

COL. HARRISON CONTINUES THE DEBATE ON THE

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bridge at a cost of \$24,000 immediately before August 10th last, when the same amount of work had been done previously for \$8,000. It was jobbery like those instances which was responsible for the tremendous deficits and the present unsatisfactory financial position.

Agriculture.

He was glad to know that there was a small increase for the work of the Agricultural department. In company with other business men in Saint John, he was impressed with the necessity for greater development of this important industry. New Brunswick was importing largely of food stuffs while she was admirably adapted for producing many times her own requirements. Complete crop failures were unknown, and in 1920 New Brunswick had only reports of partial failures from 23 percent of the farms, while the average for all Canada was 5.5 percent. She was in that year the lowest of any province in Canada. There was every opportunity for development. He was glad to know the agricultural committee was investigating the work of the department and he felt sure that under the able guidance of the minister of agriculture, and with the co-operation of the business men of the province great developments would accrue.

Tourist Travel.

The preceding speaker (Michaud)

had objected to the increased grant to the tourist association, although his estimate of getting \$100,000 from this traffic in return for \$5,000 invested seemed pretty good, he (Harrison) believed that in the next few years the returns would be counted in the millions. Last year it was stated in an official booklet that the State of Maine had received the almost incredible sum of \$83,000,000 from tourist traffic. With our superior attractions of scenery and sport, he saw no reason why we should not get a very large revenue from this source.

It should be remembered in connection with this grant that it was conditional on the association raising an equal amount and that the money was all to be spent outside the province for advertising purposes.

In conclusion, he said this budget marked an epoch in that it was an attempt to show the people exactly where the provincial finances stood. For the last nine years there had been an average annual deficit of \$381,000, and yet the fact had never been stated, but the people had been deceived by budgets that failed to recognize unavoidable liabilities. He believed that the days of wild-catting provincial monies and expending funds unauthorized by this Legislature were past. We were not financing for this year alone, but for our children, and he believed that they and their children would be glad this government had had the courage to bring down this policy and save the province for them. He had the utmost faith in the future of this province, its development and prosperity.

He would conclude in the words of our own Canadian poet, taken from his Ode for Canadian Confederacy:

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done,
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in stary visions, cry
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh—
Here in Canadian hearth, and home and name:—
This nae which yet shall grow
Till all the nation know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

MR. RICHARD moved the adjournment of the debate, which was made the order of the day for tomorrow at three o'clock.

Adjourned at 10.20 o'clock, p. m.

ANY WILL GO TO CHICAGO OR EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Largest Special Passenger Traffic Movement in History of Canadian Railroads is Looked For.

According to advices received by Passenger Traffic Officials of the Canadian National Railways, one of the largest special passenger traffic movements in the history of Canadian Railroading will take place in June next in connection with the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago.

Preparations are being made in Chicago for the reception of more than a million pilgrims during the Congress which will be held from June 20th to June 24th, and the problem of transport for this multitude is already engaging the close attention of both American and Canadian Railroad Officials.

The Canadian Delegation will, of necessity, be a very large one, and will be thoroughly representative of the whole Dominion. Already the Canadian National Railways have contracted with various Organizations for ten special trains from the Maritime Province as far west as Alberta. Most of these specials will be operated from Quebec and Ontario, but already enough travel is assured from the Maritimes for a special train to leave Moncton at or about 2.30 P. M., on Friday, June 18th. This train will reach Chicago early Sunday morning. The train equipment will be of the very best, and standard C. N. R. diners will serve meals enroute. The return trip will be made by special, leaving Chicago Thursday, June 24th, allowing side trips to Niagara Falls and Ste. Anne de Beaupre, reaching Moncton on Monday, June 28th. Delegates from Saint John and all Maritime Provinces points, outside of Moncton, will make their connection with the special train by the regular C. N. R. train services.

This tour includes five days in Chicago, and a half day side trip to Niagara Falls. There will be one whole day at Montreal, and one at Quebec or Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It will be a notable tour under the very best auspices, and in the Railway Service there will be nothing lacking.

All applications for transportation, fares and reservations on this special train should be made to Reverend J. E. Brown, Secretary of the Congress Pilgrimage, care Bishop's Palace, St. John, N. B.

MANY CRIME WAVES IN DAYS LONG PAST, OLD TIMER RECALLS

(By Tom Williams in Toledo Blade.)

"Speaking of crime waves. They're nothing new. We had lots of 'em in my boyhood," proclaimed the Old Timer as he scraped out the bowl of his cornucopia.

"But they weren't conducted with the motive of sustaining a love nest or giving a visible means of support to the county sheriff."

"When a horse disappeared the owner of the critter knew that someone thereabouts had got too full of hard cider and needed a horse to lead him home, and that the animal would return. There weren't so many statutes and it didn't take so many officers to keep them whole."

"If a man missed six watermelons, a ham from his smokehouse or a few eggs he didn't break for the county courthouse, threatening to change his politics and defeat the ticket at the next election. Instead an item something like this might appear in the Signal:

"Our valued friend Jim Hoskins of Possum Hollow was seen on our streets Tuesday, Jim says crops are promising up his way, especially ham and eggs and watermelons. Incidentally, he wishes to inform the boys who visited his place one night last week that they are assured a warm welcome upon a return engagement. Jim was buying rock salt and powder at the general store when last seen."

And the crossing watchman averred that modern cornucopia pipes are ruined in the varnishing as he gently pressed a copious quantity of his own mixture into the capacious bowl.

Making a Rail President.

"Did you ever hear how the president of this here railroad got his job? Didn't eh? Well, he was a young feller and was train dispatcher at Cornstock crossing. One day there was a wreck that wasn't scheduled for time and place, and telegraph orders had nothing to do with it; but the big boss came along and drove in the nail that the kid hung his smock on, and another fellow took the key at Cornstock."

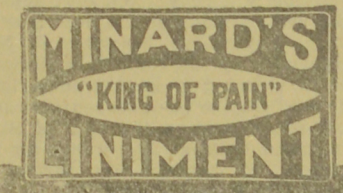
"Of course it didn't happen right away. It took a lot of smoking out of himself and all that before he got to be president, but if no injustice had been done him he might never have woke up. There's nothin' like a hard jolt to wake a feller up, if he's got it in him."

After taking the cinder out of the eye of the little fellow who had picked up a few pounds of coal along the railroad track, the crossing watchman warned him against trespassing in general, and particularly about being on the tracks when a train was running.



Warm the liniment, spread it on brown paper and cover the affected parts. It cures pain, relieves stiffness.

The family medicine chest.



"Me and the president would hate to have you hurt on our railroad," he assured as he tapped the lad on the back.

"There's a lot of false halo about the 'good old days' that you hear folks talking about so much," he said with a switching of the subject.

"Breaking the ice in the water pail in the kitchen for your morning oblation after crawling from under bed clothes frescoed with a vengeful heroic, but it ain't no more so now, and they didn't think so much as you'd think to talk about it, now that modern invention has brought home comforts into the home."

"When I was a lad you got a pair of cowhide boots in the fall after it had got so cold that you lost too much time warming your feet, and they had to last you until school was out in the spring. If you got them burnt at the cast iron stove in the district school 'twas your tough luck."

"There was no Community chest committee to investigate your case and decide whether you were a worthy object of charity. Wet feet is a terribly powerful thing to impress a boy with being careful about his footwear. But few died of pneumonia and appendicitis hadn't been invented yet."

"Things wasn't so convenient then days but respectability was more thought of. The word seemed to have had a different meaning. You couldn't be respectable and be crooked, no matter how much money you had."

"Just because a fellow knew the sheriff and all the county officers he didn't get it into his cranium that the law wasn't intended to include him, no matter how many ebony rings decorated the martingale of his horse."

The Old Timer arose from the bench in the crossing shanty and reached to a tiny shelf close to the roof, removing therefrom a dog-eared book with a plain but heavy brown binding. He thumbed it at random, stopping at such titles as "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and "The Village Blacksmith."

"There was the best seller of its day in my youth," he said meditatively.

"I don't suppose you ever heard of it. It isn't listed in the World's Best Literature—not in this form, at least—but more got their start from it than from any book that I know of."

"It's an old 'McGuffey's Reader' it not only gives you reading that's the goods, but tells you how to read; gives you the meaning of words and how to pronounce them, and there's a treasury of rules on articulation, inflections and emphasis as well as the rules of punctuation in the front end of it."

No "Service" For Sale.

"And if you want it punched home to you how the world has changed just bear in mind that in this old school book there are no such words as radio, automobile, electric light, telephone, graphophones, wireless, thermostat or moving pictures."

"And those were the 'good old days' they talk about—but they were the best of their time in the world, because folks did the most with what they had to do with, and did it themselves. There wasn't so much 'service' for sale."

"Those were the days when we boys would get up early every summer morning for days and hike over to the main pike looking for elephant tracks in the dust to see if the circus had passed through that night to the country seat. They didn't go by the cars those days."

"And once we got badly fooled. There were the elephant tracks, all right enough. Kind of irregular, but they were there—great big ones. Old

VACATIONING IN CANADA.

Those who most enjoy a holiday are those who truly earn it—earn it by attention to business detail—or household cares, earn it by planning and saving for it. Canada is the greatest vacation land on the globe—from Halifax, guardian of the East to Victoria on the Pacific, there is scarcely a mile of country but has its own charm. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, "The Grey Old East," with their lakes and rivers, their modest hills and valleys, pleasant farms and comfortable homes, where life is easy, and rest and peace.

The Province of Quebec, simply another spelling of romance, with its tiny strips of farms, running back from the road in the old French fashion, its great churches with gay roofed cottages grouped round about to form a village—its great elms, noble river and unguessed possibilities for development along many lines. A leisurely jaunt through the province will well reward the traveller.

Farther on Old Ontario where almost every lake or river means pleasure. Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, hundreds of towns familiar by name from childhood and in the newer Ontario, Sudbury, North Bay, Port Arthur and Fort William, any and all of them worth discovering. By rail or lake, get acquainted.

On West across the spreading prairies, Winnipeg and Calgary then on into the Mountains. Banff, with its thousand and one points of interest; lovely Lake Louise, and Lakes in the Clouds, side trips by motor to Windermere and the Okanagan and the Kootenay, visits to charming bungalow camps and magnificent hotels; Field, with the floating glaciers in the vicinity and fairy-like falls; the noble range of the Selkirk and adown the slope to the Pacific. Vancouver, the great Gate on the West by boat to Victoria, regal in situation and dignity, Vancouver Island. The whole a journey of never-ending interest and new delights.

And from Vancouver, by splendid steamer up to Alaska, the Land of the Midnight Sun, through the sheltered seas, where sheer precipices frown down upon you, and gaudy totem poles make a dash of color and romance. Such a trip can only be realized by the taking. Any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent can map it out for you, give you details fares, train schedules any of the many little matters which make the trip a pleasure.

Summer Tourist Fares are effective from May 15 to September 30 and by planning early, the trip will be a possibility and then anticipating the wonders and pleasures of it all makes it doubly dear. Get hold of some of the charming folders the Canadian Pacific publishes see the photographs, then make your call at the office.

New York—A movement to induce Italians in America who are opposed to fascism to renounce their allegiance to Italy while Premier Mussolini is in control has been launched.

New York—Asserting her husband Joseph L. Sigretto had deceived her for thirty-six years into believing him dead, during which time she had twice married, Mrs. Mary Alton Shaw filed suit against Sigretto for \$25,000.

Bill Martin who lived in the haunted cabin the woods back of Brown's mill had passed by in the night with a bag of meal—and laden otherwise.

"About every step he had set down that sack and you wouldn't believe what a perfect elephant track it made."

"Which goes to prove that everybody that makes big tracks ain't no elephant."

Where An American Hangs His Hat

Once a hat was not just a hat; it was also a badge of sectionalism. That was when the broad-brimmed Stetson and the nobby derby seldom met. When South, East, North, West lived differently, dressed differently, and thought differently. When a traveling American could feel like a stranger in his own land.

Before advertising—

But now Mrs. Green of Boston and Mrs. Brown of El Paso use the same vacuum cleaner, face powder, soap; Adams of Boston and Sims of Seattle are alike in the cut of their clothes. And where an American hangs his hat, within the borders of these United States, he feels at home. Advertising did that.

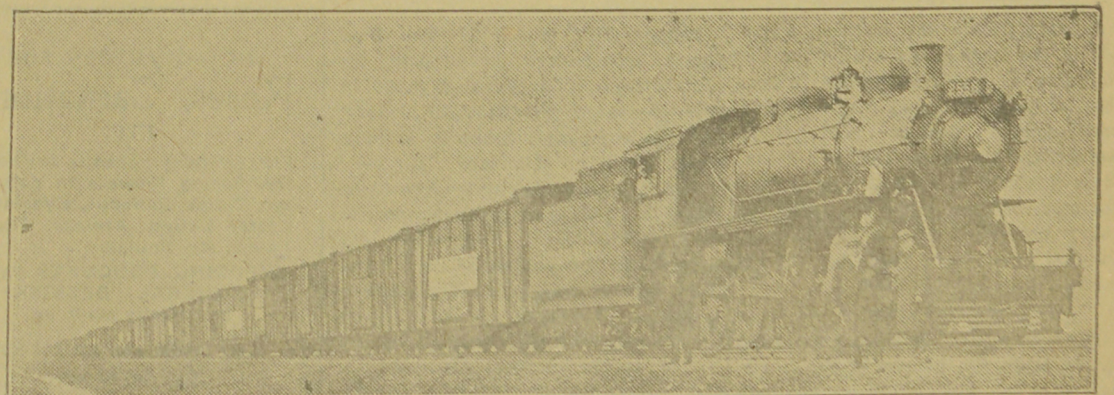
Advertising is still at work helping to make these states united. Here is a better bed, a handsomer shoe, a more delicious food. Let it be known from Maine to California, from Washington State to Florida! Here's a healthier way to live, another safeguard for your family, a new service of self-improvement. Spread the news everywhere!

Advertisements.

Read them. They are Couriers of Progress and Unity. Without them you'd lack half the comforts you now have. Ignore them and you'll miss many a good thing to come.

TO KEEP PACE WITH THE TIMES, READ THE
ADVERTISEMENTS EVERY DAY

Record Automobile Shipment



WHAT is said to be the largest single automobile shipment in the history of the automotive industry of Canada was made from Ford City, Ontario, to Vancouver over the lines of the Canadian National Railways in March. The train was a solid one of 61 cars carrying 290 Ford cars, all for use on the Pacific coast. The shipment, which had a value of more than a quarter of a million dollars, made the long trip in record time.