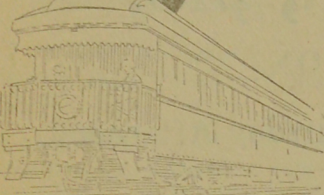


CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

International Limited



Most Famous International Train
between
MONTREAL - TORONTO
DETROIT - CHICAGO

SERVICE--
Leaves Montreal Daily at 10 a. m.
Arr. Chicago 7.50 the next morning

SAFETY--
Double Track all the way.

COMFORT--
Velvet running road-bed.

EQUIPMENT--
All steel. Observation Library
Sleeping Car with Radio, Com-
partment Drawing Room, Sleeping
Car, Standard Sleeping Cars, Parlor
Car, Dining Car and Day Coaches.

COURTESY--
The unobtrusive courtesy of the
Canadian National employees has
made Canadian National Railways
famous.

The de Luxe Train of Canada

NOTICE

The Public Schools of the City of Fredericton will re-open Monday, Aug. 26th. Beginning the 19th inst. permits for pupils to enter school will be issued at the Secretary's Office, High School Building, George St. from 10 A. M. to 12 noon, and from 2 to 5 P. M. daily, (Sat. 10 A. M. to 12 noon).

Each pupil must present certificate of successful vaccination before a permit will be issued.

R. D. HANSON
Secretary Fredericton
Board of School Trustees.

Here and There

(354)

The ancient art of goat-getting is in full swing at Banff with 25 wild Rocky Mountain goats trapped in June and nearly the same number in July. They are enticed into traps by salt licks of which they are inordinately fond. Some are to add to the wild life of California; others are for exhibition purposes and for zoos.

Concrete work on the new Saint John elevator has commenced and will require about 25,000 cubic yards of concrete. Grain business through Maritime Provinces ports is growing largely every year.

Statistics gathered by the New Brunswick Government Bureau of Information and Tourist Travel show an increase of 25 per cent. in the number of motor tourists from the United States entering Canada at border points of this Province for vacations.

Word has been received by J. M. Gibbon, general publicity agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, that His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada will extend his patronage to the Canadian Pacific series of six concert tours of British and Canadian music to be given across Canada, commencing in the fall of this year and continuing until the spring of 1930.

Products of the fisheries of Canada in 1928 had a total value of \$54,971,319, an increase of \$5,474,281 compared with 1927. These figures comprise the value as marketed, whether sold for consumption fresh or canned, cured or otherwise prepared. The salmon fishery is the most important, with a total value in 1928 of \$17,867,053.

The Canadian Women's Press Club, consisting of 100 delegates came by Dominion Atlantic Railway special to Digby recently, stopping at Annapolis Royal and Grand Pre en route. A number of outstanding writers were in the party and all expressed their admiration of the Evangeline Country and the Annapolis Valley.

A notable beauty spot is being recalled to public notice this summer by the Alpine Club of Canada which is holding its annual camp from July 15 to July 31 on the site of the old railway village of Rogers Pass near Glacier, B.C. at the western opening of the Comnaught Tunnel on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The camp commands a magnificent view embracing Mount Sir Donald, Mount Macdonald and Tupper, the Hicciawell Glacier and many other fine ranges and valleys.

UDAIPUR IS LIKE A CITY FROM FAIRY TALES; MONEY HOARDED OR GIVEN AWAY

Once upon a time, in an age when the practice of astrology was advisable before eating, a mystic bronze circle was mounted on the palace roof at Udaipur capital of the State of Mewar, to warn the maharana that somebody had stepped to a kettle with intent to poison his food.

The instrument is still standing on the palace roof of this Rajputana city, Emma Hawkrige writes in Asia. It still gives warning, though it is not so trustworthy as it used to be. A taster must work in the kitchen as well. Fairy tale days are in the twilight.

Yet the marvel lingers—the marvel that in this well traveled world, cheek to cheek with practical, desert irrigating English and just across the globe from skyscraping, advertising, Americans, a whole kingdom can live in the mentality of make-believe.

Are you bored with banks and safe deposit vaults that never show any piles of gold to run the fingers through. Look at the old man sheltered under a seashell arch from the sunny glare of palace courtyard, counting money that clinks, making piles of his coins and putting them back into the heavyhanded chests. Then realize that this is some of the accounting of the State of Mewar.

Even fairy tale kingdoms must have their ways and means, but in Udaipur they seem nearer to the system of the king who owned a golden bird than to New York or London. The revenue may include, such anachronisms as the customs and a little railroad income, but mostly it is rent from the land that belongs to the maharana and his nobles. These Rajput relatives, who have held the soil for centuries, give the maharana the tribute due their clan chieftain, but are the autocrats of their own estates. They have little cash in banks, and no doubt they think it beneath them to husband money. They store the stuff away and forget it, or they spend it for rubies and silver brocades and palaces and watered pleasure gardens and the care of their estates.

As for financing industries or penetrating the country by rail, these things seem neither reasonable nor desirable. Udaipur is rich in unmined minerals. The tolerated spur of railroad may come within three miles of the city, a concession to an alien day and spirit. But the hills are unconquered, except by the hunter.

Threw Money To Crowds

Money was put to its proper use, however, in the days when, on a royal birthday, a great pair of scales was hung from the stone arches at the palace gate, beside the elephants' beds (of course, elephants can have beds—slanting stones to ease their great bulk), and the maharana mounted into the balance, proud in his wrapped skirt and tight turban and jewels, and weighed against a heap of coins. Then his weight in money was scattered to the scrambling crowds below.

Do you know how once a crime wave was managed in Udaipur? I can tell; for I met a barber, and I learned—though not from him—what once befell all the barbers of the city. Once upon a time Udaipur was beleaguered by its own brand of "gunmen." With uncanny precision these bandits foresaw the movements of caravans on the highways, killed the merchants and captured the prizes. Their raids grew to be altogether too frequent. The wealthy hesitated to set out upon the road.

Anyone with insight into human nature knows that a merchant goes to a barber to be beautified before setting forth. Everyone knows, too,

how boastfully secrets will come out under the scotting influence of deft fingers. At dawn we start to Ajmere with "the silks of Samarakand"—or the equivalent. Before dawn, in consequence, there are humble pilgrims upon the road. The merchants invite these travelers to share their camp at night and, in the darkness, the disguised bandits leap up and slash and make off with the booty. Such was the experience of Udaipur. So it banished the barbers to a village across the lake. There they still live, and the bandits have died out for want of nourishment.

We were on our way to the Jaisamand Lake, and out from the scrub jungle we reached in due course a hill mounting to a terrace on the shore of the lake. Our interpreter suddenly left the car to walk past a stucco pavilion; for he said, the maharana was living there and it would be discourteous to ride past even his hidden presence.

The maharana, 80 years of age, steps accurately into the frame of the fairy-tale portrait of a good king—a tall, big boned figure, dressed for the hunting camp with the tight-twisted Rajput turban, a small Kashmir shawl about his shoulders, a long skirt and a sword. His white beard is parted crisply in the middle. His lively brown eyes twinkle in the lighter oval of his face.

Insistent On Pomp

He is a cherisher of old traditions—perhaps he realizes the existence of no others. His noblemen must maintain the pomp of other days. "What is the matter?" he said to have asked a too unostentatious nobleman who tried to simplify his retinue. "Are you getting poor?"

The maharana is theoretically descended from the sun and the moon. He traces his ancestry by palace records back to about 2500 B. C. One of his ancestors was the Roma who conquered the Demon King of Ceylon with the help of armies of monkeys and bees—Rama, and incarnation of the savior god, Vishnu. Outside the palace in Udaipur is carved an image of the maharana's great—many times great—grandfather, the sun. His more immediate ancestors were those warlike Rajputs who built wondrous Chitor, three miles long on its walled plateau.

Up its steep hills leads a road between the crenelated walls, blocked by nine great gates with spearheads to breast the attacks of elephants. The strong wall still guards the deserted city. In Chitor lived the ancestress Queen Padmini, for whose beauty the city was sacked six and one-half centuries ago by an enarmored enemy—Queen Padmini with skin so translucent that when she swallowed her admirers could see the food slipping down her throat. When the city was captured, she, with her maidens, following the Rajput traditions, leaped into the flames rather than yield to the conqueror.

Yet, brave as the Rajputs ever are, there is a curse, today on the ruling family of Udaipur, and that is because one ruler was less than noble. In the early years of the nineteenth century a daughter was born to this weak sovereign. Her beauty excited rival suitors to such passion that wars rent the kingdom. Krishna Kupwari Bai—the Virgin Princess Krishna—called the flower of Rajasthan, was in her sixteenth year when her father was besieged by a strong and cruel enemy, the raja of Marwar, who made these conditions: he must have the hand of the princess, a boon that honor could not grant because she was already betrothed to the ruler of Jaipur, or he must have her

COLOR BOMBS URGED TO CURB MOTOR THIEVES

London, Aug. 15—Again the suggestion is being discussed hotly that London "bobbies" should be armed—but not with pistols. The latest weapon suggested is the color bomb.

This new infernal machine, which, it is thought, will enable the police to deal more effectively with "smash-and-grab" thieves in automobiles, is being examined by Scotland Yard authorities who were approached by the patentees, Mayfair Enterprises, Ltd.

If this proposal should be approved the policeman in the future will have the appearance of an anarchist for he would wear attached to his belt a small black pouch containing a thin metal ball resembling the "cylindrical object" which figures in most reports of bomb outrages.

The ball is approximately the size of a tennis ball, hollow, and is made of light metal, compressed paper or other suitable substance. It would be filled with a liquid described as "viscous, quick-drying and luminous."

The ball could be thrown and on striking the bandit's car it would burst, spreading a penetrating odor and spattering the car with a vivid enamel.

Culprits would be marked until the paint could be removed.

This is how the plan would work. A policeman is just around the corner when motor bandits throw a brick through a jeweler's window, snatch a tray of rings and rush back to their car. The policeman, hearing the noise, drops the bomb out of the pouch by drawing a spring clip, dashes up and hurls it. The dilemma of a marked car in a traffic jam can be imagined. Not only would it commend itself to every policeman for arrest, but the public could join in a new road game—spotting the bandit.

It is suggested too, that these bombs would prove a very valuable addition to the stocks of jewelers of the West End.

What would happen when the color bomb hits the wrong car remains to be seen.

MERE MAN

He lost a lot of money
And never blinked an eye
They took his brand new motor car
He never heaved a sigh.

But when he lost a fish hook
That cost a dime or so
He cried aloud to heaven
And told the world his woe.

—HAZEL LONG in Chicago News.

death, or he would devastate the country.

Her vacillating father shielded himself with his daughter's life. She was offered the cup of poison. And when she saw her mother nearly mad with anguish, she comforted her with words that only a Rajput maiden could find to say: "Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life? I fear not to die. . . . We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth."

A Curse On The Family Holds

But the chief of a certain subordinate clan would not be reconciled to this shameful deed. "Oh, dastard," he cried, "who hast thrown dust on the Sesodia race, whose blood which has flowed in purity through 100 ages has now been defiled! This sin will check its course for ever: a blot so foul in our annals that no Sesodia will ever again hold up his head. . . . The line of Rappa Rawal is at an end! Heaven has ordained this, a signal of our destruction."

Ninety-one of that king's ninety-five children died from that curse, and from that day to this there is never or hardly ever, a direct heir. Adopted sons, nephews, cousins, inherit. The present maharana was adopted. Perhaps because he is so fine an example of Rajput tradition, he was permitted to have a son. But the prince, a man of about forty years, is paralyzed from his waist, and he has no child.

Udaipur has all the attributes that turn a child's, or a grown person's eyes round with wonder. Suffering and cruelties there may be. Ignorance and dirt and disease may not be father banished than in other oriental cities.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 2 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.

The ABC of Modern Stock Market Trading

Copy of this valuable guide, also Copy of Investors' Pocket Manual—a 250 page Booklet of Current Statistics, Records, High and Low Prices, etc., mailed gratuitously to any address, on request.

BRYANT, LEEAN & CO. LIMITED
464 St. Francis Xavier St. MONTREAL
Oldest and Largest Established Option Dealers in Canada.

SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOS- TON, AND THE MARITIMES

For the Summer season 1929, exceptionally attractive schedules will be placed in effect between New York and Boston, and the Maritime Provinces, and will prove of much interest to the regular and tourist traffic.

THE GULL will operate daily leaving Boston 10.40 P. M. arriving Saint John 2.00 P. M. Daylight time. On the return leaves Saint John at 7.45 P. M. Daylight time, arriving North Station Boston 6.55 A. M. following day. This train will carry Compartment Lounge car, Standard Sleepers and through Day Coaches.

In addition to the above the PINE TREE ACADIAN will be operated June 28th to September 6th inclusive, five days a week each way, leaving Boston at 3.20 P. M. Mondays to Fridays inclusive, arriving Saint John at 7.10 A. M. Daylight time Tuesdays to Saturdays inclusive, arriving Boston 8.50 P. M. same evening. This train will carry standard sleepers in which parlor car accommodation may be obtained from Saint John to Boston, also through day coaches and will give a two train a day service for five days a week.

The New York services will be maintained by the DOWN EASTER which will operate one day a week each way leaving New York, Grand Central Station, every Friday, June 28th to August 30th, at 9.02 mornings. On the return leave Saint John at 7.45 P. M. Daylight time Sundays, arriving in New York at 5.07 P. M. following afternoon. The car will not be operated on Sunday September 1st, but will leave Saint John on Monday, September 2nd instead arriving New York afternoon of September 3rd.

It is anticipated that this excellent service will be patronized by even a greater number of Tourists than in previous years and it is expected to be very popular with the other travelers as well.

Any local ticket agent can supply complete details and make desired reservations.

Forest Hills Hospital

Accredited training school for Nurses. 3 year course. One year High School required; graduates preferred. Maintenance, and allowance for uniforms and text books. Excellent educational and clinical facilities. Classes enter in February and September. Beautiful location. For prospectus write Principal, Box F, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Here's Your Chance to get some nice TEASPOONS Free of Charge!

Until further notice the Mail will give with every paid-in-advance six-months' subscription

One Half-Dozen "Everbrite" TEASPOONS

These spoons are made of a new white metal and can scarcely be distinguished from silver.

The Daily Mail Delivered
Costs \$2.00 for 6 Months
and will be sent by mail
For 1.50

The finest tea you can buy—Red Rose Orange Pekoe. Made from juicy, flavor filled leaves—three days in bud. Every package guaranteed.

**RED ROSE
TEA** "is good tea"
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good