

AMERICAN JOURNALIST WAS DEEPLY IMPRESSED WITH PICTURESQUE GASPE

New York, Aug. 26—Did you ever have a vacation in a spot so charmingly unspoiled that you were reluctant to tell even your friends about it, for fear they would start a stampede there and ruin it? That is the feeling with which I write about the Gaspé Peninsula, on the eastern coast of the province of Quebec.

And so I beseech those tourists who complain then they fail to find a golf course, a million dollar jazz band and a movie palace, to turn up their noses and stop reading this article right now. There are plenty of other resorts in Canada and the United States where they can amuse themselves after their fashion, but they must leave the Gaspé Peninsula alone. It is one of the few little paradises left on earth.

There is something idyllic about a peninsula. It is swept by so many breezes and washed by so many showers and currents of water that its atmosphere and its landscapes are always fresh and clean, limpid. All the flowers spring into bloom at once—the daisies the goldenrod, the buttercups, the alder, the harebells, the blue vetch, the clover and the purple thistles; they make every meadow a garden.

From the south the traveler enters the Gaspé country at Matapédia, an overnight ride by train from Quebec. Matapédia is on the Restigouche River, famed for its salmon fishing. A few miles from Matapédia the Restigouche flows into the somewhat inappropriately named Chaleur Bay, a long arm of the Atlantic which forms the southern boundary of the Gaspé Peninsula. On the north of the peninsula flows the broad St. Lawrence, and on the east is the ocean.

No Bustle Here

If he is traveling by auto, the vacationist follows the excellent road along the coast; if by train he leaves the luxurious cars of the Canadian National's Express to Halifax and takes the poky little line which winds tortuously along the shore. But the traveler has forgotten his desire to hurry; he has a variety of beautiful scenery all about him, and he can learn all about the country's history and its way of life from the priest who is certain to enter the smoking compartment from some wayside station.

Most conspicuous in the typical Gaspé village are the magnificent church, the pulp factory and the fish yards. Both the "habitants," or French Canadians, and their English speaking neighbors, with whom in this section of Quebec they get along amicably, earn their living by a variety of occupations. Each fishes for cod during the season, farms a little plot of ground and works in the paper mills—that is, when paper mills are running, as they rarely are this year. He also may do a little lumbering on the side.

The Gaspésians are a sturdy and a thrifty race; centuries of self-reliant struggle with the hardships of sea and winter have sharpened their intelligence, and their innocence of the movie and radio have left intact their hereditary good manners and their charming speech. It is not unusual to meet a fisherman who bears himself with the dignity of a duke; even the children—miracle of miracles—are polite and not noisy.

Legend of Perce Rock

Most picturesque of the villages along the Eastern coast of the peninsula is Perce, nestling in the shadow of Rosy Mountain and protected from the open sea by Bonaventure Island. Just off the end of the little cape on which the village is situated is the storied landmark of Perce Rock, a long, high and narrow islet of hard red stone, of an entirely different formation from the gray shale which forms the cape of which Perce Rock seems to be the continuation.

A quaint legend has it that a couple of centuries ago a damsel of high degree was nearing the Canadian shore, on her way from France to join her betrothed at Quebec City. As the ship neared Perce Rock it was attacked by the English pirates, who made their headquarters on Bonaventure Island. The boat, fleeing from the pirates, splintered upon the rock and the damsel was drowned, thus fulfilling the prophecy that she should see the fair land of Quebec but never set foot on it.

But that is not the point of the tale. The legend recounts that the gulls in mourning for the beautiful maid-

en, made a vow never again to alight upon Perce Rock. And the fisherman who told me the story affirmed that no gull had ever been seen to put foot upon its bare summit or its narrow ledges.

I hate to shatter a charming legend, but for the sake of accuracy I must swear that I saw two or three gulls on the rock. However, it is populated chiefly by cormorants; there may be something in the story after all. It is possible that the offending gulls were rebels and heretics from the tribe who flouted its most sacred traditions.

One of the most impressive spectacles to be seen anywhere is the bird sanctuary on Bonaventure Island, on the side that is hidden from the village and facing the sea. For more than a mile the rocky cliffs, rising some 300 feet above the waves, are white with birds. Every ledge is covered with them, as though from a snowfall; literally hundreds of thousands of sea birds, of every species. There are the white gulls with gray wings; the black cormorants, sinister-looking fowl; the beautiful gannets, large white-bodied birds with long necks, yellow heads and black-tipped wings; sea pigeons that from a distance look like miniature penguins with their white breasts and black capes and hoods; sea parrots with hooked beaks—and many others unknown even to the fisherman who steered me around the island in his boat.

Castle-divisions are strictly observed at the bird sanctuary; each species keeps to itself and the gulls do not encroach upon the gannet's territory. The frontiers between the nations are so sharply defined as to seem almost comical.

And what a whirling of wings and shrilling of bird voices is heard as the hound of the boat's motor disturbs them or they spy a shoal of fish. One might fancy that it was the battle between the good and the evil angels which Milton described in "Paradise Lost."

The harbor side of the island is occupied by a few fisherfolk; it was once the stronghold of the pirates. My pilot named Duval, said proudly that he was the fifth direct descendant of Capt. Duval, the pirate King, who terrorized the coast in the eighteenth century.

Perce has several small hotels scrupulously clean, where it is possible to obtain room and board from \$20 to \$25 a week. If you're the sort of tourist who would object to the absence of electric lights and would complain of the frequency of codfish on the menu, don't go to Gaspé; you wouldn't appreciate it. And besides, as states before, you would spoil it!

But anyone who likes its own kind of simple attractions should go there soon, for doubtless each village will have its movie house. Then the good manners of the fisherfolk will vanish and their native legends be forgotten.

WINGS OF BRITAIN

Wings of Britain spreading wide
Over continent and seas,
Gracious wings by Youth upheld,
Free, unfettered as the breeze.

Great on land and great on sea,
Thy Dominions near and far,
In the air on British wings,
Britain's sons and daughters are.

Storms may rage and winds assail.
Empire's glorious, changing place.
Old things crumble, new things rise,
On traditions of our race.

Fruitful gifts wait her in the skies,
Fruits of Commerce and of Arts,
Unanimity and peace,
Union of her distant parts.

In our God our ancient trust,
Finds fresh favour thrice renewed,
New endeavours, born of old,
With the power of faith imbued.

Brave and strong of purpose, Thou,
Of Thy children's love a part.
Long-enduring patient, tried,
Live forever in our heart.
(By F. V. Heakes, Flight Lieut. R.C. A.F.)

Aimee MacPherson is reported to be losing her sight, but not so blind that she couldn't direct her fist at her mother's nose.

FOREST TREES EXUDE LOTS OF WATER

Syracuse, Aug. 26—The fact that a great deal of moisture is expelled by the leaves of trees into the atmosphere is a reasonable explanation of the statement that trees affect climatic conditions, says the New York state college of Forestry, at Syracuse University.

It has been ascertained that the amount of water released by a tree through its leaves is enormous. It is said that a white oak of average size during a single summer day will give off more than 100 gallons of water. If this is only approximately true it is easily understood how a forest of such trees must furnish as much moisture to the air currents as a body of water of a like area.

Transpiration—as the process performed by the fountainlike pores of the leaves is called—of such large quantities of water, makes necessary an adequate system of transportation within the tree. If the water is not supplied constantly to the leaves, they wilt. The water elevator in a tree may be compared to the elevators that operate in our skyscraping buildings. It is not yet clearly established how the tree elevator works, but it is believed that the height of the trees depend largely upon their ability to raise water to the leaves.

AUTO HORNS SOUND VERY HOMELIKE

Those that believe that New Yorkers are a cold and detached race, indifferent to their fellows and lacking the warm feeling of neighborliness elsewhere prevalent, simply don't get around enough. In town, to be sure, we are reticent people, fearful of displaying our emotions. We disdain to show our sympathy for our fellows, we greet our closest friend with affectation of indifference, we are even chary about displaying our pride in our city and State which is so apparent in those that dwell elsewhere. But that is only pretense. Put us outside of New York and watch us flock together.

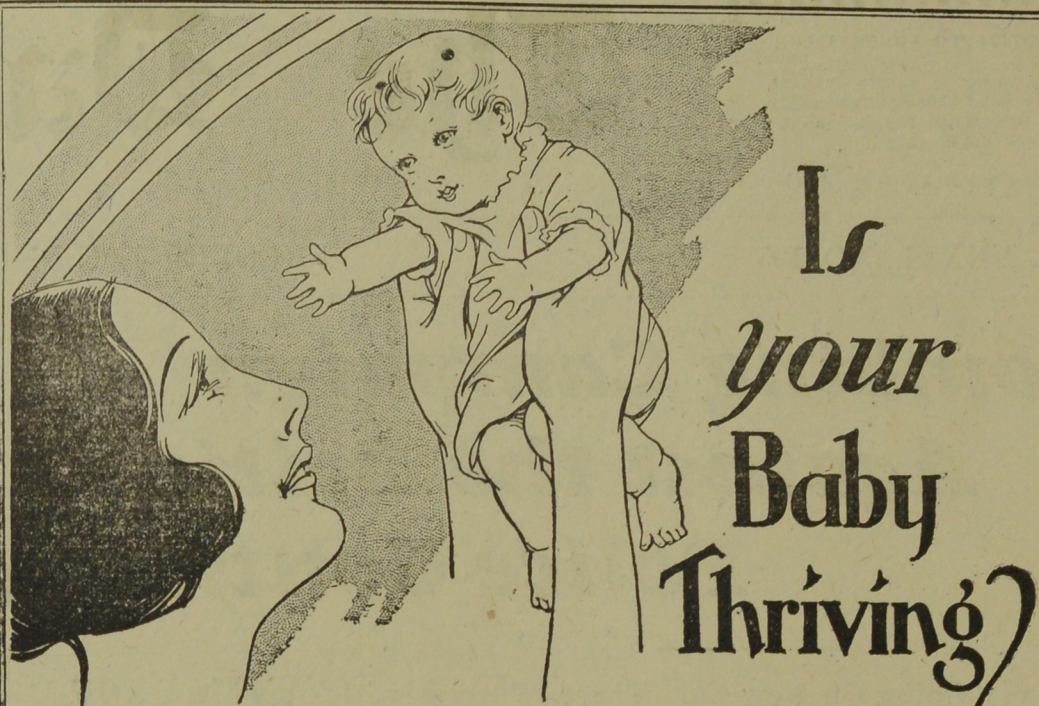
It is particularly noticeable on the highways, once you have passed through the adjacent States. Get as far south as Virginia and watch New Yorkers when they meet. It will warm your heart—it really will.

A New York car overtakes another as both scurry down through the Shenandoah Valley. License tags are recognized. Instantly from one car or the other or both together there emerges a braying of horns which arouses the country. Every one leans out and waves. Just folks from home—the sort of people that Edgar Guest writes about. And until one returns to the immediate radius of the State, none passes who does not signal.

Oddly enough, the motorist of other States show little of this quick enthusiasm. California cars may pass in Maryland with never a peep; Michigan motorists pass other Michiganders silently in Kentucky. Only New Yorkers whoop.

MARITIME BUSINESS IMPROVES

St. John, N. B., Aug. 26—The Maritime Provinces continued to present a very satisfactory showing, insofar as industrial conditions are concerned, having in mind the present states of trade throughout Canada, declared W. U. Appleton, General Manager of the Atlantic Region of the Canadian National Railways, who arrived in St. John this afternoon. Freight tonnage on the Atlantic Region, up to date, was equal to that of last year for the same period. Mr. Appleton states that this may be taken as a fair indication of the business trend in the Maritime Provinces. The Canadian National operates more than 77 per cent of the total railway in Canada's Atlantic Provinces.



A Marquis, Sask.,
Mother's Experience

Little Joyce Taylor's mother writes: "The first three months of her life Joyce had a hard time finding a suitable food. Nothing seemed to agree with her. Then we put her on Eagle Brand and from her very first feed she came right along. I went by the directions on the can. Now at 13 months she is a sweet, happy child in perfect health all the time."

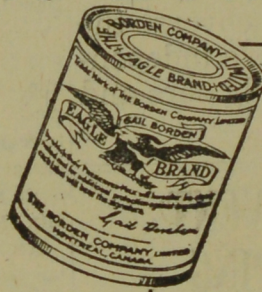
And from Saint John, N.B.
Mrs. Gourley writes:

"One after another different foods were tried for our baby, but Una couldn't digest them. At birth she weighed 14 lbs. but she dropped to 10 lbs. at 3 months. Then we tried Eagle Brand and she began to thrive almost immediately. At 2½ years she weighed 40 lbs."

Most babies show normal progress. That is quite natural. If your baby is not steadily gaining consult your doctor. If it is a food problem, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. For bottle-fed babies, Eagle Brand has been the standby of mothers for three generations. It is especially valuable in difficult feeding cases, being such a safe food—pure, uniform, easily digested. You will be pleased to see your baby begin to thrive immediately when placed on a carefully prepared Eagle Brand diet. It is highly endorsed by doctors and nurses.

Eagle Brand

CONDENSED Milk



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