

POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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THE BOURGEOIS BAROMETER.

At a time of national emergency one expects to receive the truth diluted and not being on the spot to supplement report with observation, imagination necessarily comes into play.

It is extraordinary to what an extent under these circumstances deductions reached by individuals vary. Jack Sprat gets a grant of satisfaction and assumes that all is well because no body has yet been killed; his wife groans heavily and dilates on the terrific spectacle of a few drops of fevered blood let in a tracheotomy.

Of course neither is right. A balanced nation of fat and lean is the correct one for most systems when such is obtainable. There is one point to remember: the news we get will be of acts to a great extent. We may read a list of places where rioting has taken place, but we may be quite sure and should bear in mind that there will be no list of places where no disturbance has occurred.

The strike is terrible, paralyzing. Whatever the outcome, it spells ruin to many. It all seems such a futile play and on all hands there has been a desire to know whose fault it really is. Are the miners so grossly underpaid as Labor manifestos would have us believe? Are the mine owners and a dozen other speculations arise from the grim fact of a general strike in being.

If Labor is entirely to blame we should contemplate with equanimity a procession to Tyburn. The British leader or two check by jowl with the hangman. If Capital has been greedy or imprudent we should probably join with the populace to howl "a la lanterne!" if a mine owner were caught.

Meanwhile we, like the British papers, know only what we are told, and that is by no means full, and the Government appears to be calm and determined, but that is habitual with British governments when things are serious—it is only when Britain wins a victory that the Cabinet issues glowing accounts of losses and a Conservative has won a by-election.

Perhaps the most reliable anecdote is the British middle class. The British bourgeoisie is the backbone of the nation. The masses may be the hands and feet, the nobility and gentry may supply the national brain—fed by the spine—but the middle class, the traders, large and small manufacturers, clerks, the professional men, form not only the vertebrae but all the ribs organs and dimly understood glands of the people.

How, then, is the middle class taking it? So far as we can see, it is quite cool, carrying on business as usual, and, wherever possible, volunteering to keep the ball rolling and, to judge by the action of one London editor, taking quite normal interest in sport, and that is a fine indication, quiet in keeping with British sentiment.

Meanwhile the Government is avoiding prosecution and maintaining its dignity. The mass of Labor is behaving quite well, considering, if we except the overturning of a few trains and the lories, mere mischievous pranks of the overgrown and usually good natured schoolboys dignified by the title British workmen.

The dangerous element is the hoodlum. He exists in all communities, but in that gentleman immediately searches for symptoms by which he may diagnose the illness. He may find one; he may find many, but whether they be few or numerous, he does not start in to prescribe for them individually; he considers them collectively, their relation one to another, and from them he reaches a diagnosis. But not until then does he reach for his prescription blanks and start to dictate his course of treatment.

Yesterday at Hamilton, Ontario, Mr. Elmer Davis, retiring chairman of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in his recollections referred sympathetically to the illness with which the Maritime Provinces are suffering, and have been suffering for some time. He expressed the opinion that giving preference to the product of the Maritime, even if necessary at a slightly higher cost, was a splendid opportunity to contribute to national unity and development.

While no doubt kindly intended, and worthy of the most heartfelt appreciation by the people in this part of the country, Mr. Davis' suggestion might almost be interpreted as an attempt to

treating the symptoms rather than the real malady.

There is nobody who will gainsay the fact that the Maritime Provinces have been suffering with a long continued and very serious ailment.

It is not one that calls for mollifying treatment, designed temporarily to alleviate the suffering. The physician must go deeper and find the real seat of the trouble and direct all his professional skill to correcting the basic difficulties before he can hope to achieve anything like a complete and permanent cure.

Already one group of specialists, the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada—has held a consultation on the case; the many symptoms have been presented for their consideration, and they are now working on their diagnosis. Another body of professional men—the Duncan Commission on Maritime Rights—has been engaged, and it is expected that they will also give the patient a thorough examination—the sooner the better.

When these two groups have completed their work and arrived at something like a true and trustworthy decision as to the root of the trouble, then—and not until then—can the proper panacea be prescribed. In the meantime, generous suggestions, such as that of Mr. Davis, should be appreciated and received in the spirit in which they are given; but like the lavish recommendations of friends as to "sure cures" for personal afflictions, they should be held in abeyance until the doctors on the case have had their say and have finished their work.

THE HARBOR.

Judging from the report brought in by the Commission on Maritime Rights, the citizens of Saint John have distinct and substantial reason for feeling encouraged over the prospects for early and steady expansion of the harbor facilities, not in the Courtenay Bay, but in the harbor proper.

While the whole thing is not yet precisely nailed down, and cannot be regarded as nailed down until the supplementary estimates have been tabled, it must be thought certain that Commissioners, in speaking for himself and the others who accompanied him to the Capital, would not have made public their report had it not been that they all felt pretty certain that Saint John at last is going to get justice with respect to the additional harbor facilities so much needed in order that it may, within the next few years, rise to its proper status not only as the chief winter port of this country, but as a port city so fortunately situated as to be able to build up a steadily increasing summer traffic as well.

When we refer to the "next few years," we are speaking of the completion of the principal projects in mind. What is expected, of course, is that the supplementary estimates will contain appropriations sufficient not only to prove the Government's good faith, but to commit it irrevocably to pushing forward the Courtenay Bay terminals with all reasonable speed, which in due time will involve the extension of the breakwater to Partridge Island.

That extension will give the needed protection to certain of the West Side berths, and it is evidently recognized at Ottawa that these berths are in sufficient number and in the amount of their modern freight handling equipment to permit of the expeditious handling of the great traffic carried to that part of the harbor by the C. P. R. and allied shipping interests.

In short, things look well, and everyone will steadily hope that within a few weeks concrete and broad-minded action by the Government will remove all the doubts and fears which have long existed in connection with the future of this port.

Odds and Ends

When Bicycle and Elephant Meet

(London Times.)
W. Dillon, assistant collector at Belgaum, while riding a motor bicycle through a Bombay jungle on inspection duty suddenly saw a rogue elephant approaching. He stopped the motor, but the elephant attacked him and smashed his machine to pieces. At this stage another younger elephant arrived on the scene and also approached Mr. Dillon, but it bolted in fright, taking the first elephant with it. Mr. Dillon was found by a Gujarathi merchant, who took him in a motor car to the Belgaum Hospital.

Most People Do
(Blairmore Enterprise.)
Somehow we kind to like the honest-to-goodness, suspender wearing, land-clasping, circumlocutory, rawboned, straight-eyed, children-and-dog-loving, God-fearing, booster-minded individual who always says, "If it's best for this community you can put me down for it."

Look High.
(James Stephens in "The Rocky Road")
So when you walk in a field look down. Let your tramp on a daisy's crown. But in a city look always high. And watch the beautiful clouds go by.

The Very Idea!

By Mel Ockema

VERIFIED HASH.

WHEN people ask a question, "course an answer should come back. For instance, in a riddle, you can find a good wise crack. But someone, in a song one time, with this one came to me. 'Has Anyone Seen Kelly?' No one ever answered that.

WE MIGHT get along without airships. We might do away with balloons. Perhaps we could do without autos, but golly, just think, if our tunes, of ragged music and waltzes were taken away, goodness knows, I would make us all lazy, and near drive us crazy. We can't get along without those.

I OFTEN take a chicken pie when eating with the bunch. I'm satisfied with ham and eggs, when I go out to lunch. I've eaten heaps of kidney stew, and lots of other trash, but when I want them, all in one, the waiter brings me hash.

A great many people save up to buy themselves a farm—and then do something else with the money.

When people ask you to sing, don't be coaxed—go ahead, and do it. It'll be their own fault.

Many folk go abroad to study music—and their neighbors are glad of it.
How water gets in melon is a rather puzzling thing. Until you think that it is planted in the spring.

A story writer isn't a freak of nature just because a tale comes out of his head.

The speaker was using a stock of high-falutin' words and the crowd simply didn't get him—until he left the platform.

TRY THIS ON YOUR FLUTE.
They named the ferry boat "Good Rule" 'cause the darn thing worked both ways.

FABLES IN FACT.

ONCE THERE WAS A FELLA WHO TRIED TO GIVE HIMSELF A HAIR SINGE PERIOD. 'T WAS SO RUINED SUCCESSFUL THAT HE BURNED ALL THE HAIR OFF HIS HEAD. PERIOD LOOKED KINDA PUNNY THAT WAY. COME MA SO HE STARTED USING EVERY BRAND OF HAIR TONIC COME MA AND GROWER. HE COULD FIND PERIOD FROM LATEST REPORTS HE IS RECOVERING PERIOD.

Just Fun

SO MANY square meals feel just so that way after they have been eaten.

PERHAPS you have noticed that very few women boss their husbands let them know it.

The little daughter of an office employee asked her father the other night how angels get their nighies on over their wings.

A MAN'S "silly days" are the days when he used to make a lobster of himself.

POETRY

A guy I like
Is Billy Stew
He never says
Well, well, what's new?

CUSTOMER: "Can I change these pants at this counter?"
Clerk: "Well, I'll tell you, mister, we have quite a few women shoppers, so maybe you'd better go to the dressing room in the rear."

SHE and her loved one had been sitting in the darkened parlor for several hours. The hour was becoming early, when a sleepless voice from above broke the silence. "Young man, you may leave the house." Then the loved one replied, "Yes, sir, I didn't mean to take it with me."

ONE of the strangest things in this world is why a man likes for his child to be inquisitive and gets mad when his wife is.

MORE SWEET THINGS

BANKER who says he will loan all the money you need at 4 p.c. Your sweetheart girl who prefers the street car to a taxi.

An assessor who reduces the valuation of your property 50 p.c. Favored road all the way and no detours.

MUMMY, I can't go to school today.
"Why?"
"I don't feel well."
"Where don't you feel well?"
"In school."

PERHAPS it is time to change an old saying to "He who dances must pay the bootlegger."

SNIFFLE! SNIFFLE!

We are optimistic, very. But it spends us to carry out the ashes from the furnace when the spring zephyrs blow us. How the briny terrors blind us. For the ashes, sir, remind us. Of the blizzy days last winter when the coal men copped our dough!

THE girl who used to ask if anyone had a pin now wants to know who has a match.

EXERCISE doesn't always increase the size of a muscle. Look at the tongue.

"Say, what's the plural of Jello?"
"It's the same thing, only more of it."

YES, Ephesus, probably Mr. Dempsey does own a scrap book.

LUCKY

THE curious passer-by paused and addressed the lone fisherman sitting at ease on the shady bank.
"Any luck?" he asked.
The fisherman looked up and smiled.
"Any luck?" he repeated. "Rather, my friend, it's house-cleaning day at home."—Kansas City Star.

"Insult To Injury"



Son (to father, completely knocked-up, after a day at home spring cleaning with his wife): "Hello, Dad! Haven't you been at work today?"
—From London Opinion.

POEMS I LOVE

BY CHARLES HANSON WINNIE

"The World Is Mine," By Florence Earle Coates

I did not know this beautiful love poem until I heard it sung. Here again, as in the case of "The Rosary," a musical setting has caused a lyric to become better known. But no wonder these lines were chosen by a composer; for they literally sing themselves.

Mrs. Coates is a Philadelphian, and has many exquisite poems to her credit. Time was when she was a frequent contributor to the more literary of our Journals. She will always be spoken of in any appraisal of the poets of this time.

THE BEST OF ADVICE

BY CLARK KINKAID

WORKERS

IN ALL the talk about the upper and lower classes in our country and the injustice done by the so-called upper to the so-called lower, do we stop to think that both classes are unjust in their thoughts of one another—that is, the workers of both classes? John Ruskin, the English art critic and lecturer, addressing a working man's institute in the early '70s recognized this fact and his words are just as true in this day and in this country as when they were uttered under such different circumstances in England.

"THERE are idle rich and idle poor," he says; "and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as a lord, and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand-boy, and never thinks of stopping in the street to play marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through the very heart and inmost nature of men of all ranks and in all positions."

"There is a working class—strong and happy—among both rich and poor. The work of the misanthrope is to divide the world into two orders: comes of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class initially contented with the foolish of the OTHER. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right among THEM. And if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among THEM."

"But each looks for the faults of the other. A hardworking man of property is particularly offended by an idle beggar; and an orderly, but poor, workman is naturally resentful of the licentious luxury of the idle rich."

"Wretched boy!" exclaimed the bishop. "Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am as a crushed worm?"
"My Lord," replied the page, "it is the misus."

POLICEMAN: You've lost five parrots and three hat boxes? Anything else, ma'am?
LADY: Yes—yes—my husband was with me at the time!—London Passing Show.

PERSONAL VIEWPOINT
WILLIE: Teacher says we're here to help others.
PA: Of course we are.
WILLIE: Well, what are the others here for?—Masonic Craftsman.

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There's was a bishop, a most austere man, who was so very, very good theoretically that he could not permit the smallest failing in others.

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Other Views

DISARMAMENT OF MINDS
(J. L. Garvin, in the London Monthly.)
A cold compress must be applied everywhere to the fevered brains of exaggerated nationalism. If disarmament is to be tackled in earnest at a late remove. If that cause fails all league ideals must fall, though Nationalism in the modern world could only end in disaster as before. If practical disarmament is to succeed, we must first pursue steadily the disarmament of minds.

LAKE LEVELS
(Detroit News.)
Lake survey engineers have reported that the levels of the Great Lakes are the lowest that have been recorded upon their charts. Lake Michigan and Huron, of practically the same level, have fallen 4.88 feet since 1918. This is 10 inches lower than a year ago and below the extreme mark set in 1911.

PA-NAMERICANISM
(Boston Transcript.)
If any idea still lingers among us that, although the United States and the Latin-American countries form a chain of contiguous sister republics, although their historic political ideals have woven together their historic relations for over a century, not to speak of the mighty influence of the Monroe doctrine, nevertheless a psychic barrier must exist between the northern continent's people in those of the southern continents of this hemisphere on account of strong racial differences, the time to banish that idea is at hand. Americans are already awake to the necessity for and the profit in the encouragement of vastly increased commerce between this country and Latin America, and the promotion of complete international brotherhood within this hemisphere should not lag behind that of mere trade.

Cheer Up
(From "The Fragrant Minute for Every Day" by Wilhelmina Slitch (Cassell).
If you wake to find life gloomy; if you feel a curious sinking, without reason, in your heart; if you're sure that something dreadful will overtake you in the day—oh, toss your head and laugh the mood away!
If you feel a bit discouraged; if your work goes quite awry, and the world seems all "agin" you, though you try and try and try. If you're filled with queer forebodings; if you're cold, and sad, and grey—oh, toss your head, and grin your teeth, and laugh the mood away!
If you come a nasty cropper, as we

all do, time again, and your plans are smashed to pieces and your luck seems on the wane, and you feel a deep resentment against the day that you were born—oh, toss your head, and grin your teeth, and laugh the mood to scorn!

WHY, TO BE SURE
"I WANT to buy a cake of soap," said Mrs. O'Brien to her grocer.
"What kind?"
"I don't remember the name," replied Mrs. O'Brien, "but it's the kind the advertisements speak of so highly."—American Legion Weekly.

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