

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 16, 1925.

IN EDMONTON, BUT NOT IN SAINT JOHN.

Saint John people, because of their experience in connection with the C. N. R. station and train-shed, will hope that the people of Edmonton are not indulging in premature rejoicing over the C. N. R. promise to build a new station there. The news that Edmonton is counting upon the new station, however, is welcome if only for the proof it affords that the C. N. R. has not definitely abandoned the business of building, repairing or restoring its stations, as might have been supposed from the treatment Saint John has received.

The Edmonton Bulletin announces that Mayor Blatchford has received a letter from Mr. S. J. Hungerford, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Canadian National Railway, writing on behalf of Sir Henry Thornton, in which a definite promise is made that construction on the new station will be begun "as early as possible next spring." Mr. Hungerford, it says, has informed the Mayor that construction on the foundations will be commenced as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring, and "the work will be completed during the following year, so that construction will proceed uninterrupted through 1926."

Edmonton, the Bulletin affirms, with a confidence which Saint John people can scarcely share, so far has C. N. R. promise outrun performance in this vicinity, "is now assured of an imposing structure." Nor is that all. "Immediately on completion of the depot it is understood that the railway will commence operations on the mammoth freight-sheds, which will extend from 101st street on the present station site along McKenzie avenue to 105th street."

Since the ravages of time proved too much for the Saint John train-shed some years ago and left Saint John passengers unprotected from the elements, the best the people hereabouts have received from the C. N. R. has been more or less vague assurances that the nature of the situation was fully realized at C. N. R. headquarters, and that something would be done before long. It was conceded that a new station was needed as well as a new train-shed, and the people were told that even if the station could not be built immediately the shed at least would be restored, pending the erection of some such "imposing structure" as Edmonton is now counting upon.

Promises and assurances have not kept Saint John passengers warm, but they will hope that the Edmonton people will have better luck. We shall be no colder because they are protected. If their rosy dreams do not come true within the next year or two, they can but follow the example of the people here and seek such comfort as they can from the frequent announcements concerning the magnificence of the C. N. R. accommodations in Paris, in London, and in New York, where the best is none too good and money is no object.

The people of Edmonton and the people of Saint John are humble shareholders in these distant and glittering premises, for they help to pay the cost. Their pride in these achievements doubtless ought to be great, but human nature is frail and it is to be feared that in Edmonton, as here, a host of humble contributors to the C. N. R. deficits regard it as a plain outrage that they should be left year after year without any decent shelter from the elements.

It is a virtue to be long-suffering about some things, but in matters of this kind patience and humility may be overdone. The public servants who control matters like building train-sheds and stations are likely after a while to fall into the foolish belief that the people like this sort of treatment, or are convinced that they have no remedy. In the end there comes a rough awakening. It is already overdue.

THEY WILL BE PRESSED.

"The Maritime Provinces," says the Toronto Globe, "should win by purposeful and vigorous pressing of their claims. British Columbia has gained vastly by this process, and the growing port of Vancouver would be far from its present prosperity if its case had not been carried valiantly through years of struggle."

Let us give Vancouver full credit for valiant fighting, and more power to its elbow; but let us not forget that the opening of the Panama canal tipped the traffic scale Vancouver's way.

Let us recall, too, an earlier statement by the Toronto Globe that "if Vancouver has a right to a freight rate no higher per mile over the mountains than the charge to the eastward, as is contended by the Railway Commission, surely there is something to be said on national grounds for fair treatment for Halifax and Saint John." Let us recall, also, the Globe's assertion that it is grotesque that the Transcontinental should be failing to do the work which it was built at a cost of \$170,000,000 to do, and which Parliament pledged that it would do.

There is no doubt that the case for

the Maritimes will be vigorously pressed, as the Toronto Globe suggests that it should be. It will be pressed on the floors of Parliament, and outside Parliament. Already it has been presented to the country at large with no little vigor, and from organizations, newspapers and individuals throughout the country it has won response and support in a welcome degree—a degree unequalled in the past.

The national aspect of the transportation policy has won noteworthy recognition. The loss which the Maritimes are suffering is being shared by the rest of Canada. The country is awake to the fact that traffic can be hauled east and west at a profit, and that it involves disastrous loss to haul it north and south.

Those "little Canadians"—and they crop up here and there occasionally—who throw geography at the heads of the Maritime Province people, are finding their own argument recoils upon them. When they cite geography they indict the whole scheme of Confederation. The Intercolonial was built to overcome geography. So was the C. P. R. That great enterprise linked up East and West. Then Canada, entering upon a new period of railroad expansion, built and financed the National Transcontinental, the G. T. P. and the Canadian Northern at untold cost, in order to ensure that our transportation would not be bedeviled by geography and the pull north and south. That expenditure was made to kill off geography as a menace to Confederation and to all-Canadian transportation.

The Maritimes know that the use of their ports is sound Canadian business and that they know that Canadian ports and railways can be protected just as Canadian factories are being protected. They know that the C. N. R., and for that matter the Railway Commission, are creations of Parliament, which it can control, and for which the Government, in the last analysis, is the strategy board behind the C. N. R. system and the Railway Commission as well.

Keeping traffic of Canadian origin in Canadian channels is a matter of vital national principle, and not of excuses and technicalities. There is only one satisfactory answer to the Maritime contention. That is to traffic-free to the limit of existing facilities, and the expansion of those facilities to meet the greater traffic that must flow east and west if Confederation is to be justified.

Odds and Ends

Men the Easiest Prey

(Thrill Magazine.)
Indications point to the fact that swindlers are causing an annual loss not less than \$1,600,000,000 in this country. These figures are based on surveys and studies made by various groups and individuals.
The National Association of Credit Men estimates that losses in business frauds alone now reach \$400,000,000 annually. This is in addition to the \$1,000,000,000 estimated some time ago by Postmaster-General New as the amount lost through mail order frauds. William E. Knott, president of the American Bankers' Association, made recently more similar estimates, while the findings of the Better Business Bureau have been along the same general lines.

There is no definite evidence anywhere that the number of gullible Americans from whom these sharpers reap their rich harvests is growing less. Although made in a spirit of drolery, the recent statement by Harry Daniel that this country has a gross production of 25,000 fools a year was probably not far asted in view of the gigantic scale upon which fraudulent transactions are now conducted. This writer's estimate was based on the Barnum philosophy that a fool is born every minute.

The Business Research Bureau of New York University recently made a survey showing that in the matter of swindlers, men are eight times as gullible as women and that worthless oil stocks still head the list of get-rich-quick schemes.

Getting Preparedness.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)
"Whatever our weakness in the air, the fast increasing number of armored cars used by banks and business houses makes us feel pretty strong in case of another war."

Rainbow Chasers.

(Boston Transcript.)
"Florida," says the Fort Pierce Record, "holds out a hand of welcome to all comers." And perhaps a hand out is all that some of them will get.

Origin of "Yankee."

(Boston Transcript.)
It is stated that the American tribes among whom our forefathers landed could not say "English." Their nearest approach to the sound of the word was "Yegh," which, with slight modification, became "Yankee."

Where Art Thou?

(Allston Herald.)
When Miss Macphail goes to the first session of the next Parliament, both Conservatives and Liberals may shout, "Agnes, Where Art Thou?"
If T. R. wives were remunerated for their home services at the rate of \$15 a week, their pay roll would amount to the sum of \$17,000,000,000 a year.

Just Fun

ONCE Sunday was a day of rest; now we spend all the other days of the week resting after Sunday.

BATHING SUITS are to be shorter at both ends in 1926 say the manufacturers. About 1927 a piece of wool yarn will be all that is needed for beach costume.

A WENCH: My husband went to church this morning.
A BAGGAGE: My husband's Sunday morning paper didn't come either.

SOME HEADWAY has been made in the matter of education, but there still are people who will buy furs from street peddlers.

HE: Dear, your eyes are like deep pools of sparkling water; your lips are like two little red rosebuds wet with dew; your teeth are like the finest pearls nature ever molded; but you have the damndest looking nose I ever saw on anything except an African Antelope.

SPEAKING of the new model Ford, a poet says:
You may doll, you may flatter the Ford as you will,
But the heart of a flivver will throb in its still.

HE WANTED TO WED HER
"You go to father," she said;
When I asked her to wed.
Now, she knew that I knew
That her father was dead.
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led.
And she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said,
"YOU GO TO FATHER!"

NO USE to pay evangelists to make you feel mean when an afternoon nap will do it.

LONG-GONE—I shay, is ish a hand laundry?
Chin-Hung-Lo—Yessee, allee samee ish.
"Well, wash m'handish."

THE POSTAL SERVICE is laughing at the story of a postoffice inspector who went into the hills of Arkansas to check up a village post office. The inspectors said the P. M. had gone fishing. Finding him, the inspector asked, "Are you the postmaster?" After a minute the P. M. said, "Yes." The P. M. reached into his pocket, took out a bunch of letters and running over them he said, "Nope. Nothing for ye," and went on fishing.

"THAT tickles me," he said, pointing to his flannel nightgown hanging on the line.

THE MAN without prejudice may be found only within the cemetery.

ONE of two things must be abolished to maintain the financial equilibrium of the country—alimony or the income tax.

BOGGS: I understand Smith's wife is close.
Groggs: Close! Why, she was barred wire for clothesline so the bird can't sit down.

RAGSON TATTERS: More free garden seeds! I swear you'd think congress 'ud be satisfied with havin' the world's prize cabbage heads without sendin' out samples.

IN THESE DAYS the road to success is lined with advertising.

THE GIRL was a knockout, so she married a boxer.

Other Views

WAR PROPAGANDA.

(London Daily News.)
Nobody doubts—or only the very ignorant or the very innocent—the unscrupulousness of war propaganda. It is not really a new thing—the files of any newspaper published during any recent war will supply hundreds of instances of it. It is a practically inevitable incident in the general squalor of war and war propaganda. If there is any moral it is surely the depravity of the press, but the supreme value of a free press. There is no other remedy but it is fairly complete. When the press is free, the manufactured lie may get a start, but it will be hunted down by sane and honest writers when the press is muzzled, or required to work under impossible conditions, it can do really nothing but repeat the manufactured lie. It has no means of checking it, and would not be allowed to use it if it had.

DESTROYING IDEALS.

(Erie, Pa., Times.)
It will be recalled that Rome had its decadent literature. France has had its time at publishing suggestive material, mainly for foreign consumption. Now America has fallen into a slough of perjury which progresses from the merely suggestive to the blatantly disgusting. Youthful writers and critics have put forward the plea that the Victorian age was outwardly angelic but inwardly vicious to an extent only beginning to be realized. This may be true, but, as a contemporary well says, when the revolt is carried to a point where it threatens to destroy cherished ideals, it is time to call a halt. Magazines which grow rich and multiply on the foolishness or inexperience of youthful readers are committing a monstrous crime against America. They are making a jest of those things from which flow the streams of life itself. They are undermining the home, which is the foundation of the nation. And they are doing all these things by destroying the ideals of America's youth.

TAKING IN ONE ANOTHER'S WASHING.

(Glasgow Herald.)
The total volume of British trade is larger than ever; the average level of wages and dividends is relatively high; and it is even possible, if one does not descend to detailed analysis, to explain away a substantial percentage of our unemployment figures. But the picture of prosperity thus presented is entirely illusory. It ignores the vital distinction between unprofitable and profitable production, between home trade and export trade. We are "taking in one another's washing" at a prodigious rate, and at the same time buying lavishly from abroad many things we ought either to do without or produce ourselves.

Will It Last



The highest point ever reached in Europe.
—From the Columbus Despatch.

The Best of Advice

—BY CLARK KINNARD.

A LONG time ago William Ellery Channing wrote:
"Work we all must if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature."
"Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction."
"No business or study which does not present obstacles, taking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man."

"The uses of toil reach beyond the present world."
The capacity of steady, earnest labor is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being."
And now H. Gordon Selfridge, the American who revolutionized retail merchandising in England by making our type of department-store a success in London, tells us that a man can't be happy without knowing the immense joy of work.

"Work," he exclaims. "Good gracious! What else are we here for?"
The greatest crime any man can be capable of is laziness."
Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the stork has smiled on you."
"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"
"Wh. Lyon Phelps relates that when he was a boy he used to set type on a religious journal which became noted for its typographical errors and misplaced paragraphs. One day, in the column "Ministers and Churches," there appeared in the proof "Lillian Russell will wear tight this winter." How it got there no one knew. The editor in disgust crossed out the line and wrote "such is life!" on the margin. When the paper appeared it contained among the new of the clergy, the item about Miss Russell, followed by the editorial comment, "such is life!"

A bachelor had been persuaded by the ladies' aid of a church to speak at an entertainment provided they would furnish him with subject matter. In a spirit of mischief he had been given as subject, "Woman: without her, man would be a savage."

On the night of the entertainment he arose and said: "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my own choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies, and is: 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage.'"

Poems That Live

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Stay near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family.

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time when, in our childish plays,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey—with leaps and springs
I gave you my word, sir, you could
progressing at the rate of only six miles an hour.

"Why, your Honor," he said, "my engine was out of order, and I was going very slowly because I was afraid it would break down completely. I give you my word, sir, you could have walked as fast as I was running."

"Ah," said the magistrate, after due reflection, "you don't appear to have been exceeding the speed limit, but at the same time you must have been guilty of something, or you wouldn't be here. I fine you ten dollars for loitering."

ONCE upon a time a deacon who did not favor church bazaars was going along a dark street when a footpad suddenly appeared, and, pointing his pistol, began to relieve his victim of his money.

The thief, however, apparently suffered some pang of remorse. "It's pretty rough to be gone through like this, ain't it, sir?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's all right, my man," the "held-up" one answered cheerfully. "I was on my way to a bazaar. You're first, and there's an end of it!"

Because he robbed the hair of a young girl without her parents' consent, a half-brother of D. D. P., France, has been sued for damages by her father.

FOLEY'S PREPARED FIRECLAY FOR LINING YOUR OWN STOVE.

Sold by Hardware Dealers.

Who's Who

IN THE DAYS NEWS.

A NEW type—a steel tank lined with glass—is making an appearance in the French railway rolling stock, observes Robert Forrest Wilson in his new book, "Paris On Parade." "But most wine cars are fat wooden tuns, from hoopoes and clamped to railways."

"Down the middle of each street of the Halle aux Vins, the 27 acres of which are laid out in blocks as regular as those of an American city, trucks upon these tracks the wine cars are shunted to the establishments to which they are consigned."

When one is anchored in place, workmen emerge from the building to take its contents from it. Between the rails under the car is a manhole shortening the thirty mouth of an intake pipe. This being coupled with hose to the car's under, the wine begins to roar into the merchants' receiving cistern, building up drifts of ivory or pink foam and filling the room above with sour smell of young wine. From this cistern it is pumped into upper tanks to be run out by gravity into barrels for final delivery.

Wine Reservoir.
"Napoleon Bonaparte built the Halle aux Vins in 1808, and he built it to stay, with eight-foot walls enclosing an underground maze of gleaming aisles between storage tanks. Being Napoleon, he built it for a strategic reason—to be a wine reservoir for Paris. A beleaguered Paris might laugh at death of food—she did laugh in 1870—but a Paris without wine, how long could she be expected to withstand the besieger? You might as well cut off her air."

Two of a Kind.
He—"Ah, I wish I had some of the cakes my mother used to bake for me!"
She—"And I wish I had some of the dresses my father used to buy for me!"
—Sheffield Telegraph.

The Highest.
"You are an artist! How do you get a living at it?"
"Ah, that's the art!"—Copenhagen Klods Hans.

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HOT REPLY
AN ENGLISHMAN and an American were standing by the crater of a lively volcano in Honolulu. "You haven't anything like that in the states?" suggested the Englishman encouragingly. "Mebbe not, but we gotta fire department in Chicago that could put it out," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

Eyeglasses enable about 50 per cent. of business and professional men to continue working after middle age has been reached.

8 SHOPPING DAYS REMAIN BEFORE CHRISTMAS



A Gift Of Gloves For Dainty Hands

For women or misses, here are entirely new and different styles in lovely Gloves of fine kid leather, suede, wool, suedex and silk. Many new effects in treatment of cuffs are to be found in this assortment of smart effects which have been especially selected as desirable for gift giving.

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SILK GLOVES, 2 Dome and Gauntlet styles 50c. to \$2.50 pair
SILK and WOOL GLOVES. . . \$2.25
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CHILDREN'S CAMEL'S HAIR MITTS in White and Natural. . . 58c.

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Children's Slippers

Christmas Slippers for little folks. Cozy little slippers, soft and snugly warm. Attractive styles and lovely colors make them most welcome as gifts.

PICTURE FELT SLIPPERS

Here is a new novelty for the wee ones. Each pair has bright pictures painted on them and come in pretty boxes. The sizes 4 to 7 sell for 75c. Sizes 8 to 10 at 85c, and sizes 11 and 12 at 95c.

CAVALIERS
This popular high cut slipper comes here in Grey, Brown or Black Leather, and in Blue or Red Felt.

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61 King St.; 212 Union St.
677 Main St.

Santa Claus will be busy this Christmas

HUNDREDS of Canadian mothers, indeed, mothers in other countries too, will, this year, enjoy the best Christmas ever.

Moffats Electric Ranges have been going out in carload lots to all parts of the Dominion, and to lands across the seas, in time for delivery on Christmas Eve.

Yes, Santa Claus will be real busy this Christmas, but will he deliver a Moffats Electric Range to your home?

There are 70,000 Moffats Electric Ranges in daily use throughout the world. Quality earned Moffats leadership.

Ask your Hydro Shop or electrical dealer to demonstrate Moffats Electric Range to you. If you cannot secure a copy of our booklet, "40 Years' Range Experience", in your locality, write us direct. Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario, Canada.

Moffats Electric Ranges

