

## Old Times Recalled

### Lord Fitzgerald's Walk from Fredericton To Quebec City

Twenty-five years before the 104th Regiment made the famous march from this city to Quebec, four men, two of them officers in the 54th Regiment, stationed in this city, made the trip from this city to Quebec. In February 1799 they went through what is now the State of Maine and reached Quebec City, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, in thirty-one days. The trip, which was full of adventure, is described by one writer as the most dangerous piece of inland navigation ever attempted.

The men who made this trip were Lord Edward Fitzgerald who came to Fredericton (then Saint Anne's) with the first regiment to arrive here—the 54th, a brother officer named Laskey, Fitzgerald's servant, a coloured man named Toney, and another servant.

A description of the trip together with a map prepared by Lord Fitzgerald was two years ago presented to the York and Sunbury Historical Society by Lord Henry Fitzgerald of Dublin.

The Daily Mail will publish this story of adventure, from day to day until it is completed. It should be valuable for historical references.

(Continued)

Lord Edward's troubled thoughts yielded to the magic of the night's beauty. The moon shone placidly from a clear far sky, touching the tree tops with light, and marking the silver ground with black tracery that waved with the swaying branches as the light breeze softly stirred them, making no sound. His thoughts as he gazed on the fast still sky were away from earth. In one of those supreme trances when the soul seems for a moment to pierce a little way to the mystery of the invisible world which surrounds it, and to which some instinct tells us the road leads skywards.

His quick ear, which kept sentinel while his thoughts wandered, caught the sound of a light rustle in the woods. Instantly he was down to earth again with all his bodily senses keenly on the alert. Very quietly he drew his rifle to him, and slowly and gently cocked it. The moon shone coldly on the barrel as he stretched it in the direction whence the sound came.

Suddenly out of the darkness of the thick wood the huge black quivering shadow of a deer's head was projected flat on the white ground. The body followed, the long legs striking back right into the shadow of the trees.

It was a weird and ghastly sight, to send a thrill through the heart of a watcher in the still moonlight, but Lord Edward felt no such thrill. He knew there was a substance behind

that shadow. As he steadied his rifle across his arm where he lay and waited for the substance to follow the shadow into the light, the savour of hot grilled venison steak was the homely anticipation that absorbed him.

But there is many a slip between the game and the bullet. The high-piled camp fire at this instant fell in with a crash. The black shadow vanished suddenly as ghosts vanish, and only the keenest ear could detect the rustle through the snow as the frightened moose deer fled away into the night.

Lord Edward called up his sleeping comrades. Here was a chance of fresh meat not to be neglected. But the meal was alive on four swift, strong legs, and must be caught before it was cooked.

They reconnoitered the spot where the shadow vanished, and at the covert's edge found a deep track stretching away through the woods. Very quickly their simple belongings were bundled up, their snowshoes strapped on, and they were away in pursuit.

The trail was easy to find. There was a broad, deep furrow where the resolute deer had ploughed his way, belly deep, in the loose snow dust.

The trail was easy to find, but it was by no means easy to follow. The snowshoes of the party sunk deeper than ever from the quick motion. The front man who laboriously beat down the track for the others, had to be constantly relieved. Every half hour or so there was a change along the whole line, so that the labour might be more equally divided. But Lord Edward, light and active, insisted on more than his share of the toil as the leader's right.

So they plodded rapidly and doggedly forward along that white furrow from red sunrise to redder sunset. But the stout deer ploughed his way still faster; and from sunset to sunrise their strained eyes caught no glimpse of moving thing in the still white forest.

By endurance, plainly, not speed, the brave prize was to be captured. Wearied, but hopeful, they camped round their huge fire that night, and ate more freely of their scanty store, and drank success to their strange chase in cups of scalding coffee.

Before dawn they were up and away again. By sunrise they had come where the wood was more open, and a broad expanse of white ground flushed pure red in the morning light.

Young Lieutenant Langley, who headed the party at the moment, peering out into the crimson haze, thought he saw two black branches stuck up from the white, bare ground, and quiver and wave in the dead calm.

At the same instant he felt Lord Edward's hand heavy on his shoulder. "Down, Artie, down!" the leader cried, in an excited whisper. "It is he—only three rifle shots away. With

## UNHAPPINESS IS CAUSED BY BAD POSTURE

### Human Beings "Don't Know How to Breathe, Stand, Walk or Sit" — Tells Right Way.

LONDON, England, October 10—Most of the unhappiness in the world today is due to human beings not knowing how to breathe, stand, walk or sit properly.

So declares Dr. L. P. Jack, noted sociologist, who claims these defects are the cause of neurasthenia.

"We breathe with the top of our lungs instead of the bottom", said Dr. Jack in an interview. "We do not know how to balance our bodies in the correct way."

"We waste two-thirds of our energy in wrong and unnecessary muscular movements".

He added wrong body positions and wrong breathing restrict the circulation of the blood.

"As a result of all this, people worry about trifles", he said. "It causes unhappy marriages. It drives people to seek new thrills in cocktails and reckless driving of automobiles. "It creates irritability, hinders mental development and kills the joy of living."

The correct way to breathe, stand, walk and sit can be taught in a few weeks, according to the educator.

"It comes as naturally as learning to swim", he said.

Dr. Jack referred to the excellent results obtained in an experiment conducted at Philadelphia with 1,000 waitresses and shop girls.

They were taught simple rhythmic exercises to correct faults.

The waitresses found that in carrying trays they had been using the wrong muscles of the back.

After a six-weeks course, they performed an eight-hour day's work with an expenditure of only one-third the energy they had previously used up.

"And the shop girls said it was a pleasure to walk around the shop where it had been a drudgery before they had taken their course", said Dr. Jack.

"They became full of life and laughter and walked like goddesses. It not only helped their health but it aided their beauty".

The sociologist added that he believed the education of the population in the proper use of the body would be the big step forward in human progress in the next thirty years.

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caution we may creep on him."

Crouching and cautious, the party moved stealthily as spectres over the white ground.

(To be continued)



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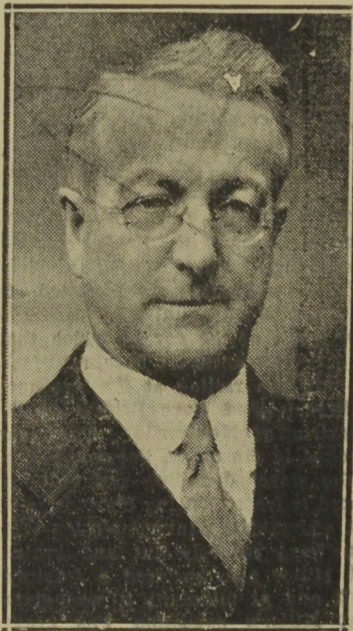
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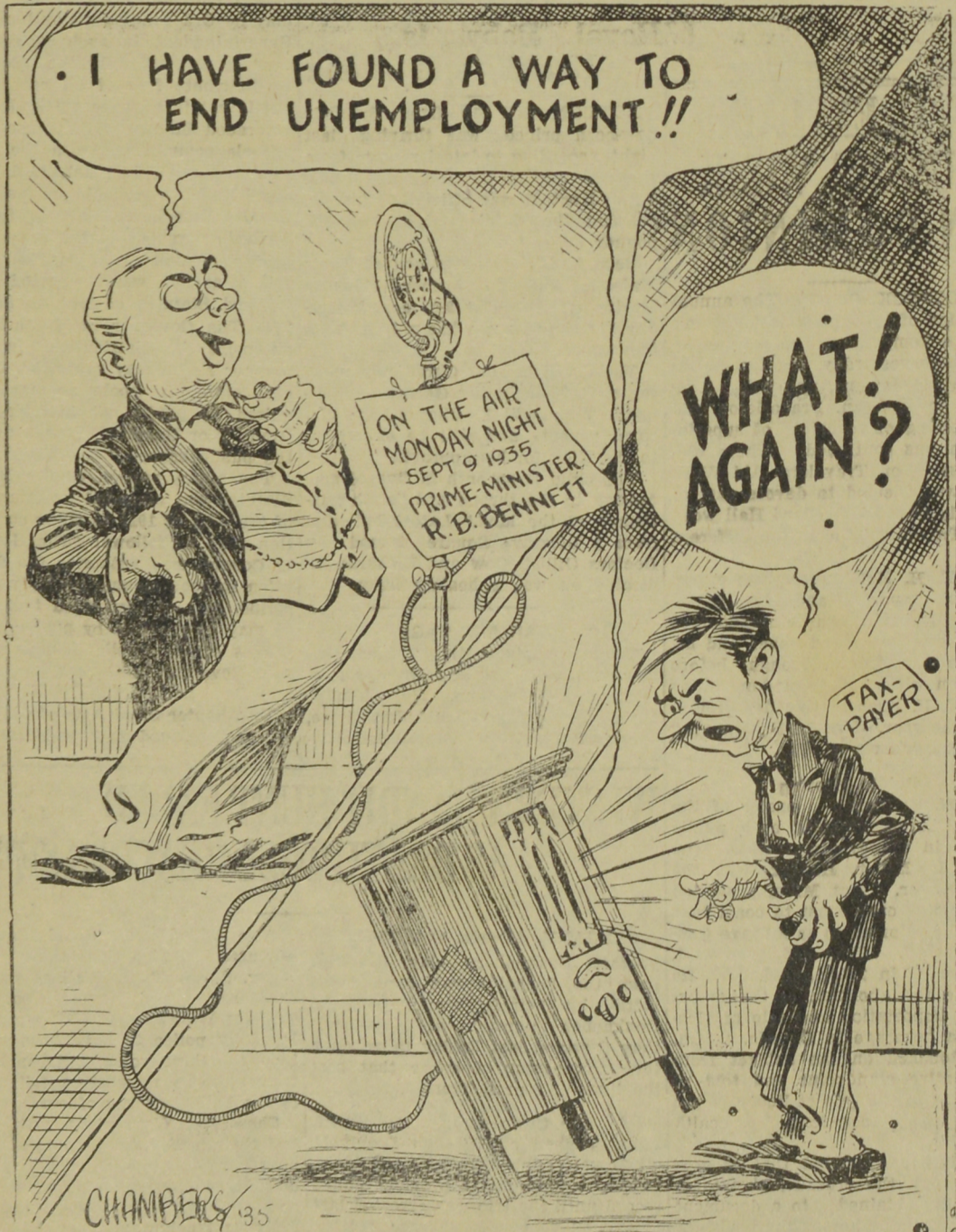
# LIBERAL

### Mayor W. G. Clark

## CLARK FOR OTTAWA

Published by the York-Sunbury Liberal Association

### HE'S HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE by Chambers



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