

# The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., MAY 10, 1926.

## PATIENCE

During the last two years the Maritime Provinces have succeeded in convincing those who should know that there are certain fundamental problems in connection with their economic well-being which need immediate and perhaps drastic attention. It has required a great deal of effort on the part of this section to demonstrate the fact that the people down here by the sea were suffering; that there was a certain discontent amongst the masses, and that many communities were being badly drained by the exodus of residents to the United States and to other parts of Canada.

It was, therefore, with some satisfaction, that the population learned that at last some concerted effort was decided upon to get at the root of the trouble and to devise a means of correcting it. The decision of the Government to direct the Board of Railway Commissioners of Canada to hear the question of freight rates, and the appointment by the Government of a Royal Commission to make a study of the Maritime coast, furnished much food for satisfaction. The Railway Commission already has started its work in this connection and it is expected that the Duncan Commission will commence to dig into the problem soon.

Meanwhile, Hon. F. B. McCurdy, of Halifax, former Minister of Public Works in a Conservative ministry, who always has been a sturdy champion of his native Maritimes, comes out in print to declare once more that Nova Scotia might, "by way of a regional tariff or other provisions, be given an economic system that would meet the particular needs of the Maritime Provinces and restore prosperity along lines indicated by the Imperial Government at the time of Confederation."

He goes still further. "Personally," he says, "I prefer that the right to live and do business in Nova Scotia should be established within Confederation itself, but if this is impossible, then, then in the interest of home and province, I would not hesitate to withdraw rather than attempt to carry on under the present system that is sapling our province for the enrichment of Central Canada."

It, within a reasonable time, the province cannot obtain adequate redress and appropriate remedies for the ills under which it is laboring, he believes that the people should be granted a referendum for the purpose of ascertaining whether they "are content to continue the unequal struggle within the Dominion or whether they favor withdrawal from Confederation and the reconstitution of Nova Scotia as an independent, self-governing British Dominion with control over her own trade, taxation and fisheries."

There are few here who will not agree heartily with Hon. Mr. McCurdy that some immediate and adequate redress is necessary. But there are many who would counsel—at least at the present time—patience. Perhaps some less drastic move than absolute separation will prove a more efficacious treatment. At least, let us not judge the case before all the evidence is presented. True it is that much has been published and still more spoken as to the conditions in the Maritime Provinces, but never until the Duncan Commission was appointed, was there presented an opportunity of gathering under one cover a full and complete exposition of the whole case. The Railway Commission has heard the people's side of the freight rate case; they are preparing to receive the presentation of the railways' part of it. Until these two tribunals have had an opportunity to delve into the multitude of details of the situation and arrive at some definite conclusion, let us hold our peace and hope for the best.

It is found that neither of these bodies is able to suggest some solution of the problem, then it will be time to seek remedial measures through separation from the Dominion or through some other expedient. But, in spite of everything, we are still Canadians, and in Canada our hopes and aspirations will remain, unless, happily, it is clearly demonstrated that *sur un Confederation* is a misnomer, and that it is useless for us to continue as we are. That we shall get full justice in due season and march forward in union and contentment with the other six provinces is scarcely to be doubted now.

## COLONY OR NATION?

Canadians will tell themselves and the world what a fine people they are and what a magnificent country is their's next year on the occasion of Canada's 60th anniversary year. The Senate recently passed a resolution urging widespread observance of the event and doubting some perverted oratory on Canada's nationhood can be expected.

In the light, however, of a recent judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council in the case of the *King vs. Naden*, the bold ones may pause and consider the effect of this finding before speaking. Stripped of legal facts and trappings, this judg-

ment in effect means that a Canadian law, accepted by everybody as an expression of Canadian rights of self-government, has been overridden because it conflicts with a British statute 93 years old.

Much has been heard since the war of Canada's "nationhood." It is a resounding title but hardly justified so long as Canadians in their own house are allowed to do certain things with the right of review of their actions in the hands of others. There is not any escaping that fact. Much has been heard also of the British "Commonwealth of Nations" and that its constituent members are free and equal. We are either free and equal or we are not free and unequal. Legally, Canada governs herself because the Imperial Parliament gave us the British North America Act and under this, we are subject to the veto of the British Government, but not in any really vital matter. At all events we can have our status changed at any time and in any way through orderly and wise procedure if we so wish.

There are some Canadians, and some folk even in Great Britain, who appear to be worried about this question of the right of appeal, to the Privy Council, not to speak of the right of the Privy Council to overrule laws enacted in this country or decisions arrived at by our courts, should an appeal be taken. But thought along that line should really cause us no uneasiness whatever. In the British Empire we actually run out all these difficulties, although on some occasions a few misguided and hasty thinkers seek to create an Imperial crisis out of material which, when analyzed, affords no shadow of excuse for any such action. Canada is the first of the self-governing Dominions. If a majority of Canadians should make up their minds tomorrow that they wished any additional form of liberty, any greater measure of self-government, any readjustment of the situation respecting foreign policy, their views, if it could be shown that they represented Canadian sentiment and had the backing of the Canadian Government, would be met.

Meanwhile, those who become vocal about Canada's rights and Canada's nationhood and Canada's need for more freedom, should ask themselves why Canadians, of all the free people within the Empire, contribute least to the common fund of insurance against the upsets of the British navy. Before we shout too much in this country about our rights within the Empire, and about the authority of the Privy Council—from which we may cut loose within a few months if we so desire—we should ask ourselves frankly and earnestly why a man in Manchester, or Glasgow, or Cardiff, is paying so much more than any resident of Saint John, Ottawa or Vancouver, to man and maintain the great fleet whose existence made the winning of the war possible, whose work for a thousand years past has been the sword and shield of all under the Union Jack, and whose ships and personnel today as ever constitute our first line of defence.

Our own glorious country has much reason for celebrating its sixtieth anniversary. If we would do ourselves and the Empire yeoman's service, we would have that celebration marked by a visible growth of unity, a greater depth of Canadian sentiment, a deeper understanding and appreciation of what the Empire is, and what it means to all of us and to the world.

## Other Views

**CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO**  
(Springfield Republican.)  
The friction between church and state in Mexico is in all probability a passing phase of readjustment to more vigorous and democratic national politics. It remains to be seen whether the new politics are well calculated to bring out the latent capacity for good citizenship in the backward people.

**CIVIL WAR DEBTS**  
(Indianapolis News.)  
The question raised is, of course, purely academic. It is one to which the United States government is in no way related. Nor has that government any power over the states in this matter, and it remains to be seen whether the six states are well calculated to bring out the latent capacity for good citizenship in the backward people.

**THE FRENCH DEBT**  
(Baltimore Sun.)  
Our government has properly taken the position that the payments as between Germany and France are one thing, and the payments as between France and the United States are another. It has, therefore, refused to grant a safeguarding clause, although no one supposes that, if France undertook to pay us very heavy annuities and Germany failed to pay her anything, we should refuse to give that development due consideration.

**THAT'S INSPIRING**  
"They named the baby Bob."  
"For his father?"  
"No, for his mother's hair."—*Life*.

# The Very Idea!

By Hal Cockburn  
LITTLE SISTER.

NOT so short an' not so tall. Classy? Yeah, and that's not all. Seein' her is quite a treat, struttin' haughtily down the street. All dressed up and fit to kiss. 'Course she's just a tiny miss. Even so, you'd catch yer breath-like to hug this chick 'n' death.

Every night she shouts, "Hello!" When I hear it, 'course I know someone's bubblin' o'er with glee. Think of that! It's 'cause of me.

Runs right up and grabs my hand. Every dad can understand. I give her a thrill, 'er such. She gives me 'bout twice as much.

Don't tell me that tot's don't count. Feelings mount an' mount 'n' mount. After all, a three-year chick 'n' makes your living well worth while.

The average girl doesn't discover that candy is sold by the bag until she is married.

Every time mother cooks a 'er pan of frosting the kids get 'er into a scrape.

The one great disadvantage to being terribly fat is you can't watch your step.

"Mother, may I get out to swim?" Said daughter, in a joke. 'Cause, though her mother said she couldn't swim a stroke.

The most impartial man we know of is the fellow who had two taxi cab drivers yell at him at the same time. He disliked to play favorites, so he hired 'em both and ran home between them.

**HOW LETTUCE GOT ITS NAME**  
A man planted some radish seeds, some carrot seeds and some lettuce seeds. The first sprout came through, and, looking at it closely, he said, "Why golly, it isn't a radish and it isn't a carrot. So it must be lettuce." And it's been called lettuce ever since.

**FABLES IN FACT**  
**COUPLES FELLAS WERE**  
WATCHING OCEAN STEAMERS ARRIVE IN ANY OLD PORT YOU REEFER PERIOD ONE OF THEM KEPT TELLING THE OTHER WHAT CITY EACH BOAT WAS COMING FROM AND HE FINALLY SAID COMMA QUOTATION MARK NOW COMMA THAT BIG SHIP AWAY OUT THERE WAS COMING FROM SCOTLAND PERIOD QUOTATION MARK COURSE THE OTHER FELLA WANTED TO KNOW HOW HE KNEW AND HIS FRIEND SIMPLY EXPLAINED THAT THERE WEREN'T ANY SEA GULLS FOLLOWING IT PERIOD.

**Just Fun**  
**A MADE friend** is better than a born one.  
**A LARGE** proportion of our trouble is being felt too much, bone in the head and not enough in the back.

**VOICE**—Hello, is this the weather bureau?  
"Yuh, hur."  
Voice—How about a shower this afternoon?  
"I dunno. If you need one take it."

**NOT SO GOOD!**  
"THIS city is having a gay social season this summer. One of the notable events of the past week was the punk tea given by Mrs. Rowell."—*New Rochelle, Ind., Post*.

**A TRUCK GARDEN OF VERSES**  
The firm and portly cabbages Stand straightly in a row. A bourgeoisie plant, the cabbage, but I like to watch him grow.

And think that up on Mars where still Grosses reign instead of men, Some portly one like those must be The leading citizen.

And that, with Mrs. Cabbage, he Will raise a family, Of lusty cabbages to swell The Martian Rotary.

The carrot always makes me think Of Sinclair Lewis . . . No, It isn't the hair—but only that They both look just the same.

To savor the savories, And brighten dishes drab, And lead a pleasing color To Some flat and tasteless slab.

The carrots up on Mars, I know, Would not be food for rabbits; Stand straightly in the planet, and Exercise the Babbitts.

"THE nut crop in America was never better," says a report from the Department of Agriculture. And we believe it.

**WHO'S WHO**  
IN THE DAWG NEWS  
**JAMES H. THOMAS**  
ONE of the men whose influence is being felt in England during the present coal crisis is James H. Thomas, secretary of the national union of railway men.

He knows the problems of the men through personal experience, and his voice is frequently heard in their councils today as England is threatened with what promises to be the greatest strike in her history.

Thomas was born in Newport in 1875 of laboring parents. He received some education at council schools, commencing work at nine years of age as an errand boy.

From that job he rose to engine cleaner, then came a series of advancements by which he finally became fireman and engineer.

# Quite So Old Top!



The Patriot: "It's this awful feeling of unrest that's so frightfully unsettling."  
—From The Humorist, London.

# POEMS I LOVE

There have been many great sonnets given to the world. "A sonnet is a monument." And "Sonnets are the sonnet. Critics, you have frowned, Mindless of its just honors; with this Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

Wordsworth said: "To many laymen, the sonnet seems, and always will seem, an artificial form of art; yet the poet knows that there are certain thoughts from on high which can be expressed only within the narrow compass of this great form; and he exults, rather than rebels, at his enchanting chains of rhyme."

Milton's "On His Blindness." Keats' "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." Wordsworth's "The World Is Too Much With Us." Many of Shakespeare's, and those of Rossetti included in his "House of Life." Mrs. Browning's—these are but a few which come instantly to mind at the mere mention of the sonnet form. But there have been poets who could not master the technique of this difficult and dangerous type of verse. Shelley, for all his genius, and a purely lyrical poet, was none too successful with it; yet Keats, equally lyrical, has left us a heritage of beautiful sonnets.

I content that today—yes, in our very own time, which is glibly called commercial, sordid, brutal, vulgar and uninspired—I content that equally fine sonnets are being produced; sometimes by writers unknown to fame. I know how dangerous it is to say orally that a poem of this hour will last.

Yet I am confident that one of Alice Maynard's sonnets will endure; two or three by Edwin Arlington Robinson; and "Tears," by Lizette Woodworth Rees, a Baltimore poet who is an authentic singer, whose beautiful art is appreciated only by the passionate few." In Arnold Bennett's phrase: "To me it is matchless; and H. L. Mencken, that most astute of critics, agrees with me. But after you have read this exquisite sonnet of our own time, and I hope committed it to memory, do not stop there. Look up in the library, the lyrical poetry of this American singer. You will find it time well spent. But here is her finest sonnet.

HOW few of us stop to think of the mysteries of the world in which we live. We accept the days as they come and the ideas that are handed to us by our parents or teachers, but few indeed are the men and women who even seek far to prove their theories true or think at all of the unusual features of a minute friend they should realize that we are encompassed by countless mysteries, which might oppress our heads beyond endurance did not custom and incuriosity veil the depths of our careless ignorance.

That I am I to myself and you to all my readers, who are each of them I to myself, is a mystery which we seldom turn strange when we look at it straight in the face," says James H. Robinson, in his "The Humanizing of Knowledge." "As we repeat some common word, or regard keenly the features of a minute friend they are no longer what we took them to be. Were it not for our almost unlimited capacity for taking things for granted we should realize that we are encompassed by countless mysteries, which might oppress our heads beyond endurance did not custom and incuriosity veil the depths of our careless ignorance."

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# HORTON'S MARKET SQUARE

himself is on contemplation of a perturbing circumstance. That the printed character on this page should stir ideas in you is no easy matter to explain, and no one has yet been able to tell us why we are so much interested in it. The earth so incredibly attracts one another. Yet these can hardly be called mysteries to most of us; so inured are we to personality, writing and weight that they are scarcely observed commonplaces.

"THOSE to whom a commonplace appears to be extraordinary are very rare, but they are very precious, since they, and they alone, have built up our minds."  
"In short, poets, philosophers, religious geniuses, artists and scientists are all rare variants of the human species, who emerge here and there through the ages. Sometimes they make a wide appeal to their fellow men; often they stir their resentment or horror; most frequently they suffer neglect and contempt."

"THE TRUTH of a new idea proposed for acceptance plays an altogether secondary role. We rank the Good, True and Beautiful together, but it is shocking to observe how little does the success of a new observation depend upon its scientific or historical credentials."

"For it is not the precise truth of an idea," avers Robinson, "that leads to its wide acceptance, but its appeal—its congeniality to a being with the nature and setting of man."

**THE FRENCH RIDDLE**  
(London Morning Post.)  
It is hardly too much to say that parliamentary government as it exists in France is now on its trial. It has lasted since 1875, chiefly by leaving things of importance unaltered; but it is now faced by one of those riddles of the sphinx which if it does not solve it dies. In the meantime it would be a mistake to suppose that France is like a crab with a soft shell open to the

attacks of her enemies. The Napoleonic framework of the state remains strong and sound.

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The Telephone Directory which will be issued on July 1 is now being prepared for the printer, and will close to the public on TUESDAY, MAY 18.

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