

MADERIA ISLE OF FORTUNE MAY BECOME A STAGE IN TRANS-ATLANTIC AIR TRAFFIC

(Warre B. Wells in New York Herald-Tribune.)

Funchal, Madeira.—Up and down the narrow, twisting streets of cobbles and patient pairs of bullocks still grunt as they strain at the sleds laden with passengers or merchandise. Out toward the west, where Cabo Girao's 2,000 feet of cliff cut sheer into the sunset, you may meet the vintage workers lounging home on bare feet empurpled to match a sea, wine dark as Homer's. Down from Terreiro da Lueta, 3,000 feet and more above Funchal, you may whiz in twenty thrilling minutes, guided on a running sled by two husky natives, through three zones of vegetation, from the pines and heath of the uplands past the maize and eucalyptus to the palms and sugar cane and bananas of the subtropical sea level.

Back in the mountainous interior of the island portly senhores and stately senhoras swing at their ease in hammocks slung from the shoulders of two sure-footed bearers, while the women folk of their bearers toil on rough hill tracks with great loads of osier to plait into baskets, or sit at the doors of their shacks with busy fingers, threading the embroidery for which Madeira is famous. Out in the splendid Bay of Funchal, a lateen-rigged fishing boat from Camara de Lobos trails with live mackerel bait for tunny, destined to be canned for export. Closer in, swarm of the pitching boats which are the sole communication between ship and shore surrounds an ocean liner, with brazen-

lugged merchants holding a Dutch auction of inferior embroidery to guileless passengers, and brown-skinned boys diving unflinching for coins flung into the clear blue sea.

So the old ways of life go on in Madeira, as with the advent first of steam, and then of gasoline, changing them but slightly, they have gone on ever since Christopher Columbus lived here. The discoverer of America married the daughter of Bartolomeu Perestrelo, one of the earliest colonists and Governor of Porto Santo, the rocky island that is the first land which the south-bound seafarer raises of the Madeira group. Columbus spent his early married life first in Porto Santo, and later in Madeira; and it was here, they say, that he happened on some old sea charts that set him searching for a continent beyond the sunset.

The old ways of life go on; but this fall Madeira carries herself with a difference. She has acclimated the automobile and accepted the steamship. At a street corner in Funchal you may encounter a team of four bullocks, aided by two mules, maneuvering an unwieldy crate containing a motor chassis, and the fumes of gasolene compete for mastery with the pungent odor of oxen, but conditions of transport in the island remain such that the automobile cannot yet outstrip the sled and the bullock. And Kipling's "great steamers white and gold" that week by week "rool really down to Rio", these and the less ornate liners on the South African service are the

accustomed links with three continents of Portugal's island outpost.

Visiting Warship.

But this October there has come to Madeira a portent. It came heralded in dramatic fashion when the United States cruiser Raleigh, seven days out from Boston, flying at the fore the flag of Vice-Admiral J. H. Dayton, commanding the American naval forces in European waters, dropped anchor in the Bay of Funchal. The thunder of the warship's guns and the answering salute from the shore batteries on Fort San Thiago echoes up the encircling hills and dies away; calls are paid and returned by Colonel Albert A. Sarmento, Acting Military Governor, and the admiral; the liberty men come ashore.

Then an engine sputters alongside the cruiser and up from the water the Raleigh's sole remaining seaplane—the other smashed in the gale some where between here and Boston—takes the air. Back and forth along the coast the pilot flies, winning a bird's-eye view of this little island—less than 250 square miles, but with its 180,000 people more densely populated than Belgium—and its white houses clambering thickly up the steep hillsides wherever there is a patch of cultivable land below the jagged 6,000-foot summits, while the Funchalese pour out of their narrow streets down to the water front and the drivers of the world's slowest and most primitive transport watch with gaping mouths this fastest and modern means of locomotion.

It is only a foretaste. The Raleigh ships her seaplane and sails away. Gibraltar bound. Then, on an afternoon a week later in this land where it is almost always afternoon, there looms out of the eastern sky a silver cigar. Down and down it swoops and hovers at 600 feet over the town to

drop a mail bag for the German Consulate in the gardens of the Casino Pavao, while all Funchal goes wild over its first sight of an airship. It is the Graf Zeppelin, sighting its first land since the Rock of Gibraltar dropped astern of Captain Eckener's navigating bridge. The Graf Zeppelin marking at Madeira the first stage in the commercial airship trail being blazed across the Atlantic.

This is, maybe, a day for Madeira greater than she yet can realize. For it is very possible that this island, south of the track of Atlantic storms, is destined to become a regular stage in the trans-Atlantic airship traffic of the future—and destined, too, thus to be swept into modernity's Main street. They called them Fortunate, the ancients, these rumored isles out from the Pillars of Hercules beyond the sunset. Are we moderns to hold Madeira fortunate or unfortunate if she must fulfill this destiny?

SAUCE

1-2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
3-4 cup water
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon almond

Mix sugar with cornstarch stir in boiling water boil until slightly thickened. Add butter, flavoring and salt. For lemon sauce substitute juice of one half lemon in place of vanilla and almond.

Chemist's Apprentice—What is in this with no label?

Chemist—Nothing exciting. It's what you wesun yhuoe MMjuiceify what you use when you can't read the prescription.

DISGUISED AS A TOMATO; WAS CANNED

Chicago, Nov. 15—Larrie Pearson, cab driver, will trust no more detectives. One abused his trust recently.

Cabby Pearson was signalled by a gentleman the other night at Lunt and Cicero avenues.

"I am a detective," the gentleman explained as he entered the cab, and I am working on a heavy mystery case. I will need you a long time. Drive me to the Shakespeare avenue police station."

Pearson did so. The gentleman entered the station and conferred. Presently he returned.

"To the Summerdale police station," he ordered.

The same performance was reported and the gentleman requested that he be driven to Town Hall station. Here Pearson's curiosity got the better of him and he followed his fare inside.

The fare approached the sergeant and whispered hoarsely:

"Smith or Hoover?"

"Go away," said the sergeant briefly.

A great fear smote Pearson and he came forward.

"Is this fellow a detective?" he asked.

"Shoo!" said the sergeant negatively.

"He owes me \$6.75 in cab fare," wailed Pearson.

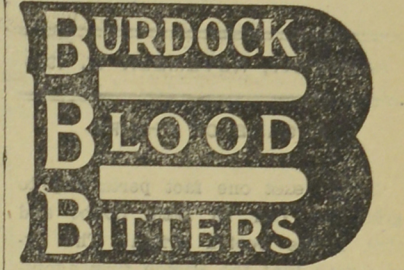
"Pay the driver," said the sergeant "or in you go."

The gentleman expressed inability to pay. The sergeant asked his name, preparatory to the carrying out of the second alternative.

"Alex Tomato," said the gentleman.

Had 17 Boils On His Neck Arms and Legs

Mr. A. L. Willos, Sapton, Man., writes:—"I had been bothered with boils for about two years. I had seventeen on my neck, arms and legs. I tried all kinds of medicine, but none of them seemed to help me any. I then used two bottles of



and I have never been bothered with any boils since then."

B. B. B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

"But I might mention it's just an alias. Detectives must be secretive."

"Alias or not," decided the sergeant, "this Tomatoe is gonig in the can."

WRIST WATCH FAKER KNEW HIS PIG LATIN

(New York Sun)

The crowd at City Hall Park was watching with great interest a man on the curb selling "real wrist watches" for a quarter. He had them in a suitcase which was set up on a folding tripod.

Right in the midst of his spiel about how good time these tickers would keep and how ridiculously cheap he was selling them a man quickly elbowed his way through the throng and said one sharp word: "Ixnay".

Whereupon like a flash the salesman slapped together his suitcase, folded up he tripod with a sweep of his hand and started off briskly down the street on important business. A cop wandered into sight around the corner.

"Ixnay" as the wise ones in the crowd knew is "pig latin" for nix and was the warning given by the mans confederate that the fix was coming.

A new way to choose Electric Cleaners

Select a model to suit
your purse and purpose

FOR every sort of cleaning about the home—the Premier Family of electric cleaners offers the right kind of machine for each task.

All three Premier cleaners are scientifically graduated in size to meet a definite need. No longer need you buy a twelve-room electric cleaner for a three-room apartment. And you need not pay a price in excess of your cleaning needs.

That's because Premier now builds a cleaner for the Castle on the Hill and the Cottage in the Vale!

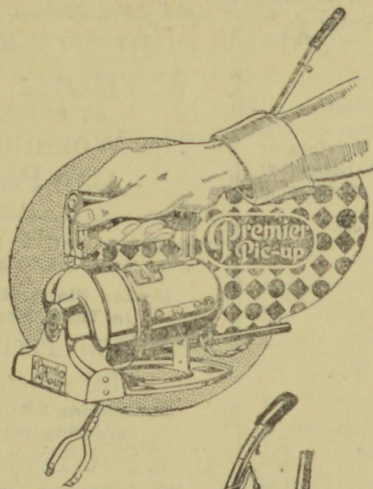
Each Premier model is equipped with motor-driven brush and super-suction. Neither motor nor brush ever requires oiling.

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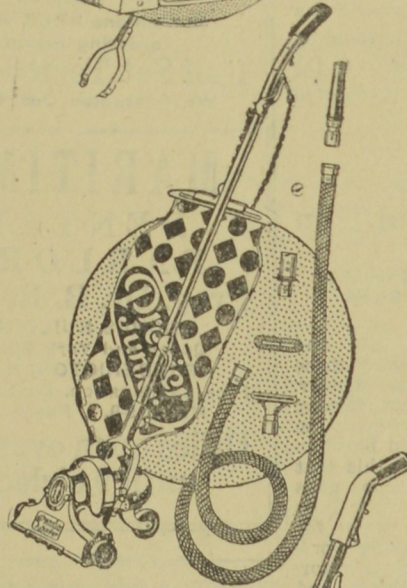
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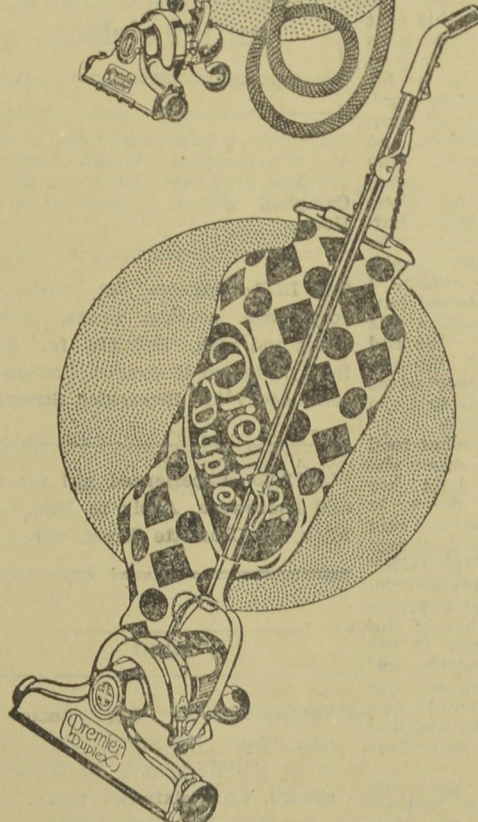
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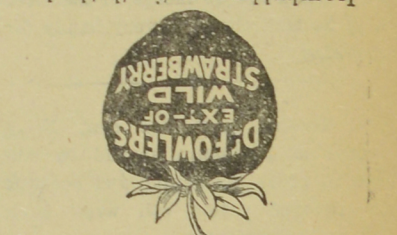


PREMIER JUNIOR
\$47.50



PREMIER DUPLEX
\$66.00

Is a valuable preparation that has been on the market for the past thirty years. It has no equal for offsetting the vomiting, purging and diarrhoea of cholera infantum.



OF CHILDREN
THE FATAL DISEASE
CHOLERA INFANTUM

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 Burt'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 North South nine rods to the main highway road; thence along said highway road to the place of beginning, fifty three feet, 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 74354, 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.