

Arrangements are being made for the holding of the western annual meeting in Winnipeg from November 3rd to 5th of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy. The meetings will be held in the Royal Alexander Hotel. Delegates from all points in the West, as well as from Eastern Canada, are expected to attend.

A memorial known as "The Altar of Peace" has recently been unveiled in Stanley Park, Vancouver, to symbolize the spirit of international good-will existing between the United States and Canada. The memorial was raised by joint subscription of United States and Canadian Kiwanis Clubs, and stands on the spot where the late President Harding delivered the last speech of his life while visiting Canada, in July, 1923.

One of the largest shipments of live foxes for export ever to leave Prince Edward Island, left recently for New York for transshipment to Norway. The shipment comprised 200 foxes in all, with a gross value of \$40,000. Several small shipments of animals were consigned to Norway last year and this large order has followed the success which the Norwegian breeders have had with those animals previously sent from this country.

As illustrating the volume of grain delivered by the Port of Montreal compared with that of Vancouver, figures given by the Pacific coast port for the crop year ending July 31 last, show Montreal deliveries were six and three-quarters times those from the British Columbia port. Vancouver shipped 25,133,218 bushels of grain for the crop year ending July 31, while Montreal, during this period, disposed of 169,929,018 bushels.

E. W. Beatty, president and chairman of the Canadian Pacific Railway, accompanied by several of his directors is at present engaged in the annual tour of inspection of the company's system. In an address to the directors of the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto Mr. Beatty declared that the "only safe and certain cure for the relief of the Dominion's railway obligations rested upon the country's industrial and agricultural development."

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## THOMAS W. PURVIS OF BENTON TELLS OF EXHIBITION OF 1852 AND OTHER EVENTS

Reminiscences of Fredericton's first exhibition in 1852 and of subsequent events are contained in the following communication:—  
To the Editor, The Daily Mail.  
Fredericton, N. B.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I have been reading much of your account of the present Exhibition. I am pleased to learn that there has been such a fine show. I was to the first exhibition that Fredericton ever held. I am able to prove it was held in the fall of 1852. In that year I joined myself to a master-builder as an apprentice and we were building a residence in Gagetown for Gabriel DeVeber. I got a day or two off to attend the Fredericton Exhibition. It was a very peculiar fall. The river closed very early and driving on the ice was fair until about December 1st. The ice ran out clear and it was quite summerlike on the 10th of that month. On December 14th I put a Mrs. Lee aboard the steamer Saint John on her way to Indian town.

That winter was a very poor one for carpenters and builders and I was off work so I went into the lumber-woods for a Mr. Carpenter of Upper Salmon River. It was extremely cold until about the first of February when it turned soft and very warm for winter. A number of us came out of the woods. We came to Salmon River at Burnt Brows above the Big Forks in the early forenoon and then followed the Salmon River on the ice down to what was known at that time as Dan Briggs' Hotel. We arrived there at sundown. That was about February 20th, 1853. That night we were all turned out about midnight to help get the stuff off the wharf as the ice had broken up and ran from the river-source down to Salmon Bay.

I left Briggs' next a. m. with one Dan MacGregor of St. John, who had been hauling boilers through to Cain's River. We went down to McMan's Landing, Grand Lake. The place is now called Minto. I believe the ice had risen and left the shores open water some two or three rods. I went

down to a little cove and pulled up a large cake of ice and we put the horse out on the main ice of the Grand Lake. We had clear sailing from McMan's to White's Point, Upper Jemseg. There must have been some six or eight rods of open water there. The shore was very flat. MacGregor told me to take care of the carpet-bags and hold on to the stakes, and we would make shore. By this time it was very cold. MacGregor took a run out, and came to the edge of the ice on the run. The horses plunged into the water and swam until they struck bottom. We made shore but what a sight! MacGregor went to White's and I ran down the road about two miles to C. H. Caldwell's. I got a change of clothes and had a good night's rest. Next morning Jemseg draw was frozen fast in the ice. I secured a slab and got down on it on my stomach and crawled out to the draw. I had to drag my slab to the other end of the draw and crawl again to the next bank. I had the same experience on both sides of the Saint John River and also on Gagetown Creek. I got safe on main land at a place now called Dingee.

I joined my trade next spring, 1853. That fall saw the turning of the first sod for a railway in New Brunswick, at Saint John. I saw Sir Edmund Head turn the sod and his aide wheel it away. It was a hard winter the beginning of 1854. The spring freshet was the highest ever known by the oldest resident. In June 1854, Asiatic Cholera broke out in Saint John just after the biggest temperance turnout ever seen in New Brunswick. O Lord such a summer of 1854! Thousands died in Saint John and other nearby places.

In the winter session of parliament beginning 1855, I think, was the passage of the Prohibitory Act which lasted only about nine months until repealed. More later

Very Respectfully Yours,

THOMAS W. PURVIS.

Benton, N. B.

September 25, 1925.

## HOW YOUTH RULES IN CHINA; MAKE IMPASSIONED APPEALS TO SAVE COUNTRY FROM THE FOREIGNERS

(A Peking Correspondent in the Manchester Guardian.)

Strolling through the peaceful countryside, I was congratulating myself on having escaped from the strife and turmoil of this city of trouble. But lo and behold, on turning the corner into the main street of the village there they were again, those plaguey students!

A couple of them were standing on the steps outside the village temple addressing a small crowd of villagers. Bespectacled little fellows they were, hardly five feet high, dressed in Western clothes with hard straw hats. They each had a banner of long white cloth on which was inscribed the name of their school, and the slogans "Down with England and Japan" and "Cancel the unequal treaties." One of them was declaiming in a shrill piping voice and gesticulating so violently that he looked as if he would over-balance himself at each movement. The other stood at his side, acting as a kind of chorus. The crowd about a dozen persons in all, stood listening with their mouths open, with out showing the faintest sign of emotion of any kind. Indeed, the audience could hardly be called enthusiastic, for no one appeared to stay out the show except two old fellows who had seats on the temple steps and had probably been there all the afternoon. There was a constant coming and going, and naked children ran in and out amongst the crowd. Old ladies with their grandchildren in their arms would stroll up, listen for a few minutes, and then go off again with a contemptuous sniff.

### Appeals For Boycott.

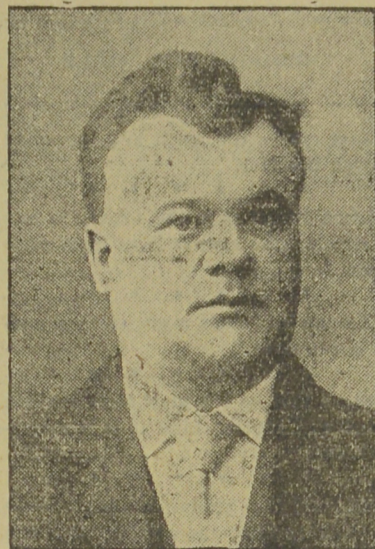
The schoolboy was holding forth on the wrongs of his country. He was making impassioned appeals to the audience to rise and save China, to boycott the British and declare war on them, and to free themselves from the twin tyrannies of Imperialism and Capitalism. When he was tired the other took his place and continued in exactly the same strain and exactly the same shrill voice. After about ten minutes of this kind of thing, they picked up two earthenware jars and tried to collect subscriptions for the strikers in Shanghai. At this novel development the crowd melted rapidly away, and I did not see anyone give anything. Thereupon the two orators furled up their banners and strode in silence out of the village.

One of the old men sitting on the steps lit his pipe and invited me to come and sit down. The other old gentleman, a seller of rice cakes, offered me some of his wares. A crowd started to gather round us again.

"What were they talking about?" I asked, putting on an air of innocence. "Who knows?" said the gentleman with the pipe. "I could not make head or tail of half they were saying." And then, grumblingly: "Schoolboys." The seller of rice cakes took up the refrain: "Schoolboys? They ought to be at their lessons instead of fooling around like this. A nice state of things." "They said you foreigners were a bad lot and had killed hundreds of us Chinese in Shanghai," a bright youth in the crowd called out. I was about to reply, when a curious interruption took place. A sturdy young bumpkin with a face like the full moon who had been staring steadily at me with his mouth wide open for some time suddenly said: "But they were foreigners themselves." Cries of dissent from the crowd and contemptuous laughs. But moon-face, not in the slightest abashed, continued stolidly. "They were wearing foreign clothes and hats just like this fellow here and were talking all about foreign laws and customs." Nobody attempted to argue with him any further.

### A Fat Man Talks.

A fat fellow, naked to the waist, pushed his way through the crowd saying, "Schoolboys! What do they want making all this trouble? What do they understand of public affairs? I tell you what the trouble is—we have no rulers any more. Everybody does as he likes nowadays. Yesterday I went into Peking to buy some rice. I hired a donkey specially for the purpose, and would you believe it, when I got there I found the markets and all the shops closed. They told me the schoolboys had ordered it. Went all that way for nothing, and I had to pay old Li thirty coppers for the loan of his donkey. Really, it is disgraceful." "Yes," said a pedlar from the city with his bundle of cloth over his shoulder, "and the price of flour has gone up another five coppers this week. Where's it all going to end! Whose fault is it?" There was general indignation, and for the first time that afternoon the crowd showed sign of emotion. There was a babel of talk,



HON. A. B. COPP.  
Who Has Been Appointed to the Senate.

everyone voicing his own particular grievance. The seller of rice cakes became for the moment a philosopher and summed it up with, "Aiyah. Well whatever trouble break out, it is we common folk who will have to pay for it all." The crowd relapsed into a brooding silence. Then an old dame at the back took up the refrain in a scolding voice. "Schoolboys! Let them go to school and learn their lessons. That's where they should be. Nice kind of schoolboys, those fellows. Trying to ruin us poor people with all their foreign nonsense. Semi-foreign devils, that's what they are."

At this there were loud laughs from some of the bystanders and sly glances passed in my direction. The fat fellow then pushed right up to me, and almost shouting in my face, said, "Do you hear that, Mr. Foreigner? What the old woman says isn't so far wrong. It's all the fault of you foreigners really. Where do those boys get all their mad foreign ideas from? They must have got them from your foreign teachers. Why don't you teach them something sensible, instead of all that stupid kind of talk?"

There were murmurs of applause from the crowd.

And really, you know, I could think of no reply.

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## DAUGHTER OF CURZON IS A SOCIALIST

Stoke-On-Trent, Eng., Sept. 25—Lady Cynthia Mosley is proud to have been asked to run for the Parliamentary seat in this constituency, made up mostly of miners on the Labor ballot. She is a Socialist and glories in the fact.

This daughter of the late Marquis Curzon and his first wife, who was Mary Leiter of Chicago, made this statement last night in addressing a meeting of the electors which endorsed her candidature. She said the Minister of Industry at the present moment was crying out for nationalization of mines but the only way out of the present dilemma was through socialism. "Comrades," said Lady Cynthia, "some of you do not know me very well and will wonder why on earth I am in the socialist movement. The other side always is taunting me with the query, 'What have you in common with the working woman?'"

"Well I have a husband and two little children and I know what I should feel if I had not sufficient food and clothing for them. I was brought up in a political atmosphere, but the politics was another thing. What has happened to me has happened to many young people of late years. I felt that I

wanted to find out things for myself.

"I got work in an office at thirty shillings a week and had my wages raised to three pounds. I also have worked on the land; I have taken a course of economics in a London school and have had my eyes opened in the London slums.

"I do not want to go into family troubles but it was a bit of a header for me and my husband when we left the Conservative party.

"I prefer being labelled a Socialist rather than a Laborite because I am a Socialist through and through and am proud of it."

The present member for Stoke-on-Trent, Lady Cynthia will oppose in the next election if he contests the seat is John Ward, formerly a Laborite but now a Constitutional

### THE MODERN HERRICK.

Whenas in silks my Julia goes  
Then, then (methinks) that, good  
ness knows!  
She couldn't have on fewer clothes

Next when I cast mine eyes and see  
I can't tell with fidelity  
Which is, or isn't lingerie.

Meeks—There is only one car in this town faster than mine.

Milds—Only one?  
Meeks—Yes, the installment man's.

Van Jay—Say, old top is there much fascination in golf?

Van Puff—Well, yes that is if you have the imagination.

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