

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1926

# The Evening Times-Star

The Evening Times-Star printed at 25-27 Canterbury street, every evening (Sundays excepted) by New Brunswick Publishing Co. Ltd., J. D. McKenna, President.

Telephone—Private branch exchange connecting all departments. Main 2677. Subscriptions—By mail per year, in Canada, \$5.00; United States, \$6.00; by carrier per year, \$4.00.

The Evening Times-Star has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the Maritime Provinces.

Advertising Representatives—New York, Ingham-Powers, Inc., 230 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ingham-Powers Inc. 19 South La Salle Street.

The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Evening Times-Star.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JUNE 19, 1926.

## A CENTRAL CLEARING HOUSE

The account of a conference to talk over the problems of relief work in Saint John should be read with care. The atmosphere has been cleared and many popular misconceptions removed. To start with, the functions of the Red Cross in peace time were clearly defined by Dr. J. L. Biggar, Chief Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross. He explained that the Red Cross was primarily a society to help official and unofficial organizations, and even then the Red Cross does not undertake to do the work of the societies it assists.

On taking the chair at the round-table discussion, Mayor White stressed the need for organization and co-operation. His particular recommendation was that of a clearing house for all charity and relief work in the city. This is a point that has been generally agreed to for a long time. W. Shivers Fisher, President of the Associated Charities, called attention to the body he represented. The Associated Charities has not been accorded the notice it merits. It is already in effect a clearing house for charitable and relief work and undoubtedly it should be more generally utilized by the various institutions in Saint John concerned with these activities.

Prof. T. Miller, Manager of the Seamen's Institute, pointed out how expensive present relief methods are and, while advocating the central clearing house, he would go a great deal further and organize an office with a medical attendant, police supervision, distribution department and emergency canteen. Further, he stated that in his opinion relief work in the city would not be successfully handled except by a paid staff.

The heads of relief and charitable societies who were present were all in general agreement with the idea and since their activities cover all religions and the various associations for this class of work, it is to be hoped that something will be done soon to mitigate the nuisance of house to house begging and continuous calls on the individual's charitable budget for small amounts. If a man knows that he can set aside certain sums for charities and donate these sums to one central office where they will be used to the best advantage, he can then rest assured that he will not be called upon the following week to make further contribution to some unforeseen demand. The establishment of a central clearing house should go far to abolishing tag days which, in the opinion of many, are becoming something of a nuisance.

## THE CAUSE OF PEACE

The cause of disarmament and universal peace has suffered a severe setback in a number of well-known capitals during the past two weeks. At Geneva, the Hungarian Premier was struck in the face by a fellow countryman, who did not see eye to eye with his victim.

At Washington in the course of a public hearing one learned counsel threw an inkstand at another learned counsel and received a blow on the jaw in return.

In the German Reichstag flat fights threatened between deputies of the Right and of the Left. Matters went no further or there might have been chronicled the delivery of stiff rights and hard lefts.

In Warsaw a duel between two persons of great importance was arranged on Wednesday of last week, followed by nine duels on the following day.

At Ottawa all is peace, perfect peace?

## FATHER'S DAY

Mother has had her day—not that it is to be inferred that her son has set or ever will—and it is but fair that old dad should have his. It is a splendid idea—for everybody but dad. It stimulates the family imagination, it stimulates the retail trade, it stimulates everything except dad.

Not being one of dad's family—families never consult the master of the house—ask him how he would like to spend Father's Day and you will be treated to a vivid word-picture of a trout-stream meandering through woodland, but not so overlying as to interfere with dad's cast, of communing with wild nature—he forgets the wild mosquitoes—and consuming the genuine pre-war stuff while two-pounders yell to be caught. That is dad's dream of bliss. And the reality?

Today he will be asked for a few extra dollars and he must pretend not to know why. He must be deaf to the whisperings, blind to the comings and goings about the house. He may be asked the size of his collar or his shoe whence he may deduce a bow tie or socks and pray for merciful colorings in this age of flamboyant eclectics. If he be not questioned on these points he may hope for a handkerchief or braces which, even if they offend his aesthetic taste, may at least be hidden. But there are worse possibilities—a pipe for example. Families beware of pipes; the only pipes fit to smoke are those whose grain and birdseye are exactly in accord with the smoker's

## Just Fun

### IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

To start a savings account.  
To make a settlement with your conscience.  
To begin sharing other people's burdens.  
To vote your convictions instead of your dividends.  
To part company with an extravagant habit.  
To stop kicking because you can't have your own way.  
To make friends with some neglected child.

### CONSOLATION

I cannot sing the old songs,  
I sung long years ago,  
For all my notes are shaky—  
They will not sweetly die.  
But I can sing the new songs;  
Their tunes I love to bawl,  
For, luckily, the new songs  
They need no voice at all.

DINER: "Why does that dog sit there and watch me all the time?"  
WAITER: "You've got the plate he usually eats from, sir."

TELL sonny that the key to success fits the schoolhouse door.

There was a young fellow named Izzy  
Who went for a drive in his Lizzie.  
His view of a train  
Was hidden by rain.  
Alas for poor Izzy, where is he?

SHE: "I believe every person should sing at his work."  
HE: "My brother can't."  
SHE: "Why not?"  
HE: "He's a trombone player."

IT IS REPORTED that the Sphinx's back is cracking, which will give some chiropractor a fine chance to do his stuff.

WED rather let the grass grow under our feet than over our head.

### THE CLUE

"BATTER UP," cried the umpire.  
"That reminds me, John," said the young woman in the grandstand nudged her husband. "Don't let me forget to get my bread tonight!"

THE way to a man's heart may be through his stomach, but not with a bullet.  
All the same he will be mighty disappointed if you forget Father's Day. So don't.

## Odds and Ends

### The Safe Crock

(Toronto Star.)

The apple crop's a prey to worms,  
The peach a prey to frost,  
And learned men, in learned terms,  
Can explain the awful cost.  
Black knot's a foe to cherry trees,  
And rust a foe to grain,  
But here's a foe no foe can setse,  
It fears not sun nor rain.

Chorus—  
Then hip hooray for the Yellow Fellow,  
The husky chap of color mellow,  
He grows and shows no signs of dyin',  
Our tough old friend—the Dandelion.

You root him out with tool or knife,  
You fill the hole with oil,  
You take (or so you think) his life,  
His whole existence spoils.  
You only kid yourself. For lo!  
Instead of one, there's ten,  
You cut 'em out, but up they grow,  
Yes, grow right up again.

Chorus—  
Then hip hooray for the spunky critters,  
They're yellow—yes—but never quitters;  
The cause of cusswords and of sighs,  
Our tough old friend—the Dandelion.

Wisdom of Uncle Ezra.  
(Boston Transcript.)

Opportunities am like fish, de bigger's get away.  
A happy disposition am de disposition to make uddahs happy.  
A good talker am one who nebbah says too much.  
Necessity am de mothah of invention, but wealth as a rule gits de custody of de chile.

Polliteness don't cost anything, but de lack of it am liable to prove mighty 'spensive.  
If yoh wife am a good cook tell her so; if she ain't talk about de wedder.  
Some men keeps so 'busy talkin' about demselves dat dey never finds time to say anything with while.

De man dat 'thinks of nobody but himself can't help gettin' himself on his mind so much he jes' natchelly gets tired of himself.  
A Question and a Warning.  
(Soo Daily Star.)

Are men paying too much attention to clothes nowadays, instead of callin' 'tencies? In a modern letting down of respect for the things our fathers cherished a sign of decay? The modern nations who barter their manhood for a good time will assuredly be tended to in good time by the Götts and the Vandals. They always arrive at the right time.

### Bonkered!

(London Evening News.)  
Said a medical man: "I was house surgeon to a well-known asylum and one day had some difficulty in getting a telephone number. The operator said something which I did not quite like. I asked: 'Do you know to whom you are talking?' 'No,' came the voice over the wire—but I knew where you are."

### And Gets Him.

(Newcastle Courier.)  
What the average woman wants is a strong, inflexible man who can be wrapped around her finger.

### As Much As He Knows.

(Detroit News.)  
After the household has been completely disorganized for three weeks, the society reporter refers to it as a "quiet home wedding."

### How True This Is.

(Kitchener Record.)  
Just about every man we meet hopes to be out of debt by the fall or around the first of the year.

## Greets The Visitor



The British Lion's Welcome to the Australian Cricketers.  
—From Evening News, London.

## POEMS HOME

"Art Thou Poor?" by Thomas Dekker.  
I KNEW a lad who, during the World War, was captured by the Germans; and he told me that in the prison camp where he was confined for weary months, he might have lost his reason had it not been for the rich treasury of song which he had committed to memory in his youth, and now drew up at will. He used to say, over and over again, this poem of Dekker's, and many of Shelley's and most of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The enemy could not take away from him the beauty concealed in his mind.

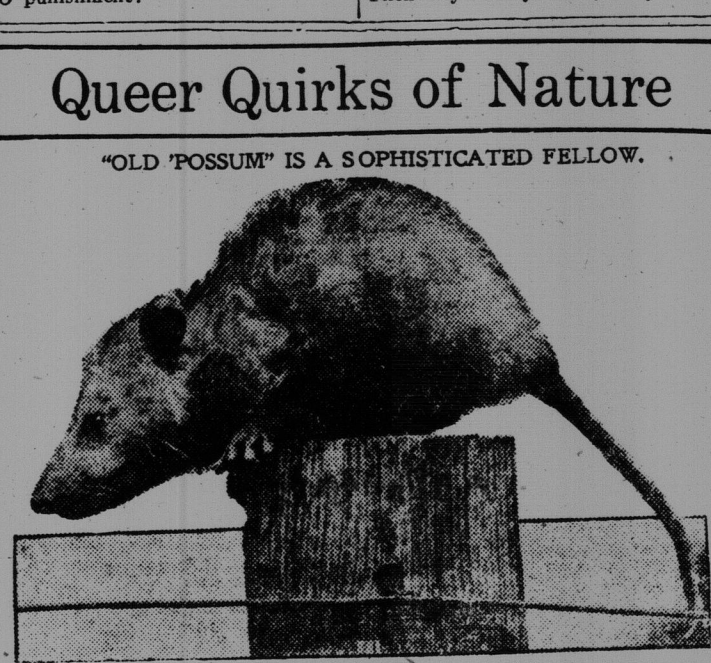
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?  
O punishment!  
O punishment!

Do not thou laugh to see how fools are vexed.  
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?  
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!  
Work space, space, space, space; Honest labor bears a lovely face; Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?  
O sweet content!  
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?  
O punishment!  
Then he that patiently want's burden bears  
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!  
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!  
Work space, space, space, space; Honest labor wears a lovely face; Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny!

## Queer Quirks of Nature

"OLD POSSUM" IS A SOPHISTICATED FELLOW.



Opossum.  
are carried abroad by the old one, clinging to the shaggy fur of her back with their hand-like feet and prehensile tails.

OUR common opossum, dear to the heart of the old-time plantation negro, and still, perhaps, known to some of the less sophisticated of his descendants, still remains a mystery to many people.  
It is perhaps not uncommon that an animal so different from all the others should excite the wonder of those who know it only casually.  
When the tiny young, no larger than peas, are first brought forth, she places them in this pouch, and each one performs the first voluntary act of his life.  
He sucks deeply into his throat the soft, flexible nipple, and then remains tightly attached for several weeks, taking milk at will.  
Finding the young so placed, and noting their helpless and undeveloped state, it is small wonder that the superstitious and ignorant should imagine that the little creatures came into being there—as they say, like buds on a tree.  
It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that the breeding habits of the opossums differ in no essential manner from the normal process among mammals, though the period of gestation is shorter than in any other of its size.  
This enables the mother to produce several litters a season, the young being weaned in a few weeks and taken from the pouch to make room for the next family.  
Then for several weeks longer they

By ARTHUR N. PACK.  
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## The Very Idea!

By Matt Cockburn

### "HERE COMES DAD"

WHY'S that comin' down the street?  
I'm the one she's gonna meet.  
Gosh, amighty, is she sweet? Sure she  
is—my daily treat!  
Surely, things would seem quite  
wrong, if I didn't hear her sing. Sing  
a song of, "Here comes dad." That's  
the song she's always had.  
Always up to same old tricks, when  
the hour is nearin' six. Wonder why  
she thinks it's fun, just to meet me  
on the run?  
Every day, when work is through, I  
do what all fathers do. He for home.  
The story's told—so's to meet my  
three-year-old.  
Nothin' like a tiny mite. Cheerful—  
makin' things look bright. Gee, you  
don't know what you miss, if you've  
never lived like this.  
Work may make you all tired out,  
Still that feelin' swings about, when a  
child struts down the street—an' you're  
the one she's gonna meet.

When a motorist is pinched for  
speeding he's usually in a fine fix.

The fellow who waits long enough  
before putting up his screens, can use  
them to keep the flies in—not out.

He worried 'bout his rented suit,  
And thought it much too tight.  
And then, when he leaned over he  
Found out that he was right.

You can't blame kids for wondering  
why they have to go to bed when  
they're not sleepy, and get up when  
they are.

People who never know what to do  
with their week end can at least put a  
hat on it.

"Southern exposure" must mean the  
way the girls dress at Palm Beach and  
points in that vicinity.

### FABLES IN FACT

FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER  
THIS PARTICULAR GENT GOT  
CHANCE TO ADDRESS THE CON-  
VENTION OF THE AMERICAN  
SOCIETY OF AMERICAN BOYS  
CLOTHING MAKERS PERIOD-  
MUCH TO EVERYBODY'S SUR-  
PRISE HE GAVE A LONG TALK  
ON THE ADVANTAGE OF LOW-  
NICKED BLOUSES FOR LITTLE  
FELLOWS PERIOD EVERYBODY  
WONDERED WHY HE PICKED  
THIS TOPIC DASH CAUSE  
THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A  
SOAP DEALER PERIOD

### Other Views

#### "IT'S DOGGED AS DOES IT"

(New York Evening Post.)  
The pound sterling has fought its  
way back to par. Courage was  
required to put it on a gold basis, but  
the British government found the  
courage. Even more courage was  
necessary to continue the heavy British  
taxation which was begun during the  
war and has been maintained since.  
Most of the Old-World countries  
close the easier but more dangerous  
roads of inflation and light taxation.  
The British are beginning to reap the  
rewards of their financial courage in  
dealing with the general strike.

### UNITED CANADA

(London Free Press.)  
The Maritime Provinces have griev-  
ances which should be righted and  
which should be sympathetically con-  
sidered by the rest of the Dominion.  
This is in the interests of all of Can-  
ada. We have a system of responsible  
government and institutions of which  
we are proud. Under these institu-  
tions we must work together, east and

## WHEN THE LITTLE GUESTS COME



to this strange earth with its funny ways and people, it is  
our job to make them comfortable in nice, soft, wooly  
things, so that they will want to stay and get better ac-  
quainted.  
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our stocks reflect our specialized efforts. Everything for  
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taxation and their political courage in dealing with the general strike.

### TREES

(Saskatoon Western Producer.)  
Trees in a country make birds sing  
and build their nests; make people  
want to stay instead of go; they con-  
vert stifling dust storms into exhilar-  
ating windy days; they save women  
from desperation and men from drink;  
they teach beauty to children and re-  
concile ripening elders to their old age.  
Trees are wonderful things. They can  
turn a wilderness into a park. Why  
not plant a lot of trees this year?

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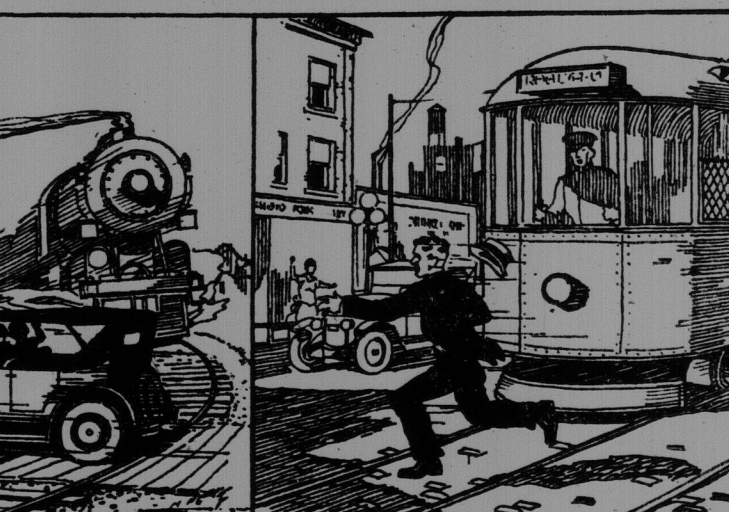
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## I'll take a Chance

YOU call a person "foolhardy" who goes canoeing when the waves roll high—or who speeds his motor across the tracks in front of a flying train—or who dashes across the street before a speeding street car.  
But what of the man with a wife and children, who refuses to take out life insurance, and says: "I'll take a chance on living and providing for my family?"  
Isn't he taking the greatest chance of all?  
Why should he take such a chance, when there are Mutual Policies that would not be a burden to any man? And the generous Mutual profits can be used to reduce the cost to the lowest possible point. The Mutual Life of Canada, as you know, is famous for the low net cost of its profit-paying policies.  
The Mutual Life agent will be glad to furnish particulars of the low cost of Mutual Life insurance.

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