

A SATURDAY NIGHT SPENT IN YARMOUTH, G. B. DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR

(M. W. Bingay in Detroit News.)
Yarmouth, England, Nov. 16—All day long the English fleets of fishing boats were bringing in their loads of herring, but not a Scotch ship left its moorings. No Scotch ship ever does on Sunday. And when the English fleets go to Scottish waters, they, too, must observe the law of the seventh day.

But, off Yarmouth, that is different. The Englishman with his practical mindedness lacks the mysticism of the Scot. He blends his religion with the practicalities of life. Fish are fish and work is work and the season is short. And so the quays, miles long, saw only English vessels on this day of the Lord.

"Sandy" and "Jock" wudna violate the Sabbath day, but they did go to the docks by the many thousands to study and make remarks (a bit caustic at times) about the technique of their English brethren.

But the men who went down to the sea in ships, Sabbath or no Sabbath, paid no heed. They had been storm tossed through the night; so hard was their battle that they could not empty their nets, but left them as they were when they hauled them in. We watched them as they worked, releasing their catch from the meshes—nets three-quarters of a mile long.

They looked haggard and worn from their night of battle but they worked with the energy of a fresh Ford hand on a lathe. The majestic dignity of their strength as they bent to their burdens! They wore great yellow oilskins and high boots. Hats they had tossed aside. The

boots and skins had not been taken off throughout the night.

Once the nets were clear, the herring were emptied on to the quay in the great double baskets, but they had to be salted and held for cleaning, until Monday. Only the 5,000 Scotch lassies down here for that purpose know that trick and like their 'brithers,' they will 'no violate th' Sabbath.'

Because of the English battles with the seas and their labors with the nets and the fish the Britons were sleeping the sleep of the exhausted, and it became Scotch night in Yarmouth this Sunday. The shibboleth was a burr on the tongue.

Lassies There.

All the lassies were there it seemed, all the 5,000 of them. And dressed? Shades of Cinderella! At work they wear high hipped boots, oilcloth mother-hubbard (or whatever it is those things are called), woolen sweaters and scarfs. They reek with the odor of fish and are covered with scales from head to foot. But Sunday night!

Ah! Sunday night is the night of nights. Especially, ye ken, if it is a braw bricht moonlicht night. And it was. They stepped forth. They could win the eye of many an admirer along Piccadilly, Broadway, Michigan Boulevard or Woodward ave., or any other street of any other city in the world. The eternal feminine is in them.

Rich furs, snappy coats, short skirts, silk hose, daintily clad feet in the latest of up-to-date pumps. All for Jock and Sandy. Neither Jock

nor Sandy change their costumes. They wear the same neat blue sweaters and the same wide sailor trousers and the same gray caps. I have seen about 15,000 of them and their dress never varies. One would think it were the uniform of some school.

Up and down King street they wing. There is not a policeman in sight anywhere. No need. It is the Sabbath. The gaiety of Saturday night is gone. The girls walk in pairs and most of the lads yawn and ignore them. The strange half Gaelic, half Scotch accent is soothing as they talk to each other. It is soft and musical.

The lights of the churches flash on. Many churches. The sound of the organs and the singing of the hymns can be heard faintly in the street. The churches are all packed to the doors with solemn faced sailors from the Scotia. Those on the streets move quietly and say little now.

Out of the stillness of the night there comes the sound of stirring music, far down the streets:

"Onward Christian soldiers,
"Marching as to war . . ."

It is the Salvation Army band, 30 pieces strong, swinging into action along King street. It is a beautifully disciplined band. The old crowd at Michigan and Third street could not have played any better. With the hosts of the valiant following, they stop in front of "Ye Old White Swan Inn" which is the rendezvous of the fishing lads. They continue to play while the familiar circle is formed.

An innately eloquent old lady says a simple but effective prayer. She is followed by a big fellow who plays one of those things you push in and out and make squeak tunes. What he lacked in musical skill he made up in ardor.

The thousands of fishermen looked

THE WIFE OF A NOTED AIRMAN TELLS OF MESSAGES SHE GOT FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD

London, Nov. 21—A vivid description of how Capt. W. G. R. Hinchliffe and the Hon. Elsie Mackay, daughter of Lord Inchcape, lost their lives last March on their attempted flight from England to North America, as told to Mrs. Hinchliffe by her husband's spirit from "the other side," will be given by her in a lecture here tonight.

According to Mrs. Hinchliffe, who will tell her audience that she is now a convinced spiritualist, Hinchliffe and Miss Mackay were drowned off the Azores March 14 after their storm-wrecked airplane crashed into the sea.

Mrs. Hinchliffe's lecture, of which the World obtained an advance copy, will be presided over by Miss Estel Stead, daughter of the famous spiritualist, and will be held under the auspices of her spiritualist organization, the W. T. Stead Borderland Library.

Mrs. Hinchliffe says she obtained the fullest details of the air tragedy in a seance she had here May 22 with a trance medium, Mrs. J. W. Garrett of the London Spiritual Alliance. Here is Mrs. Hinchliffe's description of what happened at that seance as contained in her speech:

At First Sitting.

"May 22 I had my first sitting with the trance medium, Mrs. Garrett. I had asked Mrs. Earl (the pseudonym of an amateur medium here who wrote Mrs. Hinchliffe on April 13, that she had received spirit communications from Hinchliffe) to accompany me, as it all seemed so strange to me and I did not want to be alone with the medium in a trance.

"I want to point out that Mrs. Garrett had no idea who I was. Following is an extract from my first sitting. Uvanhi (Mrs. Garrett's 'control') described an old lady named Elizabeth Quite right—my grandmother.

"Then she described my husband perfectly. My husband, through Uvanhi, commented upon several matters—private from my point of view—about which the medium could not possibly have known. He asked for Joan, our daughter. He mentioned people who were there with him—friends of his who passed over some years ago. He then described his last flight after he had left the Irish coast.

"It appears that after leaving the Irish coast at 2 p. m. he flew in a northwesterly direction at a speed of 80 to 90 miles an hour for eight hours until 10 p. m., so he had flown practically 700 miles. The weather

on in respectful, even reverential, attention. A strikingly handsome youth stepped to the center and made a fine, sincere and simple address to the hardy battlers of the deep. He told of the fishermen who had carried on the faith of the Lord. If they were stirred by the divine fire of his faith they did not show it. These men who face death daily are not easily moved.

I was wishing that Joe Kramer had been with me to make some of those famous sketches of his of those faces. In the halcyon days long gone we used to do just such stunts along the docks at the foot of Bates street with Al Jones.

The leader called for the band again. The music was soft and soothing, as befitted the occasion. Following which a hymn was asked. It was one of the good old-time hymns of the Campus Martius days: "Let the Blessed Sun Shine In."

It was going beautifully, everybody joining in with great gusto, but at the height of its spiritual and emotional manifestation something happened. As if by a given signal, the crowd melted away, far, far faster than the dew upon the desert's dusty face. I was puzzled at first, and then I realized.

It was 7 o'clock and the public houses had opened for the evening hours.

Sandy and Jock will na violate th' Sabbath day, but a mon must hae his willie-daught er th' nicht is oot! As the Rev. Dr. Hugh Jack, chairman of the Pickwick Club, would say:

"Willawins!"

was not bad at first, but the clouds were dense.

"At 10 p. m., he said, 'I altered my course to a little more north, and I think I must have reached something like 100 miles per hour. In the two hours from 10 p. m. to midnight I therefore covered another 200 miles or nearly so, before I encountered bad weather. This can be proved from the time I left land, as I know the meteorological service has weather charts of the Atlantic.'

"I want to point out here," continues Mrs. Hinchliffe's lecture, "that this has been proved and that on the night of March 18 bad weather in the Atlantic started between 700 and 800 miles west of Ireland. My husband then proceeded with the account of his flight as follows:

Changed Course.

"We got right into the storm and the force of the gale was terrible. It broke one strut of the machine and another strut cracked. Canvas was tearing and one plug in the engine was missing. The further I went on in the direction of the American continent the heavier the storm became. I knew by midnight that it would be impossible to reach America and then I thought of the Leeward Island. (He explained that he meant the island situated to the leeward). Therefore, at midnight I deliberately changed my course to due south.

"I felt that the further south I went the better able I would be to get out of the storm. I continued on a southerly course until 3 a. m. So if you judge the speed of the machine during these three hours of flying south it will give you the distance directly south. Miss Mackay was in a terrible state. As soon as we struck bad weather she became panic stricken and hysterical and when, at 1 a. m., we were caught in several whirlwinds, she became unconscious through terror.

"We were tossed about by these awful whirlwinds in all directions. At 3 a. m. the machine came down on the water within sight of land—the outermost rocks of the Azores. I was hoping that the tide would carry the machine onto the rocks, but instead of this it carried the machine further away.

Got Free of Machine.

"I got free out of the machine. Miss Mackay never regained consciousness and went down with the machine."

Mrs. Hinchliffe will give details of other seances with and reports from mediums which convinced her that she had really been receiving messages from her husband "who passed over," and will explain that not only did these communications contain information which the mediums could not possibly have known, but even facts which she herself didn't know until she investigated afterward.

One such message told her where to find his studs in their home after she had previously searched the house and failed to find them. Another revealed to her the existence in his desk at their home of a blueprint of some land he owned which she had never seen and which she had not even known existed. She will also relate how she wrote letters to her husband to which he immediately replied.

After she had written these letters, in each of two cases, she placed them on the table with her hand over them and the medium's hand over hers. Then, she said, the medium wrote or dictated Hinchliffe's "reply."

In a seance Mrs. Hinchliffe attended at Harrow on November 8, she will tell her audience, her husband's form was materialized, and she and four other persons present signed a formal statement that they had all seen and recognized him and heard him speak.

Auntie—You don't mean to say you understand French, Grace?

Grace—Oh yes I do. When father and mother speak French at tea I know I have to take some medicine.

Ralph—There is only one thing my wife and I always agree on.

Victor—I know. The fact that you should never have married each other, eh?

Here and There

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The Western Canada ski championships of combined skiing events will be held in Banff again this season in conjunction with the Banff winter carnival, due to take place next February. It has been decided upon. Such famous skiers will probably be in attendance as Nelson of Revelstoke, Telford of Vancouver, last year's western representative at the Olympic games, and Nordmo of Camrose.

"Once upon a time there were sixty foxes who didn't wear pants and didn't wear socks, but they all went travelling in nice big boxes." A parody on A. A. Milne's famous nursery rhyme is inspired by a shipment of sixty black and silver foxes who passed through the Windsor Street Station recently en route to Switzerland from Calgary. They were "under the wing" of the Canadian Pacific Express, who saw that the animals got their diet of raw meat regularly.

The case of a motorist being stricken with "buck fever" and putting his car into the ditch in his excitement has been reported from the Nipigon district. While driving along the highway between Nipigon River Bungalow Camp and Port Arthur the motorist was startled when a deer appeared on the road before him. Whether he tried to chase the animal or forgot he was at the wheel, he does not state, but when he recovered his senses he and his car were in the ditch. Little damage was done.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

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

NOTICE OF SALE

To the Heirs of Coburn Allen, late of the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, Labourer, deceased, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the second day of June A. D. 1928, and registered in York County Records in Book 206, pages 119-122, the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1928, and made between the said Coburn Allen, of the one part, and Kitchen Bros., Ltd., a company incorporated under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick having its head office at the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid, of the other part, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, and in pursuance of the said Power of Sale, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton in the County of York aforesaid, on Saturday, the twelfth day of January, A. D. 1929, at twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said mortgage as follows:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas, County of York, and Province of New Brunswick at or near 'Burtt's Corner' and bounded as follows: 'Beginning at a post at the Southwest corner of a lot of land owned by 'Newton Bird'; thence running North along side line of said Newton Bird's lot nine rods, thence at right angles and running West fifty three feet to a post thence at right angles and running 'South nine rods to the main highway road; thence along said highway road to the place of beginning, fifty three feet, containing one-sixth of an acre, more or less. Being the same lands and premises conveyed by Deed from Thomas W. Fowler and wife to Coburn Allen, and recorded in York County Records in Book 185, pages 185 and 186, under official number 74364, and bearing date the 22nd day of August, A. D. 1922."

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging or appertaining.

Dated this ninth day of November, A. D. 1928.
KITCHEN BROS., LTD.,
per H. A. Peters, Sec'y-Treas.

Home made Candy

Treat the folks this Easter-time to candy of your own make! None tastes so delicious, none so perfectly satisfies, none so pure and good for all as the candy you make in your own kitchen. Use Borden's St. Charles when the recipe calls for milk—its creamy richness improves the flavor, adds to the food value of all candy. Here are a few tested recipes made with Borden's St. Charles—try them—they will delight you—

Three Layer Candy

PECAN FUDGE

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- pinch soda
- ¾ cup pecans (broken)
- 1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla
- 1 tablespoon corn syrup

Place sugar, milk, syrup, butter and soda on stove. Boil until it forms soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove, whip, add flavor and nuts. When creamy pour in buttered pan.

Butter Fondant

- 4 cups granulated sugar
 - 1 cup corn syrup
 - ¼ teaspoon salt
 - 1 tall tin Borden's St. Charles Milk
 - ¼ lb. butter
- Mix sugar, milk, syrup and butter. Add salt. Place over slow flame, stir constantly and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in ice cold water or 238 degrees with candy thermometer. Remove and pour on to a platter which has been slightly sprinkled with cold water. When cool to blood heat, beat with wooden ladle until the whole becomes creamy and firm.

Cream Peppermint Drops

- ½ cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
 - 3½ tablespoonfuls water
 - 2 cups granulated sugar
 - 1½ teaspoon cream of tartar
 - 2 drops oil of peppermint.
- Combine the first three ingredients in a saucepan and boil gently without stirring until a soft ball will form when a little is tried in cold water. Cool till tepid, then flavor, beat till creamy and quickly drop on oiled pans in small rounds from the tip of a teaspoon.

Send for free recipe book to
The Borden Co. Limited
MONTREAL



Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

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CONDENSARY
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