

FLOUR

24 lb. Bag \$1.30

98 lb. Bags
5 CROWN \$4.75
SNOW WHITE .. \$4.80
5 ROSES \$4.80
PURITY \$4.85

Oatmeal

20 lb Bag 90c.
90 lb. Bag \$3.35

Matches

5 BOXES FOR 50c.

Corn

2 TINS FOR 25c.

Corn Syrup

10 lb. Pail 75c.
5 lb. Tin 40c.
2 lb. Tin 19c.

Cake and

Biscuits

5—6 lb. Box
CREAM SODAS

13c lb.

5—8 lb. Box
MARITIME MIXED

18c lb.

5—8 lb. Box
PICTOU MIXED

18c lb.

VILLAGE CAKE
2 lbs for 25 cents.

20 lb. Box, 11c lb.

Starch

Laundry Mixed .. 10c lb

Corn Starch ... 10c pkg.

Lint 9c pkg.

Acme Gloss
13c, 2 for 25c.

Celluloid Starch
13c, 2 for 25c.

Perfect Seal

Jars

1 DOZ. PINTS \$1.50
1 DOZ. QUARTS .. \$1.85
1 DOZ. 1/2 GAL. ... \$2.60

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MARSEILLES, FRANCE, IS CITY OF COLORFUL LIGHTS; HAS A CHARM AND STYLE OF ITS OWN

It always makes me feel per-nickety and perverse when someone advises me not to visit a place. Immediately I become suspicious and acquire an aching desire to put that place on the map. It is on the same principle, I suppose, that a person "talked about" must be interesting writes Henry A. Phillips in World Traveler Magazine.

It was that way about Marseilles from the moment it was first mentioned on this particular trip. Some one yawned at the mention of the place and said: "Oh dear, no; we never stop there. We get out of the dirty, uninteresting place just as soon as the train will carry us." Another person had walked through the street—she could not remember the name—on being obliged, because of misconnection of trains, to remain there all night. And so on. Sooner or later Marseilles was not left a leg to stand on, nor a shred to cover its character.

Interest Grows.

And all the while it became more interesting to me. This attitude always makes me want to found a tourist home for neglected, indigent and disreputable old places.

I will put it down as an axiom that I have never found a so-called dirty place uninteresting. On the other hand, I have found many clean towns interesting. Finally, I never accept seriously the testimony of blind or absentee witnesses.

Now, aboard the train with me at the Gare de Lyons, Paris—if you happen to be coming down from the north—and allow about fourteen hours. Let us take for instance, the train that brings us into Marseilles at about 23 o'clock which is 11 o'clock at night in American. Here let all the scoffers continue their journey down the Riviera, while we go to one of the scores of hotels, ready for at least two delightful days that you shall remember always, with pleasure.

"The main artery"—to use the language of the travel surgeons—is the Rue Cannebiere. As the heroes of France increase, the Rue Cannebiere grows shorter, as it is the fashion to lop off a section now and then to rename it for some hero. Rue Cannebiere (and its supplements) runs from the old Port to the rather fine and tremendously large Gothic Church of St. Vincent de Paul. The Rue d'Aix a still broader boulevard which becomes the Rue de Rome after crossing Cannebiere, is the teeming centre of cafe and medium priced restaurant life. No place, even in Paris exceeds this half-mile of Rue d'Aix in its sidewalk eating and drinking activity. No place in the world excels it in "color." I hope you make its first acquaintance upon an evening as we did.

Sidewalks Are Wide.

The sidewalks are about forty feet wide—although the restaurants and cafes sprawl out over them, crowding throngs of people against each other, eating and drinking stands or stalls along the curbs. Most of the cafes are enclosed in glass during the winter months, or if not entirely enclosed they have esthetically devised glass and brass windbreaks.

The menus are posted outside so that you may take your choice of prices ranging from 6 to 22 francs for dinner (24 cents to 88 cents, at the time of my visit). It is well to take a place inside near a window if possible, where you may watch the crowd while eating a dinner that will enhance the beauty and color of any scene. The crowds never seem to diminish; they walk up and down leisurely—smoking, gesticulating, laughing, talking, always animated.

There are soldiers in the colonial khaki of active service with all the picturesque regimental uniforms represented; black Senegalese, Soudanese in red fezzes and baggy trousers. Some wearing steel helmets evidently are dated for immediate active service in Morocco. There are French sailors in their attractive French sailor hats with red popovms and light blue collars—sailors of all nations in fact.

Oriental wear Occidental dress, but always with some mark of the East which they cannot abandon. Here are the dandies of all nations—French, English, Italian, Spanish, American, each wearing some extravagance of vanity at which all the world save themselves smiles. And there are women, fascinatingly beautiful women, most of them dark luscious beauties of the southlands

some are painted and bedizened and short haired; others are still more charming in the mode of the pre war senorita, signorina or demoiselle.

Everybody is bent upon seeing and being seen admiring and being admired totally oblivious of the solemn things of life intent on the frivolous if you will the esthetic side of life. They are enjoying themselves in a lush sense of the word, while we New Worldlings with out mechanical made to order jazz "system" of pleasure, may only enviously look on.

Most of the stalls that line the curb are offering some of the dozen kinds of shell fish in which Marseilles is rich. Soldiers and sailors and citizens stand quaffing the succulent shell fish with audible relish, just squeezing a drop of lemon on it and tipping it into their mouths. Or if it is not sea food, it is soul food—booth after booth of lowers of all colors, mixed and mingled with all the art of a chromatic cocktail. These flowers are inexpensive and everybody, rich or poor buys them. They have a silly way of putting them on the tables as though they were food, often garnishing even peasants' bread do with such people? Our charity organizations would be after them.

All the while above this pleasant murmur of happy people may be heard the single curse of Marseilles—the eternal din of horns. Every known vehicle carries a horn—and blows it continuously. They are of the honking kind which we abandoned years ago because they stamped the pedestrian. The Marseilles taxis always dash along at a mad pace, blowing their horns hell-bent. The sound is as though the streets were filled with hurt animals, honking, whining, groaning, moaning and shrieking. And the noise goes on all night long.

The first thing in the morning a trip well worth the effort is to go down to the Veux Port, along the quais. On the way you will pass one flower market in particular where there are a score of glorified thrones, or pulpits, in which usually sit fat ladies surrounded by all the varieties of glorious blossoms seen in the windows of the fashionable florists at home. A few cents will buy her a bunch of rainbow blue.

In the old port, or inner harbor you will find every type of vessel—English yachts, small steamers from every known port, queer-shaped sailing vessels from Algiers, a freighter under repair, a French destroyer, scores of launches with the boatmen trying to entice you to ride with them over to Chateau d'If or to be ferried across the harbor.

Girls work on the quais or in neighboring warehouses and fish markets. Usually they wear sabots with short, coarse, purple woolen socks. Sailors of all nations swagger along and soldiers are every where, this being the port of embarkation for Morocco. A walk of a half mile brings us to the Transporter bridge, one of the mechanical curiosities of the world, I should say. It spans the end of the basin by means of two steel towers, 250 feet high, from which swings a bridge, on cables, that plies at frequent intervals back and forth between the two shores like a giant crane. One may take an elevator to the spanning bridge above and get a splendid view of the city and its basins and outer harbor and islands. There is a restaurant there, too.

Across the Transporter bridge, skirting the old city, are towering warehouses and tenements with twenty foot wide streets that are more picturesque than clean. The people and their language here, are no longer French, but Italian. In front of one cafe I saw two Arabs and nearby were several negroes from some of France's African colonies. On this side of the Quai you will find something to excite all the five senses—sometimes favorably, sometimes not.

It is luncheon time, so we shall cross the Quai again to the celebrated shell-fish quarter to sample the dish for which Marseilles is famed—bouillabaisse. Bouillabaisse is a kind of thick soup, made of fish boiled in oil, flavored with laurel leaves, onions, garlic and tomatoes and colored with saffron. The soup is poured on thick slices of bread while the fish is served in a separate dish. Among the said fish, of which there are four or five varieties, is the langoustine, a kind of lobster.

A NATIONAL PROGRAM TO BE BROADCASTED

Broadcast listeners of half the country will hear programs from the Radio World's Fair, to be held in New Madison Square Garden, New York City, Sept. 13-18, just as they heard the dramatic proceedings of the Democratic National Convention from the old Madison Square Garden. This is made possible by the elaborate broadcast arrangements now being perfected for the exposition, preliminary announcement of which has just been made by C. Clayton Irwin, Jr., the general manager.

It was planned to have a national program—the first in history, of its kind; a program made up of the favorite artists sent by the largest cities of the United States, by popular vote of the public. It is impossible to carry out this idea this year, but several cities will send representatives, to open this plan as an annual feature, and it is hoped that next year fifty cities will be on the schedule.

However, there is no question as to the star programs that will be presented, afternoons and evenings, with the greatest radio artists at addresses by notables in many fields.

The various stations will be linked up by telephone wires direct from the central broadcasting studio or through the main studios of principal stations.

The central control board, to accommodate this broadcasting, is a distinctive engineering achievement, and the visitors to the Radio World's Fair will be able to watch its operation, just as they can actually see the events in the studio and hear the music over special amplifiers in all parts of the immense auditorium.

AIRPLANE SAFE AS BUGGY RIDE

Philadelphia, Aug. 18—Flying either by airship of airplanes need not now be considered dangerous in the opinion of two widely known experts on aerial navigation.

If the navigator of an airship knows and understands the laws governing atmospheric variations there is "not one chance in a million" to stop an airship from going where he wants it to go. Capt. Anton Heinen, noted German dirigible pilot, told the Allentown Rotary club last night. He said the dirigible has solved the last riddle of air transportation.

At the same time Maj. Lester D. Gardner, of New York, announced here that a "fool-proof" airplane, a new kind of a machine which "any body can learn to fly in a half hour," will be exhibited at the National Air Races to be held here Sept. 4 to 11, in connection with the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition.

Capt. Heinen's talk before the Rotary Club was a staunch defense of the dirigible. He dwelt extensively on the possibilities of commercial use of airships and said that trans-Atlantic transportation is possible in the very near future "at a cost of one cent a passenger per mile."

The plane described by Maj. Gardner is known as an autogiro. He said its exhibition in England recently created more of a sensation than was caused when the Wright brothers first flew in 1903, and will convince visitors to the air races that flying need not be a hazardous occupation.

"Several characteristics make the autogiro unique," Maj. Gardner said. "If the engine stops, the plane descends so slowly that it can be landed in a tennis court. If desired it can make a speed of more than a mile a minute. It can also fly at the rate of 10 miles an hour."

SERVICE.

(New York Sun.)

Among the delights of summer auto touring, not the least—to the woman, at any rate—is noting the unusual signs which one sees along the roadside, especially if the ride gets away from the beaten path.

On a recent trip to central Vermont the two signs that amused the Woman most were the following:

"Fresh Eggs Laid While You Wait."
"This Road Leads to Lake Arlington—Drive In."

"Hello! Hello! Is this you, Mac?"
"Ay."
"Is this MacPherson I'm talkin' to?"

"Ay, speakin'."
"Well, Mac, it's like this: I want to borrow \$10—"

"All right. I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

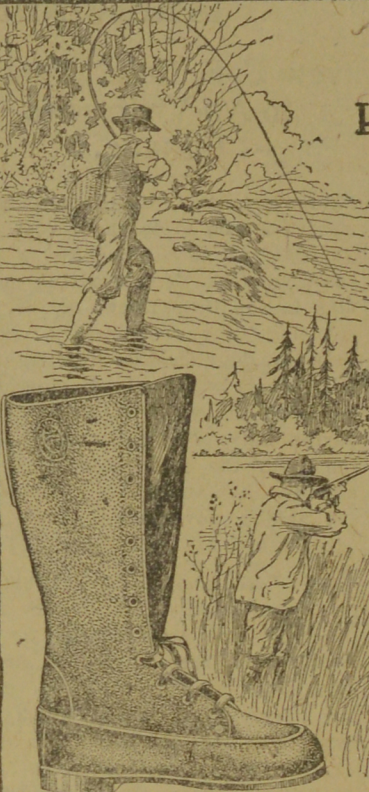
Few fruits have hit the public in the eye the way grapefruit and oranges have.

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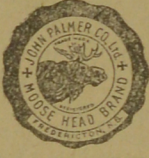
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