

POOR DOCUMENT

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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N.B., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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THE BUDGET.

From coast to coast today among wide-awake Canadians there is one topic—the budget. It will make new political history, and not only political history but economic history. It does not break new ground in one sense, because it is merely a reflection of the Liberal party's official platform. But in another sense it does break new ground, politically, because in it Hon. Mackenzie King has decided to go forward rather than to stand still or go back.

The first thing about the budget is, of course, its effect upon the business of Canada, and that effect should be distinctly stimulating. Its second important aspect is political, and its content places a new face upon party politics. It brings back to a great extent the old conditions under which politics in Canada was fought out over the difference between a high tariff and a low one—between protection for protection's sake on the one hand, and tariff for revenue on the other.

Whether the observer be a high tariff man in theory, or a low tariff man, he should at least welcome something which injects vigor into the political struggle, and which, if it followed to its logical conclusion, would mean a new interest in public life, and cause men who are wavering between the parties to stand up and be counted. That in itself is a healthful and invigorating aspect of Hon. Mr. Robb's deliverance of yesterday.

The cut in the income tax, the reduction in the automobile duties, the return of two-cent postage, the adjustment of the sales tax, and the other outstanding features of the budget speech, while far from revolutionary, combine to make the most conspicuous advance in party policy that has been made in Canada since Fielding brought down the famous tariff of 1897, in which he established the British preference,—which caused Kipling to bring forth with "Our Lady of the Snows."

In the cabinet circle at Ottawa and in that unofficial advisory board which extends throughout the Dominion, it is evident that the decision was arrived at to take the bull by the horns. The last election left Hon. Mackenzie King with a very tenuous hold upon power. It was predicted in many quarters that the Government would fall at the first test vote. It was known that the Progressives held the power of life or death. There was one ray of hope for the Liberals. It lay in the fact that Mr. Meighen was definitely committed to one line of policy as the crown of his political arch—adequate protection. To the Progressives, growing rapidly in power at Ottawa because of the political complexion of the West, adequate protection meant that if Mr. Meighen was in power Canada would have a higher tariff. That fact gave the Progressives a fresh fighting edge and inclined them inevitably toward the support of Mackenzie King to keep the Government of the day in power.

Assault after assault launched by Mr. Meighen from various angles failed in the House of Commons. The Government began to get a breathing space. It had time to survey the whole field, and to hear about the mistakes it had made—not least among them its attitude with respect to the Maritime Provinces. Here a fire had been lighted which was extending east and west. Mr. Meighen held nearly all of the Maritime seats. In this territory he could hope for little more. That was so in Ontario. It was true also of British Columbia. In the Prairie Provinces he had little prospect, and whatever prospect he might have had there was sensibly diminished by the advent of Hon. Mr. Dunning.

He was being told by "candid friends" in certain influential newspaper offices that his only hope lay in catering to the protectionist Liberals of Quebec. That counsel was based not so much upon the principles of political strategy as upon a desire to have Mr. Meighen supplanted by a man more in line with certain groups in the Conservative party. Mr. Meighen is a man far too intelligent to misunderstand the advice he was getting from gentlemen who were known to be seeking his official scalp.

The idea of penetrating Quebec by conciliating the protectionist Liberals there undoubtedly caused Hon. Ernest

the Patenaude adventure in the last campaign—an adventure heavily financed but without visible political fruits.

That was the situation throughout Canada, coming from the West across the country to the line dividing Quebec and New Brunswick. In the Maritime Provinces really lay the opportunity to gain ground, and the Liberal strategy undoubtedly is seeking to capitalize that opportunity. The results of that effort can be weighed with more accuracy at a later stage.

There is this, too, that in the matter of economic policy the Maritimes and Prairie West have much in common, and must be expected to take common ground against that brand of politics which is centred in certain circles in Toronto and Montreal.

There was another angle of the situation. The general election came at a time when the country was in a bad humor—depressed by the long series of lean years, ready to throw a brick at any government, without respect to its political color. Everything was wrong—and the government of the day must be held responsible.

A change must be had (so thought the average man) whatever that change might bring. A prevailing idea was that things could not be worse any way. Under those conditions the Conservative tide rose almost to the quarterdeck of the ship of state—almost, but not quite. The men in power naturally recognized that, as times are improving in Canada, and seemed likely to improve more rapidly, they could count upon better days politically.

What to do? The budget is their answer. Whether we dislike it or applaud it, at least it has cleared the air like a thunderstorm.

GEORGE HAM.

Canada is much the poorer in the matter of sunshine this morning. George Ham, the greatest publicity man ever employed by the greatest railway organization in the world—the C. P. R.—is dead.

Properly speaking, George Ham died in the harness. It was his philosophy of life to wear out rather than to rust out, and so long as his brain could function, he was working for his company and for his country.

Some twenty years ago, when he was still in his great prime mentally, Canada welcomed a party of English and Scottish newspapermen. Among them was Neil Munro, of Glasgow, a sterling journalist—to employ the English term—a poet and a successful author, the man who wrote "John Splendid." Ham personally conducted the party across Canada from coast to coast, making all the arrangements, and rising to the height of his record of achievement in the matter of entertainment. With him it was a labor of love—but also it was a fine opportunity for publicity. How well he succeeded is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that Neil Munro subsequently published a piece of verse which became instantly famous in Canada, describing George Ham as a sort of power-house of sunshine, radiating it in all directions, and as having carried it and distributed it throughout 10,000 miles of territory. Munro was the kind of man who estimated Ham at his true worth.

All over this country, among newspapermen, business men, clergymen, in whatever circle he touched in his long life, he was known as "George," and in fine weather or foul, in good luck or bad, under tragic circumstances, the touch of sorrow, or the days of joy, George Ham was sustained and inspired ever by a healthful mind, a wonderful sense of humor, a love for his fellowmen, and a desire to do what was right as he saw it.

He quarrelled with no man's religion, and if he had been asked to say what his own religion was he probably would have said that it consisted in doing throughout every day what seemed to be best, and to meet tomorrow when tomorrow comes. There are philosophies of life much less sane, much more pretentious—and much less satisfactory.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said that when a certain type of person entered a room it seemed as though another candle had been lighted. He might have been thinking of George Ham.

His Method.

Customer—How is it that I have not received a bill from you?

Grocer—The fact is, Mr. Back, that I never ask a gentleman for money.

Customer—Is that so? And what do you do if he doesn't pay?

Grocer—If he does not pay I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I make him.

Just Fun

EVERY town has a few who delight in making speeches for charity and never see the collection plate.

"WELL," Mrs. Johnson," announced a colored physician, after taking her husband's temperature, "ah has knocked de fever outen him. Dat's one good thing."

"Sho' nuff," was the excited reply. "Does dat mean dat he's gwine to git well, den?"

"No," replied the doctor, "dey's no hope fo' him; but you has de satisfaction ob knowin' dat he died cured."

FALLEN ARCHES

A man was standing beneath a bridge.

When it crashed down on his head.

"Death," was caused by fallen arches.

The coroner's jury said.

LIKE everything else, wars are mighty hard to pay for on the installment plan.

JUST think how popular the women are getting to be. Last year it was Mah Jongg and this year it's Ma Ferguson.

ONE way for a rich man to live to be ninety years old is for him to have a lot of hungry heirs who are waiting for him to die.

ALL that some politicians lost by the scandal was their reputations, and that wasn't much anyway.

A LITTLE fellow arrived home from school while the family were at lunch. With a disgusted look on his face, he said:

"Mother, some of the boys in my class didn't know how to spell 'sarcastic.'"

"Well, dear," replied his mother, "how do you spell it?"

"Me?" he asked. "Oh, I was one of those that didn't know it."

WHY doesn't a deaf and dumb citizen run for office occasionally? He'd make an ideal candidate.

"CAN someone please inform me why they spell it 'sunder'?"

"And, also, we would like to have you tell us why a hog is independent when he's on ice."

"THAT'S pretty snappy," said the rat as the trap sprang on him.

"AREN'T you nearly ready, dear?"

"I wish you wouldn't keep asking that question, Clarence. I've been telling you for the last half hour that I'll be ready in a minute."

WHEN nagging comes in at the door, love flies out the window.

WELL, why shouldn't speech be free? Very little of it is worth anything.

OFTEN the man who prays in public also preys on the public.

"HALT, there! Contaminate ye, halt!" yelled Constable Amos Tash, the redoubtable sleuth of Pea Ridge.

"Consider your—hygh—self under arrest!" You tore through here yesterday going west at the law-breaking rate of a bat out of the PIT of Torment. And is so doing you not only insulting the peace and dignity of our progressive city, but—

"I never noticed any town, here, and—" interrupted the offending motorist.

"Well, you'll notice it, all right, by the time Squire Ramsbottom gets through with you! And that ain't all; in addition you busted off the corner of Miss Tessie Tickle's milliner shop."

"I thought it was a billboard, or something of the sort," he replied now.

"You come with me, right now!"

Timely Views On World Topics

By SIR CHARLES HIGHAM.

Prominent English Advertiser, in an address in This Country.

BOLSHIVISM and Communism did in England and the British Empire as they have done in this country. When the institutions of your country were affected by Bolshivism or Communism the offenders should be deported to any country but those in the British Empire.

The British Empire was never so strong as it is now. We are paying you \$200,000 a day on the war debt. Thank God we have that to do. In paying you we are building ourselves, for it makes us work.

Germany, Great Britain and the United States should combine to keep the world steady. If these three countries stood together there would be no more war—yellow or otherwise.

Reason is that these are the three big industrial empires of the world, and if they stay there will be no more war then there will be none.

M. BRIAND'S DEFEAT (Berlin Vossische Zeitung).

In reality it is not M. Briand, the ablest parliamentary strategist of all countries and all times, who has suffered defeat, but the French chamber itself, which will not set itself to the major task of stabilizing the world and the franc. Too little has been learnt in France from the experience of Germany during her struggle against inflation. The prestige of M. Briand in external affairs is undamaged.

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Some Grounds For Hope



Mr. Croesus (cheerfully): "That girl secretary of mine must be in love. Her work lately has been too terrible for anything!"

His Son (very much smitten): "I'm awfully glad to hear you say that, sir. It has bucked me up tremendously."

—From London Opinion.

POEMS I LOVE

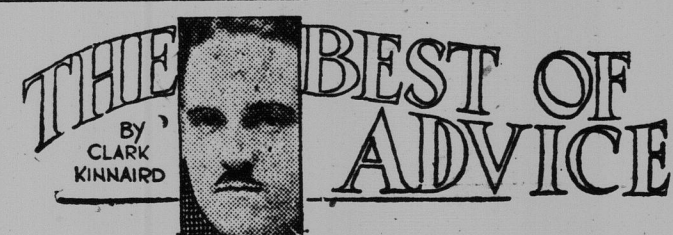
"Life," by Anna Letitia Barbauld.

ALTHOUGH this English poet, who married a Frenchman of the Protestant faith in 1774, wrote voluminously, I imagine that only the poem below will emerge from her capacious works. It is so strikingly beautiful, however, that Madam Barbauld needs nothing else to give her fame; and the note of optimism at the end, after the inevitable questions that men have asked, and always will ask, lifts the reader, as if on wings, to the very heights of happiness.

Life! I know not what thou art, But know that thou and I must part; And when, or how, or where we meet, I own to me a secret yet.

But this I know, when thou art fled, Where'er they lay these limbs, this head, No clod so valueless shall be As all that then remains of me.

O whether, whither dost thou fly? Where bends unseen thy trackless course, And in this strange divorce,



BACK TO NATURE?

THIS is the time of the year to get out your copy of Bryant or Best Poems, and read "Thanatopsis." To him who in the love of Nature communion with her visible forms, she has a voice of gladness, and a smile And eloquence of beauty, and she glides Into his darker musings, with a mild And healing sympathy, that steals away Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

THIS also is the proper time of the year for Henry Fairfield Osborn to be repeating his belief that humankind stands in need of a return to the immediate contact with Nature which men had in Cro-Magnon days.

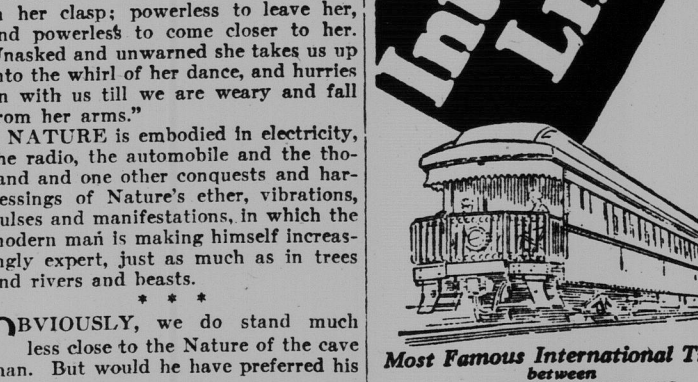
The cave boy certainly had advantages which our boys have ceased to enjoy. He was surrounded on all sides by vibrant Nature, full of inspiring and wonderful phenomena, which filled him with reverence and awe, if not with superstition. On restoration of the privileges enjoyed by the cave boy and on coming for the first time into direct vision of the wonders and beauty of Nature, not only boys and girls but men and women, young and old, feel a thrill which they may never have experienced before.

BUT perhaps Professor Osborn erred when he voiced this opinion; for is not man really as close to Nature now as ever?

In the words of Goethe: "Nature! We are surrounded by her and locked in her clasp; poverty to leave her, and powerless to come closer to her. Unasked and unawared she takes us up into the whirl of her dance and hurries on with us till we are weary and fall from her arms."

NATURE is embodied in electricity, the radio, the automobile and the thousand and one other conquests and harnessings of Nature's ether, vibrations, pulses and manifestations, in which the modern man is making himself increasingly expert, just as much as in trees and rivers and beasts.

OBVIOUSLY, we do stand much less close to the Nature of the cave man. But would he have preferred his



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By Edith Jackson

VACATION

"WELL, where are we going, this summer vacation?" The family all think of that. Of course they might visit some country relation—and yet the thought kinda falls flat.

Big sister decides that a summer resort, with dancin' and swimmin' and such, is just the right place for a real spell o' sport, but father's reply is "not much."

Young brother prefers that they get out the bus, and tour fer a couple of weeks, but mother objects, and she starts in to fuss—"I can't stand the rattles and squeaks."

Says she, "I'm sure—I guess that I'd pick the mountains, if I had my wish." And father admits it would be kinda slick—except that there's no place to fish.

The arguing lingers for week after week. They all KNOW the best place to roam. If peace and real quiet's the thing that they seek—they'd best spend vacation at home.

Comes an astrologist who says that the stars are in favor of modification of the Volstead act. Can't blame 'em—they only get a chance to come out when there's moon shine.

Now they're weaving a lux—

No time to hesitate.

A man was calling on the phone

And she was up to date.

The hall player who seeks out a home run makes two hits—one of them the fans.

Federal forces admit that the U. S. booze dyke leaks. The dries WANT to dam the dike—and wets DO!

FABLES IN FACT

THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT WALKED RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND SUMMONED THE LADY OF THE HOUSE. PIROD QUOTATION MARK I CAME TO COLLECT ON YOUR HUSBANDS LIFE INSURANCE. POLICY COMMA QUOTATION MARK SAID HE PERIOD AND COMMA CAN YOU IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE WHEN THE LADY REPLIED COMMA QUOTATION MARK I'M THE ONE WHO IS GOING TO DO THAT DASH DASH HE JUST LEFT OFF THE ROOF PERIOD QUOTATION MARK (Copyright, 1926, NEA Service, Inc.)

Other Views

NEW TAXING SCHEME

(Boston Transcript.)

Judging by the line at which many Americans are living, the government might get a lot of revenue by shifting the tax from the income to the outfit.

SCHOOL TALK IS POPULAR

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Educational conventions are not particularly new things in Manitoba. In fact, wherever two or three are gathered together in any rural community it is a safe conjecture that such a convention has been informally called.

IN THE SEATS OF POWER

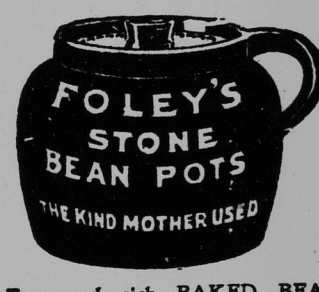
(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

Mr. Forke and his lieutenants constitute a revising committee whose imprimatur must be stamped upon every measure of legislation and every important appointment the government proposes. Mr. King is the Faust of the pact under which he is allowed to hold the title and emolument of office.

A CHANCE TO CLEAN UP

(Winnipeg Tribune.)

It becomes fairly clear from a perusal of the evidence in both election cases that the fraudulent practices had their centre in an inside organization at Edmonton. If the U. F. A. will carry its investigation far enough it should be able to dig out this political nest and do something to cleanse Alberta politics.



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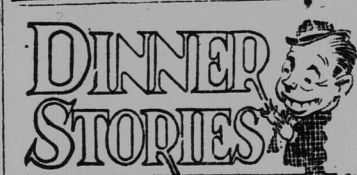
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"Sorry," the customer retorted, "but I'm still wearing me last year's feet!"

SHE had been married a month, when her friend called to see how she was getting on.

"We're getting on fine!" exclaimed the young wife. "We have a joint account in the bank; it's such fun to pay bills by cheque."

"What do you mean by joint account?" asked the caller. "Do you put in equal sums?"

"Oh! I don't put in anything," was the explanation. "Tom puts it in, and I draw it out!"

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