

BELGIAN ROADS GIVE TOURISTS  
ROUGH RIDES BUT PEOPLE ARE  
VERY KIND AND HOSPITABLE

(Negley Farson in New York Sun.)  
Ghent, Belgium.—One swallow may not make a summer—but one good hotel certainly makes a town. We had been driving all afternoon over the miserable roads of Belgium. The Belgian roads are both the best and the worst in the world.

Best, from the viewpoint that they are virtually indestructible; worst, because they will destroy anything that passes over them. They are built of cobbles and present a surface like the kernels in an ear of popcorn.

Pop!—goes another tire. If you have any false teeth you will lose them on these Belgian roads; your game eye will come loose; your car lights will go out, your radiator will sprinkle water. It is a nightmare—a horror of chattering bumps from placid little town to placid little town—with every tranquil scene in miniature.

We passed the flaxfields of Coutrai like that. Coutrai, which grows the finest flax in the world, was in the bend of a little brown river on our left, surrounded by light green pasture land, and thousands of tiny wigwams of curing flax. By the river was a flax shed, with great Belgian draft horses pulling great carts, and men and girls loading flax—the flax country smells like a cheese factory—and beyond was a church spire and the toylike silhouette of a town.

Bump!—Crash!—Bang. . . .  
Roads For Draft Horses.

That's the way it goes, motoring in Belgium. Little scenes—always in miniature—and then that interminable horror of the un-Aspian way. "Considering that most"—bang—bumpitty—bang—"considering that most"—Crash!

I got out and tied down my hood with string.

"Considering that most of these roads were rebuilt since the war," hurriedly went on my wife—"really Belgium has no excuse!"

But the Belgians did not seem to need an excuse. These roads seemed to please them. Belgium is a country of small men and big horses. Plop-plop-plop went the big draft mares along this nightmare of road, pulling the small men after them. The little men were in huge farm carts. They did not move aside when we sounded our horn to pass them. It was not lack of courtesy, it was merely an index of slow reaction, for they always turned out politely—after we had squeezed by.

We entered Belgium at Menin. We had come up through the war district of France—Bethune, Givenchy, Festubert, Armentieres. Haunted and terrible with the gleaming war memorials and the bright, glaring red brick of the new towns. One of the oldest countries in the world, with the greatest relics of the past; and yet to see it now—raw and treeless and new—one would think it some subdivision in Australia or the middle West of the United States.

Mademoiselle Turns Hefty.

In the hot little streets of Armentieres we found mademoiselle! She was sitting behind the bar in her little estaminet. Remember how graceful and slim she used to be? Well, you'd hardly know the old girl now. She's put on weight. She has married a chauffeur. He was sitting in the little estaminet, in a dirty undershirt—waiting for customers—for he also runs a garage. We had two punctures just in front of him—

"Ah," said mademoiselle, serving us beer, and looking around cheerfully at her environment—"Armentieres is much more beautiful now. Now it is a belle ville! Only there are not quite so many of us; before there were over 30,000—but now there are only 21,000."

And the new little mademoiselle—only 5 years old—played with the gray pussy cat on the floor.

Menin, with two frontier barriers within a hundred yards of each other in the town, with the French customs officers frisking pedestrians who walked in from Belgium, and the Belgians frisking those who walked along the street from France. A grinning Belgian frontier official—with one of those flowing flaxlike mustaches—

bowing out of his office window to passersby and saying "Bon soir, madame—Bon soir, madame!"—all the time he was supposed to be filling out our forms—a change of currency and shop names—and we headed for Coutrai.

Ghent Celebrating Its Day.

Hot and shaken with the remnants of a car, we jolted into Ghent just at sunset. Belgians in black corduroys, red blouses and high black caps were parading down the streets. Panting yellow dogs, lashed under carts, were delivering the last orders of groceries. It was a fete day, the 15th of July, the Day of Ghent, or Fete Communale. The Belgians were on parade. . . . There was on acre of them, parked out in the rue du Theatre, drinking beer, with their wives and daughters beside them, and clanging trolley cars whizzing past their very elbows. Beyond the rue du Theatre is the tree-cloaked Place des Armes, and in the treey Place des Armes was the hotel!

It had taken us a weary time to reach this hotel, and we entered it apprehensively. And, lo! there was a bathroom as big as a New York apartment, cool water, into which we plunged to wash off the dust, the thundering nightmare of those roads, and a quiet, airy bedroom on the court. We dressed, fresh and cool, went down to the tree-shaded cafe on the sidewalk and ate some of the best ice cream in the world. We sat there and drank beer with the Belgians; night came, the looped electric lights flashed red, orange and green through the trees, the military band played grand opera, the Belgians walked arm in arm—thousands of them—round and round the Place des Armes. They sang.

A Surging Sea of Gayety.

Night brought new life—and the sense of adventure. I went out to explore. On the Koophandleplein I heard uproarious jazz. It came from under my feet! I bent over—and found myself looking down into a cellar. A man sat below me, in a blue shirt, beating a red and white drum. Beside him swayed another Belgian, waving an accordion. Bending further, I saw swirling dancers. I saw a slender girl in a black tailor-made and white blouse—wearing her boy's straw hat—doing the local can-can. She danced by herself, with her hands on her hips—danced tauntingly around her young man. Then the whole cellarful of young Belgians linked arms and went singing around in a grand circle.

Bands of singing Belgians marched behind me down the street. I found myself swept away with them, washed down with this sea of gayety through the streets of Ghent. I waded ashore when we passed my hotel and stood there, watching the hilarious Belgians. I went to bed.

Festubert, Armentieres—they seemed a thousand miles away.

MOANING FRIEND  
IS TRUE TO FORM

(New York Sun.)

He was driving from his vacation camp in Maine to his home in Yonkers, and the route map he used to pick his way showed 375 miles from Maine to his home.

When he arrived in Yonkers his speedometer showed 374 miles, and to a friend he related the story, intending to indicate that it was an amazing adventure in exact figuring.

"Huh!" moaned the friend, "you can't depend much on them road maps anyhow."

And that was that.

Physician—If you don't stop jangling a breakdown is inevitable.  
Harriet—Right you are doctor, old dear; I can dance that too."

Follow the crowd and you'll be at the head of the procession when it backtracks.

Lima Beane says the place where the gray lands—that's where the vest begins.

DANCING AS FAT REDUCER  
IS POPULAR, TEACHERS SAY

New York, Sept. 1.—Dancing to reduce is the latest American fad. It's more fun than the daily dozen, more comfortable than rubber garments and just as pleasant as bath salts.

And that's why the new ball room dance for the 1928-29 season, succeeding the "black bottom" and the "var-sity drag," will be a snappy, virile concoction guaranteed to take the fat off in chunks while at the same time appealing to the aesthetic sense.

This information was gleaned Tuesday at the 50th annual convention of the American Society of Teachers of Dancing. From all over the country the dancing teachers are here trying out new ball room steps with the idea of evolving a new dance rhythm—something typically American and, if possible, free from the African and other exotic influences of present-day music.

How to "Pick Cotton."

"Pickin' cotton" is a new dance that's coming in for a lot of attention. It's the latest on Broadway, and the dancing masters were giving it a try-out Tuesday. You shuffle a bit, glide, life your feet, tap once or twice, bend as if pickin' cotton, come to an erect position, sway and then fox-trot away. It's catchy, and going big, but some of the conservative teachers were inclined to classify it as "too jazzy."

Adolph Newberger, for 48 years a teacher of dancing in New York city, said that he's got a humdinger—the "Byrd hop," which depicts Commander Richard E. Byrd's getaway for the South Pole. It's in three-four time, quite zippy, indeed, as the dancers doing it must spin, slide, squirm and go through the various evolutions of an airplane.

Mrs. Hayden McIlroy, an attractive young teacher from Fayetteville, Ark., said that more people are dancing in small towns than ever before. She declared that elderly people, emulating the example of Henry Ford, are going in for dancing and that young and old who are plump, or downright fat, are wondering why they never thought of it before.

"Girls who have lost their figures and those who want to keep slim and trim have forsaken the daily dozen for dancing," she asserted. "Acrobatic,

ELECTRICITY  
REPLACES OLD  
DUTCH WIND MILL

The Hague, Sept. 1.—Electricity is playing a rapidly increasing part in the industrial life of Holland, as it is being found that, in spite of their picturesque character, windmills are falling very much behind in their output capacity. The capital for financing conversions from wind power to electrical power and for creating electrical power for other purposes is not always available and, therefore, an international finance corporation has been founded, with a capital of 10,030,000 florins, at Amsterdam.

The holders of this capital are Proehl and Gutmann and Teixeira de Mattos, of Amsterdam; Chase Securities Corporation and Speyer & Co., of New York; Dresdner Bank and Darmstadter and National Bank, of Berlin, and Hambros Bank, London.

Activity will not be restricted to Holland, although the idea and the central organization have originated here, but will be spread wherever there is need of capital for electrical enterprises. It is possible that shares in electrical undertakings will be purchased, but the chief aim is to be able to supply loan capital of either a permanent or temporary character.

Los Angeles, Sept. 1 — Colleen Moore, "flapper" movie star, has just concluded an unusual three-day triple celebration. Each of the days was a separate anniversary of considerable importance to Colleen.

The first day was the birthday of her husband, who owns up to 35 years. The next and second successive day was the fifth anniversary of the wedding of Colleen and her husband. The third consecutive day was Colleen's birthday. No announcement was made of what birthday she was celebrating.

eccentric and tap dancing is taking the country by storm."

Miss Rose Byrne, a teacher of New York City, said the people are getting away from the old-time waltz and two step.

"They want syncopation," she declared. "Why, the night clubs won't have waltzes any more. The dancers want fox trots and tangos."

Rosetta N. Neill, chairman of the convention committee, said that conservative dance teachers throughout the country are agreed that the fox trot rhythm is inadequate for a dance truly typical of America.

Urges Folk Dance.


"What I would like to see evolved is a folk dance representative of the American soul," she declared.

What the new dance will be will be announced later in the week after the teachers exchange ideas and witness demonstrations by such celebrated masters as Michel Fokine, Michio Ito, Kotschetovskv, Leonora, Jack Donahue and others.

The concensus is, however, that the new dance will be par excellence as a weight reducer.

From Youth To Old Age

THERE are three trying periods in a woman's life: when the girl matures to womanhood; when a woman gives birth to her first child; when a woman reaches middle age. At these critical times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps to restore normal health and vigor. Countless thousands testify to its worth.



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and Cobourg, Ontario, Canada

He—Say girlie, let's get married that was left all that cash?  
and take a long honeymoon. She—No.  
He—No, but aren't you the girl He—Oh my goodness I beg your  
She—Have you enough money? pardon.

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CITY OF FREDERICTON  
Notice of Sale of Lands

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to the provisions of the City of Fredericton Assessment Act 1926, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the arrears of City taxes, for the years mentioned hereunder, made and assessed against the parties hereinafter named, unless the several sums due, together with the costs of this notice, are sooner paid, be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall, in the City of Fredericton, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1928, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises owned or occupied by the respective persons hereunder mentioned and set opposite their respective names.

Property to be Sold.	Name of Person Assessed	Arrears for Years	Total Due
Lot corner King Street and Taylor Alley, 40 ft. on King Street and 109 ft. on Alley	ROY H. McGRATH	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$740.42 79.06
Farm on east side Maryland Hill Road, known as the Cameron Farm, containing 75 acres	ARTHUR S. TYLER	1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$221.59 27.00

Dated the 31st day of July, A. D. 1928.

FRED I. HAVILAND,  
City Treasurer.