

ALEXANDER INGRAM OF THIS CITY KNEW QUEEN VICTORIA'S SCOTTISH CASTLE

Tells Interesting Story of Balmoral and of Incidents in Queen's Career While She Made Her Home at That Famous Place.

While in conversation with Mr. Alex. Ingram of the Boston Tailors the other day, he happened to mention that he was born within a mile or two of Balmoral Castle.

"Balmoral Castle?" we said inquiringly. "That's in Scotland, isn't it?"

"Balmoral Castle—in Scotland!" said Mr. Ingram, his Scots accent growing noticeably broader at the astounding example of Southern ignorance. "It's by Deeside, man! Queen Victoria used to live there! You've heard of Queen Victoria, maybe?"

We blushing admitted that the name was familiar. "But what's Deeside?"

"The river Dee, of course," said Mr. Ingram, pityingly. "Why man, we used to see the Queen nearly every day. Many of the lads and lasses I knew worked at the Castle."

"Tell some more," said we, scenting a story.

"The Castle stands on the Dee—a great river for salmon fishing. The valley about the castle is fine farming land, with great hills rising behind—the foothills of the Highlands. Balmoral is only three miles from Braemar, where every year they hold the gathering of the clans for the Scottish sports—tossing the caber, and the contest for the sword dancing and the pipers, and other games.

The train only ran as far as Ballater in our day, about eight miles away from Balmoral.

"I remember once that the Queen was asked to lay the corner stone for a bridge at Ballater. After the ceremony was over, being a little tired, she stepped into a cottage, just a but and ben—to have a cup of tea. The old couple, both well along in years, did not recognize the Queen as their eyesight was failing. They had a dish of real Scotch Broth upon the table, and the Queen asked for a bowl of it. She enjoyed it so much that she asked the old woman for the recipe. The latter began to recite a list of the ingredients in broad Scots while the Queen wrote them down.

Said the old woman: "There's carrots in 'tilt, and barley in 'tilt, and onions in 'tilt, and meat in 'tilt, and parsley in 'tilt, etc."

The Queen paused much puzzled. "I have everything else down right," she said. "But what is this 'in 'tilt'?"

After laughing at her mistake she rose to go. The old woman with true Scotch courtesy said:

"I have some fresh eggs I would give you, but I am saving them for the good lady up at the Castle next week when she comes", meaning the Queen, and not knowing that Her Majesty had already arrived, and was now speaking to her. The Queen said smiling:

"But I am the good lady," and gave her a sovereign, thanking her for her kind thought.

There was a certain servant of the Queen's, John Brown, whom she liked very much for his dry Scotch wit and sturdy independence. He dusted the furniture in the main rooms with his own hands as he would not trust the maid servants to do it properly. One day while dusting he had the misfortune to knock over and break a very valuable China vase, a present from the German Emperor which the Queen treasured very highly. For once the Queen was very angry and rated him in a truly regal manner.

John Brown turned aside to a corner of the room, and between a consciousness of his own fault and because it was the first time in his long service that the Queen had ever spoken to him except in a kindly manner, he burst into tears which he wiped away upon his sleeve. In sudden contrition Her Majesty said in a kindly tone:

"Oh John, John, it is no use being angry with you. The more I see of you the better I like you."

A short time after John Brown died and was buried in the cemetery about three miles from Balmoral. I was driving down," continued Mr. Ingram, "in a carriage past the cemetery with my brother John Ingram, Rob Far-

quharson, and our driver Sandy Kelis. It was the Sunday following John Brown's death and as we passed the cemetery we saw Queen Victoria upon her knees arranging flowers with her own hands upon her faithful servant's grave."

On the other hand the Queen would not overlook constant lapses of conduct. At mealtimes it was the custom for a Scottish piper to walk around the Castle playing Scotch airs upon the pipes. One of the finest pipes in Scotland, Stewart of Corgarff, a short sturdy man with the proud strut of a rooster, had been engaged for this duty. He had a great love for whisky. One day while drunk he spoke to the Queen in a rude and disrespectful manner. She forgave him but upon a repetition of the offence at a later date he was discharged and told to go.

When the Queen rode abroad in her carriage, two mounted out-riders rode ahead. Queen Victoria sat in a carriage with four horses while two grooms with red jackets rode upon the two front horses. Everyone was glad to see her, especially children for she always carried beside her a bag full of pennies, sixpences and silver threepenny bits from which she threw a handful of coins to the groups of children along the road. This was done in a kindly manner which made the gift even more welcome than its intrinsic value.

James Benzie who now lives in Boston had been butler to the Laird of Glenkindie and afterwards became special butler to the Queen. He told me that one evening the sudden arrival of many important guests found him short-handed for assistants in serving dinner. He was forced to take one of the coachmen and dress him in uniform for a temporary assistant. The man was quite unaccustomed to his duties. A certain guest, a Londoner of very high position, asked several times for additional bread, upon which the coachman to Benzie's horror told him:

"Clap two or three slices on top tither one, and you won't have to ask so often, man!"

Upon which everyone laughed heartily, including the Queen.

"Those were days," continued Mr. Ingram, "when a man held his job for life on the old estates. There was no depression then and no hunting for jobs like today. My uncle was forester for Alexander Leith Laird of Glenbindie for 70 years until his death. During his time there, there was a half-witted fellow named Jimmie Fleeman upon the estate who was noted for his love of mischief. There was no bridge across the Don near the Castle of Glenkindie but travellers used to use the ford. One day a party of travellers came along among whom was a certain man who had once used Fleeman badly. They asked directions as to the best place to ford the stream and Fleeman directed them to the deepest part. They were soon out of their depth and escaped being drowned with the greatest difficulty. They made a complaint to Alexander Leith the Laird who secretly amused, nevertheless thought that the claims of hospitality forced him to adopt a stern attitude. Summoning Jimmie Fleeman before him he asked him with great apparent heat what he meant by his actions.

Said Fleeman with a cunning leer: "I thought that it would be all right. I saw some ducks wading there the other day and your horses have much longer legs than they have!"

I commenced my tailoring apprenticeship at eleven years old. In those days an apprentice worked four years without pay. I served my time under Francis Macconachie. He was a celebrated tailor who numbered among his customers members of the Royal Family as well as many of the Scottish Aristocracy. In those days apprentices spent two years making pants and vests (sometimes also an odd kilt), before being trusted with work on coats to which they were promoted in their last two years. One pair of pants to each apprentice per day was considered satisfactory. In those days of course it was mostly hand work, even pockets being seamed by hand.

MacConachie's shop was a big one for those days. He employed 20 tailors, four apprentices, and two girls at the sewing machines for the stitching. After the day's work the apprentices delivered parcels to all customers in the near vicinity for the balance of the evening.

"One day," said Mr. Ingram, "I told him that I would not work all day and deliver parcels all night." He was very angry and next day did not cut out any work for me to finish, telling me. "You did not do what I told you to do last night." Seeing an unpleasant time ahead I decided to run away. I went home and packed my trunk, tied it to the back of my old-fashioned highwheel bicycle and started for home. There was a high head wind and I found I could not travel as far as I would have liked.

Mr. MacConachie's brother saw what I was doing and went down to the shop to tell him that I was running away.

"Bring out the sheltie (pony) and put on the saddle," he cried. In a few moments he followed me down the road at a gallop. You may be sure that I turned every few minutes to see if the dreadful figure was in pursuit. Sure enough, at last he came in sight and gained upon me rapidly. I could see his sidewhiskers and long beard like Santa Claus streaming in the breeze, every separate hair seeming to bristle with rage. I sprang from my bicycle and wheeled it into the woods. Arriving at where I had turned in, he followed me in among the trees. Seeing that I was defiant he tried to coax me to go back.

"What will the neighbors say? An apprentice running away from me! Come back, lad, and never another parcel will I make you deliver."

I went back and served my time with him. He kept his word and the three other apprentices did the work instead.

When I had finished my time, I went to Aberdeen and bought a ticket to Boston. I landed there, found work at once and have never been idle since.

I found it necessary to learn American methods of tailoring and to do so I worked in all the leading shops in Boston, including Filene's great department Store. In my opinion a union of the best methods of Scotch and American tailoring makes a combination very hard to beat.

In my day in Scotland, nearly all tailors were heavy drinkers. I remember a tramp Jockie Lowrie, who used to travel all over Scotland doing a few days' work at whatever shop was short-handed. He was a fine workman but of most unsteady habits. Nevertheless his genial way and knowledge of all the latest news from the shops where he had worked in his travels, made him a general favorite.

One night, having drunk too much, and being locked out of his hotel, he turned into the inn yard in search of shelter. There was an empty hearse there, an undertaker having put up at the inn overnight for a country funeral to be held next day. Jockie climbed inside out of the rain and fell asleep. The undertaker rose early next morning and drove twelve miles to the house where the funeral was to be held. The mourners were surprised indeed upon opening the door of the hearse to find it already occupied.

Mr. Ingram looks as if tailoring had agreed with him. To all appearances he is as young as ever and a future generation will likely still find him making good clothes at his King St. shop.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5—The welterweight tangle will be clarified to some extent next Tuesday night when Cieto Locatelli, European titleholder, and Harry Dublinsky of Chicago meet in the ten-round feature bout at Coney Island Velodrome.

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Communists To Aid Enemies of Fascism

MOSCOW, Aug. 5—Communists are ready to participate with "certain bourgeois organizations" in the establishment of United Front governments in nations where Fascism threatens, it was asserted yesterday in reports read at the seventh Congress of the Third Internationale.

Although Communists will join with such bourgeois groups, it was said, the "masses" must realize that no "final salvation" can come except through establishment of Soviet power.

William Pieck, German member of the executive committee, told the Comintern that despite the offer of co-operation with organizations in democratic governments, the real aim "continues to be the development within the working class of a force capable of overthrowing capitalism and establishing a proletarian dictatorship."

WEEDS

The impatient gardener, who at times has asked, "Why is a weed?" at last gets a scientific answer. The weed, it appears, is not an unmitigated evil. It has its place in the general economy.

The question was considered in reports read at the seventh Congress discussions of a great international conference of soil scientists in Oxford, England.

Dr. Charles Thom, of the United States Department of Agriculture, declared that weeds are valuable conservers of fertility in some special cases in farming. They usually are annual plants that take up the fertility of the soil as they grow. When they die in the fall they are decomposed by various organisms and return the fertility to the soil in more available form for succeeding plant growth.

Weeds also have the stamina to make healthy growth on poor soil where other forms of vegetation will not thrive. And thus they offer resistance to erosion where such protection is most needed.

It will be noticed, however, that the agricultural expert did not discourage the use of the hoe in caring for the ordinary garden bed.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Robert C. Jewett, of the Parish of Chipman in the County of Queens and Province of New Brunswick, Locomotive Engineer, and Nellie Jewett, his wife, and to all others whom it may in any wise concern:

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in "The Property Act," Chapter 168, Revised Statutes of New Brunswick, 1927, and of the provisions contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, dated the sixteenth day of November, 1925, made between the said Robert C. Jewett and Nellie Jewett, his wife, of the first part, and the undersigned Leon W. Cliff, formerly of the City of Fredericton in the County of York and now of the Town of Presque Isle in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America, of the second part, and duly recorded in York County Records in Book 197, pages 351-354, as number 78034, the twenty-third day of November, 1925, there will, for the purpose of obtaining payment of the monies secured by said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, contrary to the provisions contained therein, be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on Saturday, the thirty-first day of August, next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate in the said Town of Devon (formerly the Village of Gibson), and described as follows: Lot number five, so called, in the survey of the Winnifred Joutet property by A. G. Beckwith at Monckton point and lying between Lots No. 4 and No. 6, and described as follows: Beginning at low water mark on the northeasterly shore of the River Saint John in the southwesterly angle of lot number four, thence running along the side line of No. 4 south 85 degrees East by the Magnet of 1938 forty rods or to the rear line of the Block, thence south seventy degrees west four rods to lot number six (allotted to Alonzo Joutet) thence along the side line of Lot No. 6 north 85 degrees west forty rods or to the River Saint John at low water mark, and thence along the same in a northerly direction up stream to the place of beginning, containing on a more or less, excepting the land from the Highway Road to the River Saint John, formerly part of the said above described lot." Being the same lot of land conveyed by Harry H. Pickard and wife to Beverly R. Joutet, by deed bearing date the eighth day of May, A. D. 1897, and registered in York County Records in Book D-5, page 200, the 8th day of July, A. D. 1897, and devised by the last Will and Testament of the said Beverly R. Joutet to the said Julia Taylor, formerly Julia Joutet, widow of the said Beverly R. Joutet, and Murray Joutet, by Will bearing date the eighth day of July, A. D. 1899, and registered in York County Records in Book K-5, at page 12, the ninth day of August, A. D. 1899. And being the same lot of land conveyed by Julia Taylor and James Taylor, her husband, to the said Robert C. Jewett, by deed bearing even date herewith.

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Dated this 27th day of July, A. D. 1935.

LEON CLIFF, Mortgagee.

Mary C. Kinn, Witness.
Hanson, Dougherty & West, Solicitors.

WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS

When plain men speak of politics as "a dirty game" they have in mind some of those foul perversions such as "whispering campaigns" which from time to time, disgrace public life. It is seldom, however, that the public can get direct evidence upon muck-throwing. Yesterday at the inquiry into lobbying in connection with public utility legislation at Washington, one of these cowards, according to the evidence, was put under examination and admitted the authorship of a letter suggesting a stab in the back. Cold-bloodedly, the writer advocated "a whispering campaign to create the popular suspicion that the New Dealers, and especially the New Dealer-in-Chief, are either incompetent or insane . . ."

It is not many weeks since just such rumours circulated in Washington. (The letter was written in March). To its credit, the established press, where pro- or anti-Roosevelt, showed nothing but contempt for the campaign. Some weeks ago, in our Worlds Press column, we published a protest by the Detroit News against these political methods. Washington it was pointed out, had been called "a fool from nature." The whispers against Lincoln made him out to be a weakling, a "damned fool" and a "pliable drunkard."

Franklin Roosevelt, as usual, bore himself well in the face of attack. All he did was to call in some two hundred reporters and ask them how he was looking. That was enough since it was apparent to these trained observers that Mr. Roosevelt was robust in mind and as active and healthy in body as any man could be who has suffered the tragic handicap of infantile paralysis. Attacks of this sort upon F.D.R. are particularly cowardly, since they capitalize upon a bodily misfortune which the President has overcome only by the stoutest and most heroic qualities of mind. If ever politics were "dirty" here is the prime example. All public figures alas! are exposed to this type of vicious libel. It is only occasionally that the slanderers can be clapped into a witness box. It does a little to restore one's belief in human nature to learn that by and large, "whispering campaigns" have usually failed, and, where exposed, always rebound in favor of the victim.

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