

THE ISLANDS OF JAPAN

Via U. S., Canadian or N. Y. K. Cruise Ships—
Where the Moon is a God—Celebrated
in Song and Fete by Sensitive Folk

The rising of the full moon over the Pacific is an experience not easily forgotten, especially in the run from Honolulu to Yokohama, where the tropical clouds flow in lovely formations under the brilliant light. It is, of course, quite as lovely whether one watches it from the deck of a Canadian ship or a Dollar liner of an N.Y.K. ship, but a strange experience always comes to the American travelling from the first time on one of the excellent N.Y.K. liners, the Chichibu Maru or the Tatsuta Maru. It is a strange experience because in dramatic intense way, the traveler is permitted to take a look deep into the heart of the Japanese people and to understand, too, the melancholy beat that sounds under the shrill tones of all Japanese music.

The ship surges evenly and swiftly through the great swell coming from the whirlwind of a typhoon, raging far from the ocean lanes. All evening the uprushing streams of pale, pure light have signaled the coming of the moon. The amber and coral splendors of the setting sun fade swiftly before the newcomer. An assembly of huge, dark clouds, rushing like herds of bison over the rim of the world flow endlessly out of the watery horizon, rise pell-mell against the pale columns of the oncoming moonlight. At last, the saffron and gold globe itself shows all its glory in the night sky.

At this moment, or shortly after, there rises a melancholy sound, vague obscure, almost dying in the cheerful bustle of the ship and the strains of the orchestra. It is like that humming one hears upon a heath at night or in a hemlock forest when the myriad needles clash and set up a sighing. The vague sound at times becomes clearer and one understands that it is a human song. It is a song, indeed, and it is sung by the Japanese standing at the rail. It is sung, too, by the steward below decks who looks out of the porthole at the round beauty in the sky.

Song to the Moon

The song is almost a monotone, taking its beat from the rise and fall of the long swell round the prom of the speeding ship. The voice at the

rail rises louder and louder, uttering the ancient syllables, crying out in innocent, passionate adoration of the wheeling globe that is now shining like a golden shield upon a battlement of darkness. The dark face of the man is raised toward the shower of light. To look at him singing, even from a hidden place on the deck, seems like an intrusion upon a solemn ceremony. Soon the moon plunges into darkness again and is hidden. Almost at once the refrain of the song dwindles as if the passage of the secret light had robbed the singer of his powers.

Long after the landing at Yokohama and the excitement of passing through its wide streets into the avenue of Tokio, where the familiar sights of shouting taxi drivers and Kate Hepburn on a billboard cheer the homesick heart, one remembers the singing under the moon. Especially was it remembered by this writer when another incident, less impressive, perhaps, took place in the lovely city of Kyoto, the city of precious gifts.

Here, after buying gorgeous silk dressing gowns and a Satsuma bowl on that famous street of little shops, we went to a Japanese household to witness the moon festival ceremony. This is a charming duty, practised by the entire family, and it displays the high refinement of their aesthetic pursuits. The women of the family arranged upon a table of dark wood some fruits and vegetables. These were placed at the very spot where the first ray of the moon should fall. When the little pile was completed, each fruit arranged as carefully as flowers in the rites of flower arrangement, the family and guests sat silently, awaiting the beam.

It is, of course, not an easy thing to put into words, but the moment when that moonbeam pierced the night and fell through the opened lattice was breath taking. Like a ray directed by supernatural means it illuminated the objects on the table. This was a beautiful sight, but the highest enjoyment of the Japanese lies in the shadows cast by the fruits

at that moment. The shadow, like all shadows made by objects in the moon, is intensely black. Fantastic shapes

change and multiply as the moon pursues its course and the light falls at new angles.

A Symbol in Japan

Again in the pretty lane, where the festival night tinkles with the flute music and the drowsy twitterings of birds in the long-leaved boughs, there stands a young father, holding his child in his arms. The father has taken the boy out to see the moon. Upon the father's face is that same rapt look seen upon the face of the singing passenger. He does not sing, but he repeats over and over again, in a charming, persuasive manner, the name of the moon. The baby maintains his solemn stare up into the silvery clouds. He is fascinated. At last, his lips move, and he says the word the father has taught him.

This is the moon in Japan, a symbol of beauty and love in the hearts of a great people, whose simplicity and goodness is all too often forgotten when Tokio is engaged in its political strivings. No matter where one goes in all the beautiful island of Japan, it is well never to miss a chance to gaze at the moon. In the Nara Valley it is the best way to see the beauties of the hills and the forests. Among the islands of the Inland Sea their beauties are increased tenfold when the moon shines on them.

Of course, if one could stay long enough to see Mount Fuji under the moon it would be an experience surpassing all others. The writer did not have that pleasure during his journey in Japan. Indeed, it is a rare one. And it is rarely that the traveler, unless he goes in leisurely fashion, may see the holy mountain in full sunlight, unmarred by rain clouds or by the mists that endlessly wheel and shift about the impressive cone.

Such luck befell the writer one day. Rising long before the others in the excellent country hotel at Hakone, he bathed in the Pool of Dreams, a natural hot spring flowing into a beautiful pool within the hotel. Then, riding in an open car, he drove many miles along the ridge of the hills, and, just at dawn, emerged from a passage under the mountain east of Fuji. There, seated in a rustic veranda far above the valley, he waited for the sun, saw it drive off the mists of the morning and then illuminate in a dazzling river of light the majestic slopes and the great summit and its eternal snows.

Cooper and Ott are from New Orleans and several years ago played together in one of the Southern League

THE SAME HERE

The other day I sat in the office of a Westmorland County merchant, who has been given considerable publicity in County newspapers from time to time. My eyes roved round the room and at length rested upon twenty five or thirty boxes of envelopes and many packages of letterheads, which occupied a corner of the room. The stationery bore the label of a well known firm of Toronto stationers, who usually charge twenty five per cent more for their printing than do New Brunswick printers. So far as I know that merchant never asked The Tribune for quotations and I doubt if he consulted any other Westmorland County printer; he went ahead and sent his printing order out of the province, although he himself is largely dependent for his business on Westmorland county patronage. He expects the newspapers to co-operate with him and to boost his public-spirited activities and yet, he passes over Westmorland County printers and sends his orders to Ontario.

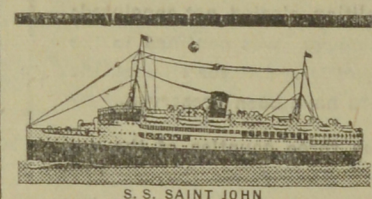
I wonder what chance a Westmorland County printer would have in securing orders in the City of Toronto! I wonder!

It's a queer world and, in some respects at least it does not seem to improve with age. The Golden Rule is too often forgotten.

One hears about unemployment but when something is to be done it is none too easy to secure competent help. If it was the aim of every young man to be able to do a particular job a little better than anyone else, then the average level of ability to do things would be appreciably raised. There are so many people, who don't seem to be able to do anything well. They quarrel with their tools, with their wages, with the weather; everything is wrong, according to their own view, except themselves. A man begins to reform the world when he begins to reform himself—Sackville Tribune.

You've heard of switching horses mid-stream? Well Lennie Hayton, the youthful maestro-piano soloist of "The Hit Parade," tried the trick with his music technique—with most successful results. Lennie made an auspicious beginning in the classical field as accompanist for concert and operatic singers at the age of 15, only to reverse matters and become one of our outstanding exponents of jazz.

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Sail from Saint John Saturdays (except August 31), through September 7, at 7:30 P. M. (A. T.); due Boston 10:30 the following morning. Returning, sail from Boston at 5 P. M. (D. S. T.) on the Sunday or Tuesday immediately following departure from Saint John.

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\$12 round trip for car, any weight, accompanied by passenger on this week-end excursion. Passenger with car, \$12 round trip from Saint John.

Regular sailings every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 7:30 P. M. (A. T.), from Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John. One-way fare from Saint John to Boston, \$10. From Fredericton to Boston, \$12.40. Rail connection to Saint John from all interior points. Staterooms, \$1.50 up, good for two people.

• Apply any Canadian National or Canadian Pacific Railways Office, or Reed's Point Wharf, Saint John.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

Stop Money From Going Out of Town!

An investigation among consumers was made this year in a Canadian city having a population of 70,000. Some of the questions asked were:

Do you buy from out-of-town merchants?

Why do you buy from these out-of-town merchants?

What kind of merchandise have you found it difficult to get locally?

Do you read the advertisements in out-of-town papers?

The persons canvassed for information were classed as "wealthy," "well-to-do," "middle class" and "lower class." 100 per cent of the wealthy class said that they bought out of town; 38.53 per cent of the well-to-do class bought out-of-town; 46.66 per cent and 33 per cent of the middle class and lower class respectively bought out of town. These out of town shoppers said they bought anywhere from 5 to 33 1-3 per cent of their total annual purchases out of town. They gave as their reasons: price, better selection and quality; bought on impulse while visiting; or no good reason at all. Their purchases included such merchandise as women's clothing, gifts, men's furnishings, dry goods, men's clothing, children's clothing, hardware, women's shoes, furniture, men's shoes, auto accessories, wallpaper. 60.6 per cent of the total number of those confessing that they did out of town buying said that they could have done just as well at home.

Is not one big reason why so much money goes out of town for things that can be obtained locally quite satisfactorily that our retailers do not advertise enough? And when we say that they do not advertise enough, we mean that they do not tell enough about what they have in stock—do not give enough description or information—do not tell buyers about price. Our local retailers have to compete against metropolitan mail order houses which send out catalogues, and against advertisers whose advertisements are seen in metropolitan newspapers which find their way into our city.

A retailer cannot complain if local families do not buy from him if he communicates no information to them

—if he does not invite their custom by newspaper advertising. Consumers like to have their shopping made easy for them. They like to have information about the offerings and services of local stores and establishment given them in their newspaper. With the aid of this information they can make up their shopping list in their home. This time is saved. Thus they know what to look at and what to pay.

Unquestionably it is those who communicate information who attract customers, and prevent out of town shopping.

Please give this matter your thought—and do your part towards inducing our local people to buy locally.

DUMFRIES

DUMFRIES, July 22—Owing to the warm weather the farmers of this vicinity are busily engaged in haying operations.

Miss Blackmer of Fredericton, is spending a few weeks at the "Moon Light Inn" and "Ever Ready Cabins".

William Donnelly of Lake George, is spending a few weeks with Chas. Fraser.

Mrs. Wallace Scott spent a few days at the "Moon Light Inn".

Mrs. Mary Foster of this place and Mrs. David Oils of Fredericton, spent a week at Davidson Lake.

Mrs. John Lyons and children, of Fredericton, returned home on Friday evening after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Kelly.

Mrs. Clarence Jordan and children of Lower Queensbury, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Trail and children of Connecticut are visiting relatives in Dumfries and vicinity.

Harold Carson and little Sadie Watson were operated on for throat trouble on Friday last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Watson. Friends wish them a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Burke spent Saturday evening in Pokiook Settlement.

The Messers, Oscar Young and Gene Cloney of Brockway, N. B., spent Thursday night at the home of Bedford Kelly.

Benjamin Goodine is spending a few days with Robert Scott.

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by LOU SKUCE

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