

WHAT MAKES LONDON GREAT: BRIGHT SPOTS AMID SLUMS; POVERTY SELDOM IS VICIOUS

(By Edward Price Bell in Chicago News.)

If the shadows lie deep in slum-land there yet are bright spots in the gloom. Consciousness of fellowship is one of these. So far as I know, indeed, this is a light which never goes out among men.

I stood one night for the first time alone in a small back street of White-chapel. I was a stranger not only in East London, but in England. I had heard a good deal concerning the perils of the slums, especially those of the wicked and malodorous Three Nicholls.

I was to say the least, not perfectly at ease. Surely I should be looked upon askance. I should be annoyed. Perhaps I should be bullied or as-saulted or worse. I was a quintessen-tial "foreign devil" in a quintessential-ly foreign world.

How the people stormed about me! Tides of them from all directions! There were old women, swarthy and bent; old men with long gray beards, middle-aged folks, young folk, chil-dren. And every one seemed to be moving as fast as possible.

Gradually, pretending to lose my-self in the shop windows, I became aware that, contrary to my expecta-tion, I appeared to be attracting no attention at all. Then I felt em-boldened. I began to glance with more care at the passers-by. My glances were returned, not with any sugges-tion of evil or hostility, only inquir-ingly.

In a little while I was meandering without self-consciousness, let alone apprehension, all over the place. I felt envired by instinctive human sympathy. I felt in the midst of an extraordinary native courtesy. I felt that my foreign character and look were only a passport to the delicate consideration of the poor.

Back at Torybee hall at late hour. I found Canon Barnett still reading in his quiet, pretty study near an ivied window, and told him of my experi-ence on my first sally abroad alone in Whitechapel.

The canon closed his book, evi-dently deeply pleased.

"I have been convinced for a long time," said he, "that the world con-tains nothing more beautiful than the inborn human fineness of the London poor."

Health, with its derivatives, forms another bright spot amid the shadows of the slums. There is far more of it, particularly in these times of im-proved sanitation, public and private than one would expect. For one thing I suppose, no one in the slums (un-less it be on some rare feast day out of the horn of charity) suffers much from overeating.

I seem to have witnessed among the poor the symptoms of a higher average of health than one sees any-where else. Who, besides, is so en-ergetic in body and mind, so quick on the feet, so sparkling of eye, so lively of wit? Who but the poor are per-petually in the streets, their legs never still, their voices crying out with un-abated spirit long after well-to-do folk are asleep?

Unhapppppily, even such lights as the slums have are shadowed. This glow of health is fleeting. It is a kind of fever of youth. When the fever passes the eyes grow dim, the wits stiffen, the bodily movements slacken and the bodies themselves slip away into hidden places, making room in the crowded streets for those who are still young.

Is self-sacrificing a bright spot. It is—with a shadow in it. East London fairly blazes with the light of self-sacrifice—to say which is to say that east London is heavy with these half-shadows of human experience.

These people whom you see running in the streets—these dynamos of bone and tissue and will—are run-ning, not to serve themselves only, nor mainly. They are the young, the unburnt out, running to serve the old, the ill, the crippled, the blind (whom you do not see) and running fast lest their strength fall before the service can be performed.

And who of the lot is the most self-denying?

Mother. You should see her parcel-ing out the family's one real meal of the day (and it a shockingly spare one). The largest portion goes to the chief breadwinner, father or child, and the lessening portions to the youngsters according to their needs as economic contributors to the home. Mother comes last and gets next to nothing.

One of the tragic mysteries of the slums is that of how mother lives. One day she doesn't—but we are try-ing to isolate some of the bright spots of the slums.

The trouble with most of the lights of the slums is that they always are failing. The brilliant minds there fail, or almost never shine upon the world. It is said that one of the great-est of modern artists climbed up from streets of poverty to his pinnacle of fame.

He was a born climber. His first feat in this way was that of climb-ing a lamp-post to steal looks into the interior of an art school.

But such climbers are few. The lamp-posts of the slums are smooth and tall.

There are readers and thinkers in the slums. The light of literature and of the critical mind is there. I once knew an old shoemaker, con-fined for years by paralysis to his small back room in Bethnal Green, who had read every one of Shake-speare's plays "many times," as he often assured me (he liked Lear best), and whose judgments upon the poets, small and great, disclosed an acute-ness and culture delightful to all who came upon them.

His favorite novelist, naturally, was Dickens, for Dickens knew the poor, "of whom God made so many." Thackeray, the old shoemaker, found "clever and satirical," but said his only great character (the principal one in Vanity Fair) was a "fool." Dickens created "character after character whom one must love; there is no equaling his humanity."

OLD-TIME DRAMA

Whether or Styx or Elysian lea Have strayed those lines of the old-time show?

Say them with rue and with rose-mary:

"Your wife? Never! I spurn you. Go!"

"Hound you'll live to regret that blow!"

"What; Not dead? Ralph Brook-field here!"

"I'll deck you with gems from head to toe."

Where are the lines of yester-year?

"Aha, my pretty one, trapped I see Sign the deed, or my men will throw

Your meddlesome lover who strove with me

Over the edge of the mine shaft. So Dale Bloodgood deals with his every foe!"

"I go to fight for my country dear."

"Can you close your heart to a mother's woe?"

Where are the lines of yester-year?

L'Envoi

"Though her raiment's coarse and her station's low, I love her, father and hold her peer To the proudest duchess in Rotten Row!"

Where are the lines of yester-year?

—KENNETH ALLAN ROBINSON in Chicago News.

FICKLE RAIN

A rain, you bring new hope To drooping flowers;

You make each faint bud ope To drink your showers.

There's wonders you can do For heaven knows,

If I were caught in you You'd shrink my clothes.

M. D. Malcolm of Bangor, Me., is in the city today.

A GANG OF WOULD BE BANK ROBBERS ARE ROUNDED UP IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

Montreal, Aug. 9.—A plot which is alleged to have had for its object the wholesale looting of over 20 banks in the Eastern Townships was uncovered last night by the Provincial Police. Three men are under arrest charged with conspiracy to rob the branch of the Provincial Bank at St. Elizabeth de Warwick, 12 miles north of Athabaska, Que. They were arrested as they were eating in a restaurant in the village. At the time the three men, who gave their names as Eugene Vigent, Armand Tremblay and Edgar Gar-lep, all of Montreal, are stated to have been heavily armed and to have had in their possession safe-blowing tools, crowbars and dynamite.

The Provincial Police secured infor-mation as to the plan against the bank last Sunday. Detective Jargaille was immediately dispatched to Athabaska. Following investigations he learnt that the Provincial Bank at St. Eliza-beth de Warwick was to be robbed at midnight last night.

A hurried telephone call to High Constable Achille St. Mars, acting provincial police head here, informed headquarters of the contemplated robbery. Constable Lepine, Masse and Lefebvre were sent to St Elizabeth by automobile yesterday afternoon.

Patient vigil was kept by the constab-les all yesterday afternoon and even-ing. An automobile which was driven through the village returned ten min-utes later and stopped in front of a restaurant. Three men climbed out and entering the establishment ordered meals.

Recognizing their men through des-criptions the detectives and the three constables entered the restaurant and at the point of their revolvers ordered the three men to line up against the wall. Searching their persons, the police found them heavily armed. In the automobile they discovered safebreak-ing tools, dynamite, sawed-off shot guns and several hundred rounds of ammunition. Masks were found in the pockets of each man.

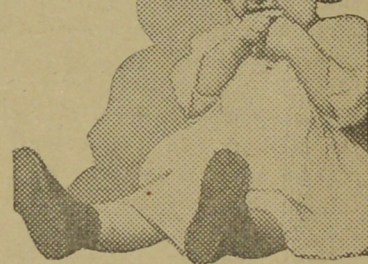
The arrested men were taken to Athabaska and lodged in the cells there. Papers found on their persons identified them as the suspected men and charges of conspiracy to rob the

May (Aged 5)—Mamma do you really and truly love me?

Mamma (a Widow)—O course I do, dear.

May—Then won't you please marry the man who owns the candy store.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its com-fort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhoea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Cas-toria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dan-gerous to a tiny baby, however harm-less they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless, Cas-toria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every drug-gist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Provincial Bank of St. Elizabeth de Warwick were laid against each man. They will be brought to Montreal to-night to be questioned by the provin-cial police here and then will be taken to Athabaska to await arraignment and trial.

Assistant-Chief Dorais, of the Pro-vincial Police, stated this morning that with the arrest of these three men, a gigantic plot to rob about 20 banks situated in the Eastern Town-ships had been uncovered. The police were first informed of the plot on Sunday morning last, though details as to what banks were to be robbed and when they were to be robbed were lacking. It was only yesterday that Detective Jargaille learnt that a plan was underway to loot the St. Elizabeth bank at midnight. But the plot has been nipped in the bud.

MANY MOTHERS RECOMMEND THEM

Baby's Own Tablets are Fine for Nervous, Sleepless Children.

From Canada the fame of Baby's Own Tablets is spreading over the world. Mothers recommend them to other mothers and wherever they are tried nothing but words of praise are heard for these pleasant tasting little tablets that promptly relieve the min- or ailments of young children.

"Baby's Own Tablets are one of the best remedies for children's ailments I have ever used," says Mrs. Arthur T. Allen, of Auburn, Me. "My little girl was nervous and could not sleep. I tried the Tablets and she was re-lieved at once. She was also troubled with constipation and nothing seemed to help her. I had used the Tablets but a short time before her bowels were regular. All mothers should keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house, for they are a valuable rem-edy."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be mailed on re-ceipt of price, 25 cents per box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. is in the city today.

SOLAR SHOW SET FOR AUGUST 11

New York, Aug. 10.—The biggest free show of the year may be seen Aug. 11, says Weather Meteorologist Kimball. The annual display of shoot-ing stars is due that night, with scores dashing through space at the rate of 50 miles a second and up.

Reporter—You're 90 years old aren't you?

Old Timer—Yes but I'm just as spry walkin' around as the day I was born.

The ABC of Modern Stock Market Trading

Copy of this valuable guide, also Copy of Lerner's Pocket Manual—a 330 page Booklet of Current Statistics, Recent High and Low Prices, etc., mailed gratis, equally to any address, on request.

BRYANT, LEHAN & CO.

464 St. Vincent Street, MONTREAL

Direct and Largest Established Option Dealers in Canada.

Enjoy . . . NEW BRUNSWICK'S Good Roads!

EVERYWHERE in New Brunswick good roads lead through beautiful scenery. In a very short time the green of summertime will be breaking into resplendent reds, and gold, and burnt copper. Most of the crops will be in and summer's work will be over. Then will be the time to visit the Fall Fairs. There you will find old friends, make new ones, establish valuable business connections, profit from the instructive exhibits and thoroughly enjoy the fun.

Mile after mile of improved highway will bring you a realization of the immensity of the problem of maintaining good roads, and of the amount of money and work which must be devoted to their construction and repair.

Yet the beauty of them is lost to those who rush through the country. They have no time to view the beauties of nature or explore roads leading from the Main Highway; their interest is in the speedometer rather than in the scenery.

In the series of advertisements (of which this is the last) which have been published by the Department of Public Works, we have pointed out that the roads of the Province are a public invest-ment, and the property of the people, and that they should be used sanely. Speeding destroys the surface of the roads; over-loading breaks down the foundations.

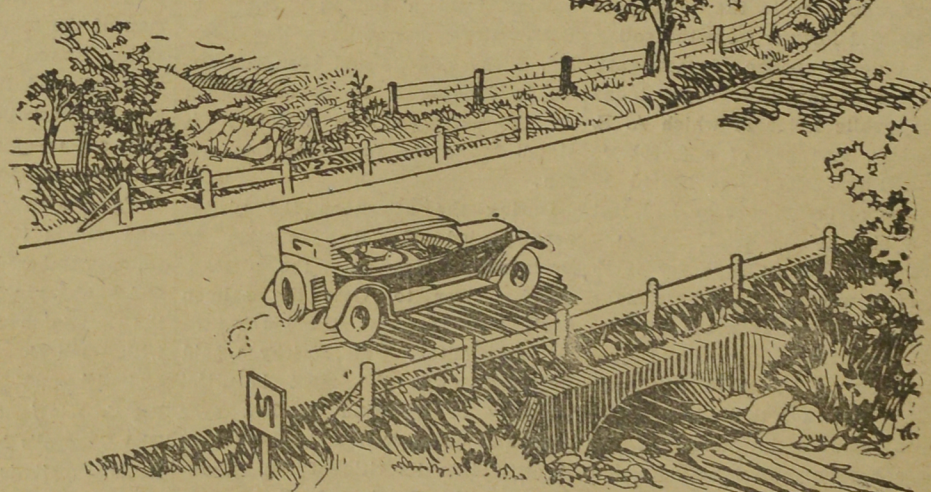
Our final appeals to you for this year are:

- (1) Drive carefully and avoid danger.
- (2) Save the surface and thus save the road.

DEPARTMENT of PUBLIC WORKS NEW BRUNSWICK

HON. D. A. STEWART
Minister

B. H. KINGHORN
Deputy Minister & Chief Highway Engineer



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
Lot on east side of Church Street, near Queens Square, 55 ft. front and 50 ft. deep	GEORGE WANDLESS	1924-1925-1926-1927 Interest	\$162.90 24.98

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

FRED I. HAVILAND,
City Treasurer.