

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 9, 1925.

LET US GET ON WITH IT.

Mr. Mathew Lodge, N. B. director of the C. N. R., has explained that in the statement issued on Monday he did not mean that the people of Saint John, out of their own pockets, should provide further facilities here for national traffic in the way of grain elevators and piers. Mr. Lodge says what he intended to convey was that the city should call upon the federal Department of Public Works to build the necessary accommodation. He realizes that the people of this city have already done a great deal in paying for harbor works to handle national traffic. He takes the position that it is not the duty of the C. N. R. to build the required elevators and piers, but that it is the duty of the Government to do so, and that that is the quarter in which we should apply.

Saint John has already applied in that quarter, and has been applying there for many years. Whether the money is provided through the C. N. R. or through the Department of Public Works is a matter of indifference here, so long as provision is made. But too much time has been wasted in the past through lack of co-operation between the Government and the C. N. R., with the result that traffic which should come to Maritime ports continues to flow in increasing quantities through foreign outlets.

Mr. Lodge's statements, however, have confirmed the principal claims of this port in two respects. One is that a great deal more traffic could, and should be, coming this way, and that it is clearly in the national interest to bring it here. Mr. Lodge has emphasized the point that any handling of goods which we may suffer in respect of distance as compared with Portland ought not to weigh for a moment against the national benefit that would arise from handling the freight over Canadian lines to Canadian ports. And what he says concerning Portland must be applied with respect to the much greater diversion by way of Buffalo, New York, Baltimore, Norfolk and other American ports.

Secondly, Mr. Lodge recognizes that the storage for grain here must be greatly enlarged and that additional berthing accommodation is not only needed but long overdue. In September the Department of Public Works let a contract for dredging in Courtney Bay, avowedly as a preparatory step toward the construction of the first unit of the C. N. R. terminals in that area. Manifestly, if Parliament is to keep faith in this matter, there must be an early appropriation adequate to proceed, with all reasonable expedition, with the building of the piers. Neither party in Parliament can hesitate with respect to such an appropriation without breaking faith or without doing a grave injustice to national transportation interests. We must continue to suppose that the Government is absolutely committed so far as this expenditure is concerned.

National trade demands the facilities here. It has long been known that they were inadequate, and that the country loses traffic because of this lack. It should not be necessary for Saint John to be continually spurring the Government on to action. Mr. Lodge's statements have merit in that they provide additional evidence as to where the responsibility lies and as to the urgency of the case.

Mr. Lodge's efforts are arguments for the greater use of the Transcontinental will no doubt be pressed upon Sir Henry Thornton. Mr. Lodge, as we understand it, favors the use of that railway up to the limit of the facilities now available, and will press, in every quarter where he can exercise influence, for the construction of the additional accommodation demanded by traffic already in sight, and by the still greater traffic that will follow and that will be seeking an outlet here.

The death of Canada's famous lumber king, John R. Booth, of Ottawa, in his ninety-ninth year, removes a remarkable figure. His age was great, and so was the measure of his achievement. The manner of his passing recalls the lines:

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.

Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more.

Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

In London there was organized some time ago "The Ancient and Honorable Order of Hen-pecked Husbands." Now a group of indignant wives in West Yorkshire have formed "The Society of Wives of Hen-pecked Husbands." In order to join this delightful league the woman must be married five years, have three children, and agree to nag

their husbands for fifteen minutes three times a day. So unreasonable a limit will naturally keep down the membership.

The British Prime Minister is the target for a great deal of criticism, and his profits by some of it. A sense of humor, however, prevents him from being unduly worried over much of the criticism that is without warrant. "Nearly all of the criticism I get," says Mr. Baldwin, "is like that of the weary mother who said to the nurse: 'Just go upstairs and see what Tommy is doing; and tell him not to.'"

Odds and Ends

On Choosing Friends.

The precepts given by Polonius to his departing son, Laertes, in Shakespeare's Hamlet are looked upon universally as models of fatherly advice:

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give each man thy ear, but few thy soul.

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy.
For apparel oft proclaims the man,
Neither his heart, nor his true worth.
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

One on the Old Man.

(Toronto Star.)
A little girl who had been besieging her grandfather with an endless succession of questions during the evening had said, "Grandpa, were you in the ark?"
"Why no," he exclaimed, smiling.
Then she said, regarding him with innocent wonder, "why weren't you drowned?"

Kipling in Brattleboro.

(Montreal Gazette.)
Brattleboro, Vermont, takes advantage of Kipling's illness to rush into print with recollections of the famous author's four-year residence in that town as a result of his marriage difficulties with his wife. The descriptions of the life, brought about by an unseemly family squabble started by one of the Ballesters, which led to the courtship. Kipling was placed on the stand and subjected to the badgering of a typical American cross-examiner, and while he emerged with credit from the ordeal, the whole proceeding undoubtedly caused acute mental anguish to the sensitive author.

Better and Better.

Daily Express, London.
Mr. Coue is back in England. The auto-suggestion which he preaches with the formula as to getting better every day and in every way has undoubtedly helped thousands of people over difficult situations in all parts of the world. We can easily observe the magic effect of an oft-repeated assertion. It is noticeable at the present time when, after a period of pessimism in trade which the "Daily Express" has so vigorously opposed, the spirit of optimism has at last spread over the land, and business people everywhere are saying, "We are getting better and better every day, and in every way." And so we are. Optimism engenders confidence and energy, and all we needed was this impetus to start the machine at its former pace. Old England has Coue herself back to the prosperity road.

Kipling's Sorrow

(Toronto Telegram.)
Wealth and fame and the glories of a great position in literature seemed to fill the years of Rudyard Kipling's life with all the comforts and delights that can make life pleasant.
But Rudyard Kipling's life was empty of great joy and remained empty ever since September, 1916, the day that the poet's only son, John Lockwood Kipling, eighteen-year-old lieutenant of the Irish Guard went into the Battle of Loos and was added to the number of other British boys whose lives were blundered away that ill-starred and unprofitable action.

Where Women Are Gunmen.

(New York Herald-Tribune.)
The industry which once flourished chiefly in the open spaces has prospered so exceedingly in this metropolis that the term "Wild West" has become something of a misnomer. There is little doubt that if the farces boys were alive today they would waste no time holding up fourth-class bands in the Missouri bottoms, but would ply their profession on Broadway, where the turnover is quicker, the returns are greater and the risk is practically negligible.
But in one respect the West is living up to its old-time reputation. South Dakota reports a robbery by women bandits. In the East women have been the principals in such crimes as shop-

Just Fun

SHAVE, SIR?

THE following advertisement appeared in an Indian paper:
Mahomedman, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited.

"Is that a bottle on Joe's hip?"
"Naw, that's just a warp in his wooden leg."

MANY a salesman has punctured himself fatally by pinning a medal on his own chest.

GIRLS who declare they wouldn't marry the best man in the world, sometimes marry one of the sorriest later on.

EVEN an optimist can't see much fun in missing a street car.

ALTHOUGH a wife rarely notices any deterioration in her husband's clothes, she very quickly discovers any change in his trousers.

MANY men roll their own. Women will not be outdone by men. They roll their own.

VISITOR: "Who's the responsible party here?"
OFFICE BOY: "Guess that's me—I'm blamed for everything."

YOU can't grasp opportunity if you have debts on your hands.

KID: "Pass me the gravy, ma."
Ma: "If what, Willie?"
Kid: "If you don't, I'll start something."

TRY applying this combination to your daily activities: Patience, kindness, generally, humility, courtesy, unobtrusiveness, good temper, guilelessness, simplicity.

THE secret of being an efficiency expert is the ability to say yes or no in about five columns of figures.

"FAR be it from me to toot my own horn," said the trombone player as he played a stolen instrument.

NO, Priscilla, a diplomat is not the man who hands out the sheepskins.

CONSCIENCE is like a railway switch. If it is carefully tended it will keep you on the right track.

SOME PEOPLE hope every day that the Sunday by and by, and others are afraid that it will.

SAT in a picture show the other night. Young man and woman came in and sat down in front of us. Girl removed her hat, produced a comb and gave a couple of minutes attention to her bobbed hair. Then passed the comb to her escort and he restored the loss and correct angles to his graced locks. Hot dog!

IF the dance is not crowded it is not considered a success, and if it is you cannot dance.

LIFE is good but who knows that death may not be still better?

Dinner Stories

AN AMERICAN traveling in Europe engaged a courier. Arriving at an inn in Austria, the man asked his servant to enter his name in accordance with the police regulations of that country. Some time after, the man asked the servant if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"How did you write my name?" asked the master.

"Well, sir, I can't pronounce it," answered the servant, "but I copied it from your portmanteau, sir."
"Why, my name isn't there. Bring me the book." The register was brought, and, instead of the plain American name of two syllables, the following entry was revealed:
"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather."

AN EPISCOPAL missionary

in Wyoming visited one of the outlying districts in his territory for the purpose of conducting prayer in the home of a large family not conspicuous for its piety. He made known his intentions to all parts of the house, and she murmured vaguely that "she'd go out and see."
She was long in returning, and after a tiresome wait the missionary went to the door and called with some impatience:
"Aren't you coming in? Don't you care anything about your souls?"
"Souls!" yelled the head of the family from the orchard. "We haven't got time to fool with our souls when the bees are swarming!"

LILLY MAY came to her mistress. "Ah, would like a week's vacation, Miss Annie," she said, in her soft negro accent; "Ah wants to be married."

Lillie had been a good girl, so her mistress gave her the week's vacation, a white dress, a veil and a plum-cake.

Promptly at the end of the week Lillie returned, radiant. "Oh, Miss Annie," she exclaimed, "Ah was the most lovely bride! Ma dress was perfect, ma veil so lovely, the cake most good! An, oh, the dancin' and the catin'!"

"Well, Lillie, this sounds delightful," said her mistress, "but you have left out the point of your story—I hope you have a good husband?"

Lillie's tone changed to indignation. "Now, Miss Annie, what 'yo' think? That darn nigger nebbber turn up!"

lifting and picking pockets, and have sometimes assisted in burglaries. But they have not as yet walked into banks and held up the cashier at the point of a six-shooter.

Not altogether has the clamor faded from the land that for the last decade has been vainly struggling to live up to the reputation given it by the motion picture directors.

The Shock Was Too Much.

Here lies a young salesman named Phillips
Who married on one of his trips.
A widow named Block,
But he died of a shock
When he heard there were six little chicks.

Not a Dog's Chance



The Bulldog Puppy (British Film Industry): "Bother that bird! Won't somebody safeguard me?" (The American film industry supplies practically ninety-nine per cent. of the pictures shown in Great Britain.)
From the News of the World.

The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

WE ALL KNOW A MURAT.

A LOT of nonsense has been written about courage; most of it by the poets.
Courage is, in the end, of little worth unless it is seasoned with prudence and wisdom.

In his Memoirs, Napoleon, painting a word-portrait of one of his great generals, says: "Murat was a most singular character. He loved—I may rather say adored—me. In my presence he was as it were, struck with awe and ready to fall at my feet."

Order Murat to attack four or five thousand men in such a direction; he was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an imbecile without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so lacking. He was nowhere brave unless before the enemy. THERE he probably was the bravest man in the world. His bolting courage carried him into the midst of the enemy. He was a paladin—in fact, a Don Quixote—in the field; but take him to the cabinet, he was a poor fellow without judgment or decision.

Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world.

There are many Murats, large and small, in this world. All of us know one.

NAPOLEON was great chiefly because he had the very valuable ability to know men and their minds. Epigrammatic estimates of character shine out in his memoirs. They are

the estimates of one who believed that men like himself are either gods or devils.
These observations on character illuminate his own character.

"Great men are like meteors which shine and consume themselves to enlighten the earth."
"From my first career, I have always commanded myself."

"There are men who have sufficient strength of mind to change their character or to bend to imperative circumstances."

"Man's true character ever displays itself in great events." (A fitting epitaph for Napoleon himself!)

GREAT men are those who control both good luck and good fortune.

"The greater the man, the less is he opinionative; he depends on events and the doors are locked."

"Many a one commits a reprehensible action who is perfectly honorable, because a man seldom acts upon natural impulse but upon some secret passion of the moment which lies hidden and concealed within the narrowest folds of his heart."

"Great ambition is the passion of great character. He who is endowed with it may perform very great or very bad things; all depends on the principles which direct him." (An excellent epitaph for himself.)

"To have the right estimate of a man's character, we must see him in adversity."

Poems That Live

A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willow brook, that turns the mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall a pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And, gay, hee, hee, shall sing
In rustled gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
The first of our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

—Samuel Rogers.

BEDTIME STORIES FROM CNRA

Tuesdays Instead of Fridays.

Hitherto it has been the practice to broadcast the Bedtime Stories of Aunt Ida from "CNRA," Montreal, on Friday evenings. This has been changed and Aunt Ida will now broadcast for the kiddies on Tuesday evenings from 7:30 to 8 o'clock. The Bedtime Stories will be followed by the Juvenile program from 8 p. m. to 9 p. m. This will be followed by regular studio program, and the dance music program by the CNRA Orchestra at 11 p. m. On Friday evenings broadcasting will commence at 9 p. m. with stock market quotations, followed immediately by the regular studio program which will be followed by CNRA Orchestra at 11 p. m.

WHEN DEUCES ARE WILD.

HAPPINESS, says a polyanalyst, is contagious. So it is. Draw two more deuces to the pair you stayed in on and watch the whole table light up with glad good will and merriment.

YOUNG BRIDE.

"After planting a pie plant, how long should it take to grow a pie?"
Groceryman: "About as long as it would take an egg plant to lay an egg."

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Prehistoric Relics Passed Through Customs

AN INQUISITIVE customs officer at Liverpool asked a passenger arriving from overseas what were the contents of a cardboard box he was carrying over his arm.

Regarding this as a jest and inferring that anyone capable of jesting on such a serious subject as dutiable articles was incapable of smuggling, the customs officer scrawled the indelible chalk marks on the box and waved the passenger through the barrier.

The box did contain bones—human bones at that—and perhaps the oldest bones in the world.

The passenger was Dr. Alex. Hurdle, who is curator of the division of physical anthropology of the United States National Museum at Washington and a scientist of international repute.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT MAN.

For the present his box is a mystery box, some, at any rate, of its secrets will be disclosed when Dr. Hurdle lectures to the members of the Royal Anthropological Institute. Immediately afterward he is leaving for America, where he will present a full report to the United States Government, on whose behalf he has been making anthropological investigations in many parts of the world.

Dr. Hurdle's box contains, among other things—this much he admits already—skeleton remains discovered by himself in the famous "Rhodesian Man" Cave at Broken Hill.

It was here that was found, in 1921, the fossil skull which, though a subject of world-ranging controversy ever since, is at least recognized as belonging to a remote period in the history of mankind, and is ascribed by many British scientists as a new species of the human family, if not a new genus.

This skull is now one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum. There it was deposited in 1921 by the manager of the mine on whose property it was found, and who had brought it all the way from Rhodesia in his suitcase.

It is, closely guarded, deep in the crypt of the National History Museum, and is only brought into the light of day when scientific experts desire to examine it.

While they are doing so, even though they be men of worldwide reputation, a museum official stays in the room, and the doors are locked.

Scientific details of the professor's discoveries are due first, of course, to his own government, but he disclosed that he had found in South Africa "rich material throwing light on the history of prehistoric mankind."

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Thursday a Christmas Sale of Fine SILK UNDERWEAR</