A RAIL TRIP FROM NANKING TO PEIPING IS DESCRIBED

Blue Express Slow But Gets There Just the Same; People Are Friendly To Foreigners.

On board the "Blue Express," En route from Nanking to Peiping—Forging ahead at speeds varying from fifteen to forty miles an hour, the train is running north through Anhwei province—through the rice, mallet and wheat fields of central China.

The earth is yellow, the trees few, the prevailing tone of the landscape, as you look to the horizon, brown, Here and there reddish rock juts out from the hillsides by the tracks. The villages and farm houses merge nicely into the countryside, their walls of clay resembling much the adobe houses of southwestern American Indians. Roofs, for most part, are rice straw.

An irregular checkerboard of tiny, separated fields, the land here is patterned for irrigation. The Anhwei agriculturists heave heaped up the earth in little ridges at intervals of every ten or twenty or thirty yards.

Mostly Dirt Farming

Farther north live stock will begin to appear, but in Anhwei it is mostly dirt farming. Geese swim, white and placid, in numerous ponds. There are carts pulled by great oxen and cmall donkies, hitched together. Dogs play about farm yards. Sometimes you see a cow or a buffalo, presumably the family's milk supply standing tied in a farmer's yard. But there is a paucity of animals for farm country; most of the struggling with the soil is by hand.

Even from a train window one senses the friendliness of the people.

A timid little farm woman all bundled up in stuffed clothing and a shawl waves the tips of her fingers—not her whole hand—to the passengers aboard.

Farmers may watch you through the window when the train has stopped—but there is nothing of hostility in their attitude to a foreign face.

Little Girl Waves

As your train is standing at one village station a little girl climbs a white picket fence by the track high enough to see the "Blue Express" windows. Slowly she puts up her hand and waves. Presumably no one waves back, for the Anhwei girl becomes more grave than before. But she tries it again and this time you yourself answer the wave. Her round face breaks into a wide smile—and now when you answer her, you get a real treat. She throws you a kiss, a procedure learned, no doubt, from some missionary.

Every so often, as the train rattles on, national soldiers, two or three of them, pass through the aisles opposite your door. Several more are on other cars, all assigned by the government to guard the train robbers. Wearing trim if somewhat soiled light blue uniforms, with leather belts around waists, these soldiers are about as neat a set of men as you will find on the ride. They are fellows of good humor, too, usually ready for a grin.

At most of the principal stations, armed guards, paid by local citizens, are on hand in uniform of black and white.

Blue Express is Faded

The train, you discover, is not to be confused with a lap of luxury. Outside, it is blue, as its name would indicate, but washing and fresh paint would make it bluer. The first-class sleeping car and lounge car, now some ten years old, have become more and more dingy inside. Leather seats in compartments are worn. The white seat covers in the lounge are in a sorry state of soil. The rail property, according to men who have been riding this line for years, has been allowed to deteriorate badly.

Eating in the diner is always an adventure. Your companions are likely to be a score or so of first and second class Chinese passengers, a couple of Germans, an Englishman or two. As you proceed from meal to meal you gather that much economy is being practiced in the matter of washing the waiters' coats; they don't change them for a day and a half. As for the menu, it will offer you such intricacies as "butter au spinach" and "consomme au poached egg," along with Chinese food or western portions of beef, mutton or chicken cooked in such a manner as to prompt many a veteran American traveler to take cans of crab meat, baked beans or parcel of cheese in his luggage.

Eat on Platforms

Third-class passengers and some of the others eat their meals on station platforms at the big towns. Roasted chickens, oranges, fish and tea are sold by open air restaurants. One wondres a little at the means whereby a certain soiled East Indian manages to subsist on the thirty- six hour trip to Peiping. At every station he is out on the platform, feeling witth black fingers the bronze roasted chickens. He never finds one that feels just right to him.

You push on into Shantung and, next day, Hopei province. The fields or irrigation farming give way to unridged land. Men and women become bigger of fame. Catskin caps are seen on all the station platforms and some of the more prosperous citizens are in fur-lined coats.

Villages become more substantial-looking, many of them walled, most of their houses roofed with tile instead of rice straw seen in Anhwei. The rice country has been left behind.

Many Graves Seen

Rising above numbers of villages are towers — pawnhouses where winter clothes of the residents are left in summer and summer clothes in winter. Field after field of grave mounds is passed in the open country, the mounds standing closer together, the new ones perhaps three feet high, the older ones smaller and smaller, for the earth has settled with the years. At the city of Tehchow you see an athletic field by the tracks, a portent of a new trend in China. No games are on just now, but you recognize cages and backboards for basket ball in one corner of the field.

At Tientsin a Chinese gentleman in long black fur-lined coat enters a first-class compartment. So does a young woman with a cloak of fine blue wool and a flower in her hair. So also does a matron of fragile, slender beauty, wearing brown fur cloak and cap. Later as she stands by her compartment door you see that she's wearing now a black silk tunic and trousers of heavy pink silk.

Something of a symbol, that woman, For now you are in the area of Peiping, capital no longer, but still China's chief city of art, grace and the old aristocratic ways.

FINAL HASH

Diner (examining menu): "Chicken croquettes, eh? What part of the chicken is the croquette?"

Friend: "It's the part that goes on the table last".

'By the way, dear", she said, when a piece came to an end, "what's the book the conductor keeps looking at?"

NOTICE OF SALE

To the Heirs and Assigns of JOHN COLWELL, late of the Parish of Southampton in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, deceased, and to the Heirs and Assigns of DAVID COLWELL, late of the Parish of Southampton in the County of York aforesaid, Farmer, deceased, and to KENT CURRIE of the Parish of Southampton in the County of York aforesaid, Farmer, and to All Others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the tenth day of September, A.D. 1887, and made between the said JOHN COLWELL and MARTHA COLWELL, his wife, of the first part, and THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK of the second part, and duly recorded in the Registry Office of the County of York in Book E. 4. at pages 731, 732 and 733, under official number 37099, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof contrary to the provisions of the said Indenture, be sold at Public Auction in front of the York County Court House in the CITY OF FREDERICTON and County of York aforesaid, on SATURDAY the SIXTH Day of OCTOBER, A.D. 1934, at the Hour of TWELVE O'CLOCK NOON the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—

"ALL that certain lot of land situate in the Parish of Southampton in the said County of York and described in the grant thereof to the said John Colwell under the Great Seal of the Province dated the First day of March, A.D. 1878, as follows: 'BEGINNING at a stake standing at the Southeasterly angle of Lot number Eight granted to James F. Barker in Range Two, Block Three, thence North sixty-three degrees and 30 minutes west twenty-two chains and thirty-three links, thence South twenty-six degrees and thirty minutes west forty-five chains, thence South sixty-three degrees and thirty minutes east twenty-two chains and thirty-three linkks and thence North twenty-six degrees and thirty minutes east forty-five chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the Eastern third part of Lots Number Five, Six and Seven in Block Three, Range Two.'"

TOGETHER with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or appertaining.

Dated at the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid this 27th day of July, A.D. 1934.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
C. C. JONES, President,

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Canada in the Autumn... A picture that all should see.

In the opinion of many experienced people, the best time for enjoying railway travel is now. Canada's vast areas of forest and lake are taking on their autumnal splendour, while in the farming districts harvesting operations are proceeding, and the usually quiet countryside is alive with activity and beauty, which compel the admiration and interest of all who behold them. The days have become cooler, the sun is gentler, and the nights are longer and more restful.

Those whose vacations are still to come and those whose affairs cause them to travel, are fortunate. They should not miss the panorama of grandeur which Canada is now providing. Especially should those who dwell in the East endeavour to see our Western Provinces and those in the West enjoy the beauties of the East.

To do so is not an expensive or wearying experience. In pursuance of their policy of rendering as great service as possible, the railways are making special arrangements at exceptionally low fares to enable the public to take full advantage of this fall season, and the C.N.R. is co-operating whole-heartedly. While all the attractive schedules which are usual at this season of the year are available, there are being provided additional inducements to travel by C.N.R.

A new autumn feature which goes into effect on Canadian railways on the twenty-first of September and continues in force until the second of October is the cent-a-mile rate between Eastern and Western Canada. This entitles the traveller to modern and comfortable standard coach accommodation, while for a cent and a quarter per mile and a low price for berth, sleeping accommodation in the well-equipped and pleasant tourist coaches may be had. These berths can be reserved in advance and the total cost of a journey can be obtained on enquiry from any station or ticket office. Travel on these terms is indeed economical and gratifying. And, of course, the excellent dining car services are available to all passengers.

For shorter journeys, the C.N.R. is providing numerous short limit special fare excursions, as well as low fares for trips extending over longer periods and week-ends.

To those whose time is limited and to those who have been hesitant about taking a long vacation, the special provisions for this season should particularly appeal. But whatever be the duration of a trip or whatever be the class of accommodation used, the passenger on a C.N.R. train is a welcome guest and will receive nothing but the best. Every servant of the railway is the passenger's servant. May we suggest that *you* should use this railway to see a little more of Canada than you have already done?

When accompanied by adults children under five years of age travel free, and between that age and twelve, at half fare.

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