

PEOPLE IN ENGLAND KEEP ALIVE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS; GOOD CHEER ABOUNDS FOR ALL CLASSES

London, Dec. 14.—The spirit of the Christmas season in England seems to permeate the air for weeks. Of course, there is the business stimulus, which is quite like that in other countries. The shops are adorned and are thronged from morning until night. Even the poorest people have money for Christmas presents. These people of small income, or of no income, perform marvels of finance. There are all sorts of odd devices to help them. Who would think of making the butcher one's banker? And yet a system of the kind prevails all over England.

Nearly every local butcher shop is conducting its "Christmas Club" months before Christmas. And those customers who wish to become members, receive little cards or pass books in which are recorded the various amounts of their savings. The deposits are mostly in pennies, and these are augmented by discounts made by the dealer. The transaction has its mutual benefits, since it insures the merchant continuous patronage and cash business, and provides for the club member a fund to meet the demands of Christmas cheer. When Christmas day comes round there will be many a good roast of beef on tables that would have been bare except for the incentive to thrift.

The Christmas dinner in a comfortable English home is a noteworthy function and its preparation begins before December. Some time in November the air is redolent of Christmas plum pudding, and from that time on the spirit of Christmas broods over the entire country.

Everything But Plums.

This is not the place to discuss the ingredients or the construction of an English plum pudding, but I have discussed the matter with some of the best English cooks and bakers and am deeply impressed. The English plum pudding is fearfully and wonderfully made. It seems to contain almost everything except plums.

So rich is it that it can be taken only in small portions. It is a feature of every Christmas feast, but the family plum pudding is not consumed at a sitting. It is expected to remain over and to be brought out to be sampled by friends who call the following day, or perhaps a week later. Its keeping qualities are marvelous, and everybody agrees that a properly constructed plum pudding ripens and mellows and improves in every way as the days go by. What limitation may be placed upon this constant development of virtues, has never been determined, since in every case the last crumb is devoured before its full attainment of perfection has been achieved.

The carol singers of England are world famous. Judged by the more exacting critical standards, it must be said, however, that a good many of the carolers deserve honorable mention only for their motives. On Christmas eve professional choirs and bands of trained singers render the old songs with fine effect. The bulk of the carol-singing, however, is done by ragamuffins who take advantage of the softening influences of the season to finance their Christmas cheer.

Beggars Are Few.

As Christmas approaches, the opportunities for the exercise of charity multiply. There are not many beggars in England. Seldom is one found soliciting alms in the streets. Indeed, a magistrate in court recently asserted that there was no need for anyone to beg anywhere in the country, because the authorities had made provision that all should be cared for.

However that may be, there is practical begging, thinly veiled under pretense of some trivial form of service. It is one of the indexes of the vast amount of unemployment and genuine poverty. If a motor car stops for a moment by the curb, it finds a voluntary caretaker ready to watch it, for the chance penny or sixpence the owner may be willing to give. There are hundreds of match-sellers, many of them women holding babies in their arms.

Wherever queues form at the theatres—and there are queues at all the theatres in these strange times of mingled prosperity and adversity—all manner of entertainers and traders gather. It is a motley throng. Vendors of sweet-meats cry their wares; strolling violinists render solos; women with quavering voices sing plaintively. Occasionally a threadbare artist renders a snatch from an opera with all the verve and spirit of a professional, as, indeed, he may well be. And the queue shells out liberally when the hat is passed. Those waiters-in-line have not much money, else they would not be patient applicants for the cheap unreserved seats, but they have large charity.

Spirit of Giving.

Many of them know what it is to be out of a job, and most of them have the vague fear that such a misfortune may be theirs at any time. That common sympathy makes many a beggar's income bigger than the dole.

The spirit of giving is abroad at Christmas time. All the churches have organizations for furnishing Christmas dinners to the poor. Usually they confine their benefactions to the unfortunates of their own parish, and in most cases there is plenty for each so-

HIGH ROOM RENTS IN MIAMI MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR MANY GIRLS TO OBTAIN SUITABLE QUARTERS

(Allene Sumner in Detroit News.) Miami, Fla.—I was prepared for the very worst.

On the train coming down from the north, I had heard many stories of the scarcity of hotel accommodations in Miami; stories of people sleeping in the parks, or paying \$5 a night to sleep in parked automobiles.

So it was with considerable trepidation that I approached Miss Helen Sullivan, Travelers' Aid Society Secretary, who sat at a desk in the Miami station with a sign which read: "Ask me about hotel reservation." I did.

"What can you pay?" asked Miss Sullivan.

I reflected. Remembering palatial rooms up north for \$6 a day, I timidly suggested that I could pay \$6.

"With bath?" queried Miss Sullivan with lifted brows. "Can't possibly be done under \$10."

I meekly asked for a few \$10 addresses and set forth.

The \$10 places looked dowdy. I did some research for myself. The first place I hove into had a Spanish patio effect with a lobby full of high-born matrons and maids. Scorn and derision greeted my request for "a single with bath."

Nothing daunted, I trekked across the street to where another orange-awninged confection of architecture wafted forth the ambrosial odor of French perfume and imported henna. And again I made my quavering request.

Now recall that Miami, formerly a city of 75,000, is now almost 300,000. Recall that tent cities dot the entire state of Florida because "there is no room at the inn."

Here as a clerk suavely and apologetically said:

"I'm sorry I can't give you a single. But I'll give you a double with bath for the same price—\$6 a day."

Thus did investigation reveal the hotel situation in Miami.

But it means nothing. It's just one of those constant contradictions in which this play city abounds.

Besides, the hotel problem in Miami is not so acute just now. There is the lull before the storm. The city's population has shrunk slightly during the past month; but before December ends there will be a torrent of tourists pouring in that will make Summer's activity look tame.

But, though \$6 hotel rooms may be found, terror strikes the heart of the business or professional woman

who comes here to work and live on what she makes.

For, granted that she could get a room for \$5 a day; that's \$35 a week!

And not more than 50 women in all Miami are making as much as \$75 a week, according to the Y. W. C. A.

The working woman must find a room. She figures on a possible \$12 a week as her maximum.

But, startling though it may seem, there is hardly one single room available in Miami, in which a self-respecting working girl would live, which does not cost at least \$20 a week.

And a girl has a mighty hard time finding even a \$20 room which she may have by herself.

Landladies have learned that men don't mind "doubling up" as much as women do. Four men on cots in one room will pay \$15 each. There's \$60 a week. Why bother with a girl with only \$20?

The room registry of the Y. W. C. A. is desperate!

"Tell girls to stop coming here unless they know exactly where they are going to live and what they are going to pay," says Miss Vilona Cutler of the Y.

The Y. has 110 rooms of its own and will have 110 more by Jan. 1. These rooms rent for from \$2 to \$5 a week. Thousands of girls are after them, and the Y. simply takes in girls who would be on the streets otherwise.

I met one girl who is joyful because she has the privilege of sharing a bedroom with another woman for \$12.50 a week. She walks eight miles a day to work, and was bothered with a bad cold when I met her.

"Take a hot bath, drink some hot lemonade and take a hot water bottle to bed with you," I suggested. She only chuckled.

"Hot water, did you say?" she asked. "We have no gas and no electric heater. I haven't had a hot bath since I came here, two months ago."

"Well, heat a dishpan of water on the stove," I went on.

Again she howled.

"What did you say? A dish pan? We can't buy one. We haven't even a teakettle. The embargo shut them all out."

A professional woman who made \$350 a month in Toronto and who is working here for \$35 a week, complained that her landlady had requested her to leave because she asked for hot water for a bath. And she was paying \$20 a week for her room.

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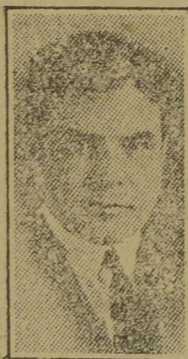
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Advertisement for PALMER'S Moose Head Brand Hunting & Fishing Boots. Includes illustration of a hunter and text: "PALMER'S Moose Head Brand Hunting & Fishing Boots. For generations hunters and fishermen all over the continent have appreciated the utter dependability, honest materials and sterling construction of these time-tested boots. Through bush, streams and the roughest going, these sturdy yet flexible boots will ensure your entire foot comfort. And their wear is proverbial. Knee High, waterproof with noiseless Flexible Sewed-on Sole of heaviest oil-tanned leather. Hand made to your individual measure. Send for Catalogue, showing our A Boot For Every Purpose JOHN PALMER CO., LIMITED FREDERICTON, N. B."

"MAKE IMMIGRATION HUMAN" SAYS C. P. R. PRESIDENT; SIR THOMAS WHITE PAYS HIM HIGH TRIBUTE



E. W. Beatty, K.C., Chairman and President of the C.P.R.



Sir Thomas White, Former Federal Finance Minister.

Addressing the Associated Boards of Trade banquet at Winnipeg recently, E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, said that one of the most significant facts of the conference was the desire of men from all parts of Canada to discuss the country's problems from an economic and national point of view, free from the bewildering influence of political partisanship. "This," Mr. Beatty said, "leads me to the inevitable conclusion that the question of Confederation on the principles of national unity which guided the fathers in establishing it cannot be solved by political manipulation, but only by that mental attitude which comes from understanding and is the result of honest education."

In order to achieve national prosperity, Mr. Beatty advocated an extensive immigration policy to supply the man power necessary for the "largest undeveloped country in the world." "If I had any suggestion to make in respect to this question," continued the president, "I would suggest that we take it out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations. We are apt to forget that the people who come to our shores are not so many hundreds or thousands of British or Continentals with or without settlers' effects. They are human beings, members of families who have torn themselves up from old homes, homes in some cases centuries old, to come and live in Canada, to be neighbours, if we are willing to be neighbourly, and to become good citizens if we only hold out a welcoming hand."

"We realize how great the wrench must be when we learn that some bring with them a handful of earth so that when the time comes for them to die in Canada it may be scattered over their coffins. I wonder how many Canadians, who have made the trek to the United States, have ever thought to carry with them a handful of Canadian soil. No immigration scheme for Canada can ever achieve success unless due allowance is made for such human factors."

On the same occasion Sir Thomas White, former Federal Minister of Finance, paid a high tribute to Mr. Beatty. Sir Thomas said that he had always looked upon Mr. Beatty as a representative Canadian who typified the qualities which are to be found in true Canadians. Mr. Beatty had carved his own niche in Canadian affairs and had made his own way in the world as in the manner of Canadians. As president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Beatty occupied one of the highest positions in the Dominion and was absolutely unspotted by his enormous success, and Sir Thomas liked to think that in this the former was also a characteristic Canadian.

Referring to the improvement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the former Finance Minister pointed out that the history of the Dominion and the Company were intertwined and could not be dissociated. The Canadian Pacific Railway had stood as the type of exemplary Canadian enterprise and courage in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Sir Thomas also commented favorably on the good work the Canadian Pacific Railway had done during the Great War, and later on in going about its work, at the request of the Government, in order to give employment to soldiers who were returning after the war.

ST. JOHN MAN PRESIDENT OF MARITIME C.T.A.

Halifax, Dec. 12.—Arrangements were set in motion at the annual meeting held here yesterday of the Maritime Commercial Travellers Association here next summer in conjunction with the annual convention of the Canadian Railway Passenger Agents.

Officers Elected.

L. M. Owens, Saint John formerly of Fredericton was elected president. Other officials were as follows: Vice-president, G. Stanley Lee, for Nova Scotia; M. P. Tilley, Prince Edward Island, and J. E. Fougere, New Brunswick. Directors: T. E. Givran, R. K. Kelly, W. P. Walsh, C. W. Smith, E. C. Townsend and J. D. Abraham, Nova Scotia; M. H. Dunlop, J. H. Pritchard, W. J. Wetmore, G. D. Ellis, C. G. Fraser and A. M. Dans for New Brunswick.

No increase in the membership was reported but the finances of the organization showed a healthy increase.

DECEMBER.

Now comes the season of the year When Henry and Mrs. Brown Argue the age-old question— Shall the window be up or down?

"Late again, O'Malley," roared the boss. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?" "Tis inherited, sir," answered O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

Oh has been a long time since we saw a hairpin on the sidewalk.

ciety to do. Similar work is done by lodges and other social and benevolent organizations. At least for the one day there will be plenty of good cheer in nearly every home in England.

EDITOR TELLS SOCIALISTS TO FIGHT FASCISM

Rome, Dec. 11.—Italian Socialists were called upon today by Pietro Nenni, former editor of the Avanti, official Socialist organ, to fight desperately against Fascism.

"Now is the time to strike the blow," said a message he addressed to the party, urging all branches of Socialism to unite just a moment when Fascism is about to obliterate the remnants of the party.

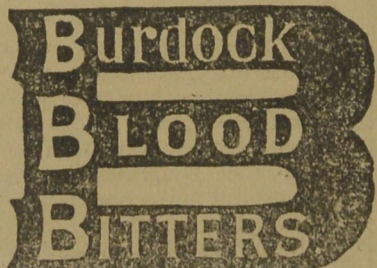
"It is necessary to resume the fight on all lines, legally and illegally, collectively and individually, with absolute intransigence against the Fascist regime, the Monarchists and the Bourgeoisie."

The message struck a sinister note when it said that the recently uncovered Zaniboni plot against the life of Premier Mussolini would be the beginning of others.

Was Nearly Crazy From Headaches

Miss K. Brill, 579 Redwood Ave., Winnipeg, Man., writes:—"I was troubled with such severe headaches that some times I was nearly crazy with them."

One day a friend told me about, and advised me to use



so I tried it, and it has done me a world of good. I just took two and a half bottles, and I haven't had a headache for a long time, now."

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