

DUTCH WAYS AND WATERWAYS

Holland, Where the Traveller Can Visit Anywhere by Means of a Motor Launch

AMSTERDAM, Holland, Oct. 17—This northern Venice is not less gay and active than the southern. It is a place of sharp contrasts between the old and new, likewise between the airy cosmopolitanism of modern Continental capitals and the austerity of earlier generations of phlegmatic Dutch.

At one extreme of these contrasts you find the Paris-like gaiety of the Rembrandtplein and at the other the sombre dignity of such streets as Moses-and-Aaron. And everywhere about is water, the water upon which the whole domain of the Low Countries seems to be afloat and likely at any time to go drifting away down to the North Sea. Through the numberless canals which lend to Amsterdam its Venetian aspect, you may glide on a small motor launch for hours, passing under ancient arched bridges and through miniature Gatun locks and coming upon successive pictures of mediaeval Europe and the modernity of the most brilliant of any of the Old World capitals.

All the flair of Paris characterizes the Rembrandtplein in the evening. Cafes and restaurants like those of Paris or Brussels or Antwerp line it, sidewalks are crowded with tables when the northern climate permits, and a throng like that of the Boulevard des Italiens is ever present on the promenade. Yet just around the corner in narrow streets or along broader thoroughfares, one of whose sides is the tree-lined canal are the sturdy red-brick houses which are centuries old and which in some cases have been the homes of persons noted in European history.

More than one Old Testament name attached to these quiet streets declares the godly character of the early Dutch. Perhaps the consciousness of the mighty force all about them and its power to destroy if guard were relaxed for an instant lent soberness to their thoughts in those days, but the vivacity of the evening throngs about the Rembrandtplein today suggests no concern over the fact that the combers of the North Sea still batter away at the barriers of Holland not many miles distant.

Water is Everywhere
Not only in Amsterdam but everywhere in Holland is water all around you. You may travel on small craft

along canals into every quarter of the country, you may drive in automobiles along the banks, you may even board train or trolley going here, there or anywhere, and still there is more and more water. Just over the horizon is the great German Ocean itself, and the canals that intersect all the terrain like the dividing lines of a chess-board seem to have neither beginning nor end. Great red sails appearing to lack association with anything at all move eerily across lush green meadows. Occasionally a broad, flat hull laden with garden produce or flowers comes into view, presently to disappear again between the canal embankments. Yet the sails are ever in sight, dotting the level landscape as far as the vision reaches.

But all the canals in all of Holland seem to enter Amsterdam at one place or another. There is the great ship canal by which entry is gained for large vessels arriving from the Dutch empire or the Orient and other far distant ports, and there are the numberless smaller waterways leading into the country districts. Craft ancient and modern traverse them all. Embark on some one of these and you shall best see this curious country which a resolute and industrious people long ago reclaimed from the sea. You may go on board anywhere in the city and for some time the way will lead deviously along watery streets until at last a little lock is reached through which you enter the harbor and, crossing that, come into the country itself or among the curious islands of the "in-vaterland" region.

The green bank on either side is not a rod away, and the water in this enlarged and elongated ditch called a canal, seems hardly deep enough to float a skiff, yet your boat glides along as if in fairy flight hither and yon across an emerald-green land. Cattle, well-fed and sleek, regard it in mild wonder. Ducks in their very element paddle noisily, but without undue haste from its leisurely course. The children of a canal-side farm shout to its passengers from well-watered gardens.

Pyramids of Edam Cheese
Bye and bye the most delightful of All Dutch villages, Broek-in-Waterland, is reached. Here is the place of your Hollandish fancies, immaculately clean, orderly, unspoiled, wrapped in a soft and reflective peace.

And it is truly "in waterland," for through it from main canal wind branch waterways ever smaller, usually overhung with boughs and leading to a toylike home with its flower garden, or to a little farm whence a skiffload of produce goes each morning to the Amsterdam market. Yet the town possesses at least one product of modernity, a "model" dairy farm in which the well-cared for Dutch cattle are treated with the consideration due their importance and housed during the winter amid not a few of the amenities of a human abode. Treated thus they could hardly fail to give of their best, and here indeed it is—in the form of the globular red cheeses of Edam, piled pyramidlike in every corner, to the number of thousands.

Next on your progress through the Dutch waterways comes Maarken, that strange isle out in the Zuyder Zee. It is only a few feet above the sea in any part, yet it contains one considerable village and a number of smaller settlements which seem at a distance to be houses floating upon the water itself. Except for the few arrangements lately developing for the entertainment of tourists from Amsterdam, Maarken and its people are as exotic as a South Sea isle. Here for ages they have lived, cut off from the world as completely as if two thousand instead of twenty miles separated them from one of that world's most interesting cities. Here through all those ages they have seemed to be at the mercy of any unusually high tide, yet they have lived secure.

Simple and Peaceful Folk
Their fishing bouts have set forth into the nearby North Sea at the beginning of each week and returned a few days later, having gathered of the sea's quarry that which might provide a livelihood. Simply have the fisher folk of Maarken abode upon their flat sea isle, and in that simplicity have been content. The world, unconcerned with them, has passed them by, except when a few curious tourists have wandered this way. The sea has given them enough, and the trials and uncertainties of the world have not affected them, though they live on the edge of the chaotic Europe of today.

Back on the Dutch mainland along the Zuyder Zee shores are the towns known as the "Dead Cities." This is a ridiculous misnomer, for the only sense in which these waterside towns are "dead" is commercially, and that they have been ever since Hanseatic days. Otherwise they are a Continental counterpart of a New England village off the main ways. In their calm repose they are entrancing, in their unique architecture charming, in their friendly hospitality of their people unforgettable.

Topographical changes in the Dutch coast line have made it impossible for large vessels to reach them and so they are no longer the important ports of earlier days. But as delightful Old World towns, Volendam and its neighbors are memorable. To them through the narrow and shallow canals your leisurely-moving launch attains, one after the other, and under their noble trees, among their characteristically Dutch houses, and along the ever-shifting sands of the Zuyder Zee you will find a tranquility and a peace matched only by some remote village of Worcestershire or a hilltop town of Provence.

Now and then you will find a tiny shop in which you may have tea or coffee and cakes or, if you prefer, milk that is of the freshest. And the

NOTICE OF SALE

To Frederick Archibald Calhoun of the Parish of Stanley in the County of York, Farmer; Laura May Calhoun, his wife; and Robert W. Hunter of the same place, Fishery Warden, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:
TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the City Hall of Fredericton in the County of York, on Wednesday, the twentieth day of November next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the land and premises described as follows: "All that parcel of land containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as Lot Number Seventy Four, south side of new Portage Road from Nashwaak to Boiestown, granted to the said Fred A. Calhoun by the Crown by a grant bearing date the Twenty fifth day of October, one thousand, nine hundred and Twenty Six, registered in the York County Records in Book 202, pp. 601-602, and therein described thus: 'Beginning at a spruce tree standing on the south side of the new Portage Road and in the eastern limit of Fifteen Hundred and Thirty Eight acre grant to William F. Owen, thence running by the margin of the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two along said limit of grant south Twenty one degrees and forty-five minutes west seventy one chains to another spruce tree, then north sixty four degrees and forty minutes east thirty chains and fifty links to a poplar tree and a spruce tree, thence north ten degrees and forty five minutes east fifty seven chains to a poplar tree standing on the aforesaid side of road, and thence along same south sixty eight degrees and forty five minutes west thirteen chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, excepting from out the about described tract all that portion of the Canadian National Railway right of way contained therein.'"

And in addition "all that parcel of land conveyed to the said Fred A. Calhoun by William John Brown by deed dated June twenty eighth, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty seven and registered in York County Records, Book 202, pp. 634-635, and therein particularly described as follows: "That certain piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Stanley in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick and adjoining the property formerly owned by Robert Orr later owned by John O'Keefe and by him conveyed to the said William J. Brown by deed bearing date April 29th, 1915, recorded in Book Number Seven, pages 95-96 on both sides of the new Portage road between the Nashwaak and Miramichi Rivers being the lands conveyed particularly described in the deed from Alexander Rankin to one Michael McCarthy dated the fifteenth day of December, A.D. 1846 recorded in Book of the York County Records, pp. 195-196, 197 containing one hundred and fifteen acres more or less and conveyed to one Joseph Williston by one Timothy McCarthy by deed dated June 22nd, 1876, and by the said Joseph Williston to Jane Davis who conveyed it to James D. Phinney by deed bearing date the 13th day of October, A.D. 1880, recorded in Book 3, pp. 499-500 of the said records and by him conveyed to the said John O'Keefe and Annie Brown by deed bearing date October 17th, 1900, recorded in Book 3, pp. 531-532 of said records."

"And in addition all that parcel of land conveyed to the said Fred A. Calhoun by Harry E. Harrison, by deed bearing date February Twenty-first, 1928, and registered in York County Records, Book 204, pp. 179-180, and therein described as follows: "All that piece or parcel of land situated in the Parish of Stanley, beginning on the northerly side of the Highway Road leading from Fredericton to Newcastle running in a northerly direction thirty-seven and one half rods until it reaches the Chester McElwee line; thence in a northerly direction fifty seven and one half rods until it reaches the James Murphy line; thence in a southeasterly direction thirty and one half rods until it reaches the said Highway Road; thence in a southeasterly direction fifty seven and one half rods to the place of beginning containing thirteen acres more or less." Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances belonging.

The sale hereinbefore stated will be made under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twenty-first day of February, A.D. 1928, registered in York County Records in Book 204, pages 179-183, and made between the said Frederick Archibald Calhoun and Laura May Calhoun, his wife, of the first part, and the undersigned Frank Gunter, of the second part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest contrary to the provisions in said Indenture contained.

Dated this Seventh day of October, A. D. 1935.

F. H. PETERS, FRANK GUNTER, Solicitor, Mortgagee.

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