

IN IRELAND'S DUBLIN

A City of Contrasts in Beauty and Ugliness

DUBLIN, Ireland—Four days before the Cambridgeshire races will be held this month many an American holding Irish Sweepstakes tickets will eagerly await the news from Dublin. It is luck be with him he may go to Dublin to receive a check from the Lord Mayor himself, the dapper and smiling Alderman Alfred Byrne, T. D., G. C. S. S. But this should not be for him the only attraction in Dublin. The city—called by the Romans Eblana and known to Ptolemy as famous—has many other objects to offer him of greater interest and of deeper value than a mere check for \$50,000.

At six in the morning we arrived in Dublin by the night boat from Liverpool. The misty September morning and the desolate streets around the docks gave us a chilly welcome. After a short drive in an ancient taxi we came to O'Connell Street called by the Dubliners the most beautiful thoroughfare in Europe. The Irish names above the shops stood out in the cool morning: O'Brien, O'Hanlon, O'Sheehan, O'Donnell.

Our first objective was Trinity College, founded in 1591 by Queen Elizabeth in order to convert the Irish to Protestantism. The main building with its Corinthian facade facing the Bank of Ireland, on the other side of the square, the College Green, has its entrance guarded by the statues of Burke and Goldsmith. We wandered around the well-kept campus until a dilapidated building caught our eyes. It was the university's printing house. With permission we entered it and found in the front office some clerks scribbling behind ancient desks. The building was about 200 years old and it looked its age inside and out. Because of its looks we expected to find old presses, but, to our disappointment, we saw in the next room four modern American linotypes. In a room a few steps below however, we discovered type as old as the building. Hand compositors were setting type in Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, and Gothic. But many of them were busy with Gaelic letters for most of the university catalogues are being printed both in Gaelic and English. Examination papers, too, are printed in both languages and students answering them in Gaelic get a higher grade.

The Gaelic Is Skipped

In spite of the efforts to revive Gaelic we met no one in Dublin, who could speak it. Most of them will tell you that Baile Atha Cliath means "the Town of the Ford Hurdles"—the Irish name for Dublin. But that is as much Gaelic as they know. All the street signs and inscriptions on public buildings are written first in Gaelic then in English. We had the impression that everybody skips the Gaelic.

On our way toward St. Stephen's Green—the ancient commons—we walked through several busy streets. The traffic policemen, speaking in a distinct brogue, were as polite as those in London. None seemed less than six feet tall. Priests were abundant and so were good-looking women. Many stores were selling souvenirs, little one-horse farm wagons, pipes and other knick-knacks made of black Irish bog oak. Irish lace and Irish linen are just as expensive as in New York. Chances on all sorts of sports were being sold in every cigar store and sweepstake tickets almost anywhere. In one large store near the Green a model sailboat was being raffled off at six pence a chance.

We entered St. Stephen's Green, where we found beautiful artificial lakes crowded with tame game water fowls. On the beautiful lawns and flower beds—where fuchsias grew like small trees—signs "Keep Off the Grass" were painted on green shamrock-shaped tablets.

Traffic in this section of Dublin was not heavy and horse-drawn vehicles predominated even over the numerous bicycles. Of the automobiles, very few had bumpers. A garage man readily explained to us that the reason for the lack of bumpers were threefold: Traffic is not heavy, Dublin drivers are careful and bumpers are "extras" on all cars except the expensive ones.

We went by many tiny shops in narrow streets on our way to St.

Patrick's Cathedral. The Cathedral dates back to 1191 and was erected on the site of a smaller church supposedly built during St. Patrick's time. The architecture of the building is chiefly old English. It is an impressive edifice, but its surroundings are appalling; dingy one or two-story houses, some of them supported by beams lest they fall over. This used to be the center of the once active old city of Dublin, but today it is the center of Dublin's slums. Families here are large and children on the streets are as thick as on New York's East Side.

Poverty But No Beggars

Poverty faced us everywhere in this section, yet beggars were rare. It seemed that the people here just liked to live that way. Most of the Irish in Dublin will blame this poverty on the English and will point out with pride how many improvements have been made in Dublin since Ireland became independent. One wonders how much worse it could have been. Only a few blocks from the Cathedral, on St. Augustine street, off the Cornmarket, stands the Iveagh Market. Within the walls of this large building we found objects being offered for sale which are of no earthly use: broken picture frames, twisted pieces of iron, torn shoes, old almanacs, and other junk. Yet the place was busy with women arguing about a price of a fish or a half-burned candle. Here one could rent an old-clothes stand for two shillings a week or a fish stand for a shilling. Next door to this hall was the "wash-house" where women could wash, mangle and iron their clothing for one penny an hour.

It was about noon when we entered the cathedral. Except for a woman dusting off pews there was no one there. We sauntered through the church reading the inscriptions on memorials for various celebrities. Dean Jonathan Swift's own obituary in Latin inscribed on a large tablet, stood in contrast to a small tablet erected by him on the spot where his servant, Alexander McGee, was buried just about 200 years ago. The spot is hidden in the darkest corner of the church, as it behooves a humble of a great dean.

One afternoon we took a short train ride to Glasnevin, the burial place of Dublin. There O'Connell's grave stood out among the rest, with its monument built in the form of a tall tower, a duplicate of the Round Tower of Antrim, found in many places in Ireland.

Europe's Largest Park

Early the next morning we went to Phoenix Park, with its 2,000 acres, the largest in Europe. Its name has nothing to do with the mythical bird, so they say, but comes from the Gaelic Fionn Uisce, meaning "fair water". On a hill north of the city it commands a view over the Dublin Bay, with its Islands of Lambay, Ireland's Eye, Dalkey and the strands of Portmarnock and Killiney. The hills around Dublin, Three Rock, Montpelier, The Scalp, Tibbradden and Kilmashogue, crowded around us. A fine view, but nearer to us the beautiful landscape gardening captivated our eyes, near where Sheridan, Steele, Dean Swift and Thomas Parnell used to live. We passed through the charming Yew Walk, which is still known as "Addison's Walk", and through the Fifteen Acres, where many a duel was fought in the Middle Ages. This visit washed out our bitter taste of yesterday's slums.

In spite of internal struggles the Irish are united against Great Britain and they still heed Swift's admonition to "burn everything English except its coal". The day we arrived in Dublin De Valera was in Geneva, where he supported Great Britain's stand in the Ethiopian question. The Dublin papers announced in bold letters that this was the only time Ireland and Great Britain had been in agreement. They told us that all the reminders of English kings in Dublin have been removed or defaced. Strangely enough, Queen Victoria's statue still stands in front of a Government building. During Cosgrave's rule some one put a wreath of cauliflower on her head, but, they said, that had been the only time the statue had been ridiculed. No one could give us the reason for this Irish chivalry.

Britain Rules Industry

Nevertheless, Swift's motto does

MEDOC A LURE TO AMERICANS

BORDEAUX, November 3—Agents here report a number of inquiries from Americans concerning chateau vineyard properties in the Medoc and other parts of the Bordeaux wine region. This is attributed to the recent purchase by an American of one of the most famous wine properties in the world (Haut Brion).

Normally there is no property of this kind for sale, but the long duration of the economic crisis, which affects all luxuries, has severely crippled the finances of some proprietors.

Americans enjoy the same privileges as the French in regard to real estate and the taxes on industrial property, in which category vineyards fall, are low compared to taxes on non-productive property. These points and the low prices of properties, even with the unfavorable exchange are attracting some Americans. The peaceful and climatic advantages of the Medoc, are added attractions.

Properties of ten acres, producing at least a bare living for the owner, can be bought for \$5,000 or up, at the current rate of exchange, including a comfortable house. The latter could be modernized for another \$1,000.

The real bargains are to be found among the noted chateaux of famous wines, a few of which are for sale at prices ranging from \$25,000 to \$100,000. Some of these chateaux are surrounded by magnificent parks of many acres as well as the vineyards. The houses have modern comforts and for years have been the country homes of the aristocracy of Bordeaux.

The Medoc peninsula is between the wide Garonne River on the north and the ocean to the south. Biarritz is only a few hours' drive to the south and Paris a day's run, all over uncrowded roads through beautiful country.

The oysters, fish and shell-fish of the Medoc are highly appreciated. The lamb and mutton raised on the salt marshes are considered among the best in the world. French fruits and vegetables are in the markets the year around.

NEARLY THIRD OF VOTERS STAYED HOME

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 3—Although more Canadians voted in the recent Federal election than in any previous contest in the Dominion, only 67.98 per cent. of those entitled to vote cast their ballots—a smaller percentage than in any election since before the Great War.

Statistical experts said today that 4,022,567 persons voted on October 14, out of a possible 5,917,387. This is said to be 67.98 per cent. and compares with 76.11 per cent., in 1930, 70.32 per cent. in 1926, 68.77 per cent. in 1925 and 70.16 per cent. in 1921.

Various reasons are advanced for the apparent lack of interest on the part of the electors, the chief one being that thousands of Conservatives remained at home rather than vote against their party.

It would also seem that a good many people did their voting in the same way that they attended political meetings—by radio. Although the electors were bombarded by political arguments from all directions the evidence seems convincing that use of the wireless did not help in getting out the vote. Nearly one-third of the people who were on the lists stayed at home.

not work in reality, for it is plain that Ireland industrially still depends on Great Britain. The only industrial activity we could see in Dublin was on the northwest side of the city. There the Guinness brewery, at St. James's Gate, one of the largest breweries in the world, comprises a town by itself, some of its buildings holding odorous 90,000-gallon vats made out of New Zealand hickory. The plant stands on the site of old breweries of 300 years ago, and the present one was founded in 1760. From here stout and porter are being distributed by the Brian Boru harp—better tributed all over the globe in bottles, known as O'Neil's harp—as trade mark on their label.

Our boat for Liverpool was leaving that evening at half-past eight—half-eight, as they say in Dublin. The boat, filled to capacity, was pulling away from her dock below Dublin's ten bridges. The sun was just setting straight above the Liffey toward the plains of Kildare, whence the river enters the city. The dome of the Custom House and Nelson's Pillar were silhouetted above the city in the reddish clouds. On the dock an old Irish woman in a white apron and wrapped in a black shawl, was singing the songs of Erin in a cracked soprano. The passengers threw coins at her feet as the numerous sea gulls tried to drown her voice with their shrieks. The scene was unforgettable as the boat headed down the Liffey toward the bay and straight east into the Irish Sea.

ARCTIC PATROLS

800-Mile Journeys All in the Day's Work for the Mounted

Although conditions have changed vastly since the force was organized in 1873, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police still exerts an attraction for young men eager for an open air life that promises the spice of adventure. Major-General J. H. MacBrien reports that 2,241 applications for enlistment were received during the past year, many of them from the United States. Only British subjects are eligible and the high educational standards now required proved an insurmountable barrier in a large proportion of the cases.

Significant of the changing trend are the questions asked in the new application form, including queries whether the applicant is able to drive an automobile or motorcycle, use a typewriter, write shorthand, read or speak French. This does not mean that the 2,573 officers and men of the Mounted have degenerated into a sedentary corps basking in the reflected glory of an honorable tradition. The force still polices the huge North-West Territories with less than ninety men; thirty-three are regarded as sufficient to uphold the power of the King's writ in the Yukon, and elsewhere the Mounted carries out a multitudinous variety of duties of which even citizens of the Dominion are generally unaware. Few know, for instance, that a crew of mounted police man the schooner St. Roch; navigate her successfully from Vancouver, British Columbia, to the western arctic by way of Point Barrow, use the vessel as a floating barracks in the heart of a wild, partially explored region, and then when their long tour of duty is done, bring the ship back thousands of miles to its base in safety.

On both Pacific and Atlantic coasts marine detachments of the Mounted operate their own boats and perform much the same work as our own Coast Guard. And the recent murders in the West are ample evidence that duty in the danger.

Most romantic of all, of course, is the work of the force in the far north where conditions, as on any raw frontier, are not unlike those which confronted the original detachment of 300 men which travelled out to the Red River by way of Chicago and Fargo, North Dakota, in the early '70s. Long journeys which if performed by professional explorers would merit wide acclaim are all in the day's job for men stationed in isolated posts far beyond the arctic circle, for many of whom there is but one contact a year with civilization.

Commissioner MacBrien's report cites in bald official language some of the major patrols:

Constable A. S. Wilson of the Cambridge Bay Detachment, while on patrol to King William Land in August, 1932, heard vague stories of the murder of an Eskimo named Anaruk by Ahigiak, a fellow tribesman. Wilson had to wait until winter is set in before he could investigate, as it meant a long journey across the frozen sea. Setting out by dog sled in March, 1933, he succeeded in locating Ahigiak in the Etah Islands near Adelaide Peninsula on April 9. A month later Ahigiak was arraigned at Cambridge Bay.

There is nothing in the commissioner's report to indicate the difficulties that the patrol encountered in finding Ahigiak and escorting him back to the post. The account simply states that he was brought in. The Eskimo pleaded that Anaruk had premeditated his Ahigiak's wife, and that he killed Anaruk because he feared Anaruk would kill him. It is indicative of the hold exercised by the Mounted in the arctic that Ahigiak was released on his own recognizance for twelve months while another police patrol, travelling 898 miles in thirty-six days, sought and located the corpus delicti. Ahigiak did not attempt to escape into the wilderness; he knew, and his friends knew, that it would be futile.

By wireless—means of communication that is proving of inestimable value in developing the far north—the Coppermine Detachment was instructed to make arrangements for the trial. A judicial party went north from Edmonton, and on August 10, 1934, two years after Constable Wilson first heard of Anaruk's death Ahigiak was found guilty of manslaughter. Justice in such cases is always tempered with mercy and judges take into consideration the accused's background and his tribal beliefs. The sentence of five years' imprisonment in the Mounted Police guard room at Aklavik—tantamount to five years' surcease from the Eskimo's never-ending search for food—was a mild punishment but effective.

The other patrols briefly mentioned in the commissioner's report throw further light on the work of the Mounted in the north. Corporal Finley McInnes, with two Eskimos, blazed a trail in bitter weather through unknown country to link up the police detachments at Pangnirtung and Lake Harbor in Baffin Island. The patrol took sixty days to cover 950 miles. Often there were no landmarks and McInnes, living by what he could shoot and feeding destitute Eskimos he met on the way, had to rely on the sun as his principal

guide. The account of his trip takes up a mere two paragraphs in General MacBrien's report.

Acting Sergeant G. T. Makinson of the St. Roch fares rather better; he received five paragraphs for his 700-mile patrol in weather as cold as 69 degrees below zero from Tree River to the Red Rock Lake district to investigate the death of an Eskimo woman. Makinson reached the lake on December 22 and made known the purpose of his visit. Within a remarkably short time 150 Eskimos—a great number considering the sparsely populated country—had gathered to hear the visitor expound the fundamentals of the white man's law and offer sundry and friendly advice not found in the police manual.

As Time Marches On

"Quiet out there." A hush descends on Columbia's Studio No. 3 as Dramatic Director Arthur Pryor addresses his cast from behind the plate-glass window of the control room. "The March of Time" is ready for the final rehearsal.

Every night is a first night in this novel air theatre. But there are no spangled props or gay costumes in its dress rehearsal. Just a roomful of folks with wilted collars who've been working together for years and like their exacting jobs.

Rehearsal rolls past with scarcely a stutter—"Reykjavik's," a mouthful for even the suave Westbrook Van Voorhis—and time arrives for final tightening up of the script. Here, in a handful of strenuous minutes, lines must be made to fit moments allowed on the air enunciations and pronunciations checked and loose ends tied.

Kneeling on the floor, Director Pryor forms a makeshift desk of Howard Barlow's conducting platform. He slashes through fistfuls of script while writers squirm in their chairs. "Take 'em out of the car! Put 'em on the front porch and we save twenty seconds. He sweeps the studio at a glance, "Right?" he asks. "Right," comes the muffled response. Pages of rejected manuscript flop to the floor as actors, technicians and sound men discard their superfluous script and mark what's left to conform to last-minute cuts.

Hostages given to time, Pryor shifts his attention to Ted di Corsia (Mussolini) who is enjoying a cigar cigarette with Ed Jerome (Halle Selassie) in the studio door. "Less accent on Il Duce, kid. It fuzzed up bad." Next it's Barlow whose "Rule, Britannia," was an octave high. Barlow waves his men through a test measure, looks for Pryor's approval, but the latter is already "wood-shedding" the sound engineers for effects behind a mythical fire. They remind him of "sizzling breakfast bacon." Pringle Bill Adams Paul Stewart—none escapes this polishing process.

Five short minutes till program time find Dwight Weist, who plays Hitler, leading the actors out to the lobby for a last-minute smoke. Trouping back, with seconds to go, they take their places like orderly schoolboys in chairs against the studio walls each primed for his microphone cue. There are five "mikes" each with a specific job to do. One is for close-ups, another for "mobs," a third, fourth and fifth for sound, music and "auditorium" effects.

Seconds tick past. A roar of applause "piped in" from the preceding program presages the zero hour. Through a stifling silence Harry von Zell approaches his "mike." All serious now, a moment before he was asking sedate Howard Barlow for "Moocher."

Right hand cupped to his ear, the better to catch and control his own intonations, he waits alert for Barlow's down beat—the flourish of fan fare—the moment to place on the air his stirring staccato "The March of Time."

McADAM NEWS

McADAM, N. B., Nov. 1—Mrs. Edward Allingham, and Miss Verna Jones left for Kingston, Ontario, Thursday, where they will visit Mrs. Allingham's daughter, Miss Audrey Black, who is training in the Hotel Dieu hospital.

Members of the St. Clements Church McAdam, held a Halloween supper in the Orange Hall on Wednesday evening, October 30th. Supper was followed by a dance, a large crowd attending. Proceeds to go towards church purposes.

Friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moffatt held a reception at Mrs. Moffatt's home (nee Jessie Hamilton) in Maguadavie, on Thursday evening. A large crowd was present, and a delightful supper was served. Many pretty gifts were received by the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffatt were married on October 31st, and immediately after the reception left on a tour. On their return, they will reside in McAdam, where Mr. Moffatt is employed by the C. P. R.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sowell of Montreal, are spending the week-end with Mrs. Sowell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. White.

SERVICES AT THE CHURCHES OVER WEEKEND

Weekend services at the local churches drew large congregations. At St. Paul's United church the 163rd anniversary was observed with special ceremony. Services at the Wilmot United church included the dedication of the new Hammond Electric Organ.

At Brunswick Street Baptist church Rev. Aubrey Horwood spoke at both services. At St. Andrew's Presbyterian church Rev. Dr. George E. Ross conducted the services, morning and evening. The theme in the morning was "Paying Tribute to Caesar," and in the evening the theme was on Human Values, "How Much Better is a Man than a Sheep?" The evening service was a special monthly service for the young people of the church with a sacred song and social hour in the church hall immediately after the service.

At Wilmot United church, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Bartlett spoke on "Music and Worship," in the morning it being a special dedication of the new organ, and in the evening he spoke on the theme "The Sermon of the Organ." Communion service was held. At the Brotherhood class Dr. Arthur Rowan spoke on the subject, "A Doctor Views the Old Testament." A brief organ recital was given at 6:45 o'clock.

The monthly communion service was held at St. Paul's United Church. The subject of the evening sermon was "What the Years Have Wrought," Rev. George Telford conducted.

Services took place at Nashwaakasis, Kinsley and Devon in the Gibson Memorial United church. Rev. John E. Brown, evangelist, spoke at all services and Mrs. Sadie Brown was soloist. The evening theme was entitled "A Frameup."

Mount Allison Win N. B. College Title

Continued from Page Seven

slippery pigskin shot right past Donaldson, U.N.B. half scrum, and Don Gough, opposing wing-forward, shot ahead and took the pigskin on a dribble which did not end until he had booted it across the U.N.B. goal line and fallen on it for the first try of the series. Robertson's try for goal was wide.

For the rest of the game Allisonians controlled the play almost entirely, making large gains by dribbling and by following short punts up the field. Near the end of the half Referee Anderson awarded a penalty kick against U.N.B. on the latter's 40-yard line away over to the side. Captain Bob Brodie took the oval and dropped a beautiful goal over the bar to make the score 6-0.

The rain had ceased to fall by the time the second half got underway, and though the field and ball were still wet, there was more backfield work. Early in the play Burke and Gascoigne combined in a double-passing play to score again with Burke making the final plunge to garner the two extra points from a difficult angle. Eldridge, scrum man for the Red and Black, was put off the field by Referee Anderson for illegal tactics after having been warned several times.

Shortly after this the Mount Allison forwards started a dribble on U. N. B.'s 30-yard line. Inch, in trying to stop the dribble, was hurt but the play went on. The dribble continued to the 20-yard line where a loose scrummage ensued. The ball was heeled back to Burke of Mt. A., with Inch still out of the play, and a fellow team-mate assisting him, then it went to Mosher, to Woolner, to Robertson, and finally to Gascoigne, who romped across the line and placed the oval between the posts. Robertson failed to convert.

Jamer Gets U.N.B. Points

A penalty kick was awarded U.N.B. on Mount A's 40 yard line at a difficult angle. Jamer decided to try a place kick, and made such a beautiful job of it that the whole Mount Allison cheering section gave him a hand and gave the U.N.B. yell. The remaining few minutes of play saw the Mounties threatening again, although Jamer had a try for another goal from a penalty kick, but missed.

Lineups:

U. N. B.—Forwards, Armstrong, Eldridge, Palmer, Scotcher, Jamer, Pond, Corbett; halves, Thomas, Donaldson, Cough; three-quarters, Inch, Kilburn, MacKinnon, McDermott; fullback, Sleep.

Mt. A. — Forwards, Storey, Kerr, MacKay, MacRitchie, MacFarlane, Robertson, Woolner; halves, Gough, Burke, Brodie; three-quarters, Gascoigne, Mosher, Adair, Neilson; fullback, Johnson.

Referee—Douglas Anderson, Halifax.

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