POOR DOCUMENT

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The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL 24, 1926.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED ABOUT CANADA?

Canada, after long years of depression and gloom, is picking up its old stride. It is the custom of partizan newspapers at election time to exaggerate our economic ills, or to minimize them, according to the political allegiance of the narrower Scribes and Pharisees of the Press.

But what are the facts about Canada today, as regards business? We are accustomed, all too frequently, to compare our condition with that of the United States, our wealthy and prosperous neighbor, and sometimes there creeps into the discussion a visible note or envy. The Toronto Star, a Liberal journal enjoying just about the largest daily circulation in this country, presents some information well designed to restore our sense of proportion if we have not yet escaped mentally from the cloud of hesitation and doubt with which too many regarded Canadian prospects not many months ago. It says, for example:

Canada has a war debt of two billion dollars, and some people can think of nothing else but this. They get some sort of exhilaration out of being staggered by these big figures. There is another side to the story.

In 1864 when the United States was nearing the end of the civil war, President Lincoln and his colleagues were distressed to find that the country had piled up a war debt of two billion dollars. It was a big sum then for the United States. It is a big sum now for Canada.

If Canada, however, has a two billion dollar war debt, it comes upon her in a day of big figures. If we have a two billion dollar war debt, we had last year a two billion dollar foreign trade.

It was nearly forty years after the civil war before the United States had a foreign trade that was equal to the foreign trade of Canada last year.

Canada's foreign trade last year, exports and imports, amounted to $2,258,534,453.

It was not until the year 1900 that the United States had a total foreign trade equal to ours of last year. In 1900 the figures for the total exports and imports of the United States were $2,244,424,266.

Twenty-five years ago the United States thought she was carrying on a wonderful trade with the world at large when she was doing fourteen million dollars less business with the world than Canada did last year. And at that time the United States had a population of 76,000,000, as against the present Canadian population of less than $10,000,000.

This country last year had a favorable balance of trade, of exports over imports, of $402,605,000. Time was when we congratulated ourselves upon a total trade only a third of that of today. Last year the total trade of the Dominion was greater by $380,000,000 than the year before. When Laurier said that Canada would be the country of the twentieth century as the United States had been the country of the nineteenth century, he did not foresee the great war which dislocated the economic machinery of all the world. But today the Dominion, because of its resources and the immense expansion of its trade and commerce, commands the admiration of the civilized world. Yes, Canada is picking up its old stride.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

* * *

When in 1917 there was printed a modest little volume entitled "My Beloved Poilus," from the pen of the late Miss Agnes Warner, it was made known that every dollar received from the sale of the book, beyond the bare cost of printing and express charges, would go to the mercy fund which would enable her and her associates to carry on the work of mercy and self-sacrifice to which she had consecrated herself after the fashion of Florence Nightingale. On the cover page of the book appeared these speaking lines:

"These home letters from an American girl, daughter of a retired General of the United States army, giving her trained services, caring for the wounded in France at an army ambulance and succoring distress wherever she meets it, are published by her friends without her knowledge, simply and solely to raise money to aid her in her work which began on the 4th day of August, 1914."

A well-known citizen, upon hearing that she had come to the end of a life of high and inspired usefulness, described her as "the Edith Cavell of Canada." Rev. H. A. Cody, who wrote a preface to "My Beloved Poilus," in February of 1917—a time when the whole fate of civilization hung in the balance—and when we in Canada, thousands of miles from the thunder, the devastation, and the red misery of war, still realized but faintly the actual conditions prevailing on the Western front, eloquently described Miss Warner's work, and brought home poignantly to this public the dire need for funds to sustain and continue her enterprise in love and mercy. It may be fitting at this hour to recall his words:

"When Florence Nightingale began her great work in the hospital wards at Scutari in 1854, she little realized how far-reaching would be the effect of her noble self-sacrificing efforts. [illegible] countries of Europe she would be astonished at the great developments of the work of caring for the wounded soldiers which she inaugurated so long ago. Her fine example is being emulated today by hundreds of thousands of brave women who are devoting themselves to the wounded, the sick and the dying in countless hospital wards.

"All too little is known of what these devoted nurses have done and are doing. Some day the whole story will be given to the world; and the hearts of all will be thrilled by stirring deeds of love and bravery. In the meantime it is pleasing and comforting to catch fleeting glimpses of a portion of the work as depicted in this sheaf of letters now issued under the title of 'My Beloved Poilus,' written from the Front by a brave Canadian nurse.

"Two outstanding features give special merit to these letters. They were not written for publication, but for an intimate circle of relatives and friends. And because of this they are not artificial, but are free and graceful, with homely touches here and there which add so much to their value. Amidst the incessant roar of mighty guns; surrounded by the wounded and the dying; shivering at times with cold, and wearied almost to the point of exhaustion, these letters were hurriedly penned. No time had she for finely-turned phrases. Neither were they necessary. The simple statements appeal more to the heart than most eloquent words.

"These letters will bring great comfort to many who have loved ones at the Front. They will tell them something of the careful sympathetic treatment the wounded receive. The glimpses given here and there, of the efforts made by surgeons and nurses alike to administer relief, and as far as possible to assuage the suffering of the wounded, should prove most comforting. What efforts are made to cheer the patients, and to brighten their lot, and what personal interest is taken in their welfare, are incidentally revealed in these letters. For instance: 'The men had a wonderful Christmas Day, (1916). They were like a happy lot of children. We decorated the ward with flags, holly and mistletoe, and paper flowers that the men made, and a tree in each ward.'

"How these letters bring home to us the terrible tragedy that is going on far across the ocean. And yet mingled with the feeling of sadness is the spirit of inspiration which comes from the thought of those brave men who are offering themselves to maintain the right, and the devoted women who are ministering to their needs. Our heads bow with reverence, and our hearts thrill with pride, when we think of them. But we must do more than think and feel; we must do our part in supporting them and upholding their hands. They have given their all. They can do no more; and dare we do less?"

The years of all of us are numbered. The hour of parting, humanly speaking, brings sorrow and depression. But there are compensations, and especially there are golden compensations when the one who passes on has served nobly unto the end. It is the lives of those of that glorious company of which the late Miss Warner was one which help to make the common run of humanity understand the inner meaning of religion—not the thing of creeds and denominations and technicalities, but the true religion which radiaates Divine love. Her work, her example—these have built for her a monument more enduring than marble—and infinitely more inspiring.

A thousand New Brunswick streams are bank-full this morning. A million rills are feeding them with snow water from the hills. Here and there the smell of wood smoke is diffused by the gentle winds. Up country the air thrills to the song of birds. The vanguard of the feathered tribe, shivering a few days ago because of snow and wet and cold, is being joined by all the "streaming hosts a-wing" beating up from the South to make glorious the Northern summer. Wherever men of a certain type congregate they talk of rods and flies and the music of reels. The longer the winter, the keener the joy brought by the spring. "Where are you going the 24th of May?"

Odds and Ends

Some Sayings

"They order," I said, "this matter better in France."
—Sentimental Journeys.—Sterne.

* * *

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."
—Johnson's Life of Addison.

* * *

"To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is anticipated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example."
—Johnson's Life of Milton.

* * *

"That man is little to be envied whose patriotism will not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."
—Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands.

* * *

"The falsehood of extremes."
—Tennyson.

What the Charge Was.

(Stratford Beacon Herald.)

A Detroit man was sent to jail for 30 days for biting an officer in the leg. The charge was making an attack on [illegible]

Just Fun

THERE are extremes everywhere. It's not hard to find a man that will say, "It's a great life, whether you weaken or not!"

JUDGE (to convicted burglar)—Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?

Burglar—The only thing I'm kicking about is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time!

BONNY DOOLITTLE says that all he wants is a chance to express himself. Fine! Where to?

REVERIE

A cottage on some sun-kissed hill,
With only room for you and me:
Besides a babbling mountain rill.
We'd watch the sun set o'er the sea,
And life would seem so sweet, my dear:
Because we'd realize all our wishes;
There's just one thing I rather fear:
Say, who would wash the dishes?

SWEET GIRL (affectionately)—"Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?"

Papa (fondly)—"Indeed I would not, my darling."

Sweet Girl—"Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poorguy. He's willing to live here."

WHEN we get knocks about this column we feel that we are putting the proper kick into it.

"THIS medicine is great stuff."
"Has it helped you?"
"I hope—why, there was a time I was too weak to raise the mortgage on the house, but now I can run down stairs and shake the furnace."

A LITTLE GIRL was poking at something in the grass. She said: "Oh, mamma, here is a little green snake!"

Her mother was one of those cautious women. She answered: "Keep away from it, darling. It might be just as dangerous as a ripe one!"

YOUR deeds count a whole lot more than your creeds.

A GIRL must be terribly patient to listen to those sweet risque young men tell those daring little jokes and try to appear interested in what they heard so long ago.

HUBBY'S EARS BETTER.

"YES, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

"Good heavens! The burglar's?"

"No, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."—Happy Mag.

HARSH THING TO SAY

A MAN who has sailed around the world thirty times got married recently. Evidently he never thought of doubling on his tracks to avoid capture.—London Opinion.

YES, OR TO SHUT UP

NATURE LOVER (gazing at large tree): Oh, wonderful, mammoth oak, if you could speak what would you tell me?

Gardener (nearby): S'cuse me, mum, but he probably would say: "I'm not an oak, I'm an elm."—Answers.

HE WAS THERE

SHE: Remember you? Of course I do. Didn't we meet at that ghastly party at the Jenkinsons?

He: Quite likely. I am Jenkinson.—London Opinion.

GROUNDS TO WED

SWEET YOUNG THING: Claude says he worships the very ground I stand on.

Rejected Suitor: I don't blame him. A farm of that size is not to be sneezed at.—Answers.

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAYS NEWS

RODOLPHE LEMIEUX.

IF Progressives in the House of Parliament are successful in their efforts, there soon will be a Canadian ambassador to the United States. This is very likely since the Liberal Party frequently listens to petitions from Progressives as it maintains its control of the House by an alliance with them.

Observers say if Canada fills the post now, Rodolphe Lemieux, speaker of the House of Commons, will be the choice.

Lemieux is a French Canadian, born in Montreal in 1866. After being educated at the Seminary of Nicolet and Laval University, Montreal, he became a barrister in 1891. In 1897 he became professor of law at Laval.

He began his political career in 1896 as an M. P. from Nicolet. In 1904 he went to England to represent Canada before the Privy Council.

After serving as substitute for the Attorney General for a short time he became Solicitor-General of Canada in 1904, then Postmaster-General in 1906.

When the immigration question came up in 1907 he was sent as a special envoy to Japan to settle the matter.

The Royal Society of Canada made him its president in 1918.

Since 1922 he has been Speaker of the House.

When offered the lieutenant-governorship of Quebec and also the portfolio of Justice in 1924 he declined both honors.

He is the author of several law books.

SPARE THE WILD FLOWERS

(Washington Post.)

(The wanton picking of wild flowers has provoked an appeal in the United States to tourists and trippers to "look and let alone, so that others may look, too.") The destruction has already proceeded so far that in many localities our most beautiful native blossoms have become almost extinct. A motorist may fill his tonneau with thousands of blossoms in an hour which 24 hours later will be in the ashcan. Left unmolested, they would have afforded pleasure to hundreds of passers-by.

Water Woman.

(Joseph Auslander.)

Having lived here so long, she,
Being what she was, the daughter
Of a man who drowned at sea,
Talked like water.

To her speech water gave
Something that was not in words:
As you hear the lonely wave
In sea-birds.

She, whom none could quite possess,
Washed cool with salt and sun,
Took the sea like a caress
When she [illegible]

It's A Cold, Hard World

—The Western Mail, Cardiff.

POEMS-HOVE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

"My Garden," By Thomas Edward Brown.

WHEN one considers how much has been written of the beauty and glory and wonder of gardens, he is astonished. But I confess that after I first read these perfect lines, years ago, I felt that everything else that had been said of them seemed utterly superfluous. They are the final word—just as the Twenty-third Psalm leaves nothing to be desired in pastoral poetry.

How do we know that a poem is great? If the last line of this matchless lyric does not "do something to you," as a friend of mine puts it, then you will not be apt to respond to any perfect thing in art. It affects me as does that statement of the Psalmist "He leadeth me beside still waters."

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

DINNER STORIES

PROMPTED by curiosity, a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a table-cloth made of linen. Some time later he remarked to a visitor at dinner, "I grew this table-cloth myself."

"Did you really?" she exclaimed, "How did you manage it?"

It was obvious the guest had no idea of how table-cloths came into being, so the farmer lowered his voice and in a whisper replied, "If you promise not to give the secret away I'll tell you." (Pauses) "I planted a table napkin!"

AN old lady, brought up as witness before a bench of magistrates in England, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying:

"There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

"Oh," said the judge, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up her and teach us?"

"No, thank you, sir," replied the lady, "there are old women enough there already."

THE local pawnbroker's shop was on fire, and among the crowd of spectators was an old woman who attracted much attention by her sobs and cries of despair.

"What is the matter with you?" a fireman said, "You don't own the shop, do you?"

"No," she wailed, "but my old man's suit is pawned there, and he don't know it."

HARD COAL

(Brooklyn Eagle)

The consumer is being made to pay for the anthracite strike by higher prices. He has always paid for the strikes that have taken place in the Pennsylvania hard coal mines. The state itself continues to collect its unjust anthracite tax, coal mining is made more expensive by the Pennsylvania license law and coal mine owners are permitted to collect excessive royalties.

The Very Idea!

By Hal Cochran

OL' TIMER

OL' TIMER, they called him, an' maybe it fit. The name didn't bother the old man a bit. He'd been like a fixture for years 'round the place. Each soul in the small country town knew his face.

He'd whittle all day, by the quaint gen'ral store. Then play with the kidlets—and whittle some more. He'd chat with the townsfolk who passed by his way—jest whittlin', an' chattin', and playin' each day.

He'd lived his real life in the days that had gone and now, with the coming of every new dawn, his cares and his worries and such things were few, and life gave him nothin' but loafing to do.

If you'd know the his'try of any small place, just look up the man with the old-timer's face. Go down to the store at the cross-roads and say, "Well, howdee, Old Timer! What's doin' today?"

He'll tell you the tale of the town where he lives. And say, just imagine the pleasure that gives. His mem'ry of that town is always in trim. 'Cause why? 'Cause the place is the whole world to him.

* * *

** A man who would be successful in business can often take a tip from a fish: start on a small scale. **

* * *

Many men have a head for figures—and many more an eye.

* * *

EMPLOYE: Why did the boss fire our traveling representative and suggest he get a job as an electrician?

'NOTHER: Why, all he's done since he's been on the road is wire the house.

* * *

"Your wife is sick—now tell me
Is she dangerous?" asked Pat.
And Mike just smiled, and then replied,
"She's too dern sick fer that."

* * *

The average youngster thinks that the three foods needed to keep him in proper health are his break-fast, lunch and supper.

* * *

A smart husband puts soap in the water before he washes the supper dishes. And a smarter one doesn't wash them.

* * *

FABLES IN FACT

IF THERE WAS ONE THING THIS PARTICULAR MAN LIKED TO DO COMMA IT WAS BET PERIOD HE'D WAGER MONEY ON ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN COMMA BUT THE TROUBLE WAS THAT NOBODY WOULD EVER TAKE HIS BETS PERIOD FINALLY COMMA ONE DAY COMMA HE GOT IN AN ELEVATOR AND BET THE ELEVATOR MAN THAT THE WASHINGTON SENATORS WOULD WIN THE PENNANT AGAIN THIS YEAR PERIOD THE MAN TOOK HIM UP PERIOD.

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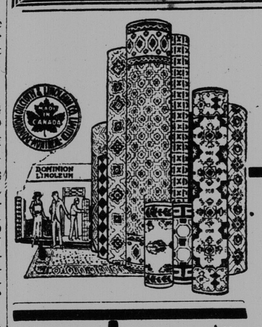

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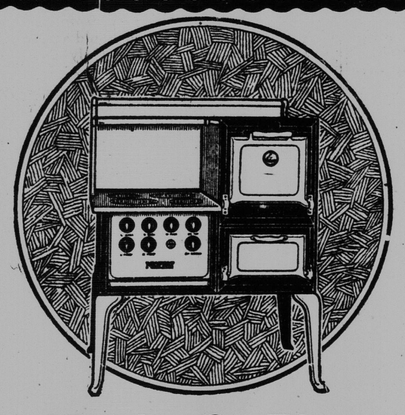

Moving? Then Save Extra Money

It costs money to move your old stove and have it connected in the new place. It is awkward to be without the use of it till the overbusy plumbers get around to your house.

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Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

LIMITATIONS

IT is an old saying that limitation makes for happiness.

We are happy in proportion as our range of vision, or sphere of work, our points of contact with the world, are restricted and circumscribed.

We are more likely to feel worried and anxious if these limits are wide; for it means that our cares, desires and terrors are increased and intensified.

That is why, Arthur Schopenhauer pointed out, the blind are not so unhappy as we might be inclined to suppose.

* * *

SCHOPENHAUER gives another lesson why limitation makes for happiness. It is that the second half of life proves more dreary than the first.

"As the years wear on, the horizon of our aims and our points of contact with the world become more extended. In childhood our horizon is limited to the narrowest sphere about us; in youth there is already a very considerable widening of our view; in manhood it comprises the whole range of our activity, often stretching out over a very distant sphere—the care, for instance, of a state or nation; in old age it embraces posterity."

* * *

BUT even in the affairs of the intellect limitation is necessary, if we are to be happy, he believed; for the reason that the less the will is excited the less we suffer.

Suffering is something positive, but happiness is only a negative condition. Therefore to limit the sphere of our intellectual efforts is to relieve the will of internal sources of excitement, Schopenhauer explains.

"This latter kind of limitation is attended by the disadvantage that it opens the door to boredom, which is a direct source of countless sufferings; for to banish boredom a man will have recourse to any means that may be handy—dissipation, society, extravagance, gaming, and drinking, and the like, which may in their turn bring mischief, ruin and misery in their train."

It is difficult to keep quiet if you have nothing to do.

"That limitation in the sphere of outward activity is conducive, nay, even necessary to human happiness such as it is," Schopenhauer continues, "may seem in the fact that the only kind of poetry which depicts men in a happy state of life—idyllic poetry—always aims, as an intrinsic part of its treatment, at representing them in very simple and restricted circumstances."

FLORIDA

(Buffalo Express.)

Some folks who run down to Florida come back to run down Florida. One can have faith in Florida and be very fond of a warm climate without having any faith at all in a real-estate boom. The promoters and superoptimists thought that they could make a national playground without a backbone of industry and productivity. At the same time persons not in the millionaire class were encouraged to make their homes in the state on the assurance that prosperity would be theirs. Money was to flow into their hands continuously and abundantly. It was apparently believed that a community of non-producers could live forever on each other. When Florida recovers from the evils of too-rapid expansion it should again attract home-seekers if, in the meantime, there is a real attempt to reinforce and strengthen a backbone of industry, particularly agriculture.

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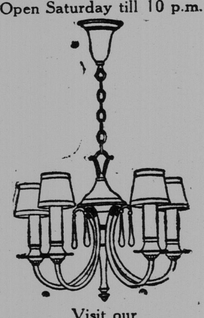

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