

WESTERN FARMERS WANT A MARKET FOR THEIR WHEAT

Ships Which Borden Promised, After His Return From England Have Not Yet Arrived--The Situation Is Becoming Serious.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)
Ottawa, Oct. 12—There are a hundred million bushels of wheat for export in the Canadian northwest, which, according to the law and restrictions of this fair Canada of ours, may be sold to anybody but the people who are most anxious to buy it.

When Premier Borden came back from England a month ago he announced that ships would be provided to transport this great crop across the ocean and get Liverpool prices, or something just as good. He also announced that the Canadian farmer was at liberty to dispose of his wheat to any neutral country he could lay hands on or words to that effect.

Both these announcements turned out to be hollow blessings, because ships to carry the crop across the ocean were not available, having been chartered or expropriated, most of them, by the Allies for other purposes and also because no neutral country wanted to buy Canadian wheat except the country nearest us, namely, the United States, with which it is the policy of the Conservative government to have neither truck nor trade on a mutual preferential basis.

Other proposals looking to the purchase of the crop en bloc by the British government likewise fell through, chiefly because neither the grain growers nor the British government could see any considerable advantage in such a transaction.

MAY GLUT MARKETS.

Meanwhile the opening of the Dardanelles draws everyday nearer, which means the release of a great flood of Russian wheat and the glutting of the European and British markets against the Canadian product. Naturally, Europe buys the Russian wheat because it is nearer and cheaper. In fact so far as Europe is concerned, if Canadian wheat doesn't get the market first, it doesn't get the market at all, because the European demand for the fine flour into which Canadian wheat is manufactured is not insistent. They have their poorer classes over there

and the poorer classes have to put up with poorer bread. They are not educated, as they are on this continent, to a high average of taste.

This point of quality is what makes Canadian wheat salable in the United States, which is a wheat-producing wheat-exporting country itself and is in no danger of starvation if the Canadian crop is cut off. The only reason why United States millers buy our wheat is because it is a harder, better wheat and makes up into superior grades of flour, which can be mixed with the inferior flours from the softer American wheats to bring them up to standard. In short, the United States buys that hundred million bushels, if it does buy it, simply because the best is none too good for a nation that has developed a palate. That the United States is keen on our best grades of northern wheat is proved by the fact that in spite of freight tolls and custom duties a lot of it keeps dribbling over the line all the time.

SHOULD REMOVE THE DUTY.

Without going into an elaborate argument about the price of wheat in Winnipeg as compared with the price of wheat in Chicago or Minneapolis, it is safe to say that if the United States duty were removed the Canadian farmer would get ten cents a bushel more for his wheat than he does now—that is to say, he would get the duty. There is no reason why the United States won't take that duty off except that Canada won't take hers off, too. It is understood that the light still holds out to burn at Washington and that in spite of the repulse to reciprocity in 1911, the United States continues to welcome mutual concessions which will make food cheaper.

Canada could remove her tariff on American wheat with perfect impunity because Canada is not a wheat-importing country. The only thing that prevents is cracker-barrel politics that Canadian wheat must be denied its nearest and dearest market because

the interests and consequently the government elected by the interests, say so. It is being recalled in the present juncture that it was the wheat crowd and the meat crowd that defeated reciprocity—not the men who produce the wheat and the meat, but the men who roll it and grind it and cure it and smoke it and freeze it and squeeze it for monopolizer's profits.

SNAP FOR THE MILLERS.

The war seems not to have altered the Borden government's intention of making a few millers and packers rich at the expense of the masses. The farmers of the northwest were deliberately encouraged to increase their wheat acreage this year, the prospect being held out of war prices for a bumper crop. Briefly speaking, that was the "patriotism and production policy" launched by the Borden government. The farmers were told that Russia was all tied up at the Dardanelles and now was their chance to cash in. And the farmers, though not lacking experience of these fair promises before, took them at their word. Water-sodden year though it was, they produced several million bushels more wheat than they did in 1914.

Much good it does them! The European market goes glimmering. Even if it didn't go glimmering the ships Sir Robert promised ad fad away—so what was the use? The farmers are told to hang on—not to flood the market with a great deluge of wheat—to dole it out and keep prices steady. Good advice, perhaps, if the northwest farmers had barns to store wheat in, but not so good when it leaves them at the tender mercy of the railways and elevator companies.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Besides, the winter price threatens on for a loss. A government commission has shown that on an average it costs the northwest farmer sixty-four cents to produce a bushel of wheat. Some years it costs seventy cents a bushel. Suppose Winnipeg buys at ninety cents a bushel—today's quotation for No. One hard, and all wheat, mind you, isn't No. One hard—what's there in it for the farmer after freight rates and elevator charges are taken out? A small margin which tends constantly to disappear. And if the wheat grower holds on, as he is advised to do, the risk increases not only through deterioration in the commodity he has to sell, but through the manipulations of the markets.

It has been figured out that, after all expenses are paid, a northwest farmer tilling a section of land, twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, realizes net perhaps \$1,280—that is to say two dollars on an acre, small enough return considering his toil and hard-

ship and the high cost of living for himself and his family. If the tariff barrier between him and the United States were taken down he would realize on that same crop over \$2,500, which would, I fancy, make the northwest winter about twice as tolerable as it is now.

With no ships to sail the seas and no place to move the crops to, except the same old spot favored by the interests, the northwest farmer practically has that hundred million bushels for export on his hands. If he sells it in Canada he isn't going to make much out of it and when he doesn't sell it in the United States—which he is not allowed to do—he loses about ten million dollars. He not only loses ten million dollars on the hundred million bushels for export but perhaps another five million dollars on the remaining hundred million bushels for home use, considering the fact that if the tariff barriers were knocked down the international price would tend to even up on a higher line.

FARMERS BAMBOOZLED.

From which it follows that the northwest farmer is being done out of fifteen million dollars by a government which is too scared of its friends to give him a square deal. The only argument which stands between the farmer and the fifteen millions is a sentimental one—if Canadian wheat went to the United States without let or hindrance it would get in the habit of going there and would presently "lose its identity." One might suggest here another sentimental argument—that when it loses its identity, blending its proud No. One hardness with softer, baser elements, it does it with a noble end in view, to uplift and glorify the mass with which it mingles. One argument is about as silly as the other. Canadian wheat can afford to lose a lot of identity so long as it finds a good price per bushel. Canadian fish frequently swim over the boundary line and lose their identity as Canadian fish but no complaint is made. It is much the same with Canadian wheat—identity, or not, it will slip across.

Stale pastry can be made fresh and palatable if sprinkled liberally with cold water and rebaked. Cover when taken out of the oven and serve quickly. This method would be useless in the case of puff-pastry.

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PRES. WILSON AND MRS. GALT CHEERED BY NEW YORKERS

Automobiles Filled With Curious People Joined in the Procession--Distinguished Couple Had to Pose For the Camera Men

(New York Herald.)

For the first time since the announcement of their engagement, President Wilson and his fiancée, Mrs. Norman Galt, appeared in public here yesterday, coming from Washington to be the guests at dinner and the theatre of Colonel E. M. House, Mr. Wilson's closest friend.

The President's party arrived at the Pennsylvania station at seventeen minutes after three o'clock, and from the moment they passed out from the Thirty-first street carriage drive portals they had no reason to doubt the extent of public interest in the recently announced engagement.

The appearance of Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Galt was the signal for a loud outburst of cheering that came from the congested group of men, women and children behind a rigidly enforced police line and from the windows of the station to the north and the south.

This applause and this interest reappeared everywhere they were seen and recognized during a ride in the afternoon and on their arrival at the theatre at night. To add to the general impressiveness of their progress at all moments there trooped behind them seven or eight automobiles laden with active photographers and motion picture men, who took pictures from faring angles, defying all known traffic rules and all regulations for the protection of life and limb.

PRESIDENT IN HIGH SPIRITS

Despite the President's usual distaste for public display he was in fine good humor, and he and Mrs. Galt settled themselves for photographic poses, with obliging smiles, time and again, even smiling and bowing to order at the request of an enthusiastic coterie of motion picture operators, who were stationed in front of the St. Regis Hotel, at which Mrs. Galt and her mother, Mrs. W. H. Bolling and Miss Helen Woodrow Bones, the President's cousin, are stopping.

Long before the train arrived a large number of detectives from the Police Department and the United States Secret Service were about the station. On the platform, under charge of Police Lieutenant M. J. Regan of the Second Branch Detective Bureau, several detectives were stationed, and they were reinforced by Secret Service men. In the carriage drive at the Thirty-first street side of the station were fifty detectives from police headquarters, who searched for weapons every man and woman who looked suspicious.

Two men, evidently foreigners, poorly dressed, had forced their way forward in the throng, and detectives, after searching them and finding no weapons made them leave the drive. Lieutenant Regan has given orders that no man or woman carrying any sort of bundle, even to a dinner pail, is to be permitted near

(Continued on page six.)

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