

BORDEAUX, THE GREAT INLAND PORT OF FRANCE, IS BUSY PLACE AND HAS A GLORIOUS PAST

(New York Sun)

With the population of approximately 300,000 Bordeaux is the fourth city of France, following Paris, Marseilles and Lyons. It is also France's third seaport, despite the fact that it is sixty miles from the sea, from that particular part of the Atlantic Ocean known to the English as the Bay of Biscay and the French as the Golfe de Gascogne. For all its maritime importance and its direct commerce with most of the ports of the city. First the full length of the Gironde and then part of the Garonne must be navigated in approaching it from what is called "Biscay's sleepless bay."

Being an inland city its harbor presents a striking contrast to the harbors of Marseilles and Havre, the two French cities that surpass it in maritime importance. In Marseilles the Vieux Port of the old romantic days of the sailing ship has been outgrowth for all but the smaller vessels, and a vast system of docks and basins has been constructed to the west of the port of twelve Corinthian columns town. A somewhat similar system of connected basins meets the requirements of Havre's growing importance

as a sea terminus. But the harbor of Bordeaux is a continuous water front that stretches in crescent shape for some three and a half miles along the Garonne, the towering masts lining both sides of the river. Landing at Marseilles or Havre means running head-on into France; landing at Bordeaux means winding leisurely into France. Turning in from the open sea to the mouth of the Gironde between Royan and the Pointe-de-Grave the skip skirts a tongue of land made world famous by the vineyards of the Medoc. Here are grown the grapes that become Brane-Cantenac, Chateau-Margaux, Chateau-Lafite, St. Estephe and St. Julian.

The pride of the Bordelais is in his city of today. He will tell you that the Pont de Bordeaux, or Pont de Pierre, spanning the Garonne, is the finest bridge in the world. That bridge is to the Bordelais what the Cannebiere is to the citizen of Marseilles. He will argue that the Grand-Theatre, with its balustrade with colossal statues, is as fine a theater as is to be found in France, or in all Europe for

that matter. He will grow eloquent about the beauties of the Allee de Tourny, with its statue of Gambetta; and the terrace of the Botanical Garden of the Jardin Public, where there is a seated figure of Rosa Bonheur, a native of Bordeaux; and about the Public Library, of which the richest treasure is a copy of the 1588 edition of Montaigne's "Essays" with the author's annotations. In short, of these and other glories of Bordeaux he will boast with all the exuberance and honest enthusiasm of the southern Frenchman.

The Pilgrim Recalls

From the Bordeaux of today turn back first to what, in its history of 2,000 years, is relatively a recent yesterday. Twice within half a century Bordeaux was France's war capital; first in 1870, when, after Sedan, the Prussian armies began their irresistible march upon Paris; again in September, 1914, when the hosts in field gray swept on steam-roller like, till Joffre stemmed the tide at the Marne. In that relatively recent yesterday Bordeaux is doubly linked with America. It was from Bordeaux that Lafayette in 1777 sailed to throw in his fortunes with those of the Colonists struggling for independence. It was in Bordeaux that America returned the visit when in July, 1917, the 18th United States Engineers disembarked there with the spirit of the utterance: "Lafayette, we are here."

Bordeaux was hectic in those summer days of 1917. The present pilgrim happened to be there a short time before the arrival of the 18th Engineers. America was already unofficially in evidence. American cattlemen lurched about the streets and the waterfront. Accents at once nasal and fuddled stumbled through hard luck stories and sought to wheedle loans.

Preceding the formal arrival of the 18th Engineers a small group of gunners that had come over on United States ships rioted in an affluence that was amazing but short-lived. The men were in possession of an apparent inexhaustible supply of highly colored certificates designated to advertise a new brand of chewing tobacco. These they proceeded to spend royally. "This" one of them would say peeling off a certificate, "is good for two thousand crowbars. Keep the change." Eventually justice in the form of a mild admonition overtook them.

One morning the train from Paris brought to Bordeaux eight or ten American ambulance drivers homeward bound. They were tough boys; hard-boiled citizens. Gloriously they exhausted the diversions that the city afforded. They dined and wine sumpuously at the Chapon Fin, the restaurant which in war as in peace has long been Bordeaux's gastronomical

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

pride. Then they learned of the camps across the Garonne where were interned thousands of German war prisoners. "Let's go over and call on the Boches" was suggested. So they went and derived huge satisfaction from gazing, and thrusting out their tongue and dangling fake sausages attached to sticks. "A perfect day" one ambulance driver told the present pilgrim.

Through the Ages

Bordeaux's political significance today is that it is the headquarters of an army corps, the seat of an archbishopric and a university and the chief town of the department of Gironde, one of the eighty-seven departments into which France, exclusive of

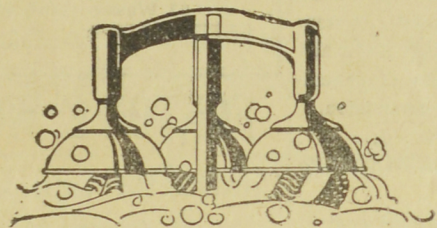
the recovered Alsace and Lorraine, is divided for administrative expediency.

Of course the advocate of refusal to pay ransom is right in believing such a course would discourage kidnapping. However, he is always an imaginative person who refuses to consider the possibility that one of his own family may be selected as the victim.

"It is possible," says the scientist, "to distinguish colors by touch." For instance, if you slap a man's back heartily and he yells in agony, it's probably the color of sunburn.

One way to assure the peace of the world would be to arrange that a nation could not have another war until it had paid for the last one.

A New Perfected VACUUM CUP WASHER



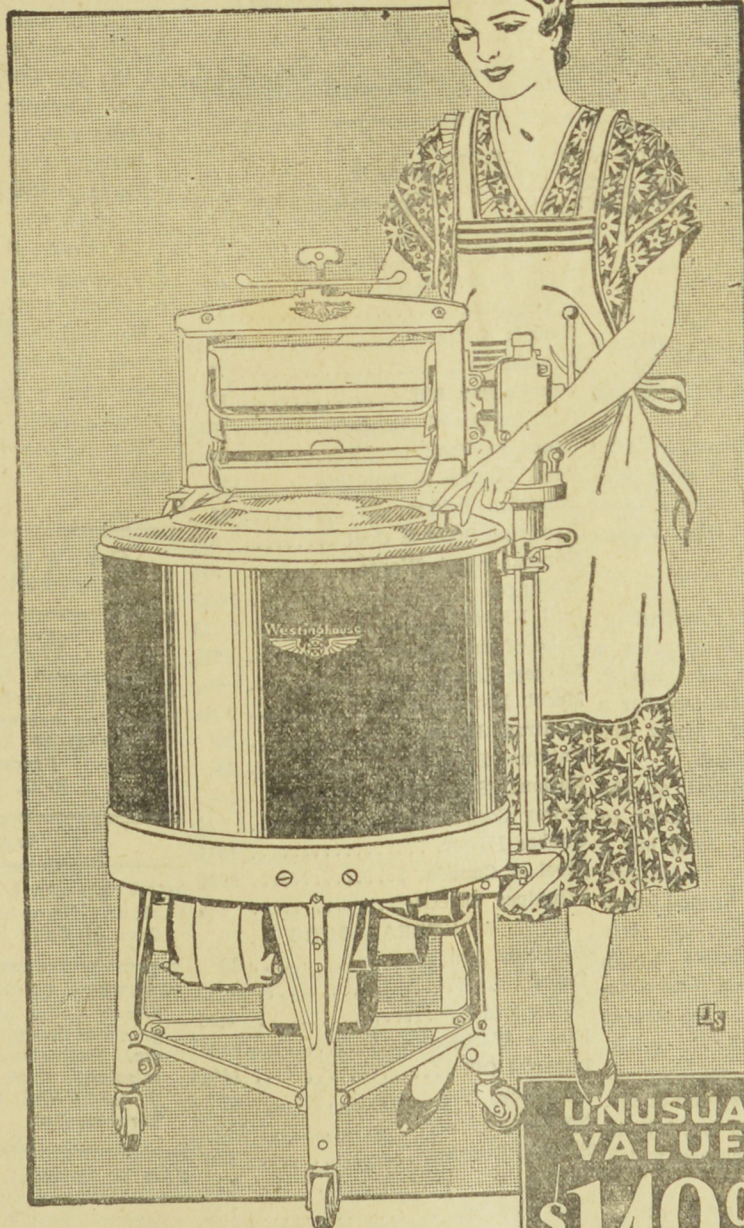
TO the women of Canada, Westinghouse presents a new, advanced Vacuum Cup Washer . . . a washer that looks different, is different, and employs the Vacuum Cup Principle which has for years stood supreme in the regard of careful housewives.

Gently as human hands, yet irresistibly, the three powerful vacuum-cups force air and cleansing suds through every mesh and fibre of the fabric . . . without friction, without the slightest injury to the most delicate weaves.

Even deeply imbedded dirt cannot withstand the searching, thorough "Vacuum Cup" action.

Beautifully finished in smart, modern color combinations . . . Crystal Black, Coral and Silver . . . or Nile Green, Light Green and Silver . . . the new Westinghouse-Easy Vacuum Cup Washer presents a combination of important refinements found on no other machine, including hand height control lever, all enclosed oil-bath main gears, instant accessibility, single point oiling system and the wonderful Lowndes clutch (an exclusive feature on the new Westinghouse-Easy Vacuum Cup Washer) which removes forever the old risk of accidental damage through overload to motor or wringer.

And here is more good news! Now, for the first time you can have this perfected Vacuum Cup Washer for no more than the price of an ordinary washer . . . the lowest price ever offered in Canada on a vacuum cup electric washer.



See this wonderful new Vacuum-Cup Washer . . . and learn how easily it can be purchased on the Westinghouse Budget Plan!

UNUSUAL
VALUE
\$149.00

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC SERVANTS FOR THE HOME



Are You Among Those Who Say "I never read Advertisements"

TO SAY "I never read advertisements" would be much like saying, "I never use soap" or "I never read newspapers," or "No one can teach me anything," or "I know everything."

Many good—but not very wise persons seem to think that all advertisements are just the vainglorious braggings of those who publish them—designed to part fools and their money. The truth is that most advertisements are incitements to their readers to do or be or buy or use something for their immediate or prospective advantage. Advertisers, to be successful and to live long, have to offer something of value or of desire—something really wanted or needed by the public. Advertisers, to live long, must not cheat the expectations or confidence of those who buy what they offer or propose.

Here are some questions to be answered by those who say "I never read advertisements"—

- 1.—What alarm clock would you buy if you needed one?
- 2.—What camera would you buy, for your own use, or to give to a son or daughter?
- 3.—What motor car possesses your favor?
- 4.—What face cream or shaving soap or cream, or tooth paste did you use today?
- 5.—What laundry soap (or flakes) is in your kitchen right now?
- 6.—What brand of tobacco would you buy if you were a user?
- 7.—The watch on your wrist—what name does it bear?
- 8.—What theatre is presenting the best program?
- 9.—Your life insurance policy—what company issued it?
- 10.—The ginger ale which you serve to guests—what brand is it?
- 11.—The tea which you buy regularly—what brand is it?
- 12.—The baked beans and the tomato catsup now on your pantry shelves—what brands are they?

YOU SEE! Whether or not you consciously or habitually read advertisements, you buy, by preference, what advertisements have recommended to your confidence and what experience has proven to be satisfactory.

The things which we DON'T buy and which have a sickish life, are those which are not advertised, and which try to ride onto public favor on the backs of well-advertised products.

It is to one's discredit to say, "I never read advertisements"

THE DAILY MAIL with its large quality circulation is a first-class advertising medium!