

ANDORRA, THE TINIEST OF REPUBLICS HAS NO LAWS, NO LAWYERS AND NO ARMY

(By Negley Farson in New York Sun.)

Encamp, Andorra.—If you are weary of the daily grind of modern city life, if your feet are beginning to drag and you feel that just for a little while you would like to sit down by the road—then come to Andorra.

Andorra is a republic, a little cluster of free valleys in the Pyrenees, about seventeen miles long by ten wide. It is a little country in a cup, for it is bounded on the north by the passes of France, on the south by those of Spain, and it is shut off east and west by sheer walls of brown rock from 6,000 to 10,000 feet high.

There life is being lived very much as many of us have dreamed it should be. It isn't so much what it should be, but what it is. Andorra has to offer that gives it its charm—it is what Andorra has not. Andorra, for instance, has no army or navy—it has no written laws. It has no railroads, no street cars, no lawyers and no landlords. It has only one road. It is so small and remote that it has not even a moving picture theatre. It has never seen Charlie Chaplin!

But it has flocks of red goats that roam the steep hills, thousands and thousands of fat woolly sheep, drowsy cows chewing their cud beside swift-flowing streams, and Andorra has a President who is paid \$4 a year. He makes nothing out of it, he told me. And when I asked him what his official duties were he said:

"Relations with foreign Powers."

These relations are not so insignificant as you might think—as you will see from my interview with the President.

The Chief Executive.

A peasant girl took me to him, walking with me along the dirt through the little stone houses of Encamp. They were sturdy little chalets, built of unfinished brownstone, with the stable on the street floor and open haylofts under their scalelike slate roofs.

She led me past some women who were washing clothes in a hot sulphur stream, under a square portal exactly like a medieval gate—which it was—up a rickety flight of wooden steps and into a low-beamed white-washed kitchen-living room, where Don Roc Palleres was even then engaged in the duties of State. He was signing a document for an old peasant lady, which he duly sealed with a huge metal stamp. Fortunately his son spoke a little French, as my Catalan was very bad—and that was the only language Don Roc knew.

"Bon jour, M. Le President," I bowed to Don Roc. "I come from sister republic."

Don Roc bowed gravely and we shook hands.

"Yes," he admitted, when I had asked him to elucidate upon the political relationship of Andorra with both France and Spain—"it is a bit complicated."

The situation was something like this: While everybody in Andorra speaks of Don Roc as the President, and while even I addressed him as such—he is not really a President. He is a Syndic. His real title is Syndic Procurador General des Les Valls d'Andorra.

Can't Be a Citizen.

And Andorra is not really an independent republic, it is semi-independent—under the dual protectorate of France and the Bishop of Urgel, in Spain. And both Spain and France are very jealous as far as their spheres of interest in Andorra are concerned. Each country has the right to appoint a vigner to Andorra, a sort of militia governor and judge of petty crime. And each country, alternating, has the right to appoint a civil judge of appeal.

Don Roc was a skinny little man, bald, blue-eyed, with a hooked nose, a preoccupied expression—and scrofula. He was dressed in hempen sandals, a black-sashed suit of shabby brown corduroys and a blue shirt with out any collar. He also wore a frock coat. He was a peasant, but a dignified one and whether his job was great or small he was on top of it. There were a lot of blank forms on the desk before him, which, his son told me, were passports. I asked for one as a souvenir.

Consternation fell on the kitchen-living room. Don Roc arose solemnly and beckoned his son into a corner. They held converse there together, while I gazed through the window at Andorra's watered fields and snow-capped mountains. Then both of them came back.

"My father regrets," said the son, rather red in the face, "that the cannot grant that request. You see the bearer of that passport will be entitled to claim Andorran citizenship."

And Andorran citizenship is not so easy to obtain. If a stranger settles down in Andorra his family cannot be counted as Andorrans until the third generation.

The Other Side of It.

I lay on my back and looked up through the oak branches at the sky. Andorra! What luck to have found it—this tiny little country that had been tucked away in the Pyrenees since the days of Charlemagne! It was the freshest spot in all Europe. And yet there was "uncle" down there in the Hotel Paulet—always crouching away about Barcelona. Ah, that was a city, he said. Give him Barcelona—and life!

There wasn't the slightest doubt in uncle's mind but that any man was a fool to stay in Andorra if he could possibly get away from there. Andorra was a prison, in which he had to serve a life sentence.

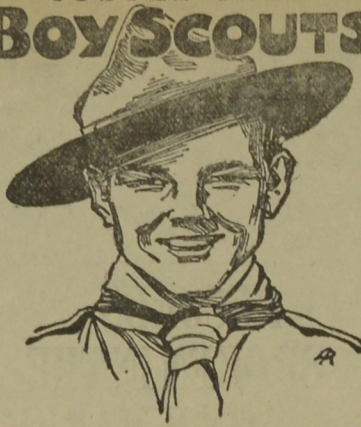
Uncle was the handy man at the Hotel Paulet. He was the brother-in-law of the proprietor and was always bitterly conscious of his ineligibility to vote. Only the head of the house may vote in Andorra. Uncle must have been at least 45, but he was the hands and feet, not the head, of the Hotel Paulet.

The Hotel Paulet never receives visitors in winter, and in consequence has no heating whatever. We ate with our overcoats on in an icy dining room, and tried to heat ourselves with red wine. But immediately that was over we raced down for the kitchen stove, around which "the family" lived.

The Family Hearth.

The proprietor, his fat wife, their soft-eyed daughter—and uncle. Uncle was a cynic. When we courteously

WITH THE BOY SCOUTS



WITH THE WOLF CUBS

The total enrollment of Wolf Cubs in the District is now 196. Of this figure 141 are in the city, 29 in Devon, 15 in Woodstock, 10 in Centerville and one lone Cub at Crook's Point.

It is expected to form a new pack at Stanley in the near future.

The following Scouts are acting as Wolf Cub Instructors: Douglas Scamell with the 3rd (St. Ann's) Pack, Harold Doherty and Dollard Hanlon with the 4th (St. Dunstan's) Pack, and Allen Douglas, David Burpee, Eugene Thornton and Kirby Coombes with the 1st Devon Pack.

Troop Leader Donald Swift has taken on the work of Acting Asst. Cubmaster with the 4th Pack.

Last Saturday, the 1st Devon Pack and several members of city packs hiked to the field back of U. N. B. where tests for the Athlete's Badge were passed and a fire-place-building competition and other games were carried out.

On Monday evening Cubmaster W. Raymond of the 5th (St. Andrews) Pack gave instructions to the Cathedral Pack in first aid.

A most successful bean supper was given by the 4th (St. Dunstan's) Pack on Tuesday evening, under Cubmaster Wm. Simcock. Scouts from the St. Dunstan's Troop assisted the Cubs in serving and cleaning up afterwards. The District Cubmaster attended as a guest. The new Troop neckerchief of royal blue and gold has been adopted by the Pack. The Rev. Fr. Milligan reported that arrangements are under way for the early acquisition of a Pack flag.

WITH THE BOY SCOUTS

The Earl Haig Troop under Scoutmaster Albert Slipp spent Monday in the woods out beyond Marysville.

The 2nd. Fredericton Troop spent Saturday at Doran's Field and on Monday assembled at the end of York Street after spending the morning in an inter-patrol tracking and stalking competition. After lunch was cooked and eaten, football, wrestling and other games were enjoyed and an outdoor ceremony of investiture was conducted when Jack Biddlake was invested as a Tenderfoot Scout, dinner was then cooked and the troop returned to the city early in the evening. Scoutmaster Robt. Fitzrandolph and Asst. Scoutmaster Alex. MacRae were in charge and Prof. Robt. Pugh was a guest of the Troop.

DISTRICT NOTES

The Boy Scout Christmas Top

praised the food—uncle coughed. When he carried up the hot sulphur water each night for my bath he had a sarcastic remark with each bucket. The sulphur water was boiling hot and came from a natural pool. Very convenient, except that the pool was a considerable walk down the hill from the hotel. Uncle had to make this trip about ten times a night—with two buckets.

Poor uncle! No wonder we could not see eye to eye. We had come up to Andorra expecting dirt and discomfort. Instead we had discovered a congenial hotel and the most delightful picnic park in all Europe—for that is what Andorra is. We never wore hats; we ate our lunch beside a new stream before a new vista of snowy mountains each day. We sprawled in the warm sun.

But uncle—carrying up our buckets of bath water at night—was faced with the realities of Andorra life. He would have to keep on doing this, for in Andorra things do not change. The 6,000 Andorrans were not pioneers who could punch on to a new country beyond, they were peasants on land which had reached its maximum development long before they were born.

Shops are being opened and the organization for this work is already underway in many centers throughout the Dominion.

Fredericton's Toy Shop of last year was a splendid success when over 1000 toys were collected, repaired and distributed to the less fortunate children of the city and the children of settlers in York and Carleton Counties. By the end of next week it is expected that the local organization will be complete and work will be well in hand.

In the last bulletin issued by District Headquarters to the Scoutmasters, co-operative public service was stressed. It was pointed out that "the primary object behind all district undertakings is that of citizenship, training and character building" and that "the normal boy is keenly, enthusiastically willing to do public service where it is directed and recognized." The Christmas Toy Shop is one of the public undertakings in Scouting which gives the opportunity, direction and recognition.

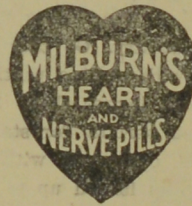
Nurse—Bobby! What would your father say if he saw you'd broken that branch off?

Bobby—He'd say trees are not so well made now as they were before the war.

Nervous and Run Down The Least Noise Would Bother Her

Mrs. R. Burton, Oshawa, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I was so nervous and run down I could hardly bear to have the children make a noise it would bother me so.

"A friend advised me to take



and after taking two boxes I began to feel stronger, looked better and the color came back into my cheeks, and now I am feeling fine again."

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AUTUMN AS HARLEQUIN

The Autumn comes in bright hued motley dressed
And tries to play the fool with funny face
And yet we in his buffoonery may trace
A grief that he would keep from being guessed.
Beneath his hollow laughter and repressed
Confusion lingers and his inner brace
Against it we may read in his grimace
And gaiety unnaturally stressed.

Although pathetic it is well that grief
Should wear the mask of pleasure and our tears
and our tears
Be crowded back with foolery that cheers.
A sorrow crushed with happy make-belief
Remains innocuous and with delight
Oft bridges over chasms of dismal blight.
—PETER FANDEL in Detroit News.

NOVEMBER WIND

(From Poetry)

There is a stir of voices in the air
The beat of mighty wings high overhead;
Out of the night with trumpet and taut
The hosts of death are calling to the dead!
In a wild flood the long dark waves go sweeping
Searching each cranny of the earth and sky;
And in their wake they leave a sound of weeping
For frail and lovely things gone down to die.

Treasured or trivial these tides discover
Dreams that were hidden long and quietly
And when the last great gust is past and over
Nothing is left but stark reality
The world looks skyward very cold and clear
After the windy tumult of the year.
—JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

THE WISH OF A MERE MAN

Let me live in a house that is not too spick,
In a house that is not too span
So that, whenever I want to stick
My feet up on things, I can.

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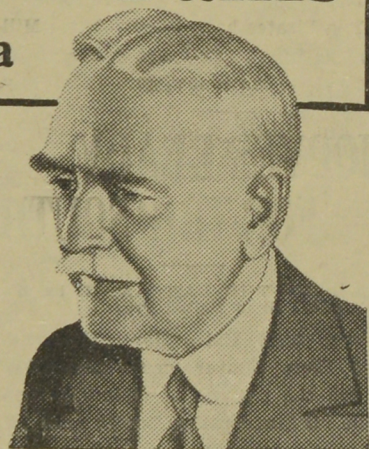
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A Doctor Talks About Cascara

It is unfortunate that many people judge the thoroughness of a laxative by its violence. The salts that rush through the system may not even penetrate the film poisonous matter that has coated the colon. A long list of drugs will "loosen the bowels" but what is the best way to CLEANSE them?

The world's best laxative is one that Mother Nature makes in her own laboratory. It is the bark of a tree, called CASCARA. The Indians used to chew this bark—and reach old age without a sick day. It is the best thing there is today, for any system; best for the blood. The most beneficial action on the bowels, of anything yet disclosed. For many reasons:

First of all, there is no HABIT



formed from cascara. The bowels are not weakened, but strengthened by its occasional use. The occasions when one needs this aid grow less and less. Its influence is long-felt. You don't find yourself worse bound-up the day following. You do find the bowels more inclined to move of their own volition. The candy Cascara that every drugstore always has in stock is the ideal form of cascara.