

DARK ALLEY IS A PUBLIC PLACE

Halifax, Aug. 1—Something in the nature of a precedent was established in the Police Court when Stipendiary Cluney ruled that a dark alley is so a public place and accordingly discharged a young man who was charged with violating the dry law by drinking in public.

Douglas McDonald first appeared in Court yesterday as a witness for May Wagner charged with selling liquor contrary to the provisions of the N. S. Temperance Act. McDonald was identified by raiding police officers as the man seen drinking in the Wagner resort but when placed on the witness stand McDonald swore he had not had a drink in question other than a couple he took in the alleyway adjoining the Wagner place.

As a consequence of this evidence he was arrested and charged with drinking.

At Coney Island:

"I love the ocean" she said "It is so vast so free."

"Yes" he said "It's vast all right but here it costs 50 cents to get into it."

IN THE SUN.

Here in the park where the green things grow,
The old men sit row on row
Battered and worn in the warm sun's glow,
And dream of the things that were.

The children play near the old one's feet
And lift their voice in laughter sweet
While the old men's thoughts go
back to meet

The ghosts of the babies they were.
Off from the path in the elm trees shade
Two lovers sit, a youth and a maid
Then the old men sigh as there
parade
The wraiths of the loves that were.

Thus it seems the plan of the Wiser
One
That man shall start and end in the sun,
The young to dream of the to-be-done
The old of the things that were.
—ALBERT THOMAS in New York Sun.

Note to the cartoonist: Please draw a picture of a thermometer armed with a sledgehammer, in hot pursuit of the prophet who said 1926 would be a year without a summer.

LOAF AND LIVE LONG, SAYS CHEERY DOCTOR

Siasconset, Nantucket, Aug. 2—Loaf and live long, is the cheery advice given out today by Dr. Edward Hiram Reed of Washington, who came here for a dose of his own medicine.

"Mr. Tired Business Man and his wife don't know how to take a vacation," was another saucerful that Dr. Reed handed out. "Idleness is becoming an absent art."

"Idleness is to the mind what cod liver oil is to the body. It is a tonic that the American race needs more than any other."

So spake this keen-eyed doctor, who gave valuable services to the U. S. government during the war, and who, with Harvey O'Higgins, is the author of "The American Mind in the Making."

"Imitate the cat," he said. "Stretch out in the sun and just do nothing."

Jessie—Oh well it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

Jim—Yes it is better for the florists, jewellers, confectioners and sometimes for the lawyers.

MUD BATH THRILLS ARE FEW AND FAR APART; AN ENGLISH WRITER TELLS OF EXPERIENCE

A kur-ort is a place in which the truly alive undergo something like a temporary death, and the half alive are galvanized into something like the appearance of life. I am not, of course, referring to those Mediterranean beauty spots to which society resorts to kill time and ennui under blue skies by means of ravishing clothes, elegant cavaliers and tennis during the day, and (if we are to believe the illustrated press) toilettes more ravishing, cavaliers more elegant, dancing and gambling during the night. The kur-ort of our experience is quite different, being resorted to mostly by women who are neither beautiful nor elegant, and by the kind of men whom Julius Caesar wished to have about him, writes a Marienbad correspondent of the Manchester Guardian.

It is not the season, and Marienbad is "empty"—only you would never have noticed this yourself, since it is almost impossible to get a room in a decent but not too wildly expensive hotel; to get two places for dinner or lunch you must go half an hour ahead of the usual time, and to get your bath tickets you must wait an hour and a half in the doctor's waiting room.

The Doctor's Waiting Room.

The gate to the kur is through the doctor's waiting room, since no bath tickets are issued except by the order of a recognized kur-doctor. Here the visitor waits from an hour to an hour and a half once a week throughout his stay, at the end of which he will apologetically pay the doctor large sums of money for the privilege. At whatever hour one presents one's self, the hall is full of hats, sticks, and, alas, umbrellas and raincoats, but our doctor knows how to make every patient feel he is receiving special attention. You know and he knows, that he is not the least necessary to your kur. You have come with your disease diagnosed and prescribed for by your own specialist. But that will not help you. The kur-ort doctor smiles at the efforts of the tyro to evade his consulting room. "Couldn't you write me out the whole fifteen baths at once, doctor? Then I needn't trouble you by coming every week?" Oh, no! He couldn't do that, that would never do! He must keep a control over your progress, watch your heart, he must, in a word, earn sufficient in a short three months to justify the high rent of his rooms for the whole year.

The day begins early, since many are cruelly advised to drink bitter waters an hour before breakfast, and 9 o'clock after breakfast is the favorite hour for baths, mud or carbonic acid. The band begins playing on the promenade at 7 and by 8.30 the favorite conditiorel is almost empty for an hour or so. Unlike most kur-orts, Marienbad has rejected the full-board principle, and meals are taken separately, mostly in restaurants and bakers' shops, all of which provide for vegetarian and even diabetic diet.

Salutes Numerous.

At your first appearance in the hall downstairs, the lift-man, the porter, the man in the green apron and the little boy on the high stool all jump to attention and all say "Guten-tag!" Should you but go to the door, shake your head at the rain and return instantly, deciding to wait till it is over, or to order breakfast in your room, your reappearance and your every further appearance throughout the day, will be greeted in exactly the same way. You may try to amuse yourself by beginning to count the number of times in one day you are obliged to say "Guten-tag!" but somewhere about 501 the occupation becomes monotonous. You may vary it with "Gruss Gottli!" (they sometimes do, with Kusse die Hand) you may try it in different octaves, on different notes, but it never fails to irritate you. And yet it is done solely and simply to give pleasure, indeed, it seems to be the one principle firmly inculcated into the heads of little boys who aspire to be hall porters, lift-men or waiters—never to lose an opportunity for greeting the gentry.

The time between baths, meals and resting between baths and meals is usually spent either knocking hopelessly at the unresponsive dials of barometers or sitting on the promenade and watching the endless stream of walkers and bathers. The crowd is only to a certain extent cosmopolitan. Russians, those generous patrons of all-European baths in more spacious days are now few; England contributes practically nothing to the kur-list, and although many American addresses are shown therein, the names are seldom Anglo-Saxon.

And so one sits on the beaches on the promenade and watches the crowd go by, every now and then catching a strain from the orchestra which conscientiously endeavors to drown the

ceaseless babble of talk—Poles, Germans, Czechs and Austrians, and Jews of all nationalities, a sprinkling of Rabbis, with long, black gabardines, broad-brimmed black hats, long black beards and sombre, black eyes. Every degree of obesity is shamelessly displayed. Waistcoats often come into view some seconds before their owners. Eyes (are they really the windows of the soul?) gleam wickedly between rolls of fat, or stare flat and lustreless over sockets of wrinkled discolored flesh.

Mud Baths.

The only place in which boredom can be banished is in the bath itself, especially in the mud-bath. Here, at least, are life and energy to be observed before you get into your bath and warmth and delightful relaxation for the twenty minutes' duration of the bath. The girl bangs the door with a cheerful "Gude Bade," and leaves you wonderfully alone in a dreamy, dim, mud-scented vacuum. Time and space disappear, the warm mud supports you and envelops you; you dream, you drowse with no pre-occupation but to keep your hands (in the interests of your finger-nails!) out of the mud. After all, this is the kur, this is what you came for! Irritations disappear, longings for intelligent recreation seem absurd. Merely to lie gently sweating in the embrace of the warm mud seems to be a sufficient justification of existence. . . . But the bell must be rung, the mud must be washed off, clothes resumed, and with clothes, the lifeless life of the kur-ort.

There are recreations in plenty offered by the management. It is not the lack of these, not even perhaps the quality of them, that makes the life of the kur-ort so devastatingly boring. It cannot be this, for even people with manifestly low demands in the way of amusement move here in a sort of cloud of boredom, apparent in their eyes and movement. It is rather that we live in a sort of Victorian Lotus-land, a land where it is always afternoon, where no one is seen to hurry, where everything is ordered exclusively for our convenience. A Lotus-land, however, foreign to all sensual of aesthetic aspirations, a parody of Lotus-land.

On the afternoons the dansees proceed on the balconies and terraces of the restaurants scattered about the slopes of the wooded hills. Slips of girls and wisps of young men, professional fox-trotters, dance with enormous elderly men and hugely stout women. The bulk and age of most of their partners make the slimmest and youth of these "instructors" appear almost fantastic.

Three weeks and more of this crowd will have returned to normal life, from this life of futility, of endless pre-occupation, with one's self. To normal life, with its healthy demands on one's time, one's energy and one's spirit. Everything comes to an end—even three weeks.

GOLD RUSH IN CALIFORNIA

Sonora, Cal., Aug. 2—California's latest gold rush in the Sonora country has proved that the ancient lure of the yellow bonanza still tempts.

Virtually all the district around Deadman's creek, just this side of Sonora pass, has been staked out. Two locations just recorded comprise a strip of land along the creek 12,000 feet long and 600 feet wide.

Bathtubs on the stage may still be regarded with distavor, but just imagine the real help they would be if some opera singers were allowed to sing in them.

George Bernard Shaw in refusing a cake on his 7th birthday attributed his health to his diet. And also to the fact that he never strained himself blowing out candles.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Blackheads

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads: that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxine powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.



Train de luxe of the Canadian National Railways, the Continental Limited leaves Montreal daily at 10.15 p.m. for Winnipeg, Edmonton, Jasper and Vancouver. This famous train follows the scenic route across Canada, crosses the Rockies in view of the mightiest peaks, at the easiest gradient and lowest altitude of all transcontinental trains. Equipped with Radio and every other modern invention that tends for greater travelling safety and comfort—it is the Luxury Train to the Coast.

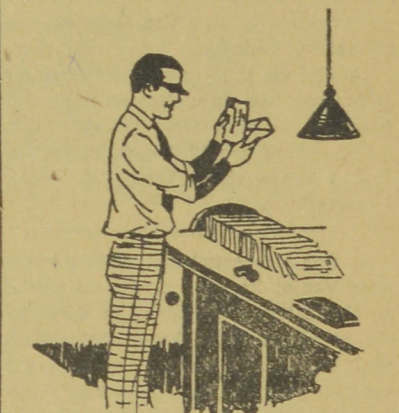
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BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time, all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until other mail has been handled.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Symthe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York 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 St. John and Aberdeen 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 St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

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"14⁹⁸ as Advertised"

HOW do you spell "financially?" asked a college student of his roommate.

"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," said the room-mate, spelling out the word slowly. As an afterthought, he added: "And 'embarrassed' has two r's and two s's."

How often have you said to a salesman, "That's more than I care to pay"? If you had known the price in advance you would have been spared this little embarrassment. That's one of the great services rendered by newspaper advertising.

By reading the newspaper advertisements before going to the stores, you know what you will have to pay for an article. You need not reveal your financial status to a salesman. You perhaps do not like to ask the price of goods anyhow. If the merchant has told you the price in his newspaper advertisement, you do not have to ask.

Any way you figure it out, IT PAYS YOU TO READ THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. REGULARLY! The one advertisement you skip may contain just the news you would have welcomed. READ ALL THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. KEEP INFORMED.

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