

RUGBY TEAMS OF MARITIME PROVINCES THIS SEASON ARE QUITE EVENLY MATCHED

No Big Scores Except in Halifax City League --- Followers of the Game Favor Dalhousie in the Playoff Tuesday---Neither Dal Nor Acadia Have Run Up Big Scores Against Strong Teams.

On Tuesday next at Truro the intercollegiate rugby title of the Maritime Provinces will be decided and practically the Maritime title as Dalhousie is champion of the Eastern Section of the Intercollegiate League and also the Halifax City League. There is no organized rugby football outside the two organizations. There are other teams but they play no series on which a title can be based. Caledonia in an exhibition match at Glace Bay, Thanksgiving Day played Dal to a tie but it is doubtful if the Miners could do as well in a return game at Halifax to say nothing of a match on neutral grounds.

Teams Evenly Matched.

The outstanding feature of rugby football in the Maritime Provinces this season has been the fact that the teams have been very evenly matched. Apart from the games which the Crescents played and lost in the Halifax City League there have been no runaway scores. The teams have been confined to New Brunswick and the mainland of Nova Scotia with the exceptions of Caledonia and St. Dunstan's College of Charlottetown.

In New Brunswick.

In New Brunswick there were only three teams playing, Mount A., University of New Brunswick and Moncton. U. N. B. had an unfortunate season. But three match games have been played and but one resulted in a victory, that with King's College here. A match was lost to Acadia and there was a tie with Mt. A. In addition there were two practice games with Fredericton City which resulted in an even break—winning the first and losing the second. Fredericton had great possibilities and an attempt been made to have an organized team

might have produced results. Mt. Allison played eight matches during the season winning two against Moncton and Amherst. The Garnet and Gold lost to Acadia and St. Dunstan's and tied U. N. B. King's College twice and Moncton. The latter team played three games. Its only victory was a decisive one over King's College. It tied Mount A. once and lost to it the next time. In the province U. N. B. and Mt. Allison seem to have the honors divided evenly. St. Dunstan's the only P. E. I. team to play out of the province beat Mt. Allison at Sackville by the narrow margin of 5 to 3.

The sister province of Nova Scotia seems to have produced better rugby teams than New Brunswick this season. Acadia is decisive winner of the Western Intercollegiate Series but by a margin of but one try over both U. N. B. and Mount A. Dalhousie except against the Crescents, won its matches by one try in all cases converting against St. Francis Xavier only. Acadia against the Wanderers broke even each team winning on home grounds by a solitary try. The situation there as far as scoring is concerned is the same as in New Brunswick, teams all closely matched.

Chances in the Playoff.

A big crowd will see Dal and Acadia battle at Truro on Tuesday. On neutral grounds neither team should have an advantage except through playing ability as both teams will have big crowds of rooters by special train. Acadia, judging the Red and Blue on its season's record and particularly on its showing against U. N. B. here, is not a scoring team. It has the ability of taking advantage of the opposing team's misplays but evident-

The Trying Days

IT has been well said, a school teacher has more influence in shaping the lives of her scholars than their parents.

How necessary, then, is it that she should have a bright, clear brain, and be strong and vigorous in order that she may give them of her best.

The worry and the work, the strain and anxiety of a teacher's life are such as tell severely on the nervous system. Time and again teachers have had to give up good positions on account of a weak heart, run down health and shattered nerves.

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You can drag yourself around—but work is impossible.
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CANADIAN WAR VETERANS' ORGANIZATION

(Staff Correspondent C. A. N. S.)

London, Nov. 5.—By Mail—"Quite a different idea underlies the organization of the Canadian Great War Veterans Association in England from that of the Association in Canada," declared Mr. A. E. Ross, an officer of the London Branch, to me.

"Naturally," he said, "the organization in Canada is in a position to exert a power in Dominion politics, and this is one of the chief values of its existence. We, over here, who are so far from Canadian politics, have left that feature out of our Association altogether; but we have ample reason for existence in the social and economic benefits we are able to offer our members."

According to Mr. Ross, the Great War Veterans Association has on its files the names and addresses of more than 22,000 ex-Canadian soldiers now resident in the British Isles, and is able to put Canadians in almost any

A SUPPORTER OF LENINE HAS DESERTED HIM

Special to Daily Mail. Copyright 1920 by Cross Atlantic News Service

Copenhagen, Nov. 2.—One of Lenin's most trusted men, Commissioner Nicolaus Stroganow, has deserted and has issued a proclamation to the people of Poland in which he warns them against believing in the Bolshevik promises of peace. He assures them that Trotsky wants peace with Poland only to prepare for a fresh war, if possible, next spring.

In another proclamation addressed to the Russian people he writes: "Are you aware that from the moment when you blindly went to war against your brethren, Chihamen and Lettish bandits violated your wives and sisters and divided your property among themselves? Brethren! Workingmen! Believe my word! Naked and starving, the workers of Russia are being compelled under the whips of the Bolshevik commissioners to work from 16 to 18 hours a day. Russians. Wake up and consider your position, open your eyes to the misery and tragedy of it. Russia has almost ceased to exist, nothing is left of her former power and glory! Starving and in rags Russia is groaning under the iron heel of the commissioners. My curse upon the Bolsheviks to the tenth generation."

MAKING HOME BAKING EASY.

A Book That Makes This Art of the Olden Days a Modern Delight.

From all parts of the country come reports of a great increase in home baking. In fact, it has again become the fashion, as it was in grandmother's day, for women to take pride in telling about the good things they bake at home.

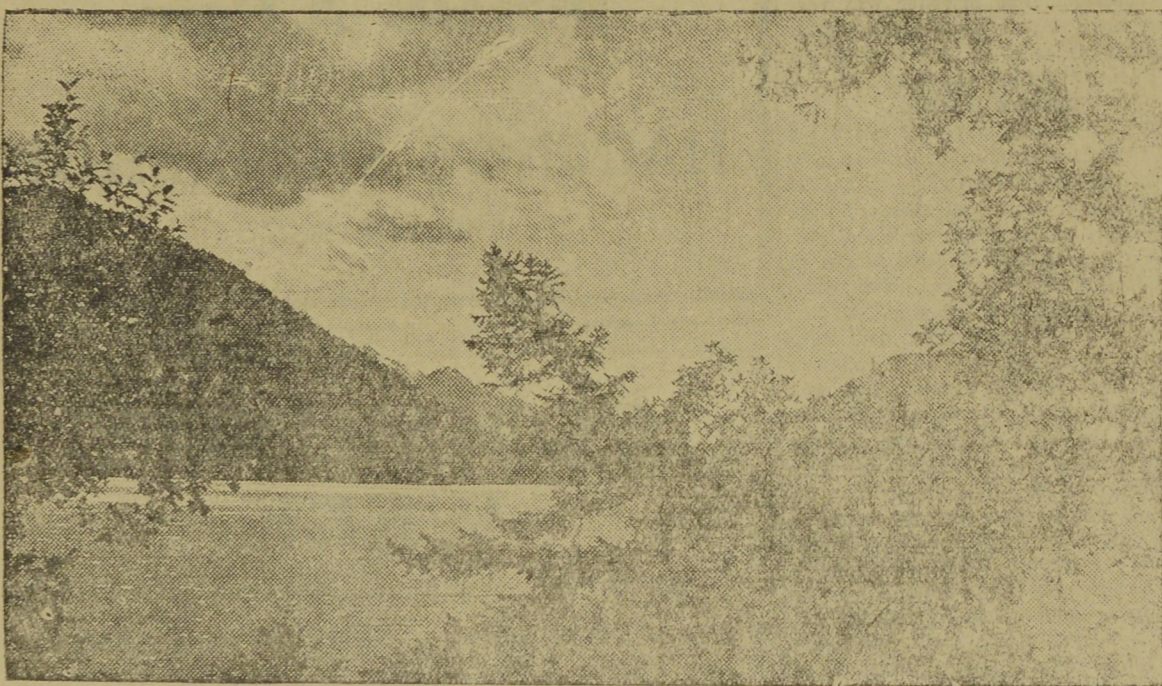
To encourage this great economy and to make it easy for the beginner, as well as to give the experienced home bakers the benefit of the most modern discoveries, the Royal Baking Powder Company has published a most unique book which in itself is almost a course in the art of cookery.

Turning the pages there is included a wealth of information most unusual in baking and cookery. Old and famous recipes have been improved and simplified and on nearly every page there is something entirely new to serve as a surprise. Economy and ease of preparation are the keywords of the book. We find in the introduction that it is the result of three years of constant research and experimenting by the Royal Educational Department, conducted for the benefit of all housewives interested in the health, economy and betterment of the home table.

Nobody wants his coal bin to become a hasbin until next spring.

city in touch with their fellow countrymen to their mutual economic and social advantage

A Fish Story From Vancouver Island



View of Sproat Lake, Vancouver Island.

"Truth," said one of the sages, "lives at the bottom of a well." She is also to be encountered in the great silent spaces. I met her on the pine-fringed shores of Sproat Lake, in the heart of Vancouver Island. She sprang unannounced from the lips of a handsome dame of healthy appetites and vigorous mind.

Think of the opportunities and industries there are in this little beauty-spot of three hundred miles by eighty, all sea-girt and serene. Lumbering, pulp-making, mining, fishing, canning, poultry keeping, hog-raising, farming, fruit-growing, dairying, manufacturing. There is a man here who makes cement and at the same time cultivates one of the loveliest gardens on the American Continent, and another who grows flower seeds — nothing but flower seeds — for the biggest seed merchants in the world.

As for play, it is manifold and unending.

Sproat Lake is in the heart of the island, reachable at present, through some of the most romantic timbered country God ever made, only by auto, though the steel rail from Port Alberni is pushing ahead.

A huntress in moccasins and velvet receives you, revolver, jack-knife and cartridges slung about her waist and her rifles hard by. This lady, who has a cultured mind as well as a stout heart and a brainy arm, shoots cougar before breakfast, pots bear in the forenoon, hunts deer before tea and before sundown traps beaver and rodents—all in their season, of course, and when there are no guests around.

Just now she receives you in her house-boat on the southern shore.

In a few moments you and your baggage speed over the still waters to a distant chalet, nestling among the hemlock and jack pines, and encircled by tents.

Have you ever bathed in the sweet waters drawn direct from surrounding hills? Under the moon and the stars, when the velvety surface is perfect and unbroken, except by the pop of a jumping trout? In the early dawn, when the sun puts his lips to the brim of his breakfast bowl, and sucks up his ration of creamy mist? In the late afternoon, when the heat makes every thirsty pore drink its fill as you plunge into the emerald depths? Have you sat by the camp fire at night and, dreaming, watched the sparks fly upward? No? Then you have never lived.

One day we had a fish adventure. In outline, Sproat Lake is like the impress of a giant paw. The middle digit, Taylor Arm, runs up fourteen miles to the mouth of the Taylor River. We packed a lunch-basket, and leaving the women at home, set out early to fish this lonely inlet.

We had a gay farewell. Our wives came down to the beach to see we had everything aboard. Their faith in their husbands' skill with the rod was touching—and they were promised fish for next day's breakfast. Amid smiles and benedictions we were off.

Our tackle was wondrous — the tackle of amateurs always is. We soaked to the waist in the chilly waters of Taylor River. We troiled with worms and spinners for fourteen miles. We cast on this side and we cast on that. We cursed, we prayed. But between the whole bunch of us we had never a strike,

never a bite.

As the sun dropped the chalet hove in sight. On the beach awaiting us were two figures in white. We looked into each other's eyes and groaned.

"Hullo! Hullo!"

The cry came from a tiny cove. Three fishermen, swarthy as Indian braves, beckoned us. They had the most primitive tackle, a tangle of tin cans and clothes lines. But in the bottom of their skiff lay a gleaming pile.

"We are camping out," they cried, "and our catch will go bad on our hands. Would you care for a few?" There was no answer but a gulp. Four pairs of eager hands went out and soon five three-pounders and some smaller fry were snug in our basket.

"Our luck is good, but they'll be useful up at the chalet," we said.

The white-clad figures had seen us now and were waving their welcome. We answered in kind and held aloft our string of beauties. Fishermen never lie, and there was no need to begin. The fish just told their own tale.

For three days we were complimented and our advice was sought by every newcomer. Then one evening a visitor arrived. He was unceremoniously familiar. We were all seated on the stoop.

"You remember our giving you those fish?" quoth he. "My boy has lost a finger-ring, and we wonder whether by any chance it dropped into your boat when we were passing you over the fish."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed two women's voices in unison, as four figures faded stealthily away.

D. C.

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TRAIN No. 111, arriving Fredericton at 5.30 p.m.

CANCELLED.

TRAIN No. 110 will leave Fredericton at 4.55 p.m. instead of 3.45 p.m. as at present.

For other details of train charges apply to Local Agent.

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