

LITHUANIANS VARY REPASTS, EAT CROW INSTEAD OF FISH

JUODKRANTE, Lithuania.—When you catch several crows alive in a net you have to kill them, before you can take them home very conveniently, and the quickest, most natural way to do it is to bite through their heads with your front teeth. That's the way the fishermen of Judokrante do it.

A lot of people don't think much of this way of killing crows. It's a favorite insult in this part of Lithuania, in fact, to call a man "Crow Biter!" But the fishermen of Judokrante go right on doing it anyway.

They trap the crows in the sandy valley between the two parallel ridges of the Nehrung—the narrow strip of land that separates the fresh water Kurisches Haff from the Baltic here. Mostly, they catch the crows in the fall, when they are fat.

The fishermen set up their nets on the sand in such a way that they can be dropped by pulling a rope. They run this rope some distance away from the suspended net to a rough hiding place made out of pine boughs. On the ground where the net will fall they tie several live crows to short stakes driven into the sand. Then they hide in the shelter and wait.

To crows flying overhead it looks as if those on the sand have something to eat, and they come down to see what it is. When several have collected under the net the waiting fisherman pulls his rope, the net falls—and the biting of heads begins.

A meal of crow is a welcome change from the eternal diet of fish and eel the people of Juodkrante have to put up with most of the year. Once in a long while a family here will have goose or pork to eat, but the pigs eat so much fish scrap that they taste of fish too, and there aren't very many geese. There are wild ducks in the marshes along part of the shore, but few of the fishermen have guns and the game laws are strict.

There are really two villages of Juodkrante here on the fresh-water side of the Nehrung. One is a small town of poor fisher folk. The other is a simple, modest bathing resort. The beaches are good on both sides of the Nehrung and the air is sweet from the pine woods between.

The summer visitors' money helps out some in the village and the men can fish off both sides of the Nehrung in fresh and salt water as well. But still the villagers are poor. A man must want a change of diet pretty badly before he starts killing crows by biting into their brains in order to get it.

You couldn't tell from their houses though, that the fisher folk of Juodkrante are poor. A good many of the roofs are thatched with reeds from the shore, but thatched roofs are no sign of poverty in Lithuania. And the houses are kept painted—dark blue, or brown, or green, most of them, with dark red shutters and trim—and in good repair. There are lace curtains in several windows. Most of the houses even have glass-enclosed front porches.

It is a holiday in Juodkrante today and the crow biting is going on. The tarred fishing nets are drying in the sun on the racks by the shore. The sound is calm and there is only a soft lapping of tiny ripples against the sides of the boats.

Two village girls are lying in the bottom of one of the boats. Protected by the gunwhales from the fresh breeze coming off the sound, they bask warmly in the sun. On one of the short piers a boy is playing a fisherman's song on an accordion. Offshore, some gulls are resting on the water.

A crow flies overhead, heavy and black against the clear blue sky. Juodkrante must look safe as any other village to a crow, but this one turns inland and disappears into the pine forests beyond all the same. The boy with the accordion watches it go.

BUCKLES ON SHOES NEW MODE FOR MEN

BOSTON, Mass., August 9 — Shoe manufacturers of the nation are giving decided attention to the twinkletoes of "mere man" as well as those of "milady". Delegates numbering 2,000, at the shoe and leather style show here heard promises of a revolution in men's footwear.

Buckles, which the European countries have approved for their men, have been transplanted in the harness type for American men in sports wear. Late summer white buckskins are trimmed with brown with the harness type buckle for the sports model.

Suedes lead the fashion parade for women this fall. The majority is trimmed with black and brown.

Other new notes in women's footwear are: Instep strap with a medium heel in half or kid combination, blucher type with buckle and strap at the top of a tongue in suede, three-eyelet tie with crushed calf tongue, perforated models at the top of the shoe and on the vamp with a two-inch heel.

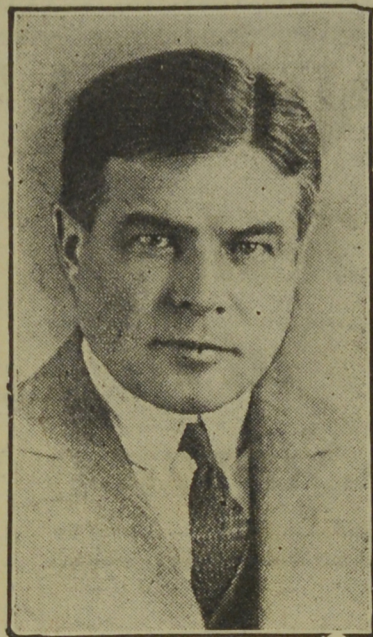
SIR EDWARD W. BEATTY, C. P. R. HEAD AND PARTY VISITED CAPITAL

Arrived Here Late Yesterday Afternoon and were Informally Received at Parliament Buildings at 5.20 p.m.—A Short Stay.

Sir Edward W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railways, and party arrived here yesterday afternoon on their special train at 4:40 o'clock, and at 5:20 p.m. were informally received at the Parliament buildings, where in the Legislative assembly chamber, they met Premier Dysart and members of his cabinet, His Worship Mayor W. G. Clark and aldermen, as well as members of the business and other professions of the city who were gathered. The meeting was quite informal and there were no addresses. The local professional men were introduced to Sir Edward Beatty and members of his party and there was general informal discussion.

After an hour or more spent in the capital, the party left on their special train for St. Andrews. The special arrived from Saint John, where the official C. P. R. party spent part of yesterday.

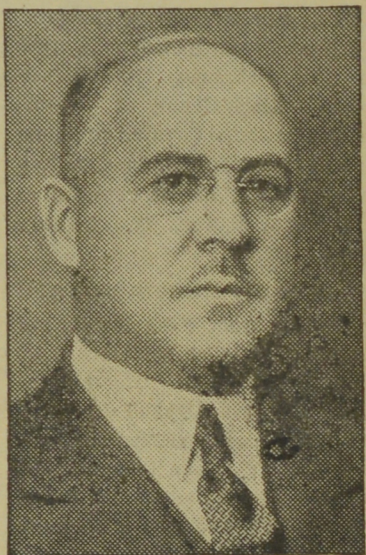
The personnel of the party was as follows: Sir Edward W. Beatty; Sir Charles Gordon, G.B.E., president of



SIR EDWARD W. BEATTY,
President of the Canadian Pacific Railways

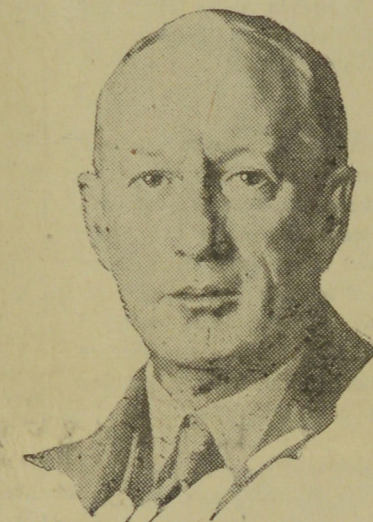
Canadian Pacific Press Bureau; and T. C. Macnabb, general superintendent of the New Brunswick district, Canadian Pacific, the latter joining the party at Digby, N. S.

The party which gathered to welcome Sir Edward and his party included besides the above mentioned, members of the Board of Trade, and members also of the banking, legal,



MORRIS W. WILSON
President of the Royal Bank of Canada

the Bank of Montreal; Ross H. McMaster, president and director of the Steel Co. of Canada, Ltd.; Morris W. Wilson, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, all C.P.R. directors; also Senator Smeaton White; H. J. Humphrey, vice-president and general manager of the C.P.R. Eastern lines; J. Harry Smith, director of the Can-



SIR CHAS. GORDON, G. B. E.
President of Bank of Montreal

educational and industrial professions of this city.

Sir Edward Beatty and his party spent one hour and 45 minutes in Fredericton, leaving at 6:25 for St. Andrews.

The party was greeted at the Union Station by Premier A. A. Dysart, Mayor W. G. Clark, H. S. Murray, M. A. Johns and John Neill and were driven to the Executive Council chamber.

nedited much by the Bolshevik's anti-religious campaign which has automatically stopped the flood of pilgrims who once flocked here at the rate of \$100,000 a year to worship at the shrine of St. Sergius. Peasants swarm about in the deep mud of the market place just below the Lavra wall, haggling with one another over pretty odds and ends and feeding their scrawny horses.

A drunk creates a disturbance and some one shouts for the police as a bearded companion tries to hush him up.

"Shame on you for going about in those nice shoes without rubbers", says a motherly peasant woman. "I thought foreigners knew better".

"I know", says an old fellow coming up to make conversation. "You're a foreigner and you've come to see the monastery".

"Sure, that's right".

"So. Yes, I knew, I knew".

And yet they say that Russian peasants are stupid.

anything about it. Look at this". She held out a box of candy to her niece, and indicated the card lying on the cover.

Lucy read it aloud. "Just to let you know I'm sorry it's hay fever time again", said the inscription. Lucy looked up questioningly.

"I've been crying", said auntie, giggling daintily, ever since I read that. I've waited twenty years for a kind word about this hay fever business".

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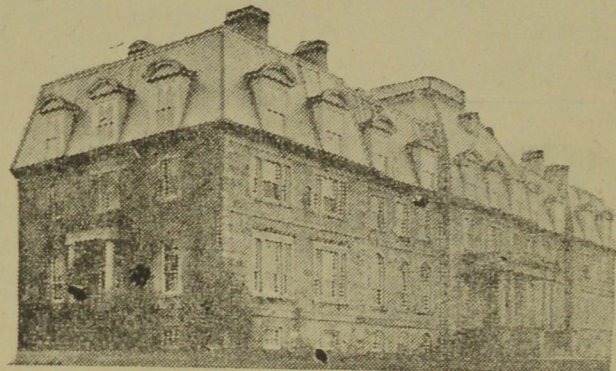
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J. D. Palmer, Resident Manager

Gets One Kind Word About Her Hay Fever

NEW YORK, N.Y., August 9—"Why auntie", gasped Lucy, as she came into the living room. "You're crying. Whatever's the matter?"

Auntie looked up from her hankie and surprisingly began to laugh.

"Lucy", she explained, "I've had hay fever every summer for twenty years now, and as far as I know, nobody in all that time has ever thought



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TREASURE HOUSE OF OLD RUSSIA

In Ancient Monastery at Zagorsk, Near Moscow

ZAGORSK, U. S. S. R., August 10—When they want to give the Moscow public a special treat in the way of opera they put on "Boris Godunov" at the Bolshoi Theatre. Either Pirogov or Mark Raisin drapes himself in a sixteenth century outfit of gold brocade to look like Ivan the Terrible's successor and in deep bass tones carries the audience back to the days when Russia despots were cruel but colorful.

Here in the Troitsko-Sergiev-skaya Lavra, a mere forty-four miles from Moscow, the ashes of the real Boris mold away beside a cobbled courtyard swimming in mud and nobody thinks anything of it. Certainly, at least, not the red-nosed little boys who keep begging "Uncle, give us a bit of bread" or the mangy local peasants whose thoughts, if any, are also completely on their stomachs.

After all the ashes of the mighty Boris have not fared much worse than the monastery itself, which has suffered as much from neglect in the last seventeen years as it did during the famous siege of 1608 and 1609, when it withstood a Polish army for sixteen months. Only the massive pinnacled wall of mellow red brick surrounding the grounds is much as it always was, three or four centuries ago. Serfs though they were, the old Russians built well.

Water seeps through priceless frescoes in the fifteenth century Cathedral of the Trinity, and in the entrance the paint applied by the brush of some ancient master is already peeling off in long strips.

"Yes", says the old caretaker, "something ought to be done about it".

To visit the "treasury" of the monastery, in a plain little building back of the Cathedral of the Trinity, is like wandering from a spot in the cases show that some things have been removed, but you can still get a fair idea of the \$350,000,000 collection which occupied the three small rooms before the war.

In one case lies a set of gold ornaments studded with diamonds, emeralds and twenty-two large star sapphires; in another stands a Metropolitan's miter encrusted with diamonds and containing one \$10,000 ruby; in still another is draped an altar cloth covered with thousands of pearls the size of peas. It is the sort of collection which only an eastern potentate or a Russian would think of making and only a Russian would think of keeping way out here in the country where only a few stray tourists ever see it. A lone man with a holster at his side stands guard in the dim corridor outside.

STOPS FLOOD OF PILGRIMS
The village of Zagorsk has not be-

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