

IT IS THE POOR IN INDIA WHO TELL THE REAL STORY

Murree (Punjab)—It is the poorer classes that are interesting in India, as being so typical of the country.

The wealthy bunia, sitting like some ponderous deity over the goods in his shop, the student with his inevitable book, are to be seen frequently enough—almost too frequently—but it is the stream of peasant life which gives one an insight into the doings of the country.

The very herdsman differs from his western counterpart in that, at the close of the day, he rides back home listlessly on the back of one of the buffaloes he has been minding through the sunshiny hours. There he sits and abuses the rest of his herd.

The dust rises in a cloud from behind them, settling white upon him, but he does not care. When he has finished denouncing his cattle and their relatives he sings to himself one of the many jingles in which the country abounds. Ragged, dirty, careless is he, but happy withal.

Any casual laborer, in fact, seems to be equally devoid of care. Perhaps it is attribute which he cultivates, for without it life would not be worth living with its daily burden of dread. And casual laborers abound. They drift from one job to another in the thriftless way of their class, content to be here today and gone tomorrow. The country needs them, for it has to depend on man power for all its work, so to speak. Very little is done by machinery.

There are, of course, mills—cotton, woolen and others—scattered all over India, but they are very few compared with the number of hand looms to be found.

Every village has them. There are looms which turn out the coarse cotton clothing which is worn by three-fourths of the people—a crude wheel upon which they spin the cotton another upon which they weave it into cloth. There are other hand looms upon which wool is woven into tweed—and a good tweed it is if it did not lose its shape in wear and smell unpleasantly in wet weather—neither of which are drawbacks in Indian eyes.

There are hand looms, too, which have been set up by the Salvation Army people and turn out very serviceable articles for the daily use of India's hundred of households, and there are paper and match mills. The last two mentioned do not, however, rely solely upon man power, for they, like the large cotton mills, are run by machinery.

It is the saw mills that mainly are lacking in India. There are some, but not nearly as many as are needed, hence it is upon casual labor that timber production has to depend. From the time it is felled in the forest, tim-

ber has to rely for all its processes upon man. It is rushed down to the river on crude little carts—mere planks on very low small wheels—which bear it down the slopes to the river.

It is tossed along impetuously by the current down to the plains, and when, perchance, it arrives at a mill to be sawn into logs, more than likely it will undergo that process, not by steam or electricity, but by a rough saw wielded by two men. It takes them hours to cut through a log—many hours to saw it into planks—but they get done with it in time. And it is a cheap way in which to get wood cut, even if it is wasteful in the matter of time.

Casual labor too provides for agriculture. No machinery enters into the life of an Indian farmer. He still plows, as did his fathers before him, with a wooden plow, that just scratches the surface of the earth. He still sows his seed by hand, and when the crop is ready he reaps it again by hand.

The idea of having a machine to do his plowing, and another for his reaping and gardening would seem absurd to him, and it would mean outlay, and there always are myriads of people ready to lend a hand in the fields. There is no need for him to spend money on machinery. One of the more advanced and richer agriculturists in the Punjab did try farm machinery, but when it went out of order there was no one to set it right again, so even he is back at the same stage as his forefathers and is having everything done by hand.

When men are so cheap there is little call for machinery.

In an agricultural country and a backward agricultural country—there seems no need for it. The land always has yielded its fruits without new fangled inventions, and the Indian—most conservative of mortals—does not see why he should change.

Just as well it is so, for India with her multitudes of uneducated people with her thousands to whom an average calling would be impossible, must provide some outlet for human energy and it is casual labor which supplies it.

Unless the Einstein theories become best sellers, if then, not much is looked for in the way of plagiarism suits.

A six-month-old "bystander," shot during a street fight in Chicago, is thought to be innocent, as described.

It is foolish and futile to preach the gospel of work to the man out of a job and none to be found.

"Life is an endurance test," says a preacher. With refueling the difficult problem for many.

WILL H. KEYS HOLDS LEAD IN N. B. DRIVERS

Will H. Keys, of St. Stephen, N. B., continues to hold the leadership among race drivers on the Maine & New Brunswick Circuit, having scored a total of 105 points at the three meetings that have been held this season and it is scarcely likely he will be overtaken at the last meeting of the summer section of the Circuit being held at Saint John this week to open Coldbrook Park, the new \$100,000 sports plant at New Brunswick's Chief commercial city.

Chappelle Up.

Pierce Chappelle, of Bangor, Me., who drives the horses in the stable owned by T. J. Kelley, of Bangor, F. O. Simonson, of Limestone, and D. W. Groves, of Milltown, Me., shared the honors with Driver Keys, at the Fredericton meeting last week, each scoring 25 points through two wins and a second place. Chappelle with a total of 68 points is only two points back of John J. (Red) Hanafin, who is in second place with 70 points.

Two new drivers were added to the list of race winners on the Circuit last week when the youthful Weldon Wathen, 17 years old owner-driver, of Fort Fairfield, Me., won with his pacer, Dude McKlyo, and Will R. Fleming, of Brockton, Mass., dropped in for an afternoon and won the handicap trot with Phil Abbott's trotter, Major Mozart.

If you feel crowded on the broad road, try the straight and narrow path, where there is plenty of room.

Sam Hill thinks a man is a pretty good husband if his wife calls him Bill. But if his name is Jake, then what?

Our unscientific notion is that the air is always full of bright ideas. But not all of us have a good enough receiving set to catch them.

Lima Beane says the best place to spend a vacation is within your means.

When misery no longer loves company—that will be end of the honey moon.

NOTICE OF SALE

To R. Bruce Macfarlane, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, in the Province of New Brunswick, Merchant, and Emma Jane Macfarlane, wife of the said R. Bruce Macfarlane.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twenty-third day of June A. D. 1921, registered in the York County Records in Book 180, pages 652 to 656, inclusive, and made between the said R. Bruce Macfarlane and the said Emma Jane Macfarlane, of the first part, and the City of Fredericton, of the second part, there will for the purpose of satisfying the monies, both principal and interest secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton aforesaid, on Wednesday the Thirtieth day of July A. D. 1930, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises contained in the said mortgage and therein described as follows: "All that certain lot of land situate in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, bounded and described as follows,—

"Commencing on the Northeast side of Charlotte Street at a point distant 188 feet measured South, westerly from the point of intersection of the Southwest side of York Street and the Northeast side of Charlotte Street; thence North 53 degrees East along the lower line of the Gordon G. Scott Property 90 feet; thence South 37 degrees East 25 feet 6 inches; thence South 53 degrees West 90 feet to Charlotte Street aforesaid; thence North 37 degrees West 25 feet 6 inches to the place of beginning." Being part of the property conveyed to Helen Macfarlane by Fanny E. McManus et al by deed dated January 23rd, 1892, registered in the York County Records in Book 97, page 47.

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this Twentieth day of June A. D. 1930.

CITY OF FREDERICTON, Per FRED I. HAVILAND, City Treasurer.

PETER J. HUGHES, City Solicitor.

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CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
3 tablespoons sugar.
3 tablespoons boiling water.
1-2 cup butter.
1-4 cups sugar.
3 egg yolks, well beaten.
1-2 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1-4 cups flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces, add three tablespoons sugar and the boiling water, and melt over hot water. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, beating well after each addition. Add the egg yolks, continue beating. Stir in the chocolate. Add flour mixed and sifted with baking powder, alternately with milk. Beat vigorously, flavor and fold in the egg whites. Bake in two layers in moderate oven. Fill and cover the top with the following:

THE FILLING

4 squares unsweetened chocolate.
1 cup brown sugar.
1 cup granulated sugar.
3-4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk.
1 tablespoon butter.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
1 cup nuts, chopped or broken in pieces.

Shave or break the chocolate in small pieces and cook with sugar and milk until it forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from stove, add butter, but do not stir it in. Cool slightly, beat until creamy. Add vanilla and nuts, spread between layers, and cover top of cake.

PASTRIES

In "The Good Provider's Cook Book" you will find entirely new recipes and new ways of baking old favorites. The hints on pastry making will appeal to every woman interested in knowing the latest methods.

SAUCES

Add a piquant sauce (with or without vegetables) to a cheaper cut of meat and you have a dish of high food value and delicious flavor. For recipes see page 17, "The Good Provider's Cook Book".

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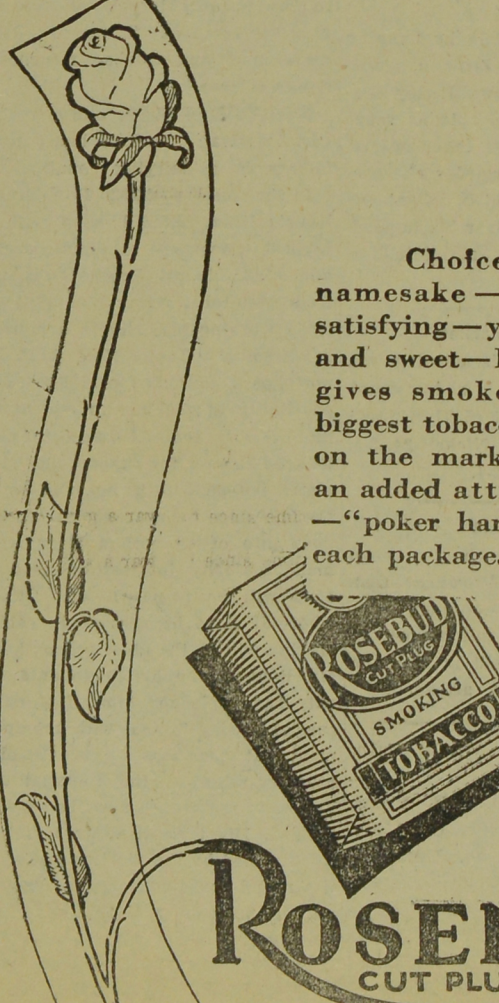
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