beater between processes. After the batter is smooth add the egg yolks which have been lightly beaten; add shortening. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites.

Escalloped Oysters—One pint oysters, one cup cracker crumbs, one-half cup bread crumbs, one-half cup melted butter, four tablespoons oyster liquor, two tablespoons milk, salt and pepper. Have three layers crumbs and two layers oysters. Mix crumbs and melted butter. Then put layer crumbs and cover with oysters; use two tablespoons oyster liquor and one tablespoon milk. Then another layer of crumbs and oysters with oyster liquor and milk as partly freeze. Serve in sherbet cups before and finish with layer of crumbs.

Tutti Frutti—One pound mixed

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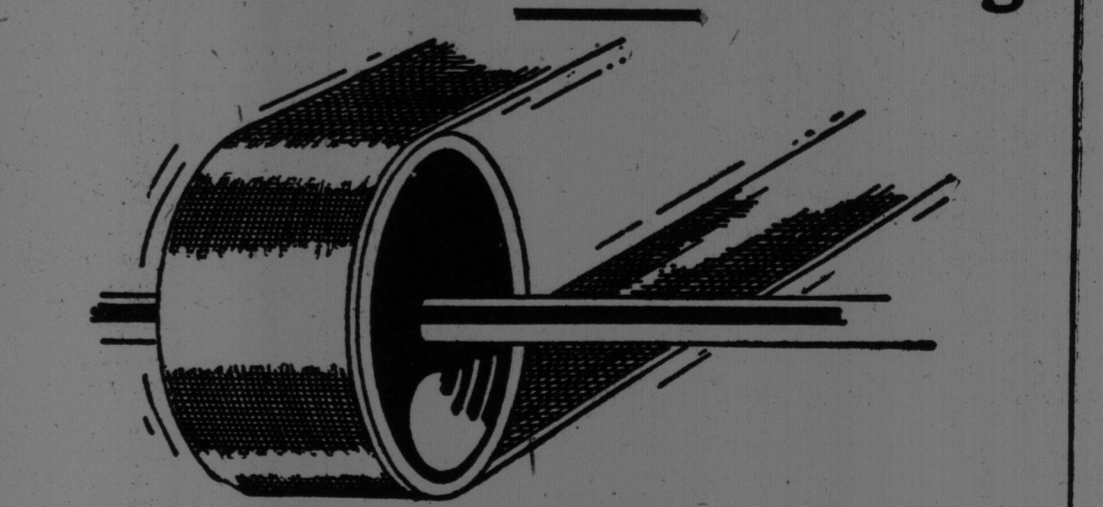
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ters, one cup cracker crumbs, one-half cup bread crumbs, one-half cup melted butter, four tablespoons oyster liquor, two tablespoons milk, salt and pepper. Have three layers crumbs and two layers oysters. Mix crumbs and melted butter. Then put layer crumbs and cover with oysters; use two tablespoons oyster liquor and one tablespoon milk. Then another layer of crumbs and oysters with oyster liquor and milk as partly freeze. Serve in sherbet cups before and finish with layer of crumbs.

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