

# A TRAVELLER WHO FINDS JAVANESE GARB PICTURESQUE; CANALS AS IN HOLLAND

To the mariners of New England three score years ago the Orient was comprehended within the range of a few names, and to the home folks who knew of it only as those mariners pictured it, writes a correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor," there were two or three appellations symbolizing all of fact or of imagery which might lie on the world's far side. The mighty spectacle known as "the East," played on a stage 5,000 miles square, was shrouded then in a vestiture of mystery which the exotic rhythm of these names but wove the more closely. Men rounded the Cape of Good Hope and then, after many days, they sighted Java Head. For them this was where the East began. But for those at home how high ran the flights of fancy as to what lay past Java Head!

Every traveller looks forward to his first visit to Java; every person who would like to be a traveler dreams of Java, as he dreams of Ceylon and Tahiti and Martinique, Nikki and Luxor and Lucerne. And when the hour of realization is at hand he is on deck at dawn, ere the sun has swept the mists from the mountain tops, even as he is on the tenth morning southward from San Francisco or the seventh eastward from Aden.

## Smiles Welcome.

And not less richly is he rewarded, for yonder, emerald bright in the morning sun after the refreshing showers of the night, smiling an Oriental welcome, is the fair isle upon which the mariners of Salem gazed with admiration and longing as their clippers under main and mizzen skysails and royal stunsails flew past Java Head and through the Sunda Straits bound northward to the yellow Huangpu and the tea wharves of Shanghai.

Java at last! Secure beside one of the long docks at Tanjong Priok, the Dutch-constructed port of Batavia, the Op Ten Noort quickly empties herself of her varied company—tourists, commercial men from Singapore, Chinese merchants from the Straits, a far-wandering theatrical company from Europe and 200 deck passengers from who knows where.

Motors and two-wheeled carriages are plentiful, and I embark in one of the latter, observing "Batavia" to the Malay driver. He smiles and shakes his head and so we compromise on the near-by railway station, where I learn that the city itself is five miles from the port and rather beyond the capacity of even the resolute little Javanese horse in an atmosphere that is growing distinctly warmer as the sun mounts.

The electrically operated trains to the city are numerous and efficient and constitute the newcomer's first impression of the comprehensiveness of Dutch control. Here immediately I find myself among the Japanese people, and from the outset I like them, especially as those of my initial encounter are the so-called Soendanese, the natives of western Java, who are generally considered the most intelligent and agreeable of all the millions in the close populated island. Their smiles and alert faces and likely chatter recall the water front at Papeete on steamer day, and that is quite enough to secure my allegiance at once.

But the varied and radiant hues of their raiment, the adornment of finger and ankle and wrist, the true artistry of an occasional batik "sarong" lend them a picturesqueness unknown to the simpler-garbed Tahitian. Their faces are generally lighter, too, but the Polynesian regularity of feature is lacking. Along the wayside everywhere they are grouped in a colorful multitude, for this is Sunday morning and the Dutch see to it that Sunday is, as far as possible, a day of rest in Java.

## Canals Are Seen.

Through the "lower" or native quarter of Batavia the canals wind as they do through a typical Dutch town. And along them this Sunday morning the Javanese folk are at their laundering. For a mile by the side of the main canal, which is flanked by two well shaded streets, a deal of splashing and wringing and pounding is in progress. The belaboring of heaps of soapy garments would seem to mean

destruction to all but the coarsest, but that is the Oriental way—a flat stone, a stout cudgel and plenty of energy, an abundance of water and the tropical sun.

Nor is there much dissimilarity between the scene here in Batavia this morning and those I have marked many a time by the banks of a Tahitian stream. Cleanliness is beloved both by the Polynesian and the Javanese. Indeed, it was no doubt equally in favor when they, perhaps, bathed together in some stream of northern India unreckoned centuries ago.

Out of the lower town into the upper, or Weltevreden, is a step from an Oriental community of distinctly Chinese characteristics into a bit of Holland set in the fairest of tropical environments. The Dutch government offices are here, the hotels and shops with all the products of Europe. Red tiled roofs and cream colored walls gleam through thick arbors of palm and banyon and tamarind. There is every shade of green, sparkling in the sun after the night's showers, clear against the turquoise-blue sky and its patches of filmy trade clouds.

It is a picture sharply contrasted with the gray skies and mist-shrouded landscapes of Holland, and these Dutch officials and merchants, living here in their ample bungalows in a fairyland of natural and man-enhanced beauty, wear a well satisfied look which seems to have much to justify it. Beyond most tropical "stations" are theirs pleasing, mingling as they do the amenities of Europe with the most bountiful of all the gifts of nature.

Yet Batavia is no more Java than Hongkong is China, and the actual center of the charming native life of the Soendanese folk is Bandoeng, four-score miles eastward, delightfully cool at its elevation of 3,000 feet and in all probability the future capital of the Dutch Oriental empire, since plans for such a change have been discussed for some time. And just as the people of Medan, in Sumatra, call theirs the "model city of the East," so do the Bandoeng folk deem theirs the ideal. We shall visit it presently, after, of course, a tarry of a few hours at Buitenzorg, where in the spacious grounds about the Dutch Governor-General's "country" palace there have been developed what are probably the most remarkable botanical gardens in the world.

# SIR AUSTEN ENJOYED REST IN THE SOUTH

San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 29—Gratitude to California and to Californians who gave him opportunity to spend a month's holiday on the Pacific Coast in a purely private capacity was expressed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, secretary of the British Foreign Office, who left Saturday night by train for Seattle and Vancouver on his way to sail for London and Quebec.

"Before leaving California I wish to express to the representatives of the press my grateful thanks for the courtesy and consideration which they have shown me," said Sir Austen.

"They have respected my wish to keep my visit purely private with the result that I have enjoyed a perfect holiday in glorious sunshine, amidst lovely scenery and with the kindest and most hospitable of friends.

"I thus started on my homeward journey restored and ready to resume the heavy work and great responsibilities which await me on my return to London.

"I carry with me the happiest memories of this, my third visit to the United States and my first to the Pacific Coast.

"I pray that out two great nations may continue to live in peace and amity, that they may achieve an ever increasing sympathy with and understanding of each other, and that their friendship thus cemented may serve to promote the peace and prosperity of the world."

With Sir Austen were Lady Chamberlain and their children.

# HIGHLIGHTS OF MR. BENNETT'S SPEECH AT MONTREAL BANQUET

"Shall we safeguard the mineral resources, the farms, the great forests of Canada, or shall we see them exhausted for the benefit of people who require them, and who deny us the right to sell in their borders a single thing that they produce themselves?"

"The problem is not of getting people into this country, but of keeping them here. Why is it that during six years 591,000 Canadians have left this country for the United States? . . . We have not safeguarded the people of this country by supplying them with remunerative employment at home."

"The mission of the Conservative party is to create that magnetism which will keep our people at home."

"As conditions now exist the steady trend of our national life is to increase imports, to increase exports of raw materials and to lessen the exports of finished products, and to make us more and more a dependent people for the very essentials by which we maintain our life."

"The tendency of today brings you money. It sends out your raw materials and it brings back the purchasing power with which you buy from other countries the labor of the hands of men and women who are not fed in this country, who contribute nothing to this country's national life and who deny us the right to sell to them a bushel of wheat without paying a toll of 42 cents a bushel or a pound of butter without paying twelve cents."

"When shall we start legislating for Canadians? I am asking no reprisals. I am asking no benefits beyond this: fair competition and equal opportunity."

"My duty is to inspire, if I can my young fellow Canadians to wake up Canada, to safeguard and wake up Canada!"

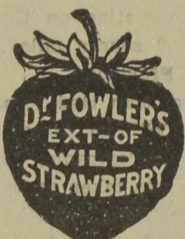
"The time has come when we must consolidate our forces and present a common front."

"Are you safeguarding the national life of Canada? Are you safeguarding the agricultural life of Canada, the industrial life of Canada, the development of your resources? The word safeguarding means more than mere guarding. They tell you that they are being guarded all right. But I said safeguard the industries, the agriculture, the national life of Canada. The whole structure of the people of this country and safeguarding means that Canadians shall have a fair competition and equal opportunity against the peoples of the world to develop the resources of the Dominion.

"Let me put this to you? Why is it that the presidential candidates today are telling the people of the United States that if the Republican Party goes into power they will increase the tolls against Canadian goods? Why? Why do they say that the toll of 42 cents a bushel on wheat, of 7½ cents a pound on cattle or meat, of 12 cents on butter and eggs; on all our manufactured goods a toll that will not let them pass the barrier at all—why are they going to increase them? Why? You know why. The reply is that they will not permit the competition of Canadian factories of Canadian farms or fish in their country because they say it is not fair to their people.

"Do not for a moment assume the American people have any sentiment of ill-will towards us. I do not for a moment assume it. But I do say, they are legislating for the people of the United States. And in so doing, I admire them. That is what they are there for. And the problem I put to you fellow Canadians is this: When shall we start legislating for Canadians?"

## COLIC AND CRAMPS PAINS IN THE STOMACH



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# ANCIENT SALZBURG CLAIMS SOBRIQUET OF GERMAN ROME

Washington, Oct. 31—A colorful solemn procession concluded the celebration of the 30th anniversary of the consecration of Salzburg Cathedral.

"Few towns of Europe can offer a more picturesque setting for celebrations and festivals than Salzburg," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic Society. "Salzburg lies on both banks of the Salzach River, about 190 miles southwest of Vienna. The town needs no Washington Monument nor Woolworth Tower, for nature has endowed it with two natural observation points from which visitors may view the town and its environs. Many of the narrow streets of the old town on the south bank of the Salzach stop abruptly at the foot of the Monchsberg, a small mountain rising several hundred feet above the housetops. On the opposite side of the river, above the modern portion of the town Kapuzineberg, 500 feet higher than the Monchsberg, offers another splendid panorama in the opposite direction.

"For several miles above and below Salzburg the Salzach gracefully winds through fertile valley farmland which from the heights, resembles a natural checkboard. In the city the river flows through shaded promenades and boulevards.

"Old town is a misnomer for the portion of Salzburg on the south bank of the Salzach, for it is old only by comparison with the very modern town across the river. Although the important Roman commercial city, Juva-vum, was situated on the Salzburg site, it was destroyed in the fifth century. Fires and enemy raids reduced several succeeding towns to ruins. As a result there are few historic relics in the town today that date back more than four or five centuries. Salzburg has numerous churches, but the massive bulk of the cathedral, with its huge dome, dominates the town. It is a copy of St. Peter's at Rome. The fact that the cathedral and many of the other edifices are of Italian architecture and that the population is pre-

dominantly German is responsible for its sobriquet 'Austria's German Rome.'

"Parks from open spaces in modern Salzburg and make a beautiful approach from the railroad station on the northwest side of town. Through tree-lined boulevards the taxis and tram cars pass the Staadtspark, a large public park adjoining Mirabell Castle formerly the residence of the Archbishop. Surrounded by well kept lawns terraces, hedges and numerous marble statues, the castle is one of the show places of Salzburg. Before crossing the river by one of the seven spans which connect the old town with the new the traveler is introduced to some of the palatial detached residences of well-to-do Salzburgers, set amid flowering gardens and evergreen overlooking the riverside parkway.

"The Residenz-Platz, on one side of the cathedral, is the hub of the town and a popular meeting place for natives, but Americans, and particularly music-loving Americans, display more interest in the adjoining square, Mozart-Platz. In the center is a statue of Mozart. Two blocks away the house in which he was born contains a collection of souvenirs, portraits manuscripts, his piano and even a skull which some Salzburg guides would have you believe is that of the composer. The house in which Mozart wrote beautiful natural surroundings on the summit of Kapuzineberg. It was moved from Vienna in 1874.

"Salzburg also was the home town of Josef Mohr, who wrote the popular Christmas hymn 'Silent Night, Holy Night.'"

When a man has been married a certain length of time he begins to learn that popularity is never more transient than in the case of a new lamp shade.

Once upon a time a man convinced his small son that algebra would fit him for something big, later in life, but his name is forgotten.

## HIT AND MISS

Cupid pierced me to the marrow  
With an arrow.  
Mary, strolling with me gayly  
Almost daily  
Said she guessed his second arrow  
Hit a sparrow  
Thus she laughed at my distraction  
Heartless action.

All we know about the relativity theory is that when you have two strikes on Babe Ruth you haven't got him two-thirds out.

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