

## EX-SOLICITOR GENERAL SPOKE AT MONCTON

Moncton, Aug. 23—Before an audience of some 800 people assembled in the Arena rink, Hon. Lucien Cannon, former Solicitor-General in the Mackenzie King administration, propounded the policies of the Liberal party. After making a short speech in French in which he exchanged cordial wishes from the province of Quebec, Hon. Mr. Cannon proceeded in English and spoke upon the various questions at issue in the campaign. Hon. Fred Magee, of Port Elgin, former M. L. A., also spoke. Senator C. W. Robinson presided.

## HON. E. LAPOINTE CAMPAIGNING IN MADAWASKA

Edmundston, Aug. 23—The constitutional issue was a matter of common sense, Hon. Ernest Lapointe former Minister of Justice told a large outdoor meeting here this afternoon. "Was it justice," was asked, "to refuse dissolution to a government that had carried on the business of the country for over six months and then grant it to Mr. Meighen after a term of three days in office." He referred briefly to the "Margaret" case. Other speakers included Hon. J. E. Michaud, J. F. Pouliot, ex M. P. for Temiscouata, E. Blanchard, Liberal candidate in Restigouche-Madawaska and Eugene Marquis, Quebec.

Teacher—Children what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?  
Children—The driver.

## HON. MR. KING AT WOODSTOCK THIS AFTERNOON

Woodstock, Aug. 24—Right. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, former Prime Minister of Canada, arrived from Sherbrook at noon and will address a public meeting of the electors this afternoon. Should the weather be favorable he will speak at an open air meeting on Island Park. Local Liberals have made extensive preparations for the visit of the Premier and a large number of people are here to greet him.

## CHURCH AGAINST BIG FIGHT AT PHILADELPHIA

Attacking the Sesquicentennial Exposition management for agreeing to stage the Dempsey-Tunney bout in the Philadelphia Stadium and comparing the so-called manly art to Spanish bull-fighting the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from its Washington headquarters has called upon the people of Philadelphia to make a demand "that the threatened disgrace of the city be averted." "A report that the Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia has been sold out to Tex Rickard for one day and that the Exposition to participate in the profits of a prize fight is distressing to Christian people," said the board. "The good people of Philadelphia ought to demand that the threatened disgrace of their city be averted. The Sesquicentennial is international in character, representative of American civilization. What it is proposing to do it has no moral right to do, in view of its representative nature."

## HOBOS KEEP AN EYE ON THE JOB BULLETINS

New York, Aug. 24—Wall Street is the barometer of big business, but there is another gauge equally important for "the man in the street." It has no special designation, is not graced with a name and does not give out statements, but its quotations are posted daily.

This barometer consists of the employment agencies which centre around the Forties of Sixth avenue, and are scattered elsewhere in the city. The location is in itself an unusual one. One block to the east is the exclusive shopping district of Fifth avenue, and one block to the west is the Broadway playground.

The agencies maintain large bulletin boards in front of their small places with small slips of paper pasted to them. Each is the offer of a job.

One will herald the need of a "Dishwasher, \$20 weekly," another for a laborer at slightly more. Some recruit jobs in town, but the majority of them are from far places. Many of jobs are "sight unseen" with certain wages offered and transportation to some distant place.

### Food is a Factor

The matter of transportation and "board" is important to the applicants for few visit these sidewalk agencies until every other source has been exhausted. At present there are far more offers of jobs than takers, as a man finds it easier to shift with no money in the summer than in colder weather.

Standing in knots on the sidewalk, workmen will discuss the notices, much as brokers downtown discuss prices, sales and market conditions of certain stocks.

Here the talk is about the range of wages and the comparative desirability of shipping to a lumber camp in Minnesota or a railway camp in Arizona.

Visitor—Does your stenographer waste much time?  
Boss—I should say not, she's been here four weeks and is engaged to the junior member.

Policeman (picking up pedestrian)—Did you get the number of the car.  
Victim—Yes, but never mind. It was my cook's machine and I don't want any trouble with her.

## AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER HAS DISCOVERED DENMARK; FINDS THE LAND FULL OF ACTIVITY

There can be no country, certainly no old-established country in Europe, which is in quite such a curious situation as Denmark. There she lies, in the centre of the Scandinavian world, at the same time one of the most visited and the least visited lands in Europe, writes J. M. N. Jeffries in the London Daily Mail.

Her many visitors, apart from the Danes from America, are all of one category. They are all experts. Specialists, theorists, professors, scholastic envoys and scientific delegates, the whole international army of makers and breakers of bluebooks upon schooling and farming stream every year through Denmark in a search for northern light upon the problems which occupy them.

For Denmark has much to tell the members of that army on these questions, in her treatment of which she may be said to lead the world, and the flapping of their notebooks and the scratch of their pencils as they take it down can be heard in Iceland when the expert season is at its full.

### Familiar to Few.

On the other hand, to the general public, to the average traveler, and even to the habitual tourist, this ancient kingdom, one of the true heirlooms of the human race, is almost as unfamiliar as Arabia. You will find more books of a non-technical character concerning Arabia on the shelves of British booksellers than you will find books upon Denmark. A recent inquiry at one of London's most widely stocked firms ended in the production of six, two of which were technical, one an old pamphlet, and two works printed in the eighteenth century. Such is the reward of virtue.

For the last sixty years, too, her history would appear to have been as quiet as her scenery, which contains no great rivers or lakes or mountains. Indeed, for their nearest approach to a mountain Danes have to go to sea. The best they have in the way of vertical earth is the island of Bornholm, which is far away in the Baltic, over 100 miles from Copenhagen. It rises to about 540 feet and would do nicely as a rest-cure home for members of the Alpine Club.

One way and another, therefore, her native tranquillity has kept Denmark in the background. Even the great Baedeker himself, obliged to produce a guide-book covering the three Scandinavian countries, obviously dallied in Sweden and Norway with rod and line and, as he starred a salmon-pool, sent the boy off to do a bit about Denmark.

My own feelings, I confess, as I approached its coasts were not entirely sanguine. I felt that if there were anything to write about it would surely have been written long ago. But it was one of the lovely summer evenings of these latitudes, and as we neared Esbjerg, from the low-lying stretches of land around it there was borne out to sea such a wild, sweet odor of health as I recall nowhere else. It beautified the small seaport, which otherwise had little to distinguish it except that it looked very like some small English port, as, indeed, Denmark does resemble England generally.

Perhaps I was in the mood for it, but in any case the breath from the land seemed to me to come as a sort of portent. Here was Nature working a pleasant surprise, and I said to myself that I should find in this unknown country, things as simple and as splendid in their way as the smell of the heather blowing from Jutland.

Nor was I wrong in that first intuition. Next day took me to Elsinore which recently celebrated its five hundredth anniversary. The sun shone on the old streets, on the scarlet-roofed and gabled houses, on the sixteenth century apothecary's with the crowned swan on its painted walls, on the old timbered lanes and the dark red churches. The waters of the Sound lapped upon the wharves and there was a vigor in the air, full of salt and of tar and wet with the whispers of the sea.

### Children Everywhere.

Everywhere were the children of the Dane, boys and girls alike with their blue eyes like fresh-opened mirrors, their corn-colored hair tossing as they ran down the Stengade beneath the banners, which tossed, too, in a red and white flood above them. Every house in that street was alight with the Dannebrog, the white cross on the flame-tongued flag which has flown unaltered over Denmark since the days when our King John was facing his barons. On the same site, under the same banner, children with the same hair and eyes had danced in 1426, 1326—yes, and 1226. Their descendants, as they ran about that afternoon or walked in demure files beneath their teachers' care, were like so many living monuments to the magnificent permanence of a small race.

There are not three and half million Danes yet, and when you think of the assaults of the centuries and of the great composite races environing them, the first wonder of Denmark you realize, is that she is there at all.

## A BLIND MAN WHO IS ABLE TO DRIVE A CAR

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 24—De Witt Smith, blind since he was 15 years old, has driven a motor car for the last seven years.

He does not walk in the streets—says it is dangerous, but with some one beside him he can and does drive an automobile anywhere. He never speeds because, as he says, when he starts he wants to get there. There is only one bad thing about motor cars, in his opinion, and that is changing tires—it gets his hands so greasy. But he does that, too, and without help.

For 12 years Smith has been telephone operator at a sub-station here and is one of the best known figures in Atlanta. They call him "the man who can do anything." He knows thousands of citizens by their voices and remembers scores of telephone numbers.

## WATER FALL GOES DRY

Quebec, Aug. 24—Fear is entertained by farmers that unless rainfalls are recorded within a few days some crops in this district will be greatly affected and losses sustained in many cases.

Reports received from Montmorency Falls are to the effect that the water is very low, and at some points the historic cataract has lost all its magnificence, there being only a little stream of water.

chains on a car—it gives you a fresh grip on the high road of life. Our modern conveniences make us soft, just like rain softens a dirt road. Sunshine and air, wind and a little rain are necessary to harden us for the winter. If you want to renew your grip on life—go motor camping."

### JAPANESE TRAFFIC RULES.

While the automobiles used in Japan are, for the most part, of American make, existing traffic rules can be said to be more completely Japanese. In one of Japan's largest police stations there is posted on a bulletin board the following "Suggestions of the Road—Tokio":

- 1—At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.
- 2—Do not pass policeman or otherwise disrespect him.
- 3—When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle home; trumpet at him, melodiously first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor, and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi, Hi".
- 4—Beware the wandering horse, that he shall not take fright as you pass him by; do not explode an exhaust blow at him. Go soothingly by.
- 5—Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
- 6—Avoid entanglements of the dog with the wheel spokes.
- 7—Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurks the skid demon. Tie on weed chains on to kill the demon.
- 8—Press the brakes of the foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.

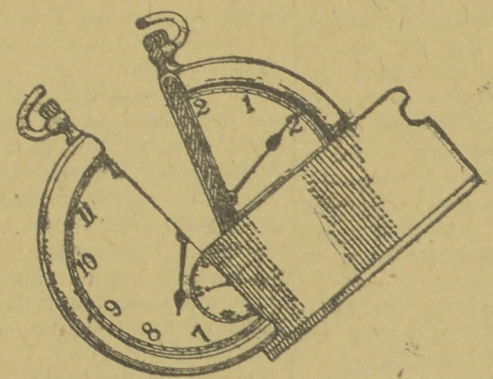
## MOTOR CAMPING ALWAYS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS AN INDIVIDUAL

At about this time of the year the lakes, the green fields and the starry dome of open air nights exercise their great magnetism. The invigorating churn of business life is lost in the vision of fences overflung with ivy, moss clad slopes and sparkling streams. The blinking of the traffic semaphores lose their colorful glow in the imagination that seems the sailing silver disk of night, alternately revealed and concealed by hurried fleecy clouds. Any inspiration that might be engendered by domestic or commercial activity is quite effectually killed by the desire to watch a wisp of camp fire over which is broiling a slice of trout or a slice of blue-gill. Even backyard farming loses its novelty and charm during late August when, with the radishes and onions long since gone, the sweet corn is tending to toughness and the tomatoes are becoming a bit spotted. It is then that many of us take time out to refresh ourselves with a three or six day motor trip. Not far—just an easy little jaunt to a nearby river or lake beauty spot best known to ourselves.

This year, it has been estimated, more than 35 million people embarked on motor tours. That is a third of our population—by far the greatest number of people ever effected by one means for outing. Motor touring and motor vacationing have gripped the nation as no other single instrumentality for pleasure. Horse racing in its hey-day of popularity, Jack Dempsey in the prime of his pushing power, Red Grange in his speediest and longest runs, Babe Ruth in his mightiest of swats, never attracted the undivided attention of 35 million people. No jiggling Charleston or shaking Memphis shimmy has ever succeeded in setting a third of our population in motion. To the automobile must go

the laurel wreath for having made this nation comparable to an ant hill.

That this is altogether good is proved by the returning millions from their trips, and reaffirmed by an eminent Chicago physician who remarked: "Motor camping is good for what ails you. Motor camping—getting out in the fresh air is like putting weed



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but it can pull your eyes open at a certain hour every morning, determine whether you dress the right or left foot first, drop a fixed amount of sugar into your breakfast coffee—free your mind for thoughts that demand actual choice.

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