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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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THE LOSS OF THE VALERIAN.

Compared with the awful toll of devastation in Florida, Cuba and the West Indies the loss of H. M. sloop-of-war Valerian, with about eighty-four out of her complement of 100 ratings, is possibly a comparatively small matter. It is, however, brought home to us in Saint John with particular force by reason of the fact that that man-of-war was our guest here only a couple of months ago.

Details of the wreck are yet lacking. A modern sloop is a vessel expressly designed to counteract the submarine. Submarines cannot yet operate in dirty weather, so possibly those destined to prey on them are not built to withstand storms of such extraordinary violence as that which sank the Valerian without a chance to launch her boats. That is mere conjecture and we must await fuller reports of the disaster.

It is hard to believe that almost nine out of ten of those cheery souls whom we were privileged to meet and entertain are no longer among the living. That they went to their deaths each man doing his duty according to the immortal tradition of the British Navy may be quite certain, and if an expression of sympathy from the people of Saint John to the wives, orphans and parents of those who died be of any comfort it will not doubt be tendered in full.

May the gallant sailors rest in peace.

THE MUNICIPALITIES.

Last week saw the Canadian Board of Trade in annual convention in Saint John. This week will see that of the Union of New Brunswick Municipalities. Now that this city has in the Admiral Beatty a hotel offering every facility for conventions the number held here should increase from year to year. It may be hoped there will be a big representation from all parts of the province at this week's meetings, since the Union of Municipalities is an organization ought to be of the highest service to the province. On every hand it is urged that taxation must be reduced, and municipal taxes are those which bear most heavily upon the individual taxpayer. It is not only within the power of municipal authorities to reduce the burden of taxation but they also influence provincial legislation. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the Union be a live organization. Its annual meetings are always marked by interesting and profitable discussions, and the convention of this year will doubtless be above the average in interest and value. The various municipalities should be in close touch with each other, and in close co-operation to promote useful legislation; and, what is not less important, to prevent legislation of a mischievous character. Not infrequently in the past history of the province has legislation been passed through in the closing hours of the session, which wiser counsels would have modified or rejected. Saint John will extend a hearty welcome to the visitors, and if the people of other parts of the province can be convinced that Saint John fully realizes that whatever tends to their advancement is of benefit to this city, and that therefore the fullest co-operation should prevail, the result will be for the advantage of all.

A NOTABLE ARTICLE.

Mr. A. R. R. Jones, who, in advance of the Saint John Convention, wrote a lengthy article in the Journal of Commerce on the Canadian Board of Trade and its potentialities, appears to have visualized the Board's functions with a clarity which remains undimmed by the Convention itself, which has now passed into history. To reproduce Mr. Jones' article in full would require excessive space, but a few excerpts therefrom may prove of interest. For instance:

The Canadian Board of Trade has come into being as the outcome of the widespread sentiment that, right here in Canada, we need a permanent organization representing the business interests and the business intelligence of the Dominion—using these two expressions in their widest sense—that should function continually, and should examine from every angle the vital problems—so many of them politico-economic in character—that are constantly calling for solution.

Later the writer foresees the query "whether it does not come within the purview of the existing Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, in the various cities and towns of the country, to discharge this task," and to this he replies: "My answer to that would be that, outside of the Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce, there are no legal centres, such bodies have been organized, very largely, for local purposes and to solve local problems."

Further on occur the following: "Politicians know the views of political cliques and franks, of the ward-leader and of the 'ear-to-the-grounder.' But they have not, as a rule, knowledge of the views of business men, and they are, in the very nature of things, frequently all too prone to misconceive and misapprehend the business view."

point on almost any given question. . . . We have assumed that it will be one of the functions of the Board to collate and collect the opinions of the local Boards and Chambers on questions of public moment. Before it can do that, such Boards and Chambers will have to form their own opinions on the subjects which will be presented to them. This will necessitate study and discussion on the part of the local bodies. And the good that may be expected to come of this can scarcely be exaggerated. In many a town it will mean "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees," a re-vitalization of Board and Chambers that have become more or less dormant, the inspiration of a new spirit—a public spirit in its highest and best sense. . . . The Canadian Board of Trade should, one cannot help feeling, devise some way, possibly by authoritative articles from the pens of experts, of advising the Boards and Chambers throughout the country on the merits of the commercially important questions of the hour. . . . It will be the great unifying force in our business life and in almost every department of that life. Through it the different sections of our country will get to know each other by means of the personal contact which it will establish between the representatives of such sections and by means of that study of each other's problems which it will be the Board's function to stimulate. . . . The softening of asperities, the correction of perspectives, the healing of sectional differences, the healing of ancient sectional wounds, these things constitute surely, not the least portion of the task—a formidable, but yet a lofty and beneficent task—that the Canadian Board of Trade, if it visualizes its opportunities and privileges aright, must deem itself called into being to perform.

These quotations will serve to show that Mr. Jones has written a notable article.

Last night's heavy storm will prove expensive for the province. The roads suffered heavily. A large expenditure will be necessary next year to put them again in the condition in which they were on Saturday. Choked culverts and the lack of proper ditching in many places caused overflows, or the running of small streams in the middle of the road, inflicting much damage.

In the course of an article the Canadian Fisherman, a Journal devoted to the fishing industry, advertising to National Fish Day, says:

It is a golden opportunity for us to make the Great Consuming Public realize that the fisheries of this country comprise one of Canada's foremost industries, that there is a glamour of romance connected with the production of fish that is unique and colorful, and that fish and seafoods of all kinds are tasty and health-giving. Just how much the public is impressed with these lines depends upon the efforts we put forth. Certainly no one will do our rallying for us.

A most excellent sentiment and applicable to many another industry. This effort to boost fish eating should awaken particularly sympathy in the Maritimes.

Odds and Ends

"Owed" to the Pig
(By H. T. BLOIS)

You sing a song of slantance
And a pocket full of rye,
And yet you never, never sing
Of hogs that's in the sty,
You root for other things in kind
And for them all you dig.
Just listen in and I will sing
A song about the pig.

You'd aqual yourself if bacon should
With eggs have naught to do,
Hog's brittle stitching needles make,
And pigskin, footballs too.
Without its lard in pastry
Where would loathsome morsels be?
How could we get along at all
Without its company?

Without him hash would be no good;
Our heads with shame would drop,
If we should try to get along
Without him in the soup.
Head cheese could never be made up,
Nor could a classy stew;
The smaller fry can't do without
Doughnuts and cookies too.

Now all good people, old or young,
Except the Israelite,
Like pork chops whether hot or cold
Wherever they take a bite.
"I never saw such shoes as these!"
You'll say; and when you meet,
Just scrape acquaintance with a grunt
And pickle piggie's feet.

Some rave about the rows and sheep,
They rustle on the plain,
The fish and fowl, and moose and deer,
Which often give us pain.
Without the pork to fry it in
Wherever you may dine.
The fat would all be in the fire
Without the lowly swine.

What would the Tommies all have done
When war was at its worst
If pork and beans were not at hand?
They sure would all have cursed
Though once they chased the pig to sea
For ham we often pine.
They like then in this country, and
At Bingen on the Rhine.

Daylight Savings Gone
(Border Cities Star)
"Toronto bank is held up in daylight." And just after they had abandoned daylight saving, too!

POEMS + LOVE

"Wordsworth's Grave," by William Watson
OF OUR time, this is perhaps the noblest of the elegiac poems which have been written. It has that note of exaltation, that sublimity of expression so essential if the poet is to be worthy of his subject. Watson's fine sonnets on the Armenian massacres many years ago brought to him a deserved fame. He is powerful in his invective, fearless in his ironic wrath. Yet he can write delicately, as in only too evident in lyrics like his "April."

The old rude church, with bare, bald tower is here;
Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha slumbers near;
Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,
Ails with cool murmur hushing his repose.
Rotha, remembering all who slumber here,
His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.
Surely the heart that reads her own heart clear
Nature forgets not soon; 'tis we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his faith
Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;
Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee
To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf
Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,
The vagrant soul returning to herself
Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell—
Infowage divulged not whence they came;
And that secluded Spirit unknowable,
The mystery we make darker with a name.

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,
Even as we name a star and only see
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show
And never hide him, and which are not he.

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!
When thou wast born, what birth-right hadst thou then?
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,
The wealth thou garest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translucent music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine,
Nor yet the wizard twilight, Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and by peers possessed,
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

PM LIMELIGHT

FAIR ENOUGH.
COLUMBUS, O.—During a recent political campaign a group of women workers were making a house-to-house canvass in one of the rural districts.

"Of course you're going to vote, Mrs. Jones?"

"I dunno. I hadn't quite made up my mind what I ought to do, yet."

"Oh, you surely ought to vote. It's a great privilege."

"I'd like to vote, all right; 'tain't that 'You see votin's can do alone now. Don't seem 'f 't would be hardly right to take that away fr'm him."

OUTSIDER.
SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—Little Louise's father being a member of Congress the child naturally inhaled politics with the air she breathed and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Republican fold.

Miss MacBride, a friend of her sister, was visiting in the family, and

being a Democrat was a political heretic in the child's eyes.

Late one evening Louise, searching for her sister, entered into the guest room, where she found Miss MacBride by the bedside in the midst of her devotions.

Louise stared at her in open-eyed amazement, exclaiming: "Why, do you say your prayers? I thought you were a Democrat!"

Just Fun

TACT is being polite when you feel like spitting in somebody's face.

OLD John Pennyweight wouldn't use cough medicine when he got a cold for fear it would loosen him up.

THE only slogan that the home town takes to heart and sincerely strives to obey against its better nature is—"Flash!"

"LIFE is just one thing after another," said the rabbit as he looked round at the dog at his heels.

The Break In The Dyke



—From The Daily Express, London.

Queer Quirks of Nature

An Alien Usturer in Our Midst

By ARTHUR N. PACK
ABOUT the year 1890 some well-meaning but misguided person, with that combination of genius and indifference to consequences which characterize those who persist in mixing fables, brought a few starlings from Europe.

North America already had some 1200 species of birds native to her shores and had just begun to realize that the English sparrow, brought from the same country, was a desirable addition to her avifauna.

Nevertheless the starlings were turned loose, and like the sparrows and some other of our immigrants, found the land good. So they waxed fat and multiplied, and as the time went by, found themselves crowded.

Then they fared forth in various directions, south, west, north and sought new homes. Slowly at first, and then as they grew in numbers and confidence, faster and farther they extended their possessions until they now are abundant in thousands of places. Their numbers no one can guess, but it must be among the millions.

These millions of starlings have not occupied the country without competing with, and in many cases defeating, our own native species. Our woodpeckers and other hole-nesting birds have been the chief sufferers, and many have been dispossessed of their hard-earned homes by these aliens.

There has, of course, been some competition for food in the case of many of our ground feeders, but so far apparently there has been enough for all. But the bird lover dreads to look forward to the time when this loud-voiced wanderer from overseas may take the place in our suburban groves of the beautiful red-headed woodpecker.

Timely Views On World Topics
"CALLES LIKE NERO IN PRESENT WAR ON 'CATHOLICISM'"

A Part of the Vatican's Reply to President Calles' Reply to the Accusations and Decrees of His Government.

It is evident that the real cause of the present disturbance in Mexico is the anti-religious campaign of the government, and above all the tyrannical nature of the Mexican application of the laws of Calles. There is no tyranny more execrable and odious than that which enters into the sanctuary of conscience.

From various quarters there comes the question, why do they not come to an agreement, why do not the ecclesiastical and civil authorities arrive at some understanding? We answer: For some understanding of the ecclesiastical authority endeavored in every way possible to arrive at a peaceful agreement with the Mexican Government, but in vain.

It would not be difficult, even at this late hour, if it were a question of dealing with a Government in good faith. But it is a question of dealing with a Government bent on persecution and the suppression of the Catholic Church in Mexico. How then is it possible to come to an understanding with a person who is trying to place a rope around your neck to strangle you?

Upon a basis determined by the law of Calles, which destroys the fundamental principles of Catholicism, a settlement of any kind whatsoever is impossible. The Holy See has been obliged to make this declaration. Asked by the faithful in Mexico whether it were permissible, for the purpose of avoiding greater evils, to submit to the demands of the law, the Holy See responded on July 21 of this year that: "It condemned the law and at the same time every act which could signify or be interpreted by the faithful as an acceptance of a recognition of said law."

Wherefore, while the faithful Mexicans are enduring martyrdom—since here we may well speak of a true martyrdom—any entire Catholic Church, from the Holy Father to the humblest of the faithful, "or at least the humblest of the faithful" (pray to God for them without intermission). All our strength and all our hope rest in the inviolable arm of prayer, prayer for the persecuted ones whom they may obtain the virtue to resist, prayer for the persecutors whence they may come to recognize their error and obtain pardon.

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DINNER STORIES

A MAN took home a booklet on Esperanto, and during a meal a guest regaled the party with extracts pronounced according to the instructions supplied.

At last there came a strange-sounding word, evidently pronounced with great difficulty.

"Is that really Esperanto?" asked the host, innocently.

"No," was the reply; "a fishbone."

ALONG the country road walked a man and a woman. The latter was bullying the meek little fellow, who trudged in front of her with downcast head.

Suddenly the woman saw a bull racing down the road behind them. She took refuge in the hedge, but her companion kept on, unconscious of everything but his woe. The bull caught up with him and sent him spinning into a muddy ditch. Then it continued on its wild career.

As he crawled out of the mire he saw his wife coming toward him. Picking up a little courage, he whimpered: "Maria, if you hit me like that again you'll really get my temper up."

ON HIS tour of the district, a school inspector came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard, "XXXXX." Then, peering over the rim of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he said:

"I'd like you to tell me what that means."

"Love and kisses," the girl replied.

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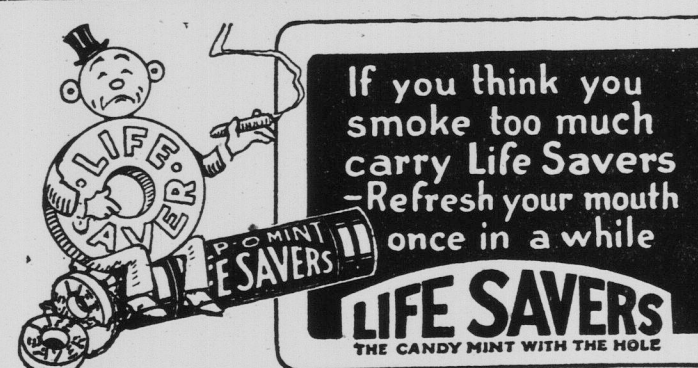


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