POOR DOCUMENT

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The Evening Times and Star

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THE BUDGET

it would not be good business for them to establish a coal rate which would make it possible to sell the Alberta product in Ontario at a price somewhere near that mentioned. The members of the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy point out that there is at presents of the amount of revenue available for all services really small in proportion to the codes, and where there are so many kemands it is difficult to keep down he expenditure. The Provincial Secretary recognises the value of ecenomy and presents it as a most desirable solicy. It is to be noted that the extenditure in the Public Works Department will be smaller this year than ast. For Public Health it will be a little larger than before. Dr. Hetherington very properly refers to the plendid financial position of the Province and the high figures obtained for Provincial bonds. There is one item of evenue which the people would be very glad to see reduced, even at the expense of further economy in some directions, and that is the revenue from Iquor, which is no credit to a prostibility available.

Reviewing the whole situation, Dr. Hetherington sees no ground for the "alarm" with which some critics view it. On the contrary he sees good reason for an optimistic spirit, so long as due regard is shown for real needs, and expenditures are limited by those needs. The revenue from Crown Lands will be larger this year, and will doubtless be large for some years to come, since there is no likelihood of a recurrence of the slump in the lumber business which had so serious an effect last year. Whatever weaknesses there may be in any part of the Budget will be revealed by the Opposition in next week's debate, while its strong ones will be emphasized by speakers on the Government side. Dr. Hetherington is to be congratulated on the clearness of his exposition of Provincial affairs, which will have a good effect in the country. The Government lays its cards on the table. There is

ALBERTA'S AMBITION

The Edmonton Journal welcomes the request of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy that the Federal Government appoint a committee to consist of a mine engineer, a freight expert and a business executive, to examine and report upon the feasibility of shipping Alberta coal to Ontario

"Yesterday the Journal published a special despatch from Winnipeg which told of the great success which has been met with during the present season in meeting the Manitoba demand by shipments from Alberta. Our product has, it was stated, practically taken the field for itself, and there is no reason why this hold should not be retained. Customers are well satisfied and, having accustomed themselves to the use of Alberta coal, are not likely to go back to the use of the American. This is in line with what Mr. Forke, the Progressive leader, told the house of commons the other day. Having thus established itself in Manitoba after a long struggle, the Alberta coal industry is determined to reach out after the Ontario field. It should have the fullest support of the Government and of the general public

Discussing the question of railway freight rates, which would be the most serious handicap, the Journal contends that a rate of \$6 per ton could be

made. We quote again:

"The problem is simply one of trans portation. If a rate of six or seven dol lars per ton could be established on shipments of our coal to Ontario, i could be sold there at somewhere about eleven dollars per ton. With a largy volume of traffic, coal should be shipped as cheaply as wheat. The rate on the latter from Edmonton to Fort William is 26 cents per hundred, or \$5.20 a ton From Fort William to Georgian Bayand Lake Erie ports the normal water rate is four cents per bushel, or \$1.3 a ton, making the total rate from Edmonton \$6.52 per ton. Mr. Chard, the provincial government's traffic experitas pointed out that on a shipment of fifty cars of forty tons straight throug to Ontario by rail, at a rate of \$6.0 per ton, the railway's earnings per train mile would be \$5.26. The freight earnings of the C.P.R. in 1920 was \$5.8 per train mile in western Canada an operating expenses on all kinds of traffic \$3.88. The return haul of the coars is overlooked in this calculation But even so, it is evident from thes figures and from others that have been so the strain of the coars is overlooked in this calculation But even so, it is evident from thes figures and from others that have been so the strain of the coars is overlooked in this calculation.

The Marriage Game

The Snappiest of Pastimes
As Played to a Decision
Every Day
By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hatton

TAKING CHANCES.

Her Play—Whenever I hear a man boasting about his courage—his custom of taking a chance on anything once—
I feel sad. There is something born in man that causes him to conside this business of taking a chance of



don't tell me about the explorers and pioneers and discoverers who gained great goals because they were willing to take a chance. They were all right in their chosen field, but I don't want to be married to a Christopher Columbus or a Steve Brodie. The marriage game is no device for a man to take a chance on. I am sure I—what's that?

I give vent to a refined chuckle. So the marriage game is no thing to take a chance on, eh? What do you suppose would happen if every man decided of a sudden to remain a gay and care-free bachelor until his sweet ie could pass an examination in but ton-sewing, dish-washing, temper, temperament, inclination to keep her haltidy before breakfast, et cetera? That would remove the element of chance whole lot, my dear, but it would stew all the juice out of the apple of romance, too, and leave it a dry and tasteless plup, what? Man was borr to take a chance on anything—once The only flaw is that woman's way persuade some poor fellows to come back for more—they surely are bear.

The Referee—She is the winner.
THE CALL OF SPRING.

inibition province.

Reviewing the whole situation, Dr., Hetherington sees no ground for the bec sends carloads of liquor into prohibition ontario, will it thrive on that the contrary he sees good reakind of nourishment;

(By George R. Ewing.)

O robin, at your clear, sweet call The brooks escape their icy thrall;

The sky which held a frown to view Now opens wide its eyes of blue And smiles in happiness;

The winds awake and scamper free winds awake and scamper free winds awake and scamper free through the winds awake and

ilitures are limited by those are to be attended to before the end of April. It is not too soon to begin are this year and will doubt to think about them.

O robin, whence the magic spell
Your lilting song doth weave so well?
Have you from famed Castalian Fount,
Upspringing in Parnassus Mount,
Quaffed as did bards of old?

And now from out your swelling throat,
With many a bubbling, limpid note,
Does it, with fresh, impetuous flow,
In mad, sweet music onward go

robin, with the clear, sweet call, ove your music best of all.

LIGHTER VEIN.

A Waste of Good English.

"Don't say, "set up," to Towser, Julan," Mrs. Smith plaintively corrected
ter small son, "say 'sit up.' You must
te more careful of your grammar."

"Oh, mother," replied Julian, "you
mow I have lots of good grammar,
that why waste it on a dog?"

Natural Inclination.

"What profession is your boy Josh going to select?"

"Tm going to educate him to be a lawyer," replied Farmer Corntossel. "He's naturally argumentative an' bent on mixin' into other people's troubles

No Opening.

"I'd like to tell that fellow Bragson what I think of him."

"You'd never get a chance! he's for ever telling what he thinks of him.

"You'd never get a chance! he's for ever telling what he thinks of him self."

All Settled.

man? Do you think he is able to support you?"
"Not at present, father, but we've talked that all over. After the wedding we thought you'd find a good job

Quotes Dr. Matthew On Evolution

To the Editor of The Toronto Globe:
What is meant by science? I have been a frequent attendant for years at many so-called scientific lectures in England, France, Belgium, Australia, New Zealand, New York, Hamilton and Toronto, and a diligent reader of works on astronomy, geology, biology, chemistry, ethics and comparative religion, etc.; perhaps it would be better to say that science is the "philosophy of life."
As against the Rev. Dr. Riley, who declared, "Evolution is not a science." I will pit the declaration of Dr. Matthew, F. R. S., the eminent Canadian paleontologist of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, that "evolution is no longer a theory, but an accepted fact, a law of the universe." In a universal law there can be no exception, and man has been evolved just as well as animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, plants and planets and suns from the simple to the complex, by slow changes generally, leaps and bounds occasionally, as existence of freaks and monstrosities bear witness, and not always in a continuous progressive manner, as though there was purposefulness inherent within or without, as many species became extinct.

I interviewed Dr. Matthew after the lecture and he assured me he had deliberately emphasized the idea that "man had evolved," and had shown on the screen a chart showing the opposite directions that man and the present apes and monkeys had taken from some ancient "lemur" stock.

If Dr. Riley would accept a challenge from a layman I would be pleased to meet him, as the Toronto Unite

MR. DOOLEY On Oratory In Politics

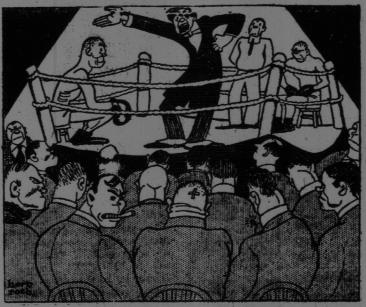
By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

"I mind th' first time Willum J. whether he was fr a tariff or again o'Brien r-run f'r office th' Raypublians an' th' Indypindants an' th' Soialists nommynated a young man be h' name iv Dorgan that was in th' law susiness in Halsted Sthreet, near colors to revue again' him.

"But he got th' superintindint iv th'

Cologne, to r-run again' him.

"Smith O'Brien Dorgan was his lame, an' he was wan iv th' most loquint young la-ads that iver made a peakin' thrumyet iv his face. He culd holler like th' impire iv a baseball bar-rn boss iv th' sthreet-ca-ars. He came; an' whin he delivered th' sinti-



"He Delayed One Prize Fight Two Hours.

nts iv his hear-rt, ye'd think he was yin' to confide thim to a man on top a high buildin'.

'He was prisidint iv th' lithry club

"No wan that come near him-want-

"He was prisidint iv th' lithry club at th' church; an' Father Kelly tol' me that, th' day afther he won th' debate on th' pen an' th' soord in favor iv th' pen, they had to hire, a carpenter to mend th' windows, they'd sagged so. They called him th' boy orator iv Healey's Slough.

Healey's Slough.

"He planned th' campaign himsilf.

"Ill not re-sort, says he, to th' ordin's
ry methods,' he says. "The thing to
do,' he says, "s to prisint th' issues iv
th' day to th' voters,' he says 'I'll burn
up ivry precin't in th' ward with me
iloquince,' he says. An' he bought a
long black coat, an' wint out to spread
th' light.

"He talked ivrywhere. Th' people jammed Finucane's Hall, an' he tol' thim th' time had come fr th' masses to r-rise. 'Raymimber,' says he, 'th' idees iv April,' he says. 'Raymimber Demonthens an' Cicero and raymimber th' thraditions iv ye'er fathers, iv Washing'ton an' Jefferson an' Andhrew Jackson an' John L. Sullivan,' he says. 'Ye shall not, Billy O'Brien,' he says. 'Ye shall not, Billy O'Brien,' he says. 'The spoke to a meetin' in Deerin'

Sthreet in th' same wuruds. He had th' sthreet-car stopped while he hurled reemarks about th' Constitution until th' bar-rn boss sint down an' threat-ned to discharge Mike Dwyer that was dhrivin' wan hundherd an' eight in thim days, though thransferred to Wintworth Avnoo later on.

"He made speeches to polismin in th' squadroom an' to good la-ads hoist-n' mud out iv th' dhraw at th' red

th' squadroom an' to good la-ads noistn' mud out iv th' dhraw at th' red
oridge. People'd be settin' quite in th'
back room playin' forty-fives whin
Smith O'Brien Dorgan'd burst in, an'
addhress thim on th' issues iv th' day.
O'Brien's Campaign Different.

"Now o'll this time Bill O'Brien was

"Now all this time bill O'Brien was campaignin' in his own way. H niver med wan speech. Naa wan knew

The Tales of A Captain

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Number o.

Hongkong:

Some one spoke of the Dala
"Yes," said the Captain, "h

very able man. We had him on this ship when the British Government compelled him to 'cross the black water'—a deadly punishment for a priest of his persuasion—and go to Hongkong to make his submission after the Younghusband affair. He knew no English when he came on board, and, of course, I know no Thibetan, but we were able to communicate be-

"Wat till I show you, went on the Captain, "the diagram he drew for me to explain the theory of re-incarnation," and he rushed into his cabin to get it. The diagram proved to be a series of decep indentations something like the crenellations on the top of a mediaeval wall. The Dalai Lamahad said that each of our incarnations was spent at the bottom of one of these indentations where the soul could see the heavens overhead but

An ingenious illustration of a theory which looks less fantastic if you will regard it broadly as an attempt to answer the problem of the origin of life. Our answer is, of course, "a special and individual creation out of nothing," precisely as we were used to answer in the same way the problem of the origin of the material universe. Lately, however, our scientific philosophers have been putting forward the theory that the material universe was not "created" at all but was and is eternal, indestructible, though it changes its form from aeon to aeon. The Buddhist goes a step farther and says that individual life is also very long, if not eternal, extending backwards as well as forwards and that it,

Another day we were talking of piracy—those long, indolent, smooth, sunny days on the Bay of Bengal. The stout little "Lai Sang" ploughed steadly ahead with a cool breeze under her awnings, and there was no one on board save ourselves and the sick and tired missionary family returning home to America from the wild foothills of the Himalayas—except for a mysterious world of some two hundred native passengers who slept and gambled and cooked their food on the open decks below us. It was like a private yach.

rone on his deck chair and yarn of the adventures of a lifetime spent sailing those Eastern waters—waters waters where "the flying fish" literally lay by the thousands and romance the sail ways lurking beneath every trange sail.

"Yes" he said "nivery is still come.

"Yes," he said, "piracy is still comon along the China Coast where we
ill be in a few days." There was
danger for us because pirates did
t know how to navigate a sea-gog ship and never wasted their time
pturing one, but they held up coasts and river-boats frequently.
"Why do not the British at Hongng put it down," I asked. "Impos-

ong put it down," I asked. "Imposible!" he said, "the coast is full of
ays and inlets into which they can
un and plunder the ship and its pasengers, and then disappear inland. We
ould not follow them. All we can do
to negotiate with the most powerful
of the local rulers and ransom any
critish subjects who may be carried
ff, and then insist on our passenger
toats taking what precautions they

It seemed like a tall story—piracy in these modern times and almost under the guns of Hongkong. But the very day we sailed up through the maze of rocky islands that dot the sea-highway from the south to Hongkong and entered her magnificent harbor, the regular passenger steamer from Hongkong to Macoa (one of the most popular tourist side-trips) was actually printed on its outward trip and several people killed and this in higher than the pirating was done by a gang which had shipped on board as passengers. The feminists will be delighted to learn that they were led by a woman! It is one of the duties of the Captains of these Macoa steamer to be chatty and affable with the passengers. On this trip the Captain found it very easy to be chatty and affable with

Chinese lady in silk tronis making the journey; but ared the coast and were impting inlet, the charming y suddenly thrust a revolhis breast and blew a a signal for her band to tions. The affable Captain in the hospital when we is silk trousered lady and if friends had vanished uther warming population of their views of their views one of the views of their views one of the views of the views



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lieving, in retrospect, the Captain's pir-

And these are typhoon waters. The Captain had been through several, including that famous one that hit Hongkong, lifted sailing ships bodily up on the Bund and unroofed houses along the slopes of the Peak. One typhoon caught him suddenly on 'deck, and the force of the wind immediately pinned him back against the rail so that he could not move hand or foot. Slowly he managed to wriggle to a gap giving on the lower deck and so literally to fall into the cock-pit, where he took stock of his condition and found that all his outer clothes had been torn from him by the force of the wind, including one of his boots.

ing one of his boots.

Sailors think that some men are more likely to attract typhoons than others. There is one man here called "Typhoon Bill," he has been in so many; and it is very difficult for him to get a job. He is like a man I just heard of who turned up during the latter days of the war seeking a herth as Quartermaster, with four U-Boat stripes on his arm. You would think that he would be hailed at once as a hero and a martyr, and given the best job going! but no! Everybody was afraid to employ him for fear of "being torpedeed" had become a habit with him. We stopped at Penang and Singapere en route between Calcutta and Hongkong. They are two tropical islands right out of Conrad—or, with modifications, Frederick O'Brien. There are the same curving beaches bordered with leaning palms—the same clusters of bamboo-built native houses lifted on slim poles out of oozing mud flats—the same graceful, frankly staring, though only half naked, natives swarm-

with leaning palms—the same clusters of bamboo-built native houses lifted on slim poles out of oozing mud flats—the same graceful, frankly staring, though only half naked, natives swarming up primitive fashion on the raised platforms before them or in the sprawling groves about them. Plantations of rubber trees climb the hills and native girls go from tree to tree gathering in gourds the milk-like sap that runs slewly from the gashed trunk into enamel or glass receptacles. Steam-hot rubber factories are to be visited, smelled, sweltered in and wondered at. Rick-shaw runners wearing only loin cloths and broad hats pose beside or run lightly between the shafts of their rubber-tired vehicles, models of natural grace and muscular vigor. Ford cars compete with them for custom—the modern against the romantic. European settlers all wear starched white. A couple of benighted beings in black dinner coats made a conspicuous and comfort-killing blot on the scene at dinner at the Singapore Hotel. The whole side of the room was open if the street, though it was January. The rickshaw lights of white clad dinersour twinkled along the road as you sat at table and gazed out into the tropi-

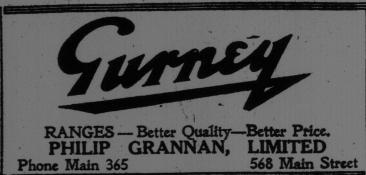
at table and gazed out into the tropical dark. Around the corner you could stroll after dinner down a street crowded with native eating stands (literally crowded, for they filled the roell) where all sorts of hot dishes, steaming shell fish, smoking beans, frying fish, boiling meat messes, loaded the air with really appetising odors, and the natives clustered about and dined, stending or squatting, for a few cents. Somerset Maugham had been at Singapore gathering material for a new Eastern romance. We heard of him from a lady who lived up country on the Malay Peninsula—the wife of a rubber planter—and who had written inviting Maugham to her home to "see something of the real East." They had a mutual friend which made the writing quite natural, but Maugham could not come. His admirer was very sorry, fearing that he would try to get his Malay atmosphere in the cosmopolities cross-roads of Singapore.

in cross-roads of Singapore.

Incidentally, she and her husband hey had joined the "Lai Sang" at agapore on a holiday trip to Honging, told us many things of life in al jungle where they are; not the sappointing open-work woodland they often call "jungle" in India. You mnot penetrate a foot into the Malay ingle without hacking your way into e dense growth, or rather getting nares with axes to go ahead and do the tecking. When they have visitors, one the things they do is to take them

Little chance sidelights on their life seemed especially illuminating. The wife belonged to a Dramatic Club, and she had to drive fifty-four miles to rehearsal. That spoke of a plucky and determined effort to fight loneliness and the de-civilizing pressure of the ever-encroaching jungle. They went down the river one day to see a great crocodile that the natives had killed because it had caught and eaten quite a number of their village. Every night they drove to their "Club" for a tea-dance.





don. They read with avidity the cere into the dense jungle of ay Peninsula. There were alse same people at the "Club" few of them, but it was an of European life and it kept touch with the west. "We call foreigner who comes within fire." It had told the Memilles." It had told the Memilles." The lady told the Memilles." The lady told the Memilles." The superior attractions of the service of the superior attractions of the su

oreigner who comes within the west. "We can to desire the lady told the Member's and told of the superior attractions of the service in Eastern waters, and told of the member of the superior attractions of the service in Eastern waters, and told of the great walth made by companies trading in Asiatic ports and boasted of the freer life out here, the good fellows, the lavish and sincere hospitality; even at times the captain would take a quieter tone as he smiled softly over the welcome that always awaited him in his somnolent London Club, near Buckingham Palace, and planned how he would spend his leisurely days when he retired, not in a bungalow of Malay, nor a cottage on the lordly heights of Hongkong, but in his cosy domestic villa perched on the English cliffs that overlook the much better, in the spacious

There is the cheap and copious the easy life, the rubbing famoulders with the best. Women, wo or three years in the East, tity find it almost impossible to tent in the confined circle they

the West.
and yet; and yet; they do want
w about the latest plays in LonMinard's Linkment for Coughs and Colds

