

A NEW HIGH OUTPUT RECORD ESTABLISHED

The New England Power Association system has established a new high output record by producing in a single day over five million kilowatt hours of electric energy. The extraordinary growth of the system is well illustrated by contrasting its present output, which is running at the rate of over one and one-half billion kilowatt

hours a year, with that of 1910, when the output for the entire year was equal to only about seven days' peak production of the present system.

The Fifteen Mile Falls Hydro-Electric Development of the Association when completed, will add half a billion kilowatt hours to the present annual output of the system. Located on the Connecticut River in northern New Hampshire and Vermont, the first of the two plants of the Fifteen Mile Development is now under construction and is expected to be in operation in the fall of 1930.

Not only does the new record out-

put reflect the growth of the New England Power Association system, but it indicates the steadily expanding industrial activity of New England, of which electric power consumption is an important and accurate index. The development of Fifteen Mile Falls is an example of the continual growth of New England Power Association system to meet the increasing demands of the New England area.

An amateur golfer named Bess Of her score made a terrible mess; She'd slice and she'd hook And dive into the brook; She's a lovely lass, nevertheless.



Viceroy
CIGARETTES

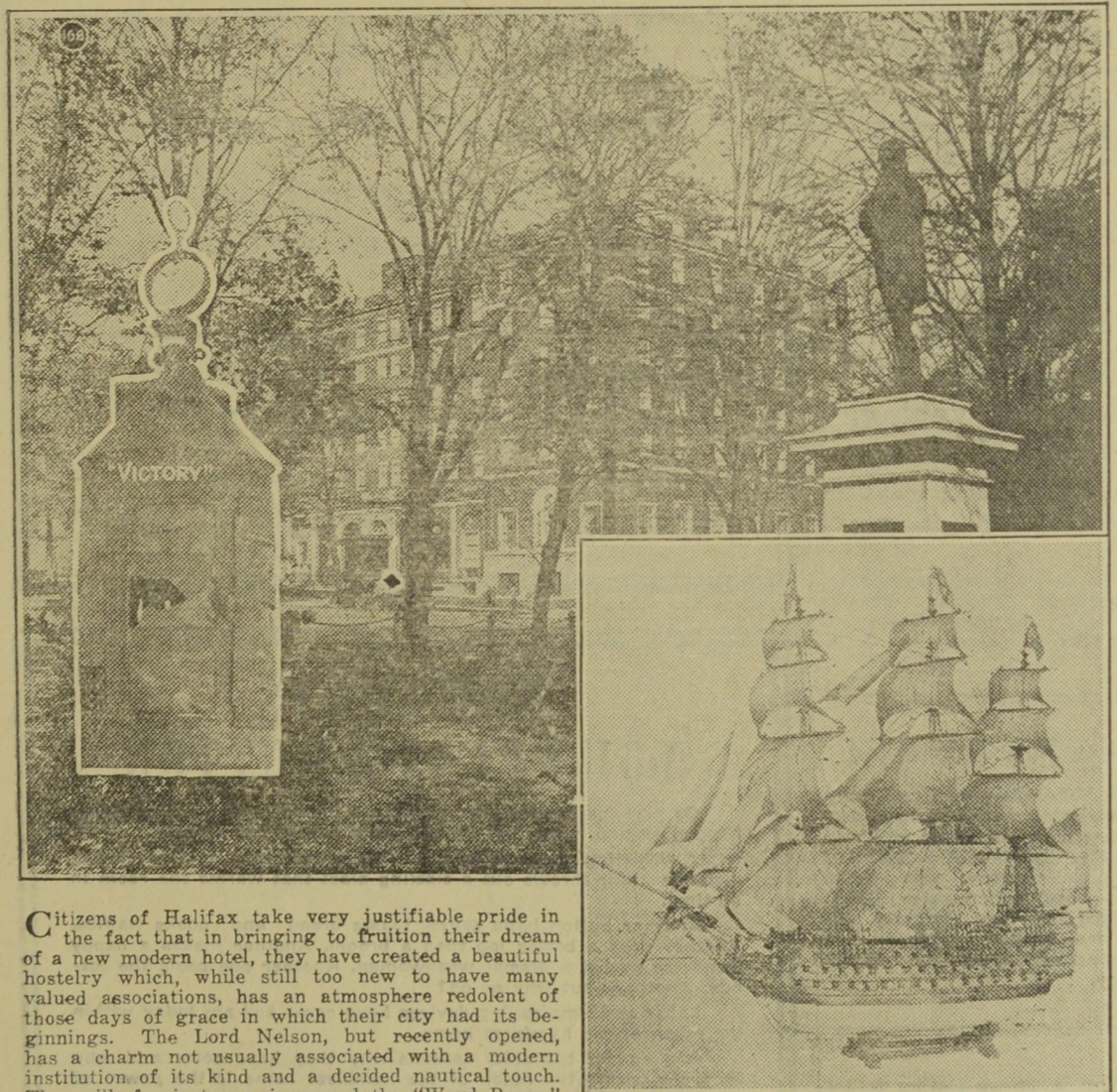
The finest of all blends
and, delightfully mild.
With or without cork
tips. (Cork of pure
natural growth).

Twenty for 25¢

CORK TIPPED-RED PACKAGE-PLAIN ENDS-BLUE PACKAGE



The Lord Nelson at Halifax .



Citizens of Halifax take very justifiable pride in the fact that in bringing to fruition their dream of a new modern hotel, they have created a beautiful hostelry which, while still too new to have many valued associations, has an atmosphere redolent of those days of grace in which their city had its beginnings. The Lord Nelson, but recently opened, has a charm not usually associated with a modern institution of its kind and a decided nautical touch. The grill, for instance, is named the "Ward Room," and as one sees the sailor suited waitresses moving about the tables one half expects to hear the "Ship Ahoy," or "Light on the starb'd bow, sir." Lanterns help to foster the ship-board illusion, and, one of these lanterns, pictured above, has very close associations with the sea. When Lord Nelson lay dying in the cockpit of H.M.S. Victory, while the great old ship heaved in the rollers off Cape Trafalgar on October 21, 1805, this lamp illuminated the scene as the doctors strove to save a life the loss of which was one of England's greatest.

A bust of Nelson, an original from the Royal Naval Institute at Greenwich, and an exceptionally fine piece of work, stands in a corner of the lounge, facing a model of his flagship. In the main dining-

room, too, a very fine oil shows the admiral on deck and his men running up a signal of victory.

The Lord Nelson is, however, a little more than an art centre. It is a very modern hotel of 200 rooms facing the Halifax Public Gardens. Its public and convention rooms are exceptionally well planned and appointed. The design is Georgian, simple and beautiful. While it has been built as the result of a community effort, the Lord Nelson is operated by the hotel department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company has considerable interest in it. It will, therefore, compare very favorably in service and all essentials with the great Chateaus and other hotels of the company.

CHALLENGE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH SHANNON TO THE CHESAPEAKE COMMANDER

(Halifax Recorder.)

The "Alexandria Gazette," published in Alexandria, Virginia, claims to be America's oldest daily paper. It publishes in its issue of September 28, 1928, under the heading of "News of Long Ago," a letter written at Boston 115 years ago by Captain Broke, of the "Shannon," to Captain Lawrence, of the "Chesapeake," just previous to the action of June 1st, 1813, off Boston, in which the "Shannon" captured the "Chesapeake".

His Britannic Majesty's Ship "Shannon", off Boston.

Sir,—As the "Chesapeake" appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favor to meet the "Shannon" with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars.

Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonable upon the chance of our receiving unfair support.

After the diligent attention which we had paid to Commodore Rodgers; the pains I took to detach all force but the Shannon and Tenedas to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the Capes; and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the Commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He perhaps wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am therefore induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that while I write I pledge my honor to perform to the utmost of my power.

The Shannon mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat gun; eighteen pounders on her main deck, and thirty-two pound cannonades on her quarter deck and fore-castle; and is manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute,

because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had one hundred and fifty men, additional, lent us from La Hogue, which really never was the case. La Hogue is now gone to Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you whenever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the under-mentioned rendezvous, viz:

From six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod lighthouse, from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann's light on Cashe's ledge in lat. 43 N. at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket or the shoal on St. George's Bank. If you will favor me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too night or anywhere in sight until I can detach them out of our way; or I would sail with you under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a reconnoitre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation; we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favor me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and cannot stay long here.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient humble servant,

P. B. V. BROKE.

Capt. Brooke's challenge was also published in the Recorder of Oct. 2, 1813—115 years ago.

A TOWN IN THE OLD COUNTRY WHERE GIRLS AND WOMEN ARE GIVEN AN OFFICIAL KISS

(By M. W. Bingay in Detroit News.)

London.—One o'clock in the morning in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It is in this church on Trafalgar square where lies the body of Nell Gwynn, the orange girl of the streets who won a king. The great doors swing open silently and a little old priest of the Church of England bows low and puts his finger to his lips to assure quiet.

Through the dim light coming from the high arched ceiling a strange sight is beheld. On one side of the church, stretched out in the pews and lost to the world in sleep are between three and four hundred men. On the other side are about 50 women, some pitifully young, others tragically old. All are derelicts, waifs swept from the streets by the hand of mercy.

When the thing started or why nobody knows. Legend has it that Nell herself was wont to slip in the ancient church to sleep until sunrise.

No questions are asked the down-and-outers. Neither race nor creed is considered. We asked the minister about the procedure.

"They come here," he said, "because they have no other place to go. Some have slept here for months. It is better so than that they should be taken by the police. This is a house of God and we like to think that Christ would want it done."

In the soft light it is a weird picture. Exhausted world-weary men are sleeping heavily and the sound never ceases. A woman is sobbing softly as she kneels in prayer. Others stare at her vacantly. And in the morning they will arouse themselves and creep back

to the streets—for what, they do not know.

You can no more kill a tradition in England than you can push over the Book tower.

Over at Old Bailey, the criminal court, the judge steps to his seat on the bench carrying a bouquet of flowers, which he keeps close to his nose. Sweet scented herbs are spread around the bench and over the prisoner's box. The judge never enters court without those flowers.

In the ancient days when sanitation was not what it is today and ventilation was an unheard of thing, the judges did this as a matter of protection to their olfactory organs. The herbs at least alleviated the foul smells of the trial court.

But the judges still carry the flowers. They always have and they always will. Imagine Harry Keldan or Joe Moynihan lifting lightly into court with their faces buried in flowers.

Hungerford is a little town not far from London where the dry fly casters go to woo the tricky trout. It is a beautiful little village in Berkshire, nestling in the narrow valley of the Kennett. Ages ago John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster presented the citizens with manorial rights, including common pastures and free fishing. It is also a great hunting center and this same old John sometimes during the fifteenth century gave the town a horn. That horn is still used to call together the 12 citizens who make up the common council—or manorial court as they call it there.

But that is not what I started to talk about. The fascinating thing

about Hungerford is Tutti-day.

Each year the manorial court solemnly appoints two citizens to act as tutti-men. And d'ye ken, what their job is? I'll bet ye don't. It's to give, every woman and girl in the whole village a kiss!

They start out early in the morning with most of the villagers following, them. They carry ladders with them so that they may climb to the second floor if some shy maiden has sought shelter from the street.

Whether they are seven or 70 they must be kissed, or give a penny. And if they give a penny rather than stand for the official smack, they are presented with an orange. Boys follow the tutti-men with big baskets of oranges so that if any one dodges the issue by offering a penny.

But they don't. When night comes, one finds that the boys have eaten most of the oranges and the tutti-men have not collected a cent.

Nobody knows how tutti-day started, with any degree of coherency, at least. Neither does anyone know why it is that in one small village in Surrey all the little girls are trained to stand on their heads. They practice for hours and once they have become adept they do not have to do it any more.

The young woman was describing to one of her friends a great chargin which she had undergone.

"I was just almost killed by it," she said; "I could have cried myself to death."

"Did you cry?" asked the other.

"No I was just getting ready to when the dinner bell rang."

Lexington, Ky. Oct. 30—Ruth M. Chenault, champion two year old trotter of 1926 has been turned over to Ben F. White noted Grand Circuit trainer to prep for the 1929 season. She was not raced this year. Ruth M. Chenault is owned by C. B. Shafer of Chicago who has the Coldstream Farm here.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Gray Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.

BRITISH FAMILY RE- UNION ARRANGEMENTS

The Canadian Pacific Railway are in a position to book wives and children of British Subjects at present resident in Canada prior to June 6th, 1928. The ocean fare is \$18.25 for adults and children over seventeen, and free ocean fare for children under that age, but does not include the rail fare in Canada.

Full particulars regarding this arrangement may be had on application to:

G. BRUCE BURPIE,
District Passenger Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway,
Saint John, N. B.
-October 15th, 20th, 27th, 31st.