

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1925

# The Evening Times-Star

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## EUROPE'S UNREST.

London is somewhat puzzled by the first official address delivered by the new American Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. Houghton, to that the Pilgrims' dinner this week, in the presence of a most distinguished company, including the British Prime Minister and many Ambassadors, issued a warning to Europe. He declared that unless peace based on good-will is established by European countries, further moral and financial assistance from the United States in the work of reconstruction cannot be expected.

There will be some who will ask just what the United States has been doing to assist in the settlement of European affairs, and who will want to know to what country or countries in particular Mr. Houghton's words were directed. The United States, it will be pointed out, was of considerable assistance in connection with the Dawes plan, and since the adoption of that scheme American money has been going much more freely into European investments. Apparently the American Ambassador meant to make it clear that if the election of Hindenburg should be followed by any evidence of resistance or bad faith on the part of Germany, or if France should persist in maintaining a great standing army, American capital would be repelled. Mr. Houghton was formerly Ambassador to Germany, and just before taking up his duties in London he visited Washington for a conference with President Coolidge. His latest speech is accepted as indicating that the United States shares the distrust of Germany, which is fairly general in Europe since Hindenburg was made President.

During the last year, Mr. Houghton said, there had been a substantial advance toward the settlement of European affairs, capital having been supplied by means of which the peoples of Central Europe are enabled to get to work again; currency values have been largely stabilized, order had been established, and the disorganization of national trade, while it still persists, had been somewhat decreased. Yet he felt that what remains to be done is almost as difficult as what has been accomplished. He meant that there must be brought about a change of attitude of mind, "for what the war destroyed was not only human lives, dreadful as was the toll, nor property, nor the forces of government. It destroyed the belief in one another's good faith, and good faith is the cement which holds civilization together. Without it, unity, whether individual or national, simply fall apart. If human society is to function again as a whole that good faith must at least be assumed. Peace cannot come from without; it must come from within." The American people, he said, can only give their full measure of helpfulness when they are assured that the time for destructive measures and policies has passed, and that the time for peaceful rebuilding has come. "They are asking themselves if that time has in fact arrived, and that question they cannot to-day answer. The answer must come from the peoples of Europe. If the answer is peace, then you may be sure that America will help to her generous utmost. But if—God forbid!—the answer should continue confused and doubtful, then I fear that these helpful processes, which are now in action, must inevitably cease."

This is interpreted as a reference to American financial co-operation. He said that the American people had no desire to meddle in European affairs, and had no advice to offer, but they were praying "that a peace may soon be reached—not a peace of mere contrivance and arrangement based purely on force, for that would merely be a prelude to another war—but a peace which contains the elements of permanency, a peace which will deserve and receive the moral support of mankind because it is just."

Such a peace, he said, can come only one way and must be based upon "the assumption of good faith by all who participate in it."

If this is intended as a warning to the militarists in Germany and to the enemies of stable government in France, it may possibly be of some use. Britain needs no such counsel. It is noteworthy chiefly as a measure of the extent to which the German election, with its result in France, has complicated the European situation anew. There must be a period of waiting to see what will happen. Meanwhile the disarmament movement has received a considerable check.

The report that Premier Ferguson of Ontario is to join Mr. Meighen in the federal arena is revived by preparations for a banquet in Ottawa tomorrow night at which the two leaders are to be the guests of honor and at which 600 or 700 Conservatives from Eastern Canada are expected. There is a Conservative convention in the capital tomorrow afternoon. The opposition is pushing forward its work of organizing for the federal contest.

## RAILWAY RATES.

Now that the budget is out of the way at Ottawa the question of railway rates is regarded by members of the House as at once one of the most important and troublesome issues remaining to be settled. It is known that many members from the West are disposed to stand out in favor of the retention of the Crow's Nest Pass agreement, but it would appear at present that the majority in the Commons favor sweeping away all of the old agreements and creating an entirely new rate structure. If this view were followed it would be expected that the House would lay down certain principles and then give the Railway Commission authority to work out the details, rather than undertake the intricate business of rate-making in the Commons itself. This proposal, even if it be that of a majority of all the parties in the East, will be resisted stiffly by strong Western elements.

A statement made by the Minister of Railways before the Railway Committee recently indicated his view that a complete revision of rates is necessary. What he said was interpreted as meaning that if the Crow's Nest agreement or any other old set of rates should be perpetuated it would be necessary to devise something similar to apply to other sections, and that there would thus be created a confused and unscientific condition which could scarcely be satisfactory. The subject is a most complicated one, and the House will be confronted by sectional and political considerations. Both the railways are solidly against reduced rates at present, and both the C. N. R. and the C. P. R. Presidents are on record as declaring that reduction of rates with business in its present condition, owing to the small volume of traffic and heavy operating expenses, would spell disaster to both systems. Yet throughout the country there is a demand for relief of some kind, and in every province people are waiting to see what the Government actually has in mind when it placed in the Speech from the Throne the paragraph referring to action toward "equalization" of rates.

Meanwhile, as Parliament is on the eve of taking up this troublesome issue, the demand for railroad economy and for actual co-operation by the railroads in reducing expensive duplication and the cost of mere rivalry is everywhere growing. Sir Henry Thornton's statement as to the immense saving which an amalgamation of the two railway systems would produce has caused a great deal of discussion. He has made it plain that he sees most serious objections to a merger. He said in his latest speech on this subject:

"Two possible methods of amalgamation have been suggested. If the Canadian Pacific were to take over the National the public would immediately have the cry of monopoly; if the National were to take over the Canadian Pacific the cry would be that such a vast private corporation might eventually dominate the Dominion. The reverse process, however, followed it is conceivable that the matter would enter politics; administrations would be accused of using the vast purchasing power and the patronage system to remain permanently in power. These are but a few of the objections to amalgamation which would be sure to arise."

This leads the London Free Press, which has been strongly in favor of public ownership, to say that if an amalgamation is to be avoided, the public will have to be shown that railway losses can be cut out through legitimate economy and through co-operation between the two systems. The Free Press would regard a merger as a last resort, but it says: "The things are certain; we cannot so lightly adopt a policy of drift in our attitude towards public expenditures, either government or railways. If we do not start reducing our national debt and our taxation burden, like Great Britain, United States, Australia and New Zealand, we are going to land on the financial rocks. It is as simple as the alphabet that a policy of rolling up our national debt must ultimately mean trouble. If this debt can only be decreased by abandoning public ownership, then the Free Press believes the greatest good to the country will come by returning to private ownership of railways, as did the United States. In the meantime Sir Henry Thornton and Mr. Beatty, without embarrassment, should be given a fair opportunity to see what they can accomplish by a policy of retrenchment and economy in cutting out duplication and foolish competition. When this fails it will be time enough to talk about amalgamating or handing over the C. N. R. to someone else."

The opening of the trout fishing season in Ontario elicits these disturbing observations from the Toronto Star:

"It is not the trout you catch nor the ones that get away that give fishing its charm, but the trout that may or may not be there—just where your next cast is going to fall. There may be, there probably is, a beauty

over there if you make your cast in the deep this side the fallen log. Even though you catch nothing, each bend in the stream offers new promises of rewards in store for you if you have but faith. The waters sing you a song as you proceed, and suddenly, when you least expect it, you get a strike. Isn't he worth going a long way to see—your first trout of the season?"

## Odds and Ends

"You never know what you'll find among the odds and ends."—From "Notes by a Wayfarer."

## An Actor's Yarns

(Bystander in Toronto Globe.)  
A great actor, who now confesses that he never went upon the stage without longing impatiently for the day when he would be able to retire from the show, is Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson. He makes his own inference from hisact that he is not most people who have seen his acting remember him with satisfaction. The confession is made in Sir Johnston's new book of reminiscences, "A Player Under Three Reigns," which abounds in good stories, and from which the following are taken. Among the many famous with which he appears in these pages is Whistler. He frequented the Beefsteak Club a good deal, and, says the author, no one ever got the whip-hand of him.

"On only one occasion do I remember him being 'gravelled' for lack of matter, and that was when a newspaper reporter stated in the press that 'Whistler and Oscar Wilde were seen on the Brighton front together, as usual, about themselves.' Whistler sent the paragraph to Wilde, with a brief note, saying: 'I wish these reporters would be accurate; if you remember, Oscar, we were talking about me.' Wilde sent him a telegram, saying: 'It is true, Jimmie, we were talking about you, but I was thinking of myself! But Whistler got his revenge, for some time after that he was back to back with Wilde, who, as the service was about to begin, received a telegram from him, saying: 'Am detained; don't wait.'"

Two great actors who from their youth were always close friends were Irving and Toole. They were always indulging in some delightful nonsense or other.

Once, when they were on a theatrical tour together, the train stopped at Bury St. Edmund's. Toole put his head out of the window, calling the station-master with an air of much anxiety and importance, asked him what time was the funeral.

"What funeral, sir? You've made some mistake; there's no funeral here."

"There's no funeral here," said Toole. "We've come to Bury St. Edmund's. 'Yes,' said Irving, 'that is so, and to the station-master of the carriage, looking very solemn, repeating: 'Yes, yes, come to Bury St. Edmund's, and then mixing in the crowd got into another part of the train.'"

## Ossian's Address to the Sun.

(James MacPherson.)  
On thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! When are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone; who can be a companion to thy course? The oak of the mountain falls; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempest; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughter at the storm.

But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy couch; careless of the voice of the morning. Eglar then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth: Age is dark and untimely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the gale is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

## Not In The List.

(Canada, London.)  
The News of the World—the London Sunday journal—gives prominence to a story of a "V. C. Hero in Want," which it describes as "Disillusion in 'The Land of Promise,' and 'Pitiful Story of a Scots Grey Abroad.'" It tells how "Once a trooper of the famous Scots Greys, and a V. C. hero of the European War, Alexander Hay, a Glasgow man, is on the verge of starvation in the Canadian province of Calgary." The article is "From Our Own Correspondent," so he ought to know whether Calgary is a province or not! A circumstantial story is given as having been told by Hay of the experiences of his wife and himself, including an incident where the farmer for whom he had worked refused to pay him, and threatened to shoot him if he didn't leave.

According to the correspondent, Hay

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received the Victoria Cross for bringing in wounded at Neuve Chapelle. The point of the story, from the News of the World point of view, is that "although he is stated to be absolutely penniless, relief has been withheld by the local authorities until, it is stated, his military papers and credentials arrive from his native city." Our only comment is that the local authorities were well advised to exercise caution; for the name of Alexander Hay does not appear in the list of holders of the Victoria Cross. It is a pity the News of the World did not look it up before publishing this story.

Meanwhile, we notice that in another column, in discussing "magazines, the News of the World says: "The chances of success among migrants to Canada compare favorably with those who go to the southern hemisphere. Within 80 miles of Edmonton, the chief city of Alberta, there is some of the finest wheat land in the world, and those who can stand the rigors of winter in this region have little cause to regret going there. Scotsmen do particularly well as farmers in Alberta." Its readers, therefore need not take the experiences of "Alexander Hay, V. C." as related by "Our Own Correspondent," too much to heart.

## In The Days of Time.

(Stanton A. Coblenz in New York Times.)  
Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers.  
By streams whose vanished waters no man knows.  
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern's mouth.  
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

"It's an old, old world," he murmured. "It's an old, old world and fair, the dust of buried ages Whispers from earth and air, And the bones of ancient races Are scattered everywhere."

"It's an old, old world, but pleasant And laden with memories Of how our bold forefathers Found the shouts and swaying clubs Of the boisterous hunting clan!"

"It's an old, old grove, but peopled By creatures foul and dread, By the shouts and swaying clubs Of the boisterous hunting clan!"

And these shall howl and mutter When all our tribe are dead."

The Cave-Lad sighed and wandered back to home.

Near the log fire on the cavern floor, Gazing at quaint designs in many hues Carved on bare rock a thousand years before.

"It's an old, old cave," he murmured. "An old, old ghostly cave, Haunted by hands and faces Long in a nameless grave. Men that the wolves have taken, Men slain by storm or wave."

"It's an old, old cave, but shielded By arms long passed away. Oh, let us toil and struggle To be as brave as they, And build a fair tomorrow On our glorious today!"

Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers.  
By streams whose vanished waters no man knows.  
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern's mouth.  
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

## The First Night of the New Play Ended.

In a stony silence punctuated by a few hisses, but one little man in the gallery who had come in on a free ticket, deemed it his duty to clap his hands politely. Instantly, his neighbor, a very fierce, red-faced individual, turned to the applauder. "Here," he snapped, "what d'ye mean by applauding such rot?"

"It's all right," stammered the meek fellow, when he had cast an eye on the proportions of the other man. "I was only clapping the hissing."

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Hostess—"My dinner party is a failure. Dozens of people I invited have disappointed me."

Fit Subject.  
"I never saw but one man," said Uncle Bill Bottletop, "that I thought had a chance fiddlin' with bootleg liquor. He was a sword swallower and his wife was a snake charmer."—Tucson Bugle.

## Great Business.

"Don't you think, doctor, you've rather overcharged for attending Jimmy when he had the measles?"  
"You must remember, Mrs. Browne, that includes twenty-two visits."

"Yes, but you forget he infected the whole school!"—London Mail.

## The Gospel.

Wife—"That woman next door is something awful, Harry. She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She simply can't do any work, I know."

Hubby—"To whom does she talk?"  
"Why, to me, my dear, over the fence."—Answers.

## At a London Dinner Party.

Old Gentlemen (ignorant of nationality of his neighbor)—"A deplorable sign of the times is the way the English language is being polluted by the morning invasions of American slang. Do you not agree?"

His Neighbor—"You sure slobbered a bitful, sir."—Punch.

## The Canny Scot.

A rich American was touring Scotland and offered to buy a beautiful sheep dog from an old shepherd. On being told the bidder was American, the shepherd refused to sell. In the midst of the discussion an Englishman tendered a much lower sum for the animal, which was immediately accepted. When purchaser and dog had departed, the American demanded to know why preference was shown to the second bidder. "Ah, weel," said the old shepherd, "fifteen times have I sold my doggie, and fifteen times has he walked lame. But he canna swim the Atlantic."

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