

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1925

The Evening Times-Star

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"DISTURBING" AND "IMPOS- SIBLE"

"It is a disturbing, an impossible position," says the Ottawa Journal, in an editorial discussing the continued and growing loss of Canadian trade to American ports. The Journal, which recognizes that this is a great national issue, adds one more to the list of important Canadian newspapers which have made vigorous protest against a policy that taxes Canadians for the benefit of their foreign competitors.

In an editorial under the caption "Something Wrong Here," the Journal directs attention to the wheat traffic figures recently dealt with in The Times-Star. It notes, briefly, that in November the value of Canadian wheat shipped to Great Britain through our own ports was \$7,500,000, while the value of our wheat shipped to Britain through United States ports was \$25,000,000. The American ports handled four bushels of our wheat to every one going through our harbors.

"During the four months ended November 30, 38,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat bound for Great Britain went through American ports—and 17,000,000 bushels through Canadian ports. The Journal makes indignant protest and demands an explanation and a change. It says:

"These figures are startling. Canada has invested something like \$2,000,000,000 in railways, running East and West.

"These railways were built to keep Canadian traffic in Canada, to develop trade with the Empire, to build up the seaports of Canada. "Deficits of feasibility to seventy millions a year are the price being paid for that idea.

"Yet here we have the stark fact that, this colossal investment, notwithstanding, Canadian traffic is not being kept in Canada.

"The traffic that should be going over Canadian railways, helping to build our own ports, is prospering ports under a foreign flag. It is a disturbing, an impossible position."

"The people of Canada," says the Journal, "are not paying taxes to rear the prosperity of American ports. They should not be doing so; they are not doing it willingly. Yet they are doing it, and in an increasing degree month by month, contrary to every sound principle of national policy. The Journal demands an explanation without delay; but there can be no satisfactory explanation. It is not an explanation that is wanted, so much as a change of policy and of practice. The only available explanations do not explain. The people who have attempted explanations have hinted, without saying so plainly, that Canada cannot help itself.

"We venture to say that no public man in a position of authority, no public official of importance, will take the responsibility of telling the Canadian people that this state of affairs must continue, that this stream of traffic is lost beyond recovery and that it is bound to go on increasing, that Canada's costly east and west traffic policy has gone into the discard beyond recall. Will the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King say that? Will the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen say it? Will Sir Henry Thornton say it? Will they tell the people who have an investment of more than \$2,000,000,000 in nationally owned railways that American ports are to continue to get the bulk of the export wheat traffic of this country, now the world's leading exporter of cereals?

"It is, as the Journal styles it, a 'disturbing, an impossible position.' And it must be grappled with. If the national transportation structure cannot justify itself, then neither can the tariff structure be justified. Nor can the fact be ignored that if the east-and-west railway construction, designed to bind the nine provinces together and to give them, with some approach to equality, the benefits of union, fails of its purpose, Confederation itself must be increasingly endangered.

"The community will learn with a grave sense of loss of the death of Mrs. John A. McAvity, who gave so generously and effectively of her time and effort to good causes in Saint John. She organized the Y. W. C. A., and for a great many years has been a tower of strength in connection with the women's activities and the general work of St. John's (Stone) Church. She was a woman of wonderful personality, and she devoted herself unflinchingly to the cause of the suffering and helpless. The deep and respectful sympathy of the community will be extended to the family.

Lloyd George says that disarmament is the one and only test of the value of the Locarno treaties. Recently the United States Secretary of War, in his annual report, recommended an increase in the regular army and expressed uneasiness concerning the security of the Panama canal and the Hawaiian Islands against possible attack. Lloyd George observes that if the

armies, within a century, should feel insecure and be slow to disarm. He thinks disarmament is bound to be a slow process, agreeing in that respect with Viscount Cecil, but both regard the outlook as hopeful.

This one, from the Literary Digest: Bridges, the poet Laureate, declined to be interviewed. The fact was noted by an American newspaper, and the best headline of the year appeared over the item. King's Canary Refuses to Chirp, was what the editor had written.

It's all a matter of taste, of course.

zone, feel it necessary to talk officially about attacks and invasions, it is not to be wondered that France, which has been three times invaded by hostile armies within a century, should feel insecure and be slow to disarm. He thinks disarmament is bound to be a slow process, agreeing in that respect with Viscount Cecil, but both regard the outlook as hopeful.

Each was in his shirt sleeves, but both wore sleeveless sweaters. They blinked as the rain fell, wetting their hair and faces and the sleeves of the shirts and finally looking the sweat, but stood their ground while a score of persons, many of them jeering children, gathered to watch. They shifted their weight from one foot to

Odds and Ends

When the Wild Pigeons Darkened the Skies (Bystander in Toronto Globe)

The story of the passenger pigeon is now a tale that is told, writes J. W. Wilson, in Rod and Gun in Canada. Mr. Wilson, in this exceptionally thoughtful and interesting article, relates that the now extinct passenger pigeon was once so numerous that the passage of the flocks obscured the sun. It gives a thrill of pleasure, Mr. Wilson writes, still to read in old accounts where descriptions of the passenger pigeon are in the present tense. It links one historically to remember actual visions of the sun flying while we were youths. The grim, and certainly is that none of us will see it flying again.

The last of the race known to man died eleven years ago, its last moments tended, in mind, by countless bird-lovers on the continent, and even the world over, and the date of its death is noted minutely as occurring at 2 p. m. on Sept. 1, 1914, at the Zoological Garden, Cincinnati.

The last specimen of the Eskimo curlew, the buff-breasted sandpiper, the golden plover and the heath hen will not be so universally regarded or so widely deplored. The sole remaining member of the species may still be alive, the flocks may be even restored in numbers by a band of conservationists, but they will never thrill the world as the pigeon did—because they never existed in such astounding multitudes. Two hundred years ago this pigeon, now extinct, was the commonest bird on the continent. This in itself was remarkable for a bird of the pigeon size.

Indians camped on the migration routes; explorers and other writers, in attempts to describe the flocks, invariably ended with an apology for their seeming exaggeration, and a confession of inability to convey a true picture of the phenomenon. "Clouds darkening the heavens," "wings beating like thunder," "flocks miles wide that took hours to pass a given point"—these are expressions that are constantly reiterated, and verified by witnesses as accurate and conservative.

Audubon tells how he computed their millions; Weld (1795) records a scene on Lake Ontario. The ship was sailing from Niagara to Toronto, when a flight of pigeons was seen coming from the direction of the boat's destination. The ship met the flock and was under the shadow of the birds for the whole distance and after the vessel had docked the pigeons were flying on in numbers undiminished. "The flight was extended at least eighty miles," and the only hint that this was unusual is that such large flocks occurred only "in pigeon years," which happened every seventh or eighth season.

Pigeons were not only used in estimation of their flight, for in these former roosting grounds and the surrounding woods were defined. Acres were inadequate and, with hundreds of trees to the acre, hundreds of nests and more than hundreds of roosting birds would be found in one tree. The settler with his fowling piece took one shot upward in the darkness and with his torch gathered a load of birds, whose flesh was reckoned the finest eating even when most plentiful.

They Didn't Like It. (New York Times)

Giacomo Puleo, 44 years old, a fish peddler of 191 Irving avenue, Brooklyn, and William Levine, 40, a laundry wagon driver, who said he lived at 116 Walworth street, Brooklyn, were brought into the Bridge Plaza Court, Brooklyn, yesterday on a warrant charging them with cruelty to animals in leaving their horses standing in the cold on Berry street, Brooklyn, on Monday without blankets.

"How would you like to stand in the rain yourselves, without hat or coat?" asked Magistrate Golden when the two men were arraigned before him. Puleo and Levine were silent. "Well, you can leave your hats and coats here, step outside, stand in the rain for 15 minutes and then come back and tell me how you like it," said the magistrate.

The two men started at Magistrate Golden for a moment to see if he was in earnest. The expression on his face convinced them. They put their hats and their coats on the desk of the court officer, James Murray, and followed by the latter, they walked slowly out of the building, down the short flight of outer steps, and stood on the sidewalk in the cold, drizzling rain.

Each was in his shirt sleeves, but both wore sleeveless sweaters. They blinked as the rain fell, wetting their hair and faces and the sleeves of the shirts and finally looking the sweat, but stood their ground while a score of persons, many of them jeering children, gathered to watch. They shifted their weight from one foot to

the other many times, and then the 15 minutes expired.

"How did you like it?" asked Magistrate Golden. "I have now the luckiest little curse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness! It was never a day idle since I got it."

Another Ghost Story The following strange story, from a Glasgow correspondent, was published in a London paper: "Weird happenings which are said to have occurred at night in a Falkirk church have given much concern to the church officer and organist. Both say they have seen the ghost of a church officer, long since dead."

The present officer declared that when alone in the church at night he has frequently heard the shuffling of feet and the sound of a yawn, both of which were peculiar to his predecessor. The organist asserts that one night when alone in the church he heard a voice in a weary tone exclaim, "Och aye!" He hurried to the switchboard, shouting, "Who's there?" But after putting on all the lights he could detect no one.

On another evening, the organist says, his attention was directed to the gallery, where he distinctly observed an old man shuffling with weary gait. Despite a minute search, however, no trace of anyone could be found.

When the news of these happenings leaked out a member of the congregation reported that during the war, when soldiers were accommodated in the church, he entered one night to be confronted by a scared looking Tommy holding grimly to his rifle with bayonet fixed. All the soldiers were searching feverishly in dark corners for someone whom they declared they had heard moving about, but could not see.

Writes Own Obituary to Help His Fellow Sufferers. (Fourth Estate.)

Tadeusz Gubrynowicz, a Polish journalist of Rosen, literally "died in harness."

Just Fun

IN the spring a young woman is fancy also.

THE ARK wasn't the only institution that contained a little of everything. There's the drug store.

"THEY used to carry him in—Now they're carrying him out," wept the disconsolate widow sadly.

"THERE'S one person that agrees with me," said the cannibal.

SAMBO—Rastus, why is it yo' calls yo' baby "Stattie"?

Rastus—"Cause he allus butts in when Ah'm broadcastin' to the old wumman."

THE RADIO has worked one great advantage to apartment dwellers. It has furnished more clothes lines on the roof.

OLD GENTLEMAN: What would you like to be when you grow up? Boy: I'd like to be a bricklayer.

"Why would you like to be a bricklayer?" "Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."

IT might be worse. Suppose every law required a special set of enforcement officers.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN Dear heart, do you ever remember When we our twain love did plight

In a love that was deep as the ocean, But brief as a midsummer night? The morn of that day we were strangers;

We met 'neath the moon's witching gleam; But ere the last star had waned, love, You were gone, like a creature in dream.

Come back like a ghost of that day, love, Its pleasure, its glamour, its pain; I've something to say to you, dear, And if I should meet you again, But if to remain in your call; You think after all it were best— Just send back my gold watch and chain, dear, And I will forgive you the rest.

A GREAT many people quarrel about religion, who never practice it.

AT ANY RATE the fellow who builds nothing but air castles never has to pay any tax on them.

"I REFUSE to swear," said the girl witness when the clerk asked her to raise her right hand.

"What kind of a snapper are you, anyhow?" asked the judge.

FASHION says skirts are to be short— or for spring. That will put the waist-line about on a line with the hem of the skirt.

THE HEIGHT of a small boy's ambition is about six feet.

the other many times, and then the 15 minutes expired.

"How did you like it?" asked Magistrate Golden.

There was no answer. "I imagine you don't enjoy it a lot," he continued. "Now you know how the poor horses must have felt. I guess you've been punished enough. Sentence suspended."

It's There, Just the Same. (Boston Transcript.)

Glenn Frank writes a piece about every man's genius. The brother with the inferiority complex should take notice. Even if he has never recognized his genius, it should comfort him to know that high authority says it is there just the same, hidden in the treasury of his "deep self." After that, who can fail to pack up his troubles in the old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!

A Lucky Little Vehicle. (London Referee.)

One of Lord Charles Bessborough's tenants who conducted a small undertaking establishment in Waterford was one day asked how the business was getting along. "Grand, me lord!" he exclaimed. "I have now the luckiest little curse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness! It was never a day idle since I got it."

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Ain't We Got Fun?



—From the Post, Washington, D. C.

The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

A LITTLE GLEAM OF TIME BETWEEN TWO ETERNITIES

THE professional optimist, the good gentleman whose tongue is ever laden with sweetness and light, is, after all, only another species of liar.

For all of us know that work, worry, labor and trouble, tempered by comparatively little love and happiness, form the lot of most men their whole life long.

Yet the professional optimist is popular. Man does not want to be told his life is but an empty dream, war and misery seem like innocent prisoners, condemned, not to death, but to life.

SCHOPENHAUER observes in one of his essays that in early youth, as we contemplate our coming life, we are like children in a theatre before the curtain is raised, sitting there in high spirits and eagerly waiting for the play to begin.

It is a blessing that we do not know what is going to happen," he says, playing the Pessimist's role.

"Could we foresee it, there are times when children might seem like innocent prisoners, condemned, not to death, but to life as if it were your whole life."

Poems That Live

MIDNIGHT.

O God! this is a holy hour, Thy breath is for the land; I feel it in each little flower, Around me where I stand—

In all the moonshine scattered fair, A glow below me everywhere, In every dew-dew gleaming gleam, In every leaf and blade of green, And in his silent grand and deep, Wherein Thy blessed creatures sleep.

Men say, that in this midnight hour, The disembodied have power To wander as it liketh them, By wizard oak and fairy stream, Through still and solemn places And by old halls and tombs to dream

With pale, cold, mournful faces, I fear them not; for they must be Spirits of kindest sympathy, Who choose such haunts, and joy to feel The beauties of this calm night steal Like music o'er them, while they woo'd The luxury of solitude.

—W. Motherwell.

Dinner Stories

The friend had dropped in to see D'Auber, the great animal painter, put the finishing touches on his latest painting.

"He is a fine fellow," D'Auber took some raw meat and rubbed it vigorously over the painted rabbit in the foreground.

"Why on earth did you do that?" he asked.

"I'll bet anyone here," said D'Auber, "Mrs. Millions is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit, and get excited over it, she'll buy it on the spot."

The officers' mess was discussing rifle shooting.

"I'll bet anyone here," said D'Auber, "Mrs. Millions is coming to see this picture today. When she sees her pet poodle smell that rabbit, and get excited over it, she'll buy it on the spot."

"Done!" cried a major.

The whole mess was on hand early next morning to see the experiment tried.

The lieutenant fired.

"Miss," he calmly announced.

A second shot.

"Miss," he repeated.

A third shot.

"Miss."

"Here, there! Hold on!" protested the major. "What are you trying to do? You're not shooting for the target at all!"

"Of course not," admitted the lieutenant. "I'm firing for those cigars."

INCANDESCENT CONSTABLE. (Manchester Guardian.)

(A rural district council in Lancashire is considering the issue to policemen of luminous helmets to be used on dark days. He sees for the first time ever intended and however picturesque in effect, might not be wholly welcome to the recipient. The advancing footstep of the law's guardian is already a too-efficient warning to the more stealthy sort of evildoer. If the constable is now to approach in the guise of a lighthouse, advertising his business by his brilliance, the change will be something of a boon to the wicked. It is all, no doubt, very well for the saints to keep their haloes on while engaging in combat with the powers of darkness. But a lighted helmet, so far from turning a policeman into a saint, would probably tend to make him an uncomfortably good target.

Who's Who

IN THE DAYS NEWS.

LOUIS LOUCHEUR.

THE presence of Louis Loucheur in the Briand cabinet as Minister of Finance has been favorably received by the French people and it is thought that his influence will tend to insure the cabinet a fairly lengthy existence. He is one of the foremost capitalists of industry in France, and also is credited with having the largest fortune in his native country.

He was born at Roubaix in 1872 and was graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique with high honors. It is from this school that many of the officers of the artillery and of the engineer corps of the government are graduated. After spending a year in the army as artillery officer at Vincennes, Loucheur became an employee of the Great Northern railroad. In 1895 he had proved himself capable of handling large projects, and was recalled from the front to supervise the manufacture of munitions, since a scarcity of shells was imminent. When Clemenceau became Premier he picked Loucheur as the only man in France capable of handling the coal situation.

In 1921, when relations between France and Germany were strained to the breaking point, Loucheur, then a member of the Briand cabinet, met Dr. Walter Rathenau, the German Minister of Reconstruction, in an informal conference and arranged reparations terms that established more friendly relations between the two countries. He enjoys the confidence of both French and German citizens.

Other Views

THE MENACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST. (Constantinople Jumburlet.)

As long as the vilayet of Mosul remains a fundamental factor in its future, and future, it will be impossible to solve the difficulty without returning this province to Turkey. The vilayet of Mosul is Turkish. While Britain persists in refusing to admit this fact, it is useless to expect a peaceful solution. Let us be absolutely candid about it, the other term of the alternative is war.

FRANCO-SPANISH ENTENTE. (Madrid Nation.)

Other Governments, though including among their Ministers great diplomats and eminent statesmen, all thoroughly versed in the art of government, never succeeded in obtaining from France this much-desired entente, and Abdel-Krim benefitted thereby. As soon as the Directory appeared on the scene, it accomplished what diplomats and statesmen, however, were never able to accomplish.

GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE. (Berlin Tagliche Rundschau.)

The German Government and the different parties in the country have always considered that Germany's entry into the League of Nations would not be possible until after the evacuation of the Cologne bridge-head. A session of the League of Nations Assembly will be held next March and the demand for Germany's admission should be made in February. It should be possible, at that time, to determine accurately whether the Cologne occupation has been in fact ended, and whether the condition precedent imposed by Germany has been fulfilled.

FASCISM AND THE PROFESSORS. (Rome Popolo d'Italia.)

There are still grey patches in the political and spiritual panorama of Italy, and it is necessary and urgent to take possession of them in order to avoid surprises in the future. University professors are for the most part

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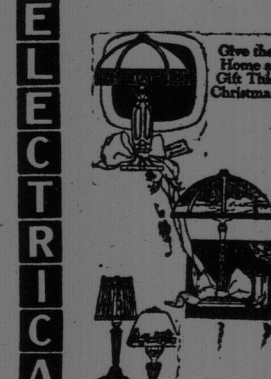
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anti-Fascist, almost all of them have signed the manifesto of the anti-Fascist intellectuals. For many years now professors in Italian universities have had a negative effect on the national life. The universities cannot constitute a grey patch in the Fascist regime; the regime will settle with equal vigor the problem of the university professors.

THE IRAQ BOUNDARY DISPUTE. (Constantinople Vakit.)

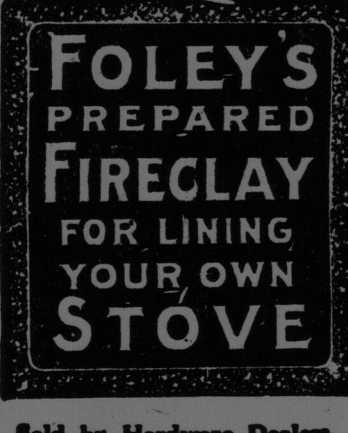
Turkey cannot be content with a solution which makes the decision of the League of Nations binding on both parties, since the Government of Ankara has always refused to consider the tribunal at Geneva as a final arbiter.

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