

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 30, 1925.

THE TRAVELERS.

The Commercial Travelers are model hosts, and their banquet at the Admiral Beatty last evening was a pleasing function. As was to be expected, it was marked by strong expressions of good will and optimism, and an appropriate, resolute note of robust Maritime sentiment was sounded by several of the speakers, notably Rev. Mr. Fulton, acting Mayor Frink, and President Simms of the Board of Trade.

The travelers, who exercise a great influence upon prosperity and upon public opinion alike, make up an increasingly important element in our population and their enlistment on behalf of any enterprise of public betterment means a great deal. They are constantly in close touch with affairs, and have their fingers ever on the pulse of business, and of prevailing sentiment, too. They work hard always, but they present smiling faces, and confront the world with confidence, and Rev. Mr. Fulton well described them as dispensers of sunshine.

There is no class among whom loyalty to their province is more marked than among the travelers, and it is evident that they appreciated and understood Rev. Mr. Fulton's firm and hopeful presentation of the doctrine that the Maritimes must come into their own. Mr. Fulton rightly deprecated anything like narrow sectionalism, but he intimated that in these provinces must have fair play in Confederation, and expressed confidence that we would get it even if we have to do considerable fighting to that end.

The fathers of Confederation, Mr. Simms reminded his audience, took it for granted that we should be given should long ago have decided—that we now have to fight for, but he expressed confidence in the outcome, and said we can think truly in a Maritime way only by considering ourselves as a part of Canada. Mr. Simms, like Mr. Fulton and several other speakers, paid a high tribute to the work accomplished by Mr. A. M. Beatty in connection with the cause of Maritime betterment.

Truly, as one of the speakers said, the Maritime spirit is not dead. It has been greatly quickened of late, and there is a feeling of greater resolution and of confidence in the future.

We know that there is much that we must do for ourselves, and that we are not yet at the end of the fight to obtain our fair share of the benefits flowing from Confederation. The progress already made, and the abundant evidence we have that the whole country is awake to the need for justice to the Maritime provinces, encourage us to press forward more resolutely toward the goal. Our faith in the Maritimes will be justified.

That the Maritime travelers will do their share, and more, may be taken for granted.

THE LITTLE WAITRESS AND CHRISTMAS.

"Yeh," said the little waitress to the editor of The New York Herald-Tribune the other day, "I had a right to be off Christmas. I been here longer'n any of them, and it would have been all right for me not to come down. I was kinda lonely 'foreward to Christmas, too—couple of dances I could of gone to, and a feller asked me to the 'movies.' But it's all right. That kind of tall, dark girl you take down—she just went to work last week—she's got a kid brother at home with one of them sicknesses that makes 'em lame all their lives, and she's been 'avin' up to get him a little tree and have some other children in to cheer him up, sort of."

"Well, she didn't say nothing about gettin' the day off, because, of course, she's been here such a short time. Only was talkin' at lunch and she told me about the kid and all—and well, you know how you get at this time of year. So I went to the manager and told him I'd just as soon work Christmas, because I didn't have no brothers or anything, and you can always go to dances and the 'movies' any time you 'sle't workin', and would he mind if I worked and she stayed home."

"No, she don't know nothing about it except she thinks the manager heard her party and let her off, which didn't do no harm unless one of us worked for her. It wasn't much of a do, any of the girls would have done it, only I happened to be the first to hear her tell about the party."

"People are all a lot like that just before Christmas, ain't they? They set of gettin' about other people's share in hard luck and wishin' they could do something for them. I wonder how they get that way?"

And, observes the Toronto Globe, "the editor, who is a good reporter, recorded just what the little waitress said and how she said it—and, without comment, made it his Christmas editorial. He felt that in the busy downtown restaurant he had found Miss Santa Claus."

Mr. Oliver Lodge administers a little comfort to those who have been worrying about the diminishing heat of the sun. His figures indicate that the

chief luminary is not on its last legs, as he says that while the sun is diminishing at the rate of 4,000,000 tons a second, which sounds at first like an alarming rate, at the end of 150,000,000 years it will only have lost one per cent. of its present size.

A few months ago a great deal was heard about the betterment of economic conditions in Germany as compared with Great Britain, where unemployment has been so great a problem. It now appears, however, that Germany has a very serious unemployment problem also. It is announced to-day that the number of unemployed receiving public relief in Germany increased by 800,000 between December 1 and December 15—from 672,000 to 1,057,000. The coming of winter no doubt is responsible for some of this increase, but the figures are in sharp contrast with those from Great Britain, where unemployment is steadily, if slowly, decreasing.

A statement by Hon. George Graham, Minister of Railways, shows that co-operation between Sir Henry Thornton and President Beatty of the C. P. R. is eliminating duplication of train services has already made important progress. On the C. N. R. alone it is estimated that the annual saving through the proposed revision of train services, a part of which has already been carried into effect, will mean a saving of \$900,000 a year. The C. P. R. will effect a similar saving, but not quite so large. The chief purpose is to do away with unnecessary duplication and at the same time preserve the efficiency of both roads.

Odd and Ends

Dear Old Sing Sing

(From The Independent.)

One Walter Dombrowski of Brooklyn, New York, aged 23, set fire to his father's house to get back to Sing Sing prison. "I got some good pals up there and I want to go back to them," said Walter, smiling fondly at the prospect of seeing again the good, gray walls of his Alma Mater.

Walter seems to be cut out for prison life. Other convicts sometimes have to be dragged to Sing Sing. Occasionally, however, a good mixer, Walter just jolled his way round with a smile on his face and a merry word and a handshake to everyone—inmates and jailers alike. Called Warden Lawes by his first name—Law and Wait, just like that. Enjoying his good home, he walks a past a guard on his way out, but Walter—why, Walter took it from the first. No homesickness here.

Always a good mixer, Walter just jolled his way round with a smile on his face and a merry word and a handshake to everyone—inmates and jailers alike. Called Warden Lawes by his first name—Law and Wait, just like that. Enjoying his good home, he walks a past a guard on his way out, but Walter—why, Walter took it from the first. No homesickness here.

There is the added boon of seeing motion pictures uncomplicated by bird cages or gilt-plated in the lobby, imitation waterfalls, hat boys or vaudeville acts. This treat is available only at our institutions of lower education—the prisons.

Well, Walter ought to enjoy to the hilt the desire for a good long time, unless he for Sing Sing and for Sing Sing by qualifying for its electric chair.

But Who Would Be a Fish?

Consider the fish, he never gets caught so long as he keeps his mouth shut.

Wild Geese.

(Portland Oregonian.)

In the night I have heard the wild geese faintly calling from the sky; faint—then clear—then fading southward—As though fates went winging by.

Fates that carry from our grasping fragile dreams of summer days, Rescued from chill death of autumn, Bound for new and shining ways.

Leaps my soul with wild, swift longing To wrench free and follow on, Guided by a faith as steadfast, Toward the promise of the dawn!

The Romance of Nickel.

(Toronto Star.)

There is another modern romance less frequently mentioned—the romance of nickel. It is used today not only as a component of nickel steel, but as a surface coating for other metals, and in pure malleable form for the manufacture of cooking utensils and innumerable other articles. Yet in 1887 the world's consumption of this metal was only 1,000 short tons.

The Chinese had used an alloy of iron from the earliest times, but like many another discovery it "hung fire" for centuries. Then in the year mentioned, it was realized that Ontario's copper deposits at Sudbury were really more important as nickel deposits than as copper. And a market was sought for this nickel output. But the state-ment is made by Canada's Deputy Minister of Mines that "nickel was at that time, commercially speaking, a comparatively unknown metal for which there was no great demand. The history of the first few years of the industry is the record of an almost continuous uphill fight to find new uses and a profitable market."

Today the Canadian output is 85,000 short tons, valued at over \$19-

Just Fun

NO WONDER

MABLE: There's a lady over there who has been watching you for ever so long; she'll be asking for an introduction soon.
Jones: No she won't—she's my wife.
—Tit-Bits.

GUESS WHO

FOND WIFE: Will, do you know you haven't kissed me for eight days?
Absent-Minded Prof.: No? Dear me, how annoying! Who have I been kissing?—Tit-Bits.

FOOLISH

PURCHASER: What is the charge for this battery?
Garage-man: One and one-half volts.
Purchaser: Well, how much is that in American money?—The Ink Slinger.

EARLY

"WONDERFUL sunrises we're having these mornings, aren't we?"
"Dunno. I've been getting to bed early for the last few weeks."—Lorraine Juggler.

BAGS AGAIN

FIRST PARENT: So your son didn't like the navy?
Second: Oh, no, he said he couldn't get used to wearing his trousers so small at the bottom.—Answers.

DENSE

LITTLE BOY (at school): The people of New York are noted for their stupidity.
Teacher: Wherever did you get that information?
Boy: From the book, miss. It says the population of New York is very dense!—Answers.

CATTY

"I WONDER if I shall lose my looks when I am as old as you?"
"You'll be lucky if you do, dear!"—Tit-Bits.

DON'T STOP

"WHAT'S the difference between a girl and a traffic cop?"
"All right, guess."
"When the cop says, 'Stop,' he means it.—Boudoin Bear Skin.

CAUGHT

"DO YOU want a hunting license?"
"No, I'm through hunting. I want a marriage license."—Pitt Panther.

CANT PLEASE

STAG: Huh! I'm a stag, but I can dance with any girl here I please.
Ger: Well, it's too bad, y' don't seem to please any of 'em.—Penn State Froth.

UNREASONABLE

MARRIAGE: Why did you break off your engagement with Kenneth?
Lucella: Why he wanted me to marry him!—Judge.

ABOUT the only way to insult a girl nowadays, is to tell her she needs a haircut.

IS IT TRUE that statistics show that women live to be older than men?

"They ought to. Paint's a great preservative, you know."

THE WORLD was made in seven days.

It wasn't necessary to consult the senate.

HOME is a place where you can go and raise Cain because things went wrong at the office or in your work.

000,000, and constituting over 80 per cent. of the world's requirements. During the war, production ran as high as 46,000 tons, but since the Washington conference the demand for battle-ship armor plates has largely disappeared. Peace industries are absorbing Canada's nickel. But 35,000 tons and a value of \$19,000,000—who would have believed it in 1917.

Writing Us Up.

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Western Canada probably never has been so "written up" as this year. Distinguished old country journalists in groups, parties or individually have interpreted us in their rounded sentences punctuated with sagacious perspicuity. We have provided "live copy" for brilliant United States newspapermen commissioned by some of the greatest journals in that country; and that we indulge in the lesser comforts of civilization has been the incredible discovery of expecting correspondents from eastern Canada who peripatetically journeyed in our midst.

Only a Horsewhipping.

(Chicago Journal of Commerce.)

If a woman horsewhips her husband, the courts should pay no attention to such a little family affair, according to the decision of an Indianapolis judge.

But—as everybody knows—if a man beats his wife, he must be fined and imprisoned; and there are many earnest persons who believe his fustian conduct should be punished with lashes on the bare back.

It's a queer world, gentlemen—with many women still clamoring for equal rights.

Morning in the Mountains.

(John Gray in Willson's Monthly.)

Oh, the glory of the mountains in October, When autumn paints the hillside flaming-hued, When amid the pine tops, stately, dark and sober, The south wind murmurs melodies subdued.

See the purple rocks in shadows dimly blending, With ruby splashed in rose and mossy grey; Within the rifts, like incense slow ascending, The morning mists in sunshine melt away.

The brown road drops down to the bridge and over, Past meadows with the stumps still ghostly black, Where emerald fields are tinged with purple clover, Past dawning orchard and the rounded stack.

But now the sun above the hill has risen, The black pines take on boughs of vivid green, Across the valley flames the dying sun, And silver birch leaves flutter down between.

A Hard Winter



The Dog: "The Missus means well, I'm sure, but it does seem rough luck on me that it's always my grub she's giving away!"
—From London Opinion.

Poems That Live

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
When the drowsy world is dreaming love,
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear.
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
In the eye that from the casement peeping, love,
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass well shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.
—Thomas Moore.

The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNARD
MIGHTY'S WEAK SISTER

IT IS to be doubted if the statesman who said in London the other day, that the Locarno treaty is SURE to keep Europe peaceful because "it is Right enthroned," really believed what he said.

For statesmen know better than most men that "right in itself is powerless; in nature it is MIGHT that rules." To enlist might on the side of right, so that by means of it right may rule, is the problem of statesmanship.

Obviously, it is a hard problem; because almost every human breast is the seat of an egotism which has no limits. And it is many millions of individuals so constituted who have to be kept in the bonds of law and order, peace and tranquility.

CONSIDERING this, it is surprising that on the whole the world pursues its way so peacefully and quietly, and with so much law and order.

It is the machinery of State which alone accomplishes it. For, as Schopenhauer tells us, "it is PHYSICAL POWER alone which has any direct action on men; constituted as they generally are, it is for physical power alone that they have any respect."

IF A MAN wants to convince himself by experience that this is the case, he need do nothing but remove all compulsion from his fellows, and try to govern them by clearly presenting to them what is reasonable, right and fair, when it is contrary to their inclinations and interests.

We all know that some would comply, but most would refuse. It soon would be obvious to him that moral force alone is powerless.

Each claimed that her baby was the finest in town.
"And which was right?"
"The young matron laughed.
"Why, neither, of course. My baby is."

HE MAY well be called the champion optimist. He was sitting on the roof of his house during a flood, watching the water flow past, when a neighbor who possessed a boat rowed across to him.

"Hello, Bill," said the man.
"Hello, Sam," replied Old Bill, pleasantly.
"All your fowls washed away this morning, Bill?" asked the man.
"Yes, but the ducks can swim."
"Apple trees gone, too?"
"Yes, but everybody said the crop would be a failure, anyhow."

"I see the river's reached above your windows, Bill."
"That's all right, Sam," was the old fellow's reply. "Them winders needed washin'!"

THE professor was asked to give his definition of woman. After clearing his throat, he began in his leisurely way: "Woman is, generally speaking—"

"Stop right there, professor," interrupted a lowbrow; "if you talked a thousand years you'd never get any nearer to it than that."

Dalmatian insect powder is made from a kind of chrysanthemum.
"NUFF'S NUFF."
Movie Post (reading title)—"Ah, me, what shall I do now?"
A Voice—"Shut up!"

YOUR CUE
Here's a cue.
Get furniture new
By selling the old you own.
Write an Ad.
And note the change in your home.

Dinner Stories
"BEAUTY contests," said William Wheeherry, the veteran inventor of the moustache cup at a Hollywood luncheon, "are more peaceful affairs than baby shows. This is natural. Maternity, you know."
"Mrs. White and Mrs. Black," said a young matron, "don't speak now."

Twenty Years Ago Today

From Times' Files.

(Dec. 30th, 1905.)
THE Firemen's Mutual Relief Association declined to hold their ice sports on Jan. 18th.

A NEW PLAN for conducting the civic elections was furnished by the Citizens' League and the Aldermen in conference.

THE Allan Steamships people asked to be allowed to cut Saint John out of their sailings and were refused by the Federal Government.

Other Views

(Winnipeg Tribune.)

The new interpretation of the Alberta school law gives a special place to the French language alongside the English. This is both the letter and the spirit of the law of Canadian Confederation. The so-called school law of Manitoba has merged French with English language and has outlawed it. It is a grievous mistake from which not only we suffer, but the whole country as well. Professor Osborne, of the University of Manitoba, said recently: "Canada cannot prosper until the French element is legitimately satisfied with the place which has been accorded to it in the collective life of the country."

INDUSTRIES IN THE WEST.

(La Presse.)

In a few more years the western provinces will have reached an industrial development sufficient, on the one hand, to assure work in abundance outside the farms to their surplus population. These manufacturing centres will, at the same time, furnish an advantageous market for farm products in an ever-increasing proportion every year, thus regulating to a considerable degree the actual problem of disposing of surplus production, and, in consequence, offering farmers a more profitable revenue as well as the advantage of a greater diversity of production. In the end, their economic interests, as a result of the creation of these industries, will co-ordinate with the economic interests of the old manufacturing provinces; it will, therefore, follow that it will become much easier to reach an agreement on a national economic policy.

BRITISH VISITORS TO CANADA.

(Sherbrooke Tribune.)

(A great increase in the number of tourists is expected as the result of the publicity given to Canadian scenery and hunting by the Wembley exhibition.) The advantages accruing from the development of the tourist industry for our country are too numerous to need comment. The tourist brings trade with him, it is said, and it is equally true that the tourist precedes colonization. The registration of visitors indicates that they do not all come from Great Britain, but that a great number of them are citizens of New Zealand, Australia and other dominions. Their visit to Canada should result in their getting to know the Canadian people better, in increasing the sympathy which exists between Canadians and the inhabitants of other parts of the British Empire and in bringing to the notice of these last the great opportunities in our country for the investment of capital and for colonization.

JOHN BULL.

(Ottawa Journal.)

The real trouble with John Bull is that while he loves to contemplate the grave so kindly marked out for him by his family and friends he prefers to do the digging himself. By rights he should be dead and buried. According to all the laws of logic he should have been down and out long ago. No one has a license to live who has endured so much and sacrificed so much as he has done. But then he is the most illogical entity on earth. When things are at their worst he rolls away he growls. Ever ready for peace, he is the most serious promoter of peace. He cheerfully pays his debts and as cheerfully forgives his debtors. He believes in free trade at home, and encourages protection abroad. When bankruptcy is believed to be in sight, he digs down into his supposedly empty pockets and scatters huge subsidies right and left. And while others seek to cover up their problems, he holds his up for all to see.

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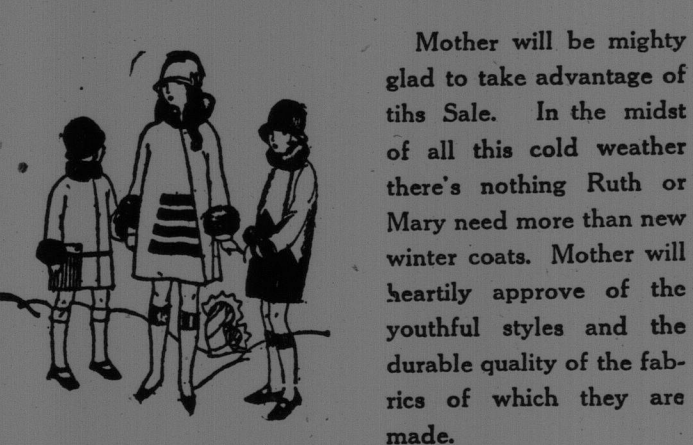
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For real results, this old home-made remedy beats them all. Easily prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, for throat, and chest ailments. Then out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "Pinex, ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money refunded. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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