

# NAVIGATING A STEAMER THROUGH HEAVY FOG IS SOME JOB; TELLS HOW RADIO RULES THE WAVES

(Edwin C. Hill in New York Sun.)

Yarmouth, N. S.—“The sea is fair haunted with old superstitions,” said the skipper, cramming fresh tobacco into the bowl of his disreputable old pipe and pushing the cigar box nearer to his visitor. He puffed at the briar until it drew well, then went along in his slow, methodical style, getting up now and then to gaze into the slowly gathering fog.

“Yes, sir, some mighty intelligent men who follow the sea can get in quite a state of mind over such things. Take that one about mascots. Lots of seamen firmly believe that almost any kind of pet animal aboard ship will bring luck—except a goose. Then there’s a strong belief that you’re in for serious trouble if you lose a cat overboard.”

“What about you, Captain Lakeman? Have you got a pet superstition tucked away in your cosmos?”

The master of the white liner named for Longfellow’s unhappy Acadienne, summer ship from New York to the Maritime, grinned a sheepish grin and nodded a “yes.”

“To be honest, I have,” he said. “It’s the number thirteen. I’ve had a lot of unpleasant experiences with it. My common sense tells me it’s foolish, but just the same thirteen makes me nervous. Excuse me a minute.”

Thirteen and a Fog.

He stepped out of his cabin upon the bridge where the first officer was on watch in the darkness—darkness relieved only by the faint glow barely illuminating the compass by which the quartermaster was steering. It was nearly 9 o’clock and fog was swiftly enveloping the New England coast. In a minute he returned.

“It’s not bad yet, but it’s coming in. Half an hour will see it thick as cream. No sleep for me this night. Well, as I was saying, I don’t like thirteen. When I was a boy in Maine trapping lobsters for a living I won a bicycle in a drawing. Got it with number thirteen. How long do you think I had that bicycle? Just two hours. I was riding it along the road happy as a herfing when along came a farmer and his team. We tried to dodge each other, and the next thing I knew one of the horses had two feet through the wheels.

“That was funny, but the next time was different. I had gone to sea and my wife had taken a house while I was away. When I came back everything looked fine, but I happened to ask her what the street number was. She told me—thirteen. I didn’t say anything, but within three months I had buried her.”

He fell silent for five minutes, drawing at his pipe, motionless but every faculty automatically alive—hearing mostly—taking in the little choruses that come out of the sea when the fog rolls in. There was, actually, a look of worry about him and he sensed that it was perceptible.

“Do you know what it will be after eight bells?” he asked. “Friday, the thirteenth—and the thirteenth trip of this ship.

“That makes me a bit fidgety all on account of my pet superstition. Now you sit right here for as long as you like. I must take the bridge, for we are getting into the thick of it and are running up to Cape Cod and toward Narragansett Shoal, where there’s more traffic in that narrow sea street than you’ve got with all your automobiles on Broadway. I’ll be back from time to time to check up on my bearings.”

Radio Lends Its Aid.

The fog came in faster, in sweeping rolls of vapor. Window glass ran streamlets as if rain were falling. Standing at the rail nothing was visible. The white ship was surrounded and enveloped. Time passed and the white mystery filled with sounds—plaintive, mournful, imperious, peevish, all difficult to locate and to place. Ship called to ship from near or far. It was like cattle lowing at dawn. There were heavy booming bull-like bellows and little bleatings such as calves make. Now and again a bell buoy intoned its warning or a whistle

ing them out to their mother, the open sea.

In the distance, upon the very point of a slim promontory of rock, a lighthouse striped vertically in red and white, a poet’s idea of a lighthouse, sprang up out of the fluff. The harbor mouth of old Yarmouth opened up to receive the white liner, and she made her easy way up the narrow and tortuous channel, past white lighthouses and pink light-house, where children waved hands from high railings and where the week’s wash of the lightkeeper’s family fluttered in the breezes; past long wharves where salted cod lay drying, and finally, like a cat stepping daintily among puddles slid among jutting rocks to her dock at the foot of Yarmouth Hill.

Upon the bridge stood the master, haggard from eighteen hours of unbroken duty, with only a sandwich and a cup of coffee at midnight and at morning to fortify his strength. There were new lines in his face and his eyes were like burned holes in a blanket.

This tired man turned from the bridge as the lines were made fast and waved a cheerful greeting to his visitor of the night before.

“Well,” the visitor called up to the bridge, “how about Friday, the thirteenth?”

Lakeman grinned, a bit self-consciously, swept the harborside with one final glance, then came below.

“I’ll tell you about that,” he said. “There’s a man on board named Smith. The third officer was just telling me about him. He was born on the thirteenth of the month, he got married on the thirteenth, he has thirteen children and thirteen is his lucky number. That’s the fellow who pulled us through, sure as shootin’.”

## LINDSTROM, BOTTOMLEY LEAD PLAYER RACE

New York, Aug. 11—The two leading candidates for the most valuable player award of the National league this season are Freddy Lindstrom, third baseman of the New York Giants and Jim Bottomley, first baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Lindstrom’s brilliant all-around play largely has been responsible for the winning streak of the Giants who have climbed to within 5½ games of the league-leading Cardinals.

Lindstrom’s bat alone drove in enough runs to beat the Cardinals Tuesday. His two hits—a single and a triple—accounted for five of the Giants’ 10 runs. The Giants have won 12 out of 16 games against the western clubs, and no player on the New York club has contributed more to the pennant drive.

New York players are loud in their praise of Lindstrom. Even President Charles A. Stoneham rates him the best player in the league.

“It would be a great surprise and a keen disappointment to me if Lindstrom were passed up for the most valuable player award,” Stoneham said today.

“Lindstrom is playing the best ball of any player in the circuit,” according to Bill Terry, Giants’ first sacker. “Jim Bottomley can’t beat me, much less Lindstrom.”

Regardless of Terry’s opinion of Bottomley, the St. Louis first sacker has played no small part in the success of the Cardinals.

She—Do you expect to go out after we’re married?

He—Well I might run out of cigars now and then.

## SUMMER COMPLAINT CAUSES MANY DEATHS AMONG INFANTS

Thousands of mothers throughout Canada have used

during the past 80 years it has been on the market, and their child’s life no doubt saved by its timely use.

Price, 50c. a bottle at all druggists or dealers; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## SEA FOG AND RUM SEIZED OFF SHEDIAC

Shediac, Aug. 12—Two hundred kegs of rum, valued at \$9,000, were seized along with the motorboat “Sea Fog,” on which the contraband was loaded, by a Dominion Government Preventive Service patrol boat, about 15 miles off Shediac in the Strait of Northumberland, Friday night, when a shot across the bows of the “Sea Dog” brought her to a halt.

The motorboat’s cargo was believed to have been transferred from a vessel off East Point, P. E. I., to be landed on the Kent county coast and smuggled to Upper Saint John River districts or through to the State of Maine.

Philadelphia, Aug. 13—An inventory shows the late Carlton L. Wilson had deposits of \$14,615 in 13 banks, 11 of which had the word “savings” in their titles.

## ART COULDN’T EXPLAIN IT

Los Angeles, Aug. 13—A dainty silk nightgown—one that didn’t belong to her—was found by Louise Lorraine in her husband’s bedroom when she returned from a long vacation trip, the actress testified yesterday when she was granted a divorce from Art Acord, cowboy actor.

## THE LARGEST CORPORATION

New York, Aug. 13—American Telephone and Telegraph is the largest privately owned corporation in the world. It assets of more than 3,500,000, 000 are exceeded only by the German and English railway systems, which are under government supervision.

Radio is of no use to the speaker who saws the air with his arms.

## TIRED, WEAK, NERVOUS WOMAN BENEFITED

Praises Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound

Asbestos Mines, Quebec.—“After the birth of my second child, I was always feeling tired, nervous and weak and had headaches, backaches and terrible pains every month. I suffered two years before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. I got four bottles at first and it did me a world of good. I would not be without it in the house now, and have another six bottles in. I recommend it to every woman I know.”—MRS. T. BARRITT, Box 114, Asbestos Mines, Quebec.

M. D. Moon of Boston is in the city today.

M. O. Davis of Moncton is in the city today.

# 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 investment, and the property of the people, and that they should be used sanely. Speeding destroys the surface of the roads; overloading breaks down the foundations.

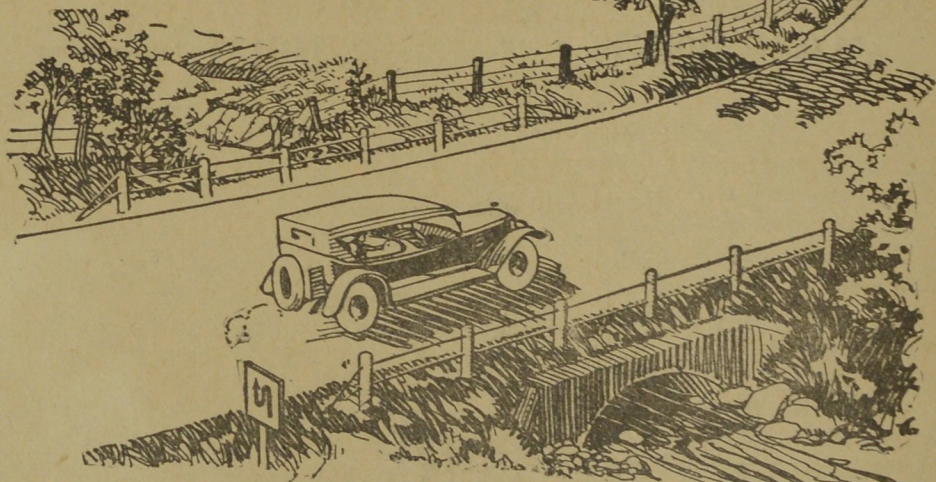
Our final appeals to you for this year are:

- (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. KINCHORN  
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 .....	\$740.42
		Interest .....	79.06
Farm on east side Maryland Hill Road, known as the Cameron Farm, containing 75 acres .....	ARTHUR S. TYLER	1925-1926-1927 .....	\$221.59
		Interest .....	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 .....	\$162.90
		Interest .....	24.98

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

FRED I. HAVILAND,  
City Treasurer.