

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 19, 1925.

A BIG LEAK.

It is no wonder that the Ontario millers are asking the Railway Commission for such a revision of freight rates on grain and flour as will give them reasonable means of fighting against the removal of Canada's milling business to the American side of the line. It is pointed out by Mr. A. M. Belding in his dispatch of this morning that the Buffalo flour mills, using Canadian wheat, have increased their daily capacity during the last two years by 11,000 barrels, while in the same period Ontario mills which went out of business had a daily capacity of 9,700 barrels. An immense quantity of both grain and flour goes through Buffalo and New York, which is bad enough, but the Ontario millers assert, and with strong reason, that if the present tendency continues most of Canada's grain that is milled on this continent will be turned out by the Buffalo industries.

Between August 1, 1924, and August 1, 1925, 288,000,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from Port William and Port Arthur, and of this 111,000,000 bushels went to Buffalo and other American lake ports.

The St. Lawrence and Maritime ports, and the Canadian railways, are thus losing a tremendous proportion of the business which should be theirs, and there is a corresponding loss to Canadian labor and to many other interests; for this traffic of Canadian origin, if kept within our own channels, would not only mean more work and more earnings for the railways but would distribute in Canada a vast sum which is now building up American cities.

This loss of Canadian traffic is not receiving the attention it deserves at the hands of the candidates of any of the political parties in Canada to-day. What issue is more important?

TWO SHOCKING ACCIDENTS.

Another New Brunswicker has been killed in the woods by a companion who mistook him for a deer. The shot was fired "about dusk," in other words, at a time when it was difficult or impossible for the hunter to know with certainty at what he was firing. In this province the law forbids shooting earlier than an hour before sunrise or later than an hour after sunset. This regulation is intended to emphasize the danger of shooting at objects not clearly perceived, and in all cases of this kind it is essential to establish whether the law against shooting in an uncertain light or in the dark was violated. Cases of the kind must serve as a warning to those who go to the woods at this season, and while advice on the subject sometimes seems useless so far as a small percentage of hunters are concerned, nevertheless a tragedy of this sort brings home to all thoughtful and responsible persons the need for extreme care.

The second fatality is that in which a boy was killed by a companion with a shotgun which was supposed not to be loaded. In these days of modern weapons, which are so quickly and easily loaded when a load is required, it is wholly inexcusable to leave the shells in a gun about the house. No threatening emergency necessitates keeping a loaded weapon on hand, and ordinary prudence demands that the shells be removed from guns as soon as those who carry them have left the woods. So generally is this rule followed, it is a natural, but most unfortunate, assumption that a gun lying about the house is unloaded. Most boys and there should be no exception—are taught that it is criminal to point a gun at anyone, even if it is known to be unloaded, and yet accidents of the character reported occur far too frequently.

When Austin Chamberlain left London for Locarno a little more than two weeks ago he said: "Don't expect too much." What was accomplished far exceeded Mr. Chamberlain's expectations. Consequently, says the New York Herald-Tribune, "there is full justification for the surprise and jubilation of the press and public in every country." In two weeks suspicion has been superseded by confidence, mistrust has given way before the advances of statesmen seeking a common objective, a peaceful Europe in which the peoples can live their lives free from the constant fear of war hanging over them." The Herald-Tribune says the statesmen at this conference have laid the foundation for a new European structure. It thinks President Coolidge now has an opportunity of inviting the European nations to join in a conference intended to reduce armaments.

Five members of the Swedish Parliament, who lately attended the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union at Ottawa, are making a tour of Western Canada. They say that as a result of the American Immigration Law Canada may expect many thousands more Swedish immigrants annually than it is now receiving. Immigration from the Scandinavian countries is most desirable for Canada. Next to

the British Isles we could not draw settlers from a better part of the world. When the question of immigration for the Maritimes is taken up seriously, it will be found that these provinces have much to offer such settlers.

"By the signal reception with which they welcomed his return home," says the Toronto Globe, "the people of Great Britain manifested their sense of the value of the services performed by the Prince of Wales on behalf of the nation and Empire through his visit to South Africa and the South American Republics. It was a national welcome, befitting the esteem in which the hero to the Throne is held by the masses of his countrymen and the pride they feel in the system of government under which they live."

No doubt, exclaims The Border Cities Star, about this being the windiest fall in four years.

Odds and Ends

He Got His Fee

(Toronto Globe.) Stories of the thrift of the Scots are countless, but here is a new one. It is given by Commodore Albert B. Armitage in his new book, recently published in London, "Caledonia to Commanders." He was on a lecture tour in Scotland. When he arrived on the platform in one town he was presented with a long, blue, official-looking envelope.

He opened it, to find a charitable appeal, which ended: "If you will give us your fee, God will aid you in your efforts."

That night was an "exacting one for the author."

"The aged chairman of the society, with three members of the committee, insisted on supping me at a small hotel, although I protested that my train left at five in the morning. Fortunately for me, a large potted plant was slightly behind and to the right of my chair. We had an excellent supper, followed by whiskey after whiskey—no water, but what they called 'chasers' to follow it. Most of my whiskey went into the flower-pot, and the rest into the pockets of my companions were resting their heads on the table; an hour later another one subsided beneath it; and the veteran, nearly ninety years of age, gazed at me in admiration and astonishment."

"What are ye?" he asked. "I told him that I had been born in the Highlands, was a Yorkshireman, and a sailor."

"I might have known it," he said. "Here's your fee, ye thought mebbe ye wanted it."

"He handed me an envelope containing the fee, and I quickly went to bed."

The Dog's Day—And Bite. (Winnipeg Tribune.) "Everybody has his day," is a saying that applies to humans after the fashion of the idiom, and has a weight in the preceptory code.

But the statutory law, as just applied in a Windsor, Ontario, court, takes the dog out of the idiom and fabled realm and gives him what appears to be a hitherto unknown status. The judicial ruling is that every canine is entitled to one bite—in the case in point of a human—before being declared a vicious dog. Cows, horses, automobiles, hens, other dogs, laundry hanging in the back yard and tramps' trousers are not ruled upon. It is a far-reaching decision. In its legal aspect, it would seem that a passer-by has no lawful license to kick an onrushing Towser before Towser samples some part of his anatomy. Nor is the dog legally entitled to a second helping, even if it tastes good. Good or bad be the sample, the animal becomes a legally vicious dog if it samples twice, and must die the death of the gallows if the bitten one appears before the Cad, and makes due proof of dog-inflicted wounds.

So, literally, and legally, every dog has his day—and his bite, too. If he refrains from biting a human—once—the Law is his friend. But one bite is the limit.

Why Protect Loons. (Soo Daily Star.) A loon can't be shot by law. There is a \$25 fine for killing one. "I never saw a loon eat a trout fish," said Tom Miron, lighthouse keeper at Gros Cap, Michipicoten Harbor, "but we can see them come up with live fish wiggling in their beaks. There should be a bounty on loons as destroyers of game fish. Nobody ever saw a loon on a lake that did not contain live fish. It is all right to protect the seagull, which is a scavenger, but the loon is not a scavenger in these parts."

Mr. Miron said that he had himself taken loons out of a fish net 20 fathoms down. He had known them to dive 40 or 50 fathoms into a net for live fish.

Is it possible that Mr. Miron is wrong and the fish and game department right about the loon?

Election Prophecies. (Edmonton Journal.) At the time Sir John A. Macdonald declared that no one could be sure of an election result any more than of that of a horse race, Canadian political conditions were much simpler than they are today. There were only two parties and there was intense partisanship. When the shrewdest politician we have ever had in this country confessed his inability to say with any certainty how a contest would go, we can only marvel at the assurance of those who are now loudly proclaiming what, without the slightest doubt, the result on October 29 will be.

New York's Budget. (New York Sun.) Next year's budget for New York will be in the neighborhood of \$425,000,000, and will cause many a politician to sigh "What a city to plunder!"

Just Fun

ALL THREE.

Townley—"Any poultry, fruit or live stock on your place, old man?"

Cubbage—"Yes, an old hen of an aunt, a donkey of a nephew and two peaches who are visiting my wife."

A WISE CHILD.

Aunt—"Ruth, dear, won't you offer little Archie part of your apple?"

Ruth—"No. Eve did that and she's been criticized for it ever since."

THOSE MAD WAGS.

A prominent aunt claims to find meats more inspiring than vegetables. "One of those men who would go to the steak for their ideas," comments R. W.

PROPER DISTINCTIONS.

A distinguished Oriental, lecturing in this country, said in addressing his Philadelphia audience, "I am indeed pleased to be with you. Week before last I had the pleasure of addressing the literary of Boston. Last week I spoke before the profane of New York, and now I am glad to be among the sarcophagi of Philadelphia."—Borton Transcript.

LACONIC.

Patient in Saint John General Public Hospital and pretty and attractive registered nurse.

Patient—"That is a nice wrist watch you wear."

Registered Nurse—"Yes."

Patient—"Did he give it to you?"

Registered Nurse—"Yes."

Patient—"You have one then?"

Registered Nurse (reproachfully)—"ONE!"

BILLY'S AGE.

"How old are you, Willie?"

"I'm 13 on home, 12 at school and 11 on the train."—Tit-Bits.

WORSE.

"I noticed you were talking during my sermon this morning."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did not recall it. I must have been talking in my sleep."—Tit-Bits.

CHILLY!

Doctor—"When the symptoms first appeared did your teeth chatter?"

Patient—"Oh, I don't know. They were on the table."—Tit-Bits.

BEG PARDON.

Parson—"Do you always play by ear, my man?"

Cornet Player—"Yes, sir—either 'ere or on 'th street.'"—Tit-Bits.

HAFEPUL.

"Oh, Harold proposed to me last night while turning the music for me at the piano."

"I see, dear. You played right into his hands."—Answers.

GOOD HUNCH.

"Are you still bothered with the Borehams coming to tea with you so often?"

"Oh, dear! No! They took the hint at last."

"What did you say to them?"

"Nothing was said! But we had sponge cake every time they came."—Answers.

AIN'T IT SO?

Dog days are bad enough but cat nights are even worse.—Judge.

YEP!

"Did she Alice Terry in 'Sackcloth and Ashes'?"

"No, but I saw Gladys Grey in purple tights."—Penn State Froth.

TAKE HIM AWAY.

"Who is that man?"

"That's a man with one eye named Everett."

"What's the name of the other eye?"

—Texas Ranger.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY.

"Not a peep out of him," said the lady fixing her stockings in front of a blind man.—Cornell Widow.

LOCAL PRIDE.

Kansas man—"Yes, I went to Boston."

Friend—"They're proud of their Public Library, I hear."

K. M.—"They are as proud of that library as if it was a winning baseball team."

Dinner Stories

Up in the north woods there is a guide who is a wizard for finding game, but who is very dependent. One of his pet aversions is people who talk too much.

A young sportsman from the East was warned on a two-day hunt. They plodded along silently the first day, and made camp at dusk by a little lake.

A gorgeous sunset was followed by a superb hunter's moon that hung over a black pine clad hill and silvered a pathway on the water.

The boy turned to the guide who was watching it as he finished his evening pipe and ventured: "Nice evening."

The guide grunted and nothing more was said. They finished their pipes.

"Well, good night," said the Easterner. The guide got up and started to repack his basket.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the boy.

"Goin' home," said the guide. "Too damn much conversation around this camp."

A man just back from South America was describing a volcanic disturbance.

"I was smoking a cigar before the door of my hotel," said he, "when I was startled by a rather violent earthquake. The next instant the sun was obscured and darkness settled over the city. Looking in the direction of the distant volcano, I saw heavy clouds of smoke rolling from it, with an occasional tongue of flame flashing against the dark sky."

"Some of the natives about me were on their knees praying; others darted aimlessly about, crased with terror and shouting for mercy. The landlord of the hotel rushed out and seized me to repack his basket."

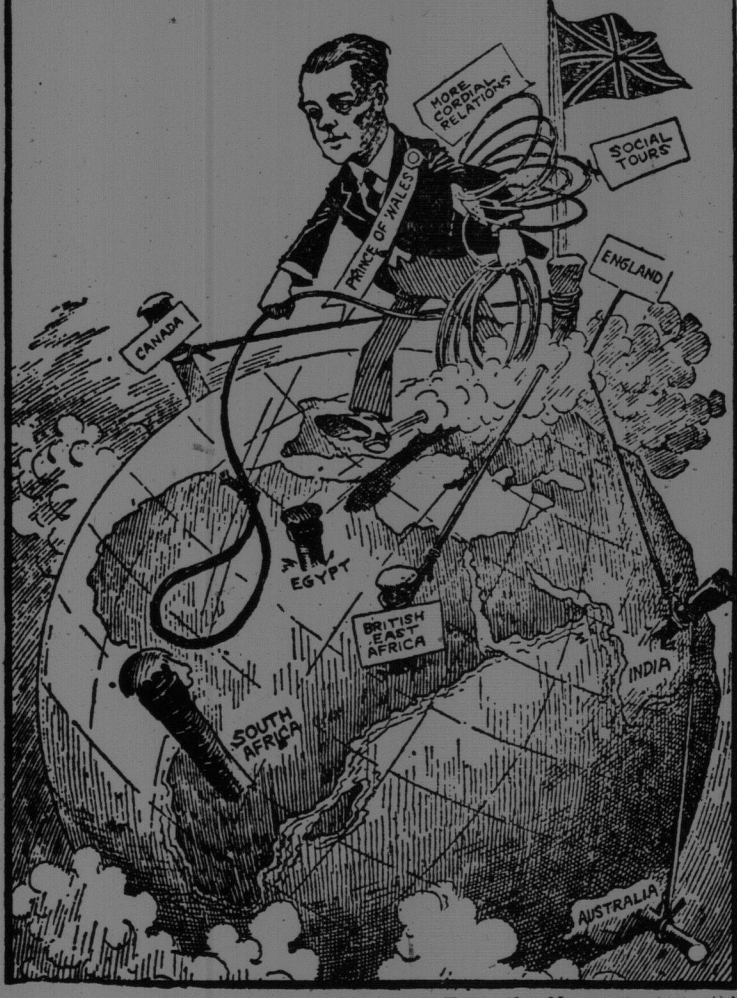
"To the harbor!" he cried in my ear.

"Together we hurried down the narrow street. As we parted along, the dark smoke whirled in our faces, and a dangerous shower of red cinders assailed about us. Do you know, I don't believe I was ever so homesick in all my life."

"Homesick?" gasped the listener. "Homesick at a time like that?"

"Sure. I live in Pittsburgh, you know."

The Tie Up Man



From the News, Dayton, Ohio.

The Best of Advice

—BY CLARK KINNAIRD

ONE FOR ALL, AND ALL FOR ONE.

To understand Man, Thomas Carlye opined, we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows.

"It is in Society that man first feels what he is: first becomes what he is," said Carlye.

"In Society an altogether new set of spiritual activities is evolved in him, and the old immemorially quickened and strengthened."

"Society is the genial element wherein in his nature first lives and grows."

The problem of the degree of authority rightfully exerted over the individual, of particular interest in this country now, is bound up with the question of the value of Society to the individual.

The solitary man is a small portion of himself, it is apparent. As he is folded in, stunted and half alive.

"Already," says a Deep Thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once, "my opinion, my conviction, gains infinitely in strength and sureness, the moment a second mind has adopted it."

Such, even in the simplest form, is the true region of the Supernatural; as it were, a second all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies comes forth, and is visible and active."

"Considered well, Society is the standing wonder of our existence; a true region of the Supernatural; as it were, a second all-embracing Life, wherein our first individual life becomes doubly and trebly alive, and whatever of infinitude was in us bodies comes forth, and is visible and active."

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GRATITUDE IS DUE FOR GOD'S MERCY

Rev. Hugh Miller Speaks of Judgment and Mercy—Special Music at St. David's.

The quarterly Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was celebrated at the morning service of St. David's (United Church of Canada) yesterday, and 392 communicants participated in the service. The minister, Rev. Hugh Miller, in a communion meditation, gave an inspiring and thoughtful message from the text, Psalm 101, 1: "I will sing of mercy and judgment." Linking these two great facts, mercy and judgment, and chorused by the full choir, the excellent voice of Mrs. Blake Ferris was heard in the lead, Mrs. Hugh Miller sang "The Shepherd Psalm" very sweetly, and St. David's quartet sang two numbers unaccompanied. "The Call to the Hills (121st Psalm)" by the choir was unaccompanied. Bayard Currie, organist of the church, conducted the service in his usual masterly manner.

Rev. Mr. Miller prefaced all the utterances of his exhortation by the benediction and "A Beatitude" very quietly and reverently sung by the choir.

AT WEST SAINT JOHN.

The quarterly communion service of the First United Church of Canada, West Saint John, Rev. W. McN. Matthews, minister, was held yesterday morning and a large number of communicants participated in the service. Eight new members were added to the roll, seven of these were on certificates from other churches and one by profession of faith. Under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Matthews the church is reported steadily growing.

A Decent Reticence? (Toronto Globe.)

Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, Vice-Chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission, whose memorable visit to Montreal was concluded yesterday, can laugh at a joke even when it happens to centre around himself. At the luncheon given in his honor by the Daughters of the Empire on Monday, his traveling companion and manager, Colonel Henry C. Osborne of Ottawa, declared that, in spite of the strong temptation to relate some delightful experiences which Sir Fabian and he had had during the present tour arranged by the I. O. D. E., he would show the same power of reticence as the little hero of the following story: The teacher had asked the class to write a story about King Alfred, but to omit the old, worn-out incident about the old woman and the cakes. Billy, being a bright boy, wrote as follows: King Alfred was known as the Great. He visited a lady in a cottage, but the less said about that the better."

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