

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 9, 1926.

HOPE IS NOT ENOUGH

"It is to be earnestly hoped," says Toronto Saturday Night, "that men will soon be devised whereby Saint John, Halifax and Quebec will be given a larger share of the country's export grain traffic, of which there is enough for all. But whether or not these other ports achieve their just aims, the Port of Montreal must not be neglected. It is an asset of incalculable value to the whole Dominion."

Saturday Night is improving slowly so far as its treatment of Maritime ports is concerned, but it does not yet fully appreciate their importance and their right to a healthy share of the export grain traffic in addition to a much greater volume of other freight. It is quite true that the port of Montreal should not be neglected, but neither should the Maritime ports. They have been grossly neglected during a long period, while Montreal, thanks partly to its political influence, partly to its situation, at the head of summer navigation and in some measure also to the enterprise of its civic and harbor management, has fared sumptuously. Montreal, as Saturday Night says, is an asset of high value to the whole Dominion, but ice closes the St. Lawrence for half the year, while the harbors of Saint John and Halifax are open ways—and they are the only all-year-round open Atlantic ports in Canada.

Montreal in 1925 handled 1,682,288 bushels of export wheat, leading New York by 400,000 bushels, and Philadelphia, the third port, by more than 125,000,000 bushels. Of Montreal's total shipments of export grain 20,000,000 bushels were American wheat, and in previous years Montreal has handled an even greater quantity of American grain. That source of supply will soon dry up, for the American acreage is diminishing owing to the high cost of production, and at the same time the domestic needs are further cutting down the surplus available for export. The time is in sight when Montreal will draw no more export grain from the American side, and as that day comes nearer, it will be wider awake to the need for stopping the diversion of Canadian grain through American ports.

In 1925 162,702,050 bushels of Canadian grain went through American channels, principally Buffalo, thence to New York and other American ports on its way to overseas markets, mainly Britain. While Saturday Night says generously—but loosely—that there is grain traffic enough for all the ports, it takes the ground that Montreal must have its maximum, regardless of what may happen to other Canadian ports, an assertion somewhat difficult to justify. Very obviously, under a proper Canadian transportation policy, a formidable percentage of the grain now going over American routes would come to Saint John, and we must give the additional equipment, including expanded and diversified elevator capacity to handle that class of freight, in addition to more piers and other facilities in order to deal with the greater flow of package cargo.

Montreal is crying out for more equipment, and should have it, always provided that justice is done Maritime ports at the same time—justice which has been so long denied them. It is pointed out by Saturday Night that Buffalo has a great storage capacity of 50,000,000 bushels whereas Montreal has but 25,000,000. "With such a limitation," says Saturday Night, "certainly are some times inevitable at Montreal, with the result that grain shippers and vessel owners suffer and traffic is driven elsewhere."

Saint John's handicaps are infinitely heavier because of its lack of facilities. The Montreal Harbor Commissioners some months ago asked the Federal Government for a loan of \$12,000,000 to be spent on port expansion, but that loan, which probably would have been forthcoming in due course, was lost sight of through political confusion at Ottawa, followed by dissolution. Expected appropriations for Saint John harbor went the same way. Montreal, unlike Quebec, pays the interest on its harbor loans.

The testimony given before the Duncan Commission in Montreal brought out fully the value of Saint John from the standpoint of national transportation, and paved the way for a successful drive to have this port rightly equipped, so that it may take its proper place as one of the main gateways of this country for both export and import traffic.

There is no more important question before the people of Saint John today than this one, and it is necessary at all times to keep in mind that, while we must have port facilities and must plan them along comprehensive lines, we must avoid any scheme which will involve charges upon shipping so high as to handicap us in comparison with other Atlantic ports with which we have been and will be in direct competition.

THE NOTE OF A BIRD.

Live and learn. A man with a bird-like voice emitted a shrill note which, when broadcast, put out a light twelve miles away. We had been told by scientists that fire could be extinguished by sound waves, but somehow one never connected the phenomenon with the human voice. Yet does it not explain mysterious, shed light on facts heretofore accepted and present possibilities wherewith the mind may toy?

For instance, there are those shivers which freeze the marrow in the bones of the boldest, that cold clutch at the heart when the cuckoo clock greets us on return from revelry with three bird-like notes—lives there the man with presence of mind to add a really convincing quota of nine cuckoos? No, he is frozen stiff. Now we know why the walls of Jericho fell flat, why the high pitched yell of charging troops is so uncomfortable, and why an otherwise clasp her hands, roll her eyes and ends somewhere about the topmast. All these are the effects of shrill notes produced per vocem humanam.

Imagination reels before the immensity of the contributions to really scientific regulation of our daily lives. Febrile conditions may be alleviated by a John McCormick record on the gramophone, heat waves counteracted and fires extinguished by falsetto choruses rendered by the fire department. Such a discovery to the practical affairs of life is illuminating.

To those who have been persistently inquiring why the distillery interests contributed to the campaign of both parties, the Chesley, Ont., Enterprise makes this reply: "The answer is: In order to be sure to have friends on both sides of the House of Commons. Then it doesn't matter much which side loses, the distillers are the winners. That's what called practical politics these days."

General Primo De Rivera at last comes into the open as regards his conception of the right way to conduct a national plebiscite. Spanish consulates in foreign countries are to open referendum lists Spanish citizens over eighteen years of age resident or visiting abroad will be permitted to sign in approval of De Rivera. Those not in favor of the dictator cannot vote. How the general must have chuckled when he thought out this simple expedient to gain popular support.

Odds and Ends

"God Give Us Men"

"God give us men. The time demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands."
Men whom the lust of office does not kill.
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy.
Men who possess opinions and a will.
Men who have honor; men who will not lie.
Men who can stand before a demagogue and dam his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog.
In public duty and in private thinking."

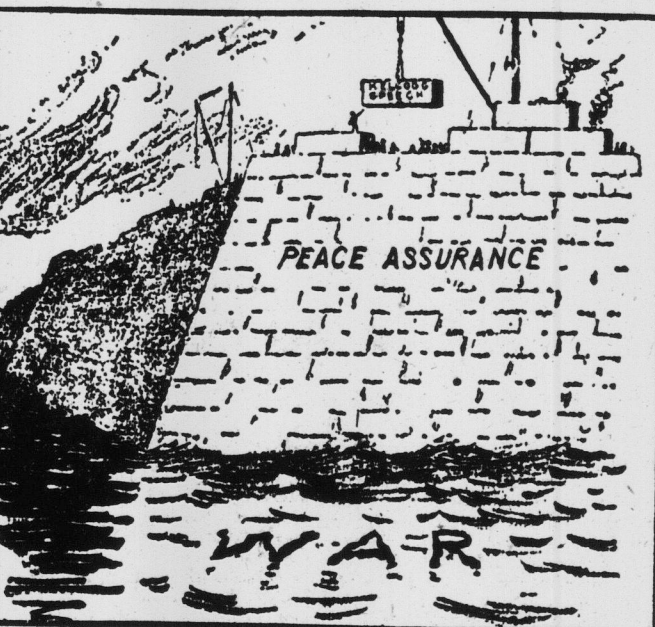
Motorists

A rear-vision mirror helps, but what motorists need is foresight.—San Francisco Chronicle.
The Jaywalker differs from the Jaybird in that he prefers to take his standing up.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.
A fool is born every minute, but the motor accidents even things up.—Nashville Tennessean.
Nothing works out right. In a town where you can park as long as you want to there is no reason why you should want to.—Birmingham News.

Articles of Union With England.

Signed 1706.
(Thomas Miller.)
May the gods send us wisdom our manners to mend,
And may humbug and warfare soon come to an end.
May "strikes" and contentions and "taxes" decrease,
And our land have the blessings of plenty and peace.

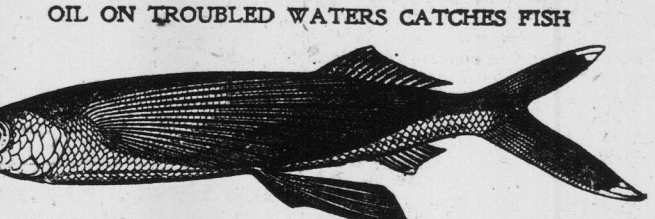
Another Stone In Breakwater



—Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Queer Quirks of Nature

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS CATCHES FISH



Flying Fish

By AUSTIN H. CLARK
FEW fishes furnish better food for us than the flying-fishes. In some places at certain seasons of the year they occur in great abundance and furnish the basis for important fisheries. Especially is this true at the West Indian island of Barbados. When I was living at Barbados I occasionally went out on the boats of the numerous fleet devoted to the capture of the flying fish.

While flying-fishes jump from the water and glide away right and left before a steady breeze, they do not disturb them in the least. If you are in a small boat there may be thousands of them about you and you may never learn their presence. Through this peculiarity they are easy to secure.

SUNLIGHT REFLECTS

When the trade wind is blowing the surface of the sea is covered with little waves from which the sunlight is reflected so that a relatively small amount penetrates beneath the surface.

While to us the outlook looks especially bright and sparkling in a brisk breeze, beneath the surface it is dark and gloomy, and all the myriads of sparkling fish that catch our eye are corresponding amount of light rebounding from the surface instead of penetrating.

It is under these conditions that the fishermen go forth to catch the flying fish. For this they must go for a long distance, until the shore begins to disappear, as the flying fish is pre-eminently a creature of the deep seas and well knows the dangers that lurk in shallow water.

The Political Fray

Conservative THE PROGRESSIVES

Mr. Forke, the former leader of the Progressive party, makes no secret of the fact that the vote of the members of that political persuasion were "on sale" to the highest bidder. In other words, the Progressives, promised to support the Government of Mr. Mackenzie King, because that Government agreed to implement legislation which was of sectional value to the Prairies. Now Mr. A. W. Neil, who represented Comox-Alberni in the last House of Commons, has been telling a Courtenay audience that he supported the late Liberal government because he found it was prepared to give great support to "his policies" than the Conservatives. Most assuredly we are coming to a pretty past in party politics. We have the spectacle now in our House of Commons of "political sunburn" who "hold up" the party in coming to a pretty past in party politics. We have the spectacle now in our House of Commons of "political sunburn" who "hold up" the party in coming to a pretty past in party politics.

MR. LAPOINTE AND THE MARGARET

Hon. Ernest Lapointe has found it desirable to make a second and very forcible denial of the assertion that he was one of a party which used the Government steamer Margaret for holiday trip which is supposed to have been of a "discreditable" nature. It should not have been necessary for Mr. Lapointe to make a second denial. Mr. Doucet might be excused for his first statement that Hon. Ernest Lapointe was on board the Margaret, if, as Mr. Doucet says, the Margaret had included the name Lapointe; but when Hon. Mr. Lapointe replied that he was not there, that should have been sufficient, and Mr. Doucet should have withdrawn his charge. Hon. Mr. Lapointe is a man of high personal character, and his word should have been accepted without question.

LOOKING TO MEIGHEN

(Sydney Post.)
But broadly speaking, there is every reason why the public men of this province should rally strongly to the support of Mr. Meighen in the present election campaign. There has never been an election in which the main issue so directly affected the vital interests of Nova Scotia as that which is now in progress. The return of the Meighen administration means the restoration of prosperity to the steel industry, and the complete transformation of economic conditions in the province. On the contrary, the re-ascendancy of the King-Forke coalition, would be a triumph for anti-protectionism, and an end of the last

POEMS I LOVE

"Arab Song," by Richard Henry Stoddard.

IT may be that this American poet wrote too much. His work is un-erased but by the devoted friendship of Hawthorne, Boker and Bayard Taylor. Edmund Clarence Stedman called his ode on Lincoln "grandly phrased." To me, the poem is wholly inferior, stilted, labored. I prefer Stoddard when he sings simply and briefly. He was fond of going to the Orient for his inspiration and this little song, an imitation of the Arabian method, has, I think, quality and spontaneity. Stoddard was born in 1856 and died in 1902.

Break thou my heart, ah, break it,
If such thy pleasure be;
Thy will is mine, what say I?
'Tis more than mine to me.

And if my life offend thee,
My passion and my pain,
Thou shalt my life take it,
But spare me thy disdain!

DINNER STORIES

AT A CHAIR factory in a North Carolina town, an old negro had been leading chairs all day on a large truck to be taken to the depot for shipping. The shades of night were falling and the old man was very tired. He thought his day's work was over when the truck backed up to be loaded once more, whereupon the old man exclaimed: "Ah, hopes dis here world gits sot down after awhile."

A WHITE man, walking along a road where an old colored man was whitewashing a fence, noticed that the brush he was using contained very few bristles.

"Look here, Rastus," exclaimed the man, pausing and looking at the operator, "Why don't you get a brush with more bristles in it?"

"What fo' Mistah Smith, what fo'," returned Rastus, glancing from the fence to his questioner.

"What fo'?" expressly replied Mr. Smith. "Why, if you had a brush with more bristles in it you could do twice as much work."

"Dat's all right, Mistah Smith," said Rastus, nervously shaking his head. "But I hain't got twice as much work to do."

WHO'S WHO

IN THE NEWS

VISCOUNT WILLINGDON

FREEMAN FREEMAN THOMAS, Viscount Willingdon of Raiton, successor to Lord Bessborough as Governor General of Canada will arrive in Canada early in September. He is a member of the House of Commons 1900-1910, was a Junior Lord of the Treasury, 1905-12, governor of Bombay, 1912-1919, and Governor of Madras, 1919-1924.

Other Views

"PICKWICK" STILL LIVES.

Montreal Star.
To the younger generation, it may perhaps seem amazing that a copy of the first edition of Pickwick Papers should realize the sum of ten thousand dollars. But to those who have watched the Dickens cult grow, it will not appear so strange. Had anybody thirty years ago prophesied the spread of the Dickens fellowship to the extent that has been achieved today, the forecast would have been greeted with incredulous laughter. But Dickens is one of the stuff that never dies. There is something in him that savors of the everlasting. Perhaps it is his universal humanity. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that there is today a far greater public for Dickens than there ever was before. And it is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. This is the more remarkable when we consider that Dickens was essentially a writer of English tales for English people, and that his principal characters were all of his native land. But today we find eminent French literary critics discussing the qualities that make Dickens last, while other foreign students of English literature are paying his work more and more attention.

WET AND DRY ACROSS THE LINE.

(Cincinnati Times-Star.)
It may turn out that the liquor question will become the dominant issue in the senatorial campaigns. In that event we suppose party lines will lose their importance, other big questions will be forgotten and people will vote primarily as they feel in regard to the volstead law. Some day prohibition may no longer be the perpetual issue in the United States. The prospect, however, seems rather distant.

EAST AND WEST

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)
It is said that the east has not responded so far as expected to the call of the west for men to work in the harvest fields. Where 50,000 was required, not more than 10,000 have responded, it is said. One explanation offered is that there are fewer ill-fated men in the east than there used to be in recent years.

REWARD OR—?

MADRAS, India.—The government of India has decided that members of

palace and its environs for to see—and be shown. They gather in the court of the palace, beneath the windows of the institute, talk merrily in English and tourist-French—and the poor art students beneath the windows can't help hearing and wondering if, among those tourists, there isn't someone from the old home town.

The instructors, seeing that stringing measures were necessary, have pasted up the windows and forbidden all and sundry to open them. Art is indeed long, and life is shorter than it is.

REWARD OR PUNISHMENT?

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THE criminal colony established on the Andaman Islands should be given the

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INVENTORY.

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Dream Girl—Well, how much have you got to go through?—Answers, London.

GO ON, GRAB HER!

NERVOUS YOUTH—Darling, you are the breath of my life.
Fair One—Well, why don't you hold your breath?—Passing Show, London.

MALONEY REBELS.

DOCTOR—Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Has he been sticking to the diet I prescribed for him?
Mrs. Maloney—And that he has not, doctor. 'Tis he that says he'll not be starvin' himself to death to live a few years longer.—Belfast News Letter.

JUST A KISS

"A kiss," said he, "is a common noun."
"Very common," said she, with eyes cast down;
"And yet from a certain point of view, a kiss may be common and proper too."

And as the discussion went gaily on, With divers arguments pro and con, And each supported the statements made, With practice called to theory's aid, Till they forgot in a dream of bliss, What part of speech was a simple kiss.

But on one point they had a single mind— It was awfully hard to be declined.

THE LIME LIGHT

SMOKE?

LONDON.—Voyagers by air liner have, as a usual thing, but one complaint to make. They aren't permitted to smoke during the long and sometimes monotonous flights. And you know how the average Englishman loves to travel with a pipe. Naturally, the complaint met with scant attention at first, for it is much more important that the fuel tanks of an airplane stay away from the than that the smoker should have his smoke. However, now comes a safety pipe which may be furnished, along with baggage labels, to those who travel by air—and want to smoke. The pipe is designed to give the maximum of smoking comfort with a complete lack of fire risk. Its design is as yet a secret, but—it's not outside the law to guess.

ART IS LONG.

FONTAINEBLEAU, France.—This lovely old town, with its magnificent chateau and its dozens of inspiring vistas in its most ways, the perfect place for an art school. And the Franco-American Art Institute, which was part of the Louvre XI, wing of the palace, finds that it really is ideal—save for one thing. And that is the constant botheration of the tourists. Fontainebleau is merely a pleasant motor drive from Paris and daily great crowds of sightseers hasten out to the

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