

The Evening Times-Star

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

COURTNEY BAY.

In the comprehensive plan for developing adequate terminal facilities for the C. N. R. in the Courtney Bay area to be carried through to completion within a reasonable time?

This question, which is of vital interest to this community, and which touches also the whole problem of national transportation, has been raised once more by the removal of the powerful section dredge, Tornado, from this port to the Welland Canal.

Dredging in Courtney Bay of late has been of two varieties. The Tornado was doing a sort of reclamation work, in that it was pumping material over a retaining wall and filling in an area behind that, thus building up the foundation for structures to be built in connection with the piers. The Leonfield, on the other hand, was doing what was called spoil dredging, and the material it raised, which is said to be not suitable for reclamation work, is dumped beyond Partridge Island. The Dominion Department of Public Works explains that the removal of the Tornado does not mark the end of the reclamation work, which is still uncompleted, and says that the intention is to proceed with construction with reasonable speed. The Leonfield, meantime, will be doing useful work, though it would seem that it should be supplemented by another dredge.

The particular contract upon which the Tornado was engaged has been completed; but that does not mean that all the reclamation work is done. It means, merely, that the owners of the Tornado, having secured a big contract in connection with the Welland Canal, which will give them profitable employment for several years, naturally moved the dredge to the bigger job, and it is said on behalf of the Department of Public Works that its removal will not delay progress in Courtney Bay, and in no sense means either the abandonment or the slowing down of reclamation there.

It is only fair to place the department's view on record, particularly in view of the fact that rumors are in circulation to the effect that the Courtney Bay enterprise has reached another doubtful stage. The people of this city will hope sincerely that these rumors are wholly without foundation.

As to what the truth is, we will not long remain in doubt, for the supplementary estimates will be brought down shortly at Ottawa and then we shall all know just about what the outlook is. If the Government commits Parliament to an adequate appropriation for pushing along the Courtney Bay work—as it should do—the rumors will die and the people of Saint John will be reasonably satisfied. If the Government fails to commit Parliament to such an appropriation, the Courtney Bay enterprise will languish, and Saint John will realize that that great project is once more in the doldrums.

We must suppose that the Common Council and the Board of Trade are closely in touch with affairs at Ottawa, and have definite ideas as to how this particular matter stands today. It must be apparent to all that unless the money is forthcoming, there is going to be a row. Promises and estimates build no piers. It takes money to do that; and when we read here of more millions being found at Ottawa to provide ice-breakers for the St. Lawrence—which means millions to extend the period of navigation to Montreal at the expense of the ports of Saint John and Halifax, because to lengthen their season means to shorten ours—people hereabouts are naturally impatient over any hesitation to provide for the relatively small sum necessary to equip Maritime harbors so that they may handle expeditiously the traffic they already enjoy and the greater traffic which is just under decent conditions of justice and fair play.

Will the appropriation be forthcoming? If not, friends of the Government will readily see that what is being done by the Mackenzie King Government in the matter of freight rates, in the appointment of the Dunsmuir Commission, in the special inquiry into the diversion of Canadian freight from our own ports to alien harbors, must fall of the full effect intended. The Government, on the eve of the last general election, let a belated contract for dredging in Courtney Bay in preparation for construction of the first unit there. At that time, through one of its official spokesmen, it gave assurance that this was no mere election gesture, but that the intention was to push through the whole scheme of development to conclusion.

At the moment it looks as though the tabling of the supplementary estimates would furnish a very highly illuminating test of the Government's good faith.

Sir James Craig, Premier of Ulster, is coming to Canada in August or September, so the cables announce today. "Coming to Canada" is a phrase frequently encountered in the news. It is coming to the Maritime Provinces as well as to the others.

PASSES ON.

William S. Knowlton, "the old schoolmaster," is dead in Maine at eighty-six. He is worth a little thought, for he touched life from many angles.

He served in the schools of Maine for sixty years. He was the oldest alumnus of Colby University, and the last survivor of the class of 1864—a class of young gentlemen launched upon the world when half this continent was aflame with the passion of civil war—when Grant was beating the South by the multiplication table, or by following the old prize ring axiom that, other things being equal, a good big man will whip a good little man. Knowlton took a degree in medicine, studied law and was admitted to the bar, but just in passing, as it were.

He never prescribed for anybody; he never took a case into court. He was an ordained Baptist minister, and at times preached, but not regularly. Perhaps it may be said of him that he preached only when he had something to say. We need not pursue that line of thought further, because it leads into dangerous territory.

He taught in Foxcroft Academy, in Monson Academy, in the Caribou High School, in the Ricker Classical Institute, in the Bridgewater Academy, and in several other schools in Maine, and he was still teaching when he had passed fourscore.

Between classes, or between schools, he wrote a number of books, probably in order to have something to do. Most men can find no time for pursuits or hobbies outside their daily routine. That sort of thing is a state of mind. "The old schoolmaster" had time for anything he thought worth while, and no time for anything he did not think worth while, being a philosopher who saw life rightly.

He had lived greater than the time, incidentally, to serve in both branches of the Maine Legislature, representing Piscataquis County, and his sane philosophy left its mark upon the statute books of the Pine Tree state. Maine has lost greater sons than Knowlton. If we measure by the ordinarily accepted yard-stick. But is that true measurement? What is life for? Somehow, it strikes one, "the old schoolmaster" had his own idea of it, and perhaps he was not far astray.

Money he might have had, but he deemed it not worth while to pursue it as his chief objective. Money is not wealth. Knowlton knew that. He was the sort of man who regards life as an voyage which may be made pleasant or profitable according to the nature and the ideas of the passenger and his capacity not only for seeing—which is a matter of eyesight—but for observing. He was a matter of the mind—and for serving. So Knowlton fares forth into the Beyond—and doubt not that he will find, and make, pleasant company. So much for that.

Recalling his manifold occupations makes him reminiscent of the famous Terry O'Ran of the old Irish song: The mayor of the town Was a man of renown. He was a shoemaker, A tailor, a baker, A doctor besides, And chief undertaker To all the good people in Derry. Some men live to four-score and more—and mean nothing. "The Old Schoolmaster" was of another mould.

A certain Mrs. Bertha Bauer, described as a society woman who is a Republican candidate for office in Chicago, and who is running on a wet platform, has been sending a wagon load of empty beer kegs through the streets as a means of soliciting votes for the cause of prohibition. But why empty? If we are to judge Chicago by what its own newspapers say about it, the lady would do better to fill the kegs. Another woman who figures in the same campaign says, "Blue stockings and blue laws are out of style. Public opinion is champagne colored." There may be something in that.

Odds and Ends

Careful About Terms

(Tit-Bits.) Even in moments of extreme exasperation a certain boxing champion has an eye to business. When on his way to the west end with his trainer, a passenger leaving the tube train trod on his foot and thrust him aside with a sharp elbow. "I wouldn't stand that sort of thing, Harry," said the indignant trainer. "I don't intend to," replied the boxer, catching the offender by the collar. "Look here, my good man, for two pints and sixty per cent. of the purse, win, lose or tie, me meeting the referee, I'd knock your head off."

Costly Mosquito Bite. Whilst asleep in his bunk at Ghent, a seaman was bitten by a mosquito and told Judge Leigh, at the Manchester county court, held that the steamship company in whose employ the man was were liable and awarded his widow \$1,070 damages.

The Joke Not on Us This Time

"Made in Japan" was found printed on the reverse side of American flag rosettes given to guests at a "100 per cent. plus" Americanism banquet in Chicago.

Just Fun

EVERY knock is a boost, we are told, but when one woman knocks another she doesn't intend for it to be mistaken for a boost.

"DO YOU know what stage fright is?" "Yes, a show like we saw last night!"

ONE good way to preserve your health is to omit doing all the things you enjoy doing.

THREE A. M. Voice from above: Oh, daughter, does that young man like grapefruit?

THEY ALL ADVERTISE. A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact. Yet every time she lays an egg, she cackles forth the fact.

A rooster hasn't got a lot of intellect to show. But none the less most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

The mule, the most despised of beasts, has a persistent way of letting folks know he's around. By his insistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz. . . . Bulls bellow and cows moo. The watchdogs bark, the geanders quack, And doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks. Pigs squeal and robins sing. And even serpents know enough To hiss before they sting.

But man, the greatest masterpiece That nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate Before he'll advertise.

BLESSED are the poor in pocket. Their scandals—if they have any—attract little attention.

SAY, boss, a dark-skinned customer, rushing much perturbed into a store, "a no 'count boy has threatened mah life. Ah craves protection."

"How about a bullet-proof vest?" queried the man behind the counter. "Wuthless, plumb wuthless. Ain't yo' got no raser-proof collar?"

A GOOD way to start a bank account is to stop a lot of useless ones.

I'd like to see some shirts for my husband—soft ones, please—the doctor has forbidden anything starched.

HE MAY believe in one woman but he experiments with a few others.

ONCE in a while a husband will be diplomatic enough to remember his wife's birthday and forget her age.

FLY paper should be a warning to all of us. Watch your step and don't put your foot in it and you won't get stuck.

A CANDIDATE usually stands for some things, but a voter always has to stand for everything.

YOUR friends are those who know you well enough to talk to you another about your faults.

LOQUACIOUS Barber: And what would you like on your hair, sir? Weary Customer: My hat, just as soon as you can manage it.—London Opinion.

The Very Idea!

By Ed. O'Brien

CO-OPERATION. YOU'LL find, after all, that co-operation gives business the punch of success. Whatever your line, or whatever your station, that element stands up, I guess.

Of course you may plug on, and labor alone and do your own task day by day. And, maybe, right now, that's the reason you're groggy. But, say, when at that does it pay?

Your real peace of mind is where happiness lies. If you help someone else besides you, you'll rise to the point where you're one of those guys whose spirit can always come through. To have and to hold all the wealth that there is doesn't mean half as much as it seems. We all have that thought. Do you know what it is? The stuff out of which they make dreams.

Shanghai imported \$9,616,000 worth of machinery last year. What a great temptation to a monkey wrench.

An astronomer says the sun will be cold in 15 million years. "How'd you like to be the ice man," about that time?"

Everything comes to him who waits. —If it's only a tip. . . . Nellie was a lady fair. For short men she would fall. She thought it best to love a short, Than a'er to love a tall.

The only reason the mule has the reputation of being the champion sicker is because a man doesn't work as hard.

Poverty is a blessing in disguise—and the disguise is perfect.

Businessman—There is plenty of room at the top in every business. Steeplejack—Except mine!

FABLES IN FACT. THE TRAVELLING MAN WAS STRANDED IN A VERY SMALL VILLAGE OVER THE SABBATH PERIOD WITH NOTHING ELSE TO DO EXCEPT TO WAIT. HE TRAVELLED AROUND UNTIL IT GOT THE CONSTABLES GOAT PERIOD FINALLY THE OFFICER OF THE LAW WALKED UP AND THREATENED TO FINCH THE MAN PERIOD. QUOTATION MARK NOT A BAD IDEA COMMA QUOTATION MARK SAID THE TRAVELLER COMMA QUOTATION MARK MAYBE THAT'LL KEEP ME AWAKE PERIOD QUOTATION MARK.

Foreigners



—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

POEMS I LOVE

"Ozymandias of Egypt," by Shelley. A GREAT lyric and dramatic poem. Shelley wrote very few sonnets; yet among the finest of our language is his. It was as though he could embody the rich thought in no other form. The littleness of man is conveyed with ironic power. At the same time, the business of the desert and the immutability of the world are overwhelmingly shown. Shelley has been called, rather stupidly, I think, "the poet's poet." This judgment may have kept many readers from his work. I know several students who have been frightened by it. But I also know this: the quotation from his "Ode to the West Wind," used as a striking title for that particular novel, "If Winter Comes," has driven innumerable people to that single poem; and, having found that beauty, I hope they have gone deeper.

I met a traveler in an antique land Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand, Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command Tell that its sculptor well those passions read

Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things, The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear: 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, The lone and level sands stretch far away.

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WHO'S WHO

EDWIN HOLT HUGHES

A ROLL CALL to be held in all Methodist Episcopal churches in the country in May has been announced by Edwin Holt Hughes, resident bishop of the Chicago area and president of the church world service commission.

Bishop Hughes is endeavoring to rally as many as possible of the five million members for definite world service.

The bishop was born in Moundsville, W. Va., Dec. 7, 1868. He was ordained in the Methodist Episcopal ministry at 29 and became pastor of a church at Newton Centre, Mass. In 1903 DePaul University selected him for its president. After remaining there for five years he was made a bishop.

He has been interested in educational affairs and as one time was a member of the Indiana state board of education and also president of the State Teachers' Association of that state. During the Panama Exposition in 1915 he was chairman of the Committee of One Hundred for religious activities. In 1923 he was acting president of Boston University for six months.

Bishop Holt is the author of several books dealing with religious subjects.

Other Views

"PUBLIC MONEY" (Cleveland Plain Dealer.) There is no such thing as "public" money; money is private, and in order to spend it government must first reach into the taxpayer's pocket to get it.

SAME OVER HERE (London Observer.) The experiment of growing fruit trees by the roadside seems to have little chance in this country. It may be possible in Germany, where the word "verboten" is held in respect; or in France, where the apple is no particular treat; or in Switzerland, where it commemorates the pious memory of William Tell; but the English small boy is something of a communist, and in his taste for apples takes after his mother's. There is only one way to protect roadside apples in this country, and that is to make the eating of them compulsory and give lessons in school on three-fifths.

NEWSPAPER DIFFICULTIES (Duluth Herald.) There is no field in which costs have mounted so rapidly in the last few

years as the newspaper field. The time when any man with money or credit enough to buy a few fonts of type and a few sheets of paper could start a newspaper and hope to succeed is long gone by. Thanks partly to the war, but more largely to a tenacious rivalry in news and feature services as well as the general mounting of costs, nobody is warranted nowadays in starting a newspaper unless he is backed up by ample capital. And the fact is that virtually no new newspapers are being started, while many that have long been in operation are dropping by the wayside.

Missionaries Criticized. Christian missionaries in lands where non-white races live have been criticized publicly in London, as using wrong methods in their work. It is declared the missionaries, by imposing western civilization and methods on these heathen races, have upset their happy lives, and that Occidental habits and customs can only be unfavorably compared with their native codes.

Minard's Liniment for Colds.

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