

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, SAINT JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1926

The Evening Times-Star

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DOCTOR MACLAREN AND THE PORTS.

Dr. Murray MacLaren, in his speech in the Commons yesterday, squarely confronted Parliament with its breach of contract in connection with transportation. Parliament has long been in default, and, thanks to the publicity given that default throughout the country for many months past, Parliament today recognizes clearly that the railways which were built at a cost of hundreds of millions to carry traffic through all-Canadian channels must live up to the contracts made when Parliament committed the country to their construction.

The atmosphere at Ottawa regarding this question has improved very greatly within a year. Most of Dr. MacLaren's contentions, we may be sure, commanded the support of a majority of the members on both sides in the House. Apparently he thinks that the Government should not have referred the question of the grain traffic to the Railway Commission. That is a matter of opinion, just as is his statement that the Government's tariff policy was one of the causes of the revolt in the Maritimes against the King administration at the last election. The tariff probably played an insignificant part in the return of twenty-six Conservatives on that occasion. The determination to secure justice for these provinces was probably the governing motive with most of the electors. As to the grain traffic, which is a national issue rather than a Maritime one, we shall know presently what the Railway Commission proposes to do about it, for a date is soon to be set for the hearing of the Quebec application for lower rates on the Transcontinental. The commission is to make a separate report upon this question of lowering the rate rather than the origin in home channels, and it evidently proposes to finish this enquiry long in advance of its decision as to equalization of rates generally.

Dr. MacLaren was able to quote in Parliament many utterances from representative newspapers all over the country and from leading men dealing favorably with the Maritime case, and showing a widespread conviction that the Atlantic Provinces have not been fairly dealt with by Ottawa for many years past. While the political situation in the House makes for delay and prevents the transaction of important public business for which the country wants early dispatch, it may be taken for granted that a majority of both Liberals and Conservatives are now prepared to meet the reasonable requirements of this part of the country. And while there may be extended delay in Parliament, we may have action by the Railway Commission on the question of the ports within two or three months, and certainly long in advance of the movement of next autumn's grain crop.

Meanwhile, so far as the Maritime ports are concerned, additional equipment is needed, and Maritime members may be expected to bring this issue definitely to the front in the House. Unless early appropriations are forthcoming for our harbor requirements, we shall not be ready for the increased traffic when it comes. And it is coming.

AN OPTIMIST FOR CANADA.

Sir John Willson, editor of Willson's Monthly, who was formerly editor of the Toronto Globe, and who is now a leader of the Canadian protectionist school, has been reviewing conditions in Canada and appraising the outlook. He describes himself "an optimist for Canada," even during periods of depression, and he says one of the curses of this country is a tendency to depreciate it and praise the United States when times are bad here. He reviews the immense increase of production, both agricultural and manufacturing, in Canada in the last twenty-five years, and maintains that in this period the Dominion has made as satisfactory progress as any country in the world.

Sir John thinks that if Canadians did not live alongside the United States they would regard themselves as the most fortunate people in the world. As a matter of fact, most Canadians do so regard themselves, and slightly so, notwithstanding the fact that they have an immensely rich neighbor. They know that while the dollar is important there are other things which are more important, and that material prosperity does not always mean happiness or contentment. They know, too, that the Americans have quite as many troubles as we have.

Sir John says that he has observed after a long study of the question that not more than eight per cent. of the Canadians who go over the line do any better there than they would have done had they remained at home. Any

such estimate must be more or less speculative, but if Sir John is approximately right, as probably he is, by the greater number of those who exile themselves get little for it, and doubtless look longingly back to the homeland and wish they had remained there. Many are returning, and while many still go, there are evidences that the tide is turning, and the exodus will be further reduced and the home flow of the exiles increased as business conditions improve here.

Sir John sees many indications that Canadian business is on the up-grade. He does not believe that the resources of Canadian statesmanship have been exhausted, even though at times it seems that they have. The time is coming, he says, when Canadian grain will be shipped through Canadian ports, and Canadian coal used in Canada. In his lifetime he has seen Canadian change from wood to coal, and he remarks that this was a greater problem than changing from American anthracite to Nova Scotia and Alberta coal. He believes taxation revision is a more important question today than the tariff or transportation, and he refers particularly to the high income tax and to other taxes which are a burden upon industry and which tend to prevent the introduction of new capital in Canadian enterprises.

The Common Council has taken action to prevent the existence or growth of an overdraft by the School Board, which is a movement in the right direction, as this overdraft has shown a tendency to get out of hand. Now if the Council and the school trustees will combine their intelligence to discover some method of reducing taxation, the applause will be greater.

Last week nearly 5,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain went to Europe via United States ports. There are some gentlemen, particularly in Ontario, who say this traffic cannot be given to Canadian ports. These gentlemen, if they keep up that line of argument, are going to be told presently that if Canada cannot protect its ports, it cannot continue to protect its manufacturing industries. This thing comes down finally to a question of the national integrity. Canadians in the port cities have rights equal to those of Canadians in the industrial centres of Ontario and Quebec.

Odds and Ends

A Week in Epigram

Central heating is a form of Pantheism—G. K. Chesterton.
The difference amongst men is the difference of opinion. And in a democracy it is the minority that rules—Robert Lynd.
I have never killed anyone, but I frequently get satisfaction reading the obituary notices—Clarence Darrow.
The real difference amongst men is the difference of those who are prepared to give more than they get and those who want to get more than they give—Stanley Baldwin.

Marriage is like every other job; you have got to get used to it—J. A. R. Cairns.
Superiority in India is a question of epidemic—Aldous Huxley.
There should be a new litany for the middle-aged: "From the loss of our enthusiasms and from the perils of practical experience, good Lord deliver us"—Frank Rose.
In a group where women are, the attitude towards life degenerates—Lady Rhonda.

A head filled with knowledge is like a barrel; acid vinegar will fill it and dispense its contents—Dr. Bernard Hoelander.
I have never taken any exercise in my life, unless you count the four hours a day practice at the piano—Vladimir de Pachmann.
No doubt Mr. Shaw has a sense of humor—A. B. Walkley.
There seems to be an inherent belief that if a thing is bad it must be popular—Filion Young.
The ape is superior to man in many ways. For instance, apes do not die of life perils, whereas man does. A Kofoid of California.
Beware of your eyes. They don't always tell the truth—Sir William Bragg.
As soon as we get an ulterior motive for education, it loses its value—Dr. W. H. D. Rouse.
In clothes this is the age of youth; rich, vivid youth—Lucien Lelong.

"Watch Us Grow."

(From G. K.'s Weekly)
We have ourselves seen immediately outside a little hamlet of wooden houses and tin sheds on the plains of Michigan, an enormous placard addressed by that village to the rest of the civilized world and inscribed "Watch Us Grow." No such cheering sign encourages the traveler on the way to Keat's Inn at Burford or Milton's cottage at Chalfont. Perhaps English people do not wish to invite total strangers to watch them grow. Perhaps English people are grown up. Anyhow, there is no doubt that the English village in every respect; if we judge it by what is in the placard as compared with what is in the place. Big Business at Burford would doubtless do much for the fame of the American manner, for the fame of the poet's inn, if America happened to have any Inns or any poets. Chalfont cottage pink and pen-green is a pattern of large letters; and add every convenience to Milton's home except Milton.

Just Fun

THOSE who marry on puppy love usually lead a dog's life.

MANY a shocking dress is charged.

THE LIFE SAVER.

Ten little chorus girls, standing in a line;
One had a box date, and that left only nine.

Nine little chorus girls, for supper not a date;
One got a hand-out, leaving only eight.

Eight little chorus girls, not a cent in sight;
One met a married man, and later got a bite.

Seven little chorus girls, in an awful fix;
One swiped an apple; the cop left only six.

Six little chorus girls, just feeling half alive;
One saw a friend she knew, and then there were five.

Five little chorus girls, appetites too big;
One found a quarter, and spent it all—the pig!

Four little chorus girls, hungry as could be;
One got in a cab and then there were three.

Three little chorus girls, wonderin' what to do;
One picked a masher up, and left the other two.

Two little chorus girls, lonely on the street;
Along came a bald-head, offered one a treat.

One little chorus girl, hungry, lone and flat;
I met her just in time, I'll tell the whole world that!

THE fellow who used to do crossword puzzles is now trying to figure out the French debt plan.

WIFE: The price of the alarm clock was \$1.40 but I got a discount, so it only cost me 98 cents.
HUSBAND: Yes, but you know very well you could have got the same thing at Brown's for 75 cents.

WIFE: That may be, but then Brown's wouldn't have taken anything off.

SOME men are never satisfied unless they're joining something.

AS THE song says, the world may be waiting for sunrise, but the people of Pittsburgh are not so foolish. They know better.

"Madam," said the cashier at the bank, "this check isn't any good unless you endorse it."
"Oh—you flatter!" giggled the lady.

IT ISN'T a question these days of why girls leave home, but why the whole family leaves home.

BATHING suits show the winter left some of us in bad shape.

NEVER saw the man who was long on both talk and work.

WHEN the paper says the bride is 24 and the groom 60, it's not necessary to add that this is considered one of the richest men in the country.

HE KNEW THE BRAND.

AH! ERNESTINE! said Mr. Clippens generally to his wife's maid when he met her in the hall, "of out to night out, eh? Is this your night out?"

"Yes, sir," said Ernestine.
"You look quite stylish, too."
"Oh, Mr. Clippens!" giggled the grateful Ernestine.

"You do so. Your sweetheart ought to be proud of you. I noticed him waiting for you at the corner lamp-post as I passed just now."

Ernestine smiled a little. "How do you know he's my sweetheart?" she asked.

"Because he was smoking one of my best cigars," said Mr. Clippens, pleasantly.

NEAT ANSWER.

The famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery. A rival lawyer said to him, bitterly:

"Well, I don't know," the other answered with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"

LITTLE BILLIE. Say, Papa, do mushrooms grow in damp places?

Papa: Yes, my boy.
Little Billie: And is that why they look like toy umbrellas?

POOR, BUT HONEST.

A CLERGYMAN new to a Sydney suburb was surprised to learn that an elderly couple in an unfashionable part of his parish were keeping an orphan grandson at one of the best colleges in the state. When next he called on the old lady he expressed his admiration wholeheartedly.

"And I know," he added, "what an amount of self-sacrifice your action involves, but you are giving the boy a splendid opportunity to make good in the world. My own two sons went to the same college, and I had to pinch in all directions to keep them there."

"Oh, Mr. Blank," she said in a shocked voice, "we've never done anything like that!"

Position of England In Pact



—From the Express, London, Eng.

Poems That Live

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the winds of earth may bring
All the sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm sun weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun
Hoped in heaven hereafter:
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
Were a nightingale—why then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

—Algernon Swinburne.

The Best of Advice

—BY CLARK KINNAIRD

WHERE EVERY ONE MUST LOOK FOR HAPPINESS.

TO one man the world is barren, dull, and superficial; to another rich, interesting, and full of meaning. Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like the violin; and like the violin, difficult to master completely.

There are many whose very birth is a sentence of hard labor for life. But that does not apply to the poor only. The rich now work quite as hard, or even harder.

There are many whose very money makes them miserable—in whose life there is no rest, no calm, no peace. There is a story about a Persian king who being out of a Persian consulted his astrologers, and was told:

Other Views

URGING PEOPLE TO VOTE.
(Orilla Packet)
The Kiwan's clubs are endeavouring to rouse the apathetic electors who fail to exercise their franchise. "Vote as you like, but vote!" is the slogan they have adopted. There can be no doubt that the indifferent ratepayers who fail to turn out on election day have many sins to answer for. Many an inferior candidate has been elected through their action, or want of action. On the other hand, there are occasions when to refrain from voting best expresses the voter's opinion of the candidates, because neither or none of them appeals to him as fitted for the position to which they aspire.

BOOKS NEVER RETURNED.
(Financial Post.)
Established through the generosity of the Massey Foundation, the library at Hart House, Toronto University, has been closed because of the rapidity with which books have been disappearing. The shelves of the library were made freely accessible, without charge, and with a librarian, the only restriction being that books were not supposed to be taken from the room. That is just another indication that, because human nature is what it is, many of the splendid idealisms of those who would grant books to the public cannot be put into practical effect.

LAWS TO LAUGH AT.
(Oregon Journal.)
Everybody knows how laws are laughed at. It's in the air and on the winds and in the conversations—this common knowledge that law is a joke and man no longer expected to strictly obey it.

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Twenty Years Ago Today

—From Times' Files.

FRED LOGAN returned from the skating meet at Springfield where he won the half-mile from Bouche.

A TOTAL eclipse of the moon, lasting from about 9 a.m. until 5, was observed by a number of people.

HARRY PHILLIPS was the first man to be appointed to civic employment under the new power of appointment and dismissal recently conferred on the members of the Common Council.

Who's Who IN THE DAY'S NEWS

MME. KRUPSKAIA.

WITH the sincerity which has always been conceded to her, Comrade Krupskaya, widow of Nicolai Lenin, founder of Soviet Russia, has resigned from the central control commission of Russian Communist party as head of the department of education, as a protest against what she feels to be partiality in matters of party discipline and unfair treatment of the minority.

A hard worker, self-effacing, she was her husband's aid throughout their married life.

There was wedded to the young Communist when a school girl. He and Communism were the driving forces in her life and at his death the two apparently became one.

The day before her funeral she delivered a brief personal address at the second congress of the Soviets urging the working class to emancipate all the oppressed. Of her personal loss she did not say a word.

Her office is in a dingy tenement house in Petrograd. She wears a cotton frock and sandals. Her eyes bulge as the result of a long appearance giving her a strange appearance and making her seem more than 50 years old. She speaks many languages.

There has never been any fuss made over Krupskaya and she never seeks popularity. Her greatest hardship is that there is no money for the libraries and clubs and adult schools she is organizing. She has written the first reader used by Russian children.

Dinner Stories

A TRAMP went to a farmhouse, and sitting down in the front yard began to eat the grass.

The housewife's heart went out to him: "Poor man, you must indeed be hungry. Come around to the back."

The tramp beamed and winked at the hired man.

"There," said the housewife, when the tramp lay in sight, pointing to a circle of green grass, "try that; you will find that grass so much longer."

A TRAVELER who believed himself to be a survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal tale hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a

voice say: "Why in hell did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried: "Thank God they are Christians!"

IT IS probable that many queens of the kitchen share that sentiment good-naturedly expressed by a Scandinavian servant, recently taken into the service of a young matron of Chicago.

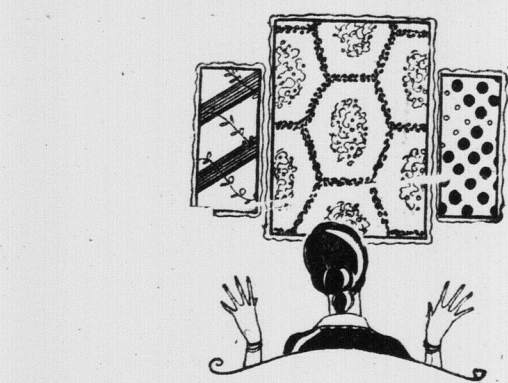
The youthful assumer of household cares was disposed to be a trifle patronizing.

"Now, Lena," she asked earnestly, "are you a good cook?"

"Ya-as, m, I tank so," said the girl, with perfect naivete, "if you will not try to help me."

NO GOD, CHURCH OR MARRIAGE.
(Kingston Standard.)

It is hardly believable that there should be in this world a country in which it is said there is "No God, no church, no marriage." Even among the wildest tribes there is some belief in a God, and certain social rules and regulations. But a press despatch from Winnipeg says that after a two months' journey a party of Russian Mennonites has reached Manitoba to take up farming. From their Siberian farms they trekked 1,500 miles to Moscow by wagon and train, and then came through the port of Riga to Canada. The settlers said they were forced to send their children to Soviet schools, where they were taught that there is "no God, no church, no marriage." No wonder they were anxious to get out of such a country; but what will they think when they find the Soviets at work here trying to influence our children in the same awful beliefs, as has been proved to be the case? For very shame the government should take drastic steps to stop this.



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