

## The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 14, 1926.

### WHEAT AND THE PORTS.

About a year ago the Toronto Star printed a very illuminating series of articles on Canada's wheat crop and its transportation. Particular attention was directed to the enormous percentage of our grain going through American ports, and the reasons were clearly set forth for such a change as would give the bulk of the business to our own railroads and our own ports, including those of the Maritime Provinces.

In last Saturday's issue the Star returns to the subject, and discusses it in the light of last year's experience. It points out that of the Canadian wheat crop of 1925 only 10,000,000 bushels went overseas through Canadian Atlantic ports, while 142,000,000 bushels went through American ports. It is pointed out that by whatever route the prairie wheat reaches the ultimate consumer it is the producer who pays the freight. It is therefore of particular importance to the farmer that his grain go by the cheapest route; but here, as the Star points out, is not the only one interested. Canada has half a billion dollars invested in transportation and port facilities, whose primary purpose is to handle western wheat; and this gives every citizen of Canada a material interest in the question whether those ports and facilities are utilized to serve the purpose for which they were created.

The Star points out that we have built three railway lines between the wheat fields and the sea, and that they reach down to the winter ports as well as to those of the St. Lawrence. It is shorter and better than that of our neighbors, and yet in the face of this we carried last year two bushels to our one from the head of the lakes to the Atlantic ports. Assuming a charge of twelve cents a bushel from Port William to the Atlantic ports, the Americans earned \$17,000,000 to our \$8,500,000. We could do very well in Canada with that additional \$17,000,000 in freight; but, as the Star points out, it is only a comparatively small part of our total loss. Canadian wheat is without a rival because of its quality. Because of its high gluten content it is used to mix with other wheats. It is most important that the quality be maintained by the quality by mixing the grain en route. That which goes through Canadian ports is safe, but what guarantee has the European miller that of the two-thirds of our export which goes by American ports there has been no mixing en route?

There are other considerations. The more grain traffic a port enjoys, the more money will be paid out for labor, for refitting, "berthing," and in other ways. There will be more incoming as well as out-going traffic, which means more labor and a larger distribution of money.

There is still another important consideration. The Star points out that 142,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain to American ports was not only a loss to Canadian carriers and a loss of the expenditure in Canadian ports; but the Americans, as the Star points out, "were able to use the traffic which we had created to help in reducing the cost of carriage of their own products and manufactures to foreign markets, and equally to reduce to their merchants and through them to their people the cost of commodities which were manufactured in regions near the sea-board or which were imported from overseas."

Summing up the whole situation, the Star points out the difficulty that the rail haul to Maritime ports in winter is longer than that to American ports, but adds that the problem of Canada's wheat ports concerns not merely the Maritime cities or provinces, but the nation's great problems and imperatively demands a solution. While admitting that it is perhaps too much to expect to retain the whole of the grain traffic for our own ports, the Star submits that we cannot be satisfied with "a situation by which our most active competitors get twice as much benefit from the traffic as we do." It is very satisfactory to the people of these provinces to find that the attention of the people of the central and western provinces is being directed more and more to a situation which is intolerable, and which the nation as a whole must remedy.

### MR. CALDER ONCE MORE.

It is but fair to R. L. Calder, K. C., to say that the first press report of his address on Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces was very misleading. It omitted things he said that were favorable to them. The Montreal Star report shows that he declared the Maritime to be the best part of Canada for immigrants, but that they had been overlooked and the west built up; and he urged that the tide be now definitely turned this way. He further insisted that the rest of the country must learn why this section of the country is lagging behind and apply a remedy. Calling himself a native of Nova Scotia,

he paid most attention to that province and its people, and his criticism of the latter was certainly not flattering. He will doubtless hear from them.

But Mr. Calder delivered another address last evening before another Montreal club. If correctly reported, he again declared that Confederation was in no sense to blame for existing conditions in these provinces. If that be true, then we are simply a poor relation, to whom charity must be doled out, because we have been too stupid and lazy to try to help ourselves. Mr. Calder is a poor Canadian if he believes the people of these provinces will be content to be regarded as beggars on the doorstep of the rest of Canada.

It is obvious that the condition of affairs in these provinces is due to one of two causes—Confederation and the manner in which its terms were carried out, or the incapacity of the people themselves. Mr. Calder is pleased to blame the people. He is doing his little part to increase the sense of irritation in the Maritimes, and injuring the cause he professes to serve.

### THE TROJANS.

In the match against Bermuda the Trojans' rugby football team showed that they possess all the makings of a good team, but just miss being that. In no spirit of carping criticism, but with the sole desire to set the Trojan team on a straight path, a few suggestions are offered.

Referring to the scrum: They pack far too high and too loose, consequently the ball is seldom heeled cleanly and when carried is liable to get out of control. The front rank of the scrum has not learnt the knack of that momentary hold of the opposing scrum which allows the balance to break right or left according to the orders of the halves. They lack the "one long man" specializing at the throw-in from touch, but, on the other hand, several forwards appear to attempt too often one of his rarely exercised functions, the diverted pass, with resulting inaccuracy.

The halves do not command nearly enough or instruct their scrum in every movement desired. Their passing was not long or accurate enough, though possibly they were hampered in not getting the ball clean from the heels of the scrum. Is that third half standing right off with the three quarters an advantage? The three quarters really showed up well though there was a tendency to cross the field and not enough punting. Every three quarter should be able to kick with either foot. Passing lacked snap and accuracy and the art of picking requires a good deal of practice.

This is very superficial criticism. There was plenty of excellent play, especially in the forward rushes and there is every indication that the Trojans have the material for a really high class team. The main fault lies in not getting the ball clean from the throw-in. The Saint John team might easily become one to be reckoned with in first-class football. Here's hoping.

### Odds and Ends

**Finer Things of Life**  
(Winnipeg Tribune).  
Wind of the sunny south! Oh, still in the gay woods and in the golden air.

\*\*\* BRYANT.  
I love that moaning music which I hear.  
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul  
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere.

\*\*\* CORNWALL.  
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

\*\*\* SHAKESPEARE.  
There is strange music in the stirring wind!

**Lines From an Intoxicated Victim of Superfluous Tooting.**  
(Richard Leighton, in the New York Sun).  
When you can't quite discern what it's all about  
And you're gunned up in traffic and greatly in doubt—  
Squawk your horn.

When some one you're seeking is inside a house  
And you haven't the sense of an intellect mouse—  
Squawk your horn.

When you stop or you start or you turn or you stand  
And you wish to be heard in all parts of the land—  
Squawk your horn.

When you want every one to move over for you  
And, at driving you'd like folks to know that you're new  
Or you just haven't anything better to do—  
Squawk your horn.

## Just Fun

"NOW," said the Sunday school teacher, "why is a certain part of the church called the altar?"  
"Because," said one bright boy, "it is where people change their names."

**GOLF:** Poor men neglecting their work trying to play a rich man's game.

WHEN a man marries for the second time, he often finds out he is under entirely new management.

**DIVORCE** case lawyers get little business from homes where both parties think the man should be boss.

The other night I went to the theatre With a low-brow friend. And the orchestra played "The Little Brown Jug." And he thought It was the national anthem And stood up. And I did, too. Darn him.

ACCORDING to eminent California authority, the flapper is merely pioneering the way toward health and sense in attire. Like most pioneers, she is misunderstood.

HEARD the other day of a Scotchman who sent his girl a homing pigeon as a present. When she opened the box the bird flew back to him.

"HELP!" Help! A burglar just stole the Indianapolis, Ind. police dog!

## Other Views

### MARRIAGE-SHY.

(Westminster Gazette.)  
Many men have owed their success to marriages which to the outside may seem to be a mere accident. With the economic independence of women one important barrier to early marriage is removed, since it is often possible for the wife to earn a living as well as the husband. But for all that the present generation is less disposed to marry than were its predecessors. The attractions of freedom in part explain this attitude, but the root cause is probably excessive caution and a desire to reduce life to an affair of certainties.

### CLAR ISSUES ESSENTIAL.

(Vancouver Province.)  
One of the results of the elections should be to bring home to both the great political parties the fact that the people of Canada have an intelligent appreciation of issues and are inclined to insist that issues shall be placed before them plainly and shall be discussed frankly. They are not interested in personalities or the trivial trash and straw which forms so great a part of the campaign. They are interested in the existence of policies, they tear away the flimsy covering, they penetrate the smoke and get at the facts.

### A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)  
Newton D. Baker, America's wartime secretary of war, advocates the cancellation of war debts, and he does so on the ground that the United States has the best interests of the United States. Open markets, in his view, are of more importance to the United States than the dollars drained as debt by the country. He holds it to be inconceivable that the nations of the world will trade with the United States while their own industries are burdened by crushing taxes which would be paid in a form to them "not greatly different from the tribute which Rome imposed on her friends and enemies alike." "We collect seeds of international distrust, ill-will and selfishness and expect a harvest of friendship and eager trade."

**The Feather Bob**  
Bobbed hair for women is here to stay, says an Associated Press dispatch. In a few years a woman with long hair will be a curiosity. This appeared to be the opinion of some members of the National Hairdressers' Association as they gathered in annual convention in Philadelphia recently.

"Long hair is like the corset—it is a thing of the past," Miss Esther Johnson, first vice-president of the association, is quoted as saying. "Short hair is more sanitary and incurs greater beauty because it is always better groomed."

A new type of hair dressing known as the "feather bob," is to the mode for this winter, Miss Johnson said. "The hair is combed straight back from the forehead and is cut so the crown of the head is the most noticeable part of the coiffure, whether a woman wears her hair in a short or long bob."

"The very short bob is a passing fad, and during the winter I believe women will wear their hair longer. This new type of hair bob is particularly becoming to the plump matron. In fact, the woman with a double chin need not hesitate to wear it, for it brings out the youthful lines and lengthens the contour of the face."

## Mrs. Dumas Says Gas Took Her Breath

"I had gas on the stomach so bad that I could hardly breathe. Everything I ate went against me. After I began taking Adlerika, the gas left me and I ate everything," Mrs. E. Dumas. Adlerika differs from most medicines because it acts upon BOTH upper and lower bowel. It gives the system a REAL cleansing, and clears out old poisons which usually cause sour, gassy stomach, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache. Just ONE spoonful stops GAS, and relieves that full, bloated feeling so that you can eat better and sleep better. Even if bowels move daily, Adlerika brings out much additional poison which you never guessed was in your system and which may have long caused trouble. No matter what you have tried for stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. At leading druggists. In Saint John at Ross Drug Co. and other druggists.

## I See By The Papers



—T. E. Powers, in N. Y. Evening Journal.

## Queer Quirks of Nature

THEY ALWAYS DIED OF OLD AGE

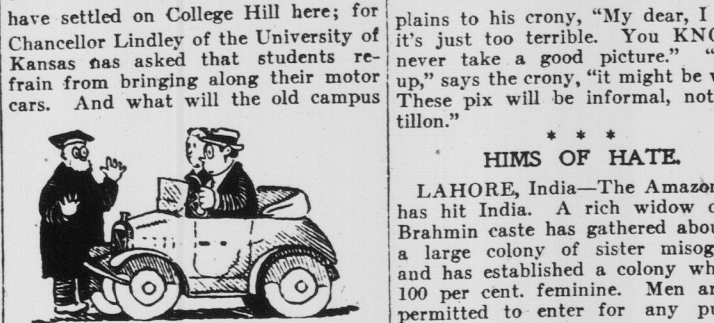
By ARTHUR N. PACK

AGES ago, when the rough plain of western Alberta was a huge swampy delta on the border of a shallow inland sea, filled with weedy marshes and sluggish, muddy rivers, there roamed there thousands of strange reptiles.

Some were huge—30 or more feet in length, others were small and delicate, and furnished food for the stronger ones. The carnivorous reptiles hunted relentlessly and the lives of the weaker ones were spent in dodging imminent death.

But there was one big reptile who went his way undisturbed by fear of death or the desire to kill. This was the "Dreadnaught Dinosaur," or "Palaeococcus," as he is called by scientists, and greatly resembled a big armoured-plated war chariot.

He was shaped somewhat like an immense horned toad, broad and flat, with a long tail, short, heavy legs, and a small thick head. His covering was a thick, leathery skin, set with thousands of bony armour plates. Beginning at the neck and continued along each side to the end of his tail, was a row of heavy, sharp spines, some more than a foot in length. His head was protected by plates and even his



**SAID COLLEGE DAYS.**  
LAWRENCE, Kans.—Dismay, not to mention sorrow, anger and distress, have settled on College Hill here; for Chancellor Lindley of the University of Kansas has asked that students refrain from bringing along their motor cars. And what will the old campus gets to work and photographs the person or persons concerned. A grizzled vet of many cracked safes comes to mind.



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## POEMS—I LOVE

"To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence," by James E. Fickler.

THIS young English poet died in 1915; yet during his brief life he wrote many lovely lyrics, not the least beautiful of which is this imaginative piece. It will be preserved in all the anthologies, unless I am greatly mistaken.

I who am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic tongue,  
Send you my words for messengers  
To greet you. You will understand.  
I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them that sit above?  
How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Nocturnes the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend, unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.  
Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.  
(Copyright, 1926.)

## DINNER STORIES

"WE ARE slowly starving to death," said the famous explorer at the boarding house table, "but we cut up our boots and made soup of them, and thus sustained life."

"Hush! hush! Not so loud," whispered the landlady on each side. "The landlady might hear you."

"IN MY state," says a Kentuckian, "is a town so full of family feuds and quarrels that the account of any wedding is sure to contain items of anything but a peaceable nature."

"A recent wedding presented such unusual features that it was spoken of with wonder by all the inhabitants. 'I never saw anything pass off so pretty and calm as Bud and Harriet's wedding in all my days,' said one of the invited guests a week after the wedding. 'Why, there wasn't a single casualty excepting Bill Thomas' black eye, and we got Henry Morton off him without half trying, you know we did. There didn't seem to be any what you might call family feeling at that wedding, anyhow.'"

THE doctor's wife had advertised for a doctor to do housework, and was showing an applicant over the house. She had been liberal in her promises of privileges and it looked as though the two were going to come to an agreement, when the girl asked: "Do you do your own stretching?" "Do you do your own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretching," repeated the girl. "Do you put all the grub on the table and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it around?"

## Just Ordinary Idols

(Ottawa Journal).

We should look for our heroes among those who really do something for their fellows. There is not a trace of sacrifice suggested by the life and activities of those men and women who figure on the screen. Quite the contrary. They are very ordinary people for the most part, and, instead

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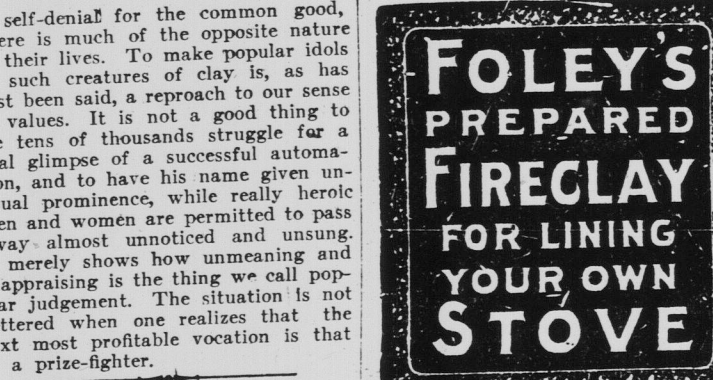
Flat Crepe, \$3.19

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of self-denial for the common good, there is much of the opposite nature in their lives. To make popular idols of such creatures of clay is, as has just been said, a reproach to our sense of values. It is not a good thing to see tens of thousands struggle for a final glimpse of a successful automaton, and to have his name given unusual prominence, while really heroic men and women are permitted to pass away almost unnoticed and unused. It merely shows how unmeaning and unappreciating is the thing to call popular judgement. The situation is not bettered when one realizes that the next most profitable vocation is that of a prize-fighter.

## A Nuisance to be Abated.

(From the New Bedford Mercury.)  
The chap who courts the notice of the populace by attempting social converse with the traffic cop in the middle of the street is not quite so numerous as formerly, but he still constitutes a considerable nuisance.

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## KITCHEN TABLES

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