

## The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 31, 1925.

### "A TRAGEDY ON A NATIONAL SCALE"

Under the heading "Neglected Maritime Ports," the Ottawa Citizen discusses the loss and the injustice to the Maritimes but to Canada large, due to the diversion of the main traffic, and it says:

"There is tragedy on a national scale in Canada's neglected ports, its unused mammoth (Quebec) bridge, and deserted Transcontinental Railway."

The language is strong, but it is justified.

Fort William despatches published today show that the movement of Canadian grain from the Prairie district up to the close of inland navigation this year was the greatest on record, amounting to 807,816,084 bushels. The amount of this Canadian grain, chiefly wheat, going by way of American channels, most of it via Buffalo, was 162,703,000 bushels, or more than 20,000,000 bushels in excess of that which went to Canadian ports. There is much grain still to be moved, for this year's exportable surplus will be the second in size in the country's history, and far more valuable than any in Canada's record.

A tremendous quantity of Canadian export grain has been conveyed to the seaboard since the close of the St. Lawrence route, and there is much yet in process of shipment or in storage at various points. A little of it has trickled through to Maritime ports, and some more will come, but had the Transcontinental been put to work with attractive rates at the beginning of the shipping season in the West the situation would have been greatly altered.

The Citizen takes the ground that Halifax and Saint John are justified fully in objecting to having grain hauled away down coast and shipped to Baltimore, as well as to other American ports, while Maritime ports are neglected. "It does seem preposterous," says the Citizen. "Canada has spent hundreds of millions of dollars over railways, canals and harbors to induce the great stream of western wheat to flow through Canadian channels, but it continues to go through Buffalo and south of the Great Lakes to the American Atlantic seaboard."

"There is no better built line in Canada than the National Transcontinental Railway from Winnipeg to Quebec, and the people of Canada paid out \$20,000,000 to build the biggest cantilever bridge in the world to carry the grain trains across the St. Lawrence River to Quebec. After navigation is closed at Montreal and Quebec, and golden stream of grain should continue to flow east to Montreal, Saint John and Halifax, according to the Maritime and Transcontinental statesmen. But it flows to United States ports instead."

Canada is spending \$100,000,000 on the new Welland Canal, to which expenditure the Maritimes are contributing, just as they contributed to all previous canal expenditures, just as they bear their share of the cost of the policy of toll-free canals, just as they contributed their share of the two billion dollar investment in the National Railways; yet the Citizen says the new Welland is "a costly palliative" and that when it is open for grain shipping it may attract some of the big freighters down into Lake Ontario instead of stopping at Buffalo, but it is doubtful whether much of grain will see the lower St. Lawrence—and much more than doubtful, of course, if any of it will see the Maritime province ports.

It is suggested by the Citizen that if Canada lowered the tariff on British imports there would be an immense additional flow of traffic from Great Britain to a tobacco store in the town of Derham, County of Wilshire, in November, 1914, demanded a packet of cigarettes, threw down a shilling and thrust back the nine large English pennies, as he said, "Us Canadians don't like change."

Cures For Rheumatism.

(H. L. in Manitoba Free Press.)

Income \$1,000,000.—Winter in Florida, spring on the Riviera, summer in Banff and Switzerland, autumn in France. Malaria grapes. Vin champagne. Four limousines. Special nurse and masseuse. Sympathy.

Income \$10,000.—Winters at home, spring at home, summer at Lake Winnipeg, autumn at home. Dandelion wine. One coupe. Occasional massage. Sympathy directed with common sense.

Income \$1,000.—Hard work, madam, hard work!

### AN OLD MAN'S SPEECH

Mr. Adam Brown, Ontario's "grand old man," is in his 100th year, but in vigor of thought, in sane optimism, in forceful patriotism he is still a shining example to many younger Canadians. The Canadian Magazine, in its Christmas number, publishes in full Mr. Brown's speech at the luncheon given by the directors of the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto. Virile in language and courageous in outlook, charged with indomitable faith in Canada, it is an inspiring utterance.

"Canada," says Mr. Brown, "is only on the fringe of development. I am looking into the faces of men that are in the prime of life, who have their lives before them. I say to you, aspire, have high ideals, learn from experience."

once. . . . No matter what your lot or position, be builders of your country. Stand up for all that concerns the uplifting and bettering of humanity. Spread the blessings of education. . . . We cannot all be leaders, but we can be good followers. . . . No man deserves the right of citizenship without good service. Fit yourself for your responsibilities. The man who rules tomorrow is the youth of to-day. . . . Play the man. Live for something around you. Help to lighten the heavy load of others."

In a fine peroration the aged orator called upon his hearers to do everything possible to assist their country towards the realization of its highest destiny. He concluded:

"With trusting hearts in the great future of our country, proud of our birthright, let us guard well the inheritance which has been bequeathed to us by adding lustre to our country by lives of noble deeds for human needs. . . . The has ever known. Great is our inheritance and great is our trust. Let us be true to both and hand down, unimpaired, to generations yet unborn the priceless blessings we enjoy under British rule. Arise, Canadians, your day is here!"

"You may not believe it," says the Dundalk Herald, "but New Year's comes before Christmas—in 1926."

### Odds and Ends

Land of the Far Horizons

(Bliss Carman in "Far Horizons")

Lord of the far horizons,  
Give us the eyes to see  
Over the verge of sundown  
The beauty that is to be.  
Give us the skill to fashion  
The task of Thy command,  
Eager to follow the pattern  
We may not understand.

Masters of ancient wisdom  
And the lore lost long ago,  
Inspire our foolish reason  
With faith to seek and know.  
When the skein of truth is tangled  
And the lead of sense is blind,  
Foster the fire to lighten  
Our unilluminated mind.

Lord of the illac ranges  
That lift on the flawless blue,  
Grant us the heart of rapture  
The earlier ages knew.  
The spirit glad and ungrudging,  
And light as the mountain air,  
To walk with the Sons of Morning  
Through the glory of Earth the fair.

Day's End, Ottawa.

(G. Morris Langstreth in Christian Science Monitor.)

Leaves have not dripped for an hour,  
Frost ferns are making,  
No bird moves, nor the brook  
Lately bubbling and shaking.

Slow draws the air from the north,  
Wiles without number  
Times that noon nearly aroused  
Sigh no more from their slumber.

Palely the hill-lines fade  
Past day's recalling;  
Gone is the green from the west,  
Blue dark is falling.

Earth is forgotten at last,  
Drooled the story,  
She sleeps;  
While the stars  
Grow swiftly in glory.

Didn't Want "Change"

(Winnipeg Tribune.)

There is on record a story of one, who was described in it as a "Cockney-Canadian." His station name during the war—and the tale stands to record the humor of the Cockney—were Private Richard Marner, of the 17th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. He strode into a tobacco store in the town of Derham, County of Wilshire, in November, 1914, demanded a packet of cigarettes, threw down a shilling and thrust back the nine large English pennies, as he said, "Us Canadians don't like change."

Cures For Rheumatism.

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The Saxophone.

(Boston Post.)

"Publicity," more ambitious than accurate, has credited W. Franke Hildebrand, composer of "A Light From St. Agnes," produced last Saturday by the Chicago Opera Company, with being the first to make use of a saxophone in an operatic score. Largely on the strength of this fact, Mr. Hildebrand's work has been described as a jazz opera, and thus has additional support been given to the popular misconception of the saxophone's place in the family of musical instruments.

As a matter of fact, when, in 1842, Adolphe Sax brought his invention to Paris, Berlioz and other notable musicians warmly advocated its general adoption. In his "Hamlet" (1868), Thomas assigned to it an important solo. For it, in his incidental music to Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," Bizet wrote

### Just Fun

"PRETTY RANK," remarked the Colonel, reviewing the passing troops.

GOOD CREDIT is the axle grease which helps the wheels go around.

"BUT WHY," asked the city friend of the suburban dweller, "do you allow your little boy to play in the mud?"

"Well, you see," answered the suburbanite, "we're getting him used to dirt. We're going to make a city politician of him."

THE WORLD will be overcome by a monstrous flood of sin, said the preacher. Dam it.

The church board canned him the next day.

"LIFE is but a dream," sings the poet. Undoubtedly he was thinking about the nightmare.

Of all the sad surprises  
There's nothing to compare,  
With treading in the darkness  
On a step that isn't there.

ALL WOMEN are alike except some are more alike than others.

MODERNIZING IT: "Joseph had a coat of flowered goreds."

THE FACT is you have never been given anything but have been sold many things alleged to be gifts.

DEATH is one visitor who never finds anyone quite ready for him.

MEDICAL NOTE

FRESHMEN will find that liniment applied to the head will make them smart.

FAINT HEART never won a husband, and not very many faint complexions.

MISS BAILEY and Mr. Barnum have been married at Youngs Bay, Ohio. Probably it was the usual one-ring ceremony.

"I HEAR that Jones left everything he had to an orphan asylum."

"Is that so? What did he leave?"

"Twelve children."

NOWADAYS, the government takes away the morals of all of us, and those of us without morals, take care of the government.

MARJORIE—I wish I had a nickel for every boy I've kissed.

GLADYS—What would you do? Buy yourself a package of gum?

SIGN IN MILLINERY WINDOW

WANTED—Girts to trim rough sailors. (They can do it easy, comments old man hen-peck.)

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

He took her out for an ice-cream treat.

His pretty, blue-eyed Sally,  
But faint when he read the sign,  
"Cream, ninety cents a gal."

THE ROLLER TOWEL has enjoyed a longer run than any song.

A THING of beauty keeps a man broke forever.

IT IS BETTER to do your best and expect the worst than do your worst and expect the best.

THERE is one investment we can make which will always pay a dividend.

—Clothes that investment is good health. —Money can't buy health, but "Health means wealth."

Unless we heed it we shall be poor indeed.

Working at a desk all day, on the job in the factory continually, calls for relaxation in order to reap the full benefits of our employment.

The richest man is the healthiest man.

one of his finest melodies. Among his many without number.

Richard Strauss has found occasional place for it in his scores. And in his "Modern Orchestration and Instrumentation," Henri Kling soberly suggests that music "of a serious, religious character is best adapted for these instruments."

If the jazz orchestra has made a clown of the saxophone, so has it of the clarinet and the trombone. The instrument itself is capable of nobler things, and until its recent perversion at the hands of the jassers its brief history has been a wholly honorable one. Not in the use of the saxophone, then, does jazz consist.

"With Trumpet and Drum."

(J. SYDNEY ROSE in Ottawa Journal.)

There died some 25 years ago a man who loved little children so much that he wrote the tenderest verses about them. Eugene Field is remembered as the poet of little children. Perhaps you know his "With Trumpet and Drum."

"With big tin trumpet and little red drum  
Marching like soldiers the children come,  
It's this way and that way they circle and file—  
My! but that music of theirs is fine,  
This way and that way, and after a while  
They march straight into this heart of mine,  
A sturdy old heart but it has to succumb  
To the blare of that trumpet, and the beat of that drum."

"So come: though I see not his dear little face  
And hear not his voice in this jubilant place,  
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine  
His memory deep in my heart with your play—  
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine  
Holdeth my boy in its keeping today!  
And my heart it is lonely—so little folk come,  
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!"

A SASKATCHEWAN POINT OF VIEW.

(Western Producer, Saskatoon.)

We want lower tariffs, the Hudson Bay railroad, freight rate fairness, and senate reform. In these things and not in any political party—we are interested; and we do not propose to abandon the agitation for them for the sake of any political party existing now or in danger of birth in the future.

### Asking For More



Oliver Churchill: "Sorry to trouble you, old fellow, but you'll have to dole out another little dish."

—From the News of the World.

### The Best of Advice

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

DO YOU BELIEVE TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE?

MEMBERS of the University of Pisa, and other onlookers, were assembled at the foot of the leaning tower in that city one morning in the year 1591.

A professor climbed the spiral staircase until he reached the gallery surrounding the seventh tier of arches. The people below watched him as he balanced two balls on the edge of the gallery, one weighing a hundred times more than the other.

The balls were released at the same instant and were seen to keep together as they fell through the air until they were heard to strike the ground at the same moment.

Nature had spoken with no uncertain sound, and had given an immediate answer to a question debated for two thousand years.

"This meddlesome Galileo must be explained away," murmured the university fathers as they left the square. "Does he think that by showing us that a ball weighing one hundred pounds will fall one hundred times faster than one weighing a single pound? Such disregard of authority is simply a package of gum."

So they returned to their books to explain away the evidence of their senses; and they hated the man who had disturbed their philosophic serenity.

For putting belief to the test of experiment, and founding conclusion upon observation, Galileo's reward in his old age was imprisonment by the Inquisition, and a broken heart.

### Poems That Live

BEFORE THE RAIN

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,  
We spirit on slender ropes of mist,  
We lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens—  
Scoping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To scatter them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The banners of their leaves in grain  
Shrunk in the wind—and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton Mifflin Co.

### Dinner Stories

AN Asylum story.

One time as a doctor was going along the trail a leaf dropped right into his hand. Toofus, pleased, stopped and made talk with tree.

Along came Willow Plume and said: "Toofus, I told you that you must not talk to trees. People will think you are nutty."

"I did not intend to talk," Toofus said, "but this tree handed me his visiting card."

OSCAR WELLS of the American Bankers' Association said at a dinner:

"Some of the stock swindles that we bankers track down are so plausible that the victims, even after their money is gone, aren't quite sure that they wrote the tenderest verses about them. Eugene Field is remembered as the poet of little children. Perhaps you know his 'With Trumpet and Drum.'"

"With big tin trumpet and little red drum  
Marching like soldiers the children come,  
It's this way and that way they circle and file—  
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And my heart it is lonely—so little folk come,  
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!"

A YOUNG woman took down the receiver and discovered that the telephone was in use.

"I just put on a pan of beans for dinner," she heard one woman comment on the other.

"She hung up the receiver and waited. Three times she waited, and then, exasperated, she broke into the conversation."

"Madam, I smell your beans burning," she announced crisply. A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young woman was able to put in her call.

"Yes, I see. Excuse me," said the boy, and he started off for home. He thought he hadn't been cheated, but at the same time he knew he had.

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FOLEY'S PREPARED FIRECLAY FOR LINING YOUR OWN STOVE

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### Other Views

RAILWAYS AND GARNET WHEAT

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

There will be a new era of railway building in the northwest if the new Garnet wheat, as predicted, pushes the grain-growing area 100 miles northward.

NEW VERSION.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

"Go north, young man!" may be the advice heard in Canada when Garnet wheat crops begin to appear around the shores of Great Slave lake.

WIND STORMS EXPECTED.

(Brantford Expositor.)

In preparation for the approaching dominion session the vacuum cleaners have been at work in the parliament buildings at Ottawa. This, it may be noted, will not prevent many members from raising a dust.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

(Saskatoon Star.)

There was never a more appropriate time than the present for launching a really energetic campaign to bring immigrants into Canada. All the circumstances are favorable to a transfer of population on a larger scale from Great Britain to the dominion.

THE CANADIAN SENATE.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The senate of Canada is probably the most reactionary political institution in the British commonwealth. There may be some other legislative body as absolutely devoid of radical opinion, but the house of lords is comparatively a democratic assembly. There are Socialists and Labor peers; a Socialist senator in this dominion is unthinkable.

TOUGH SLEDDING.

(Victoria Colonist.)

Our laws are becoming almost as numerous as the sands upon the seashore, and some of those laws are fearfully and wonderfully made, and still more fearfully and wonderfully interpreted. For example, we are told on ministerial authority that a man may not take a drink of water out of a running stream within the Province except at the risk of incurring certain legal pains and penalties. Then on top of that we are told on authority even more impressive than the authority of a minister that the beer the people are officially authorized to drink is not fit to drink.

HENRI HAEBERLIN.

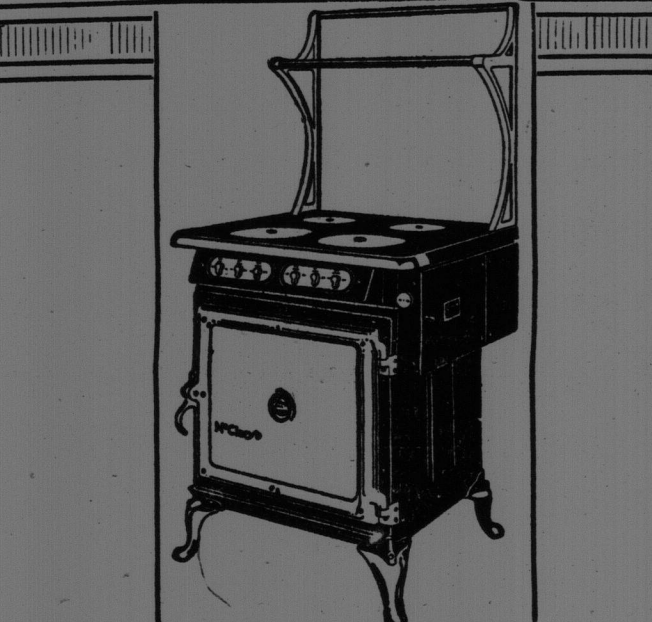
AT the beginning of 1926 the vice-president of Switzerland, Henri Haeblerlin, will automatically become president of the Republic. He is a lawyer by profession, as was his father. He was born in 1858 in the little town of Weinfelden, where he received his schooling. Later he attended the Cantonal School at Frauenfeld, to study

law. His father was one of the foremost lawyers of his day, a noted orator, and leading member of the Swiss National Council, so it was natural that the son should follow in his footsteps. Haeblerlin gained his first experience in a small law office, then he established himself in Frauenfeld and soon became Chief Justice of the District of Frauenfeld. In 1920 he was elected into the Federal Council, which is the executive power in Switzerland. It consists of seven members elected for a term of three years. Out of the seven, one holds the president's office and one that of vice-president.

## "Ring Out the Old Ring in the New"

May the new year of 1926 bring you Good Health, Happiness, Prosperity, Contentment and those particular things which you desire most, is our wish to the many friends and valued customers.

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