

## YUGOSLAV MOUNTAIN TRAIN LIKE RIDING ON WHEELBARROW

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia, August 9.—A porter stands on the station platform waiting for the baggage car and is quite unperturbed and isolated among the crowds about to board the train. He is holding the largest piece of baggage and it seems quite absurd compared to the diminutive train.

The English-speaking assistant at the putnik, or travel agency, has explained that sleeping cars are unknown on this line from Belgrade to Sarajevo and beyond to Dubrovnik since this is a narrow gauge line and he spoke the truth. It is arrow gauge. It is a Coney Island express, a train in miniature. From Belgrade to Sarajevo is a mountain climbing trip and takes from 9:10 o'clock in the morning until Sarajevo is reached at 10:44 o'clock that night.

If you have never ridden 200 miles over mountain passes and through a series of more than sixty tunnels seated in a wheelbarrow, then you can have no conception of this trip. From Sarajevo to Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast is an equal distance. The similarity of this and a wheelbarrow trip comes in the fact that neither this train nor a wheelbarrow has springs, but the train does have one first class compartment and it does have a dining car.

### DIFFERENCE IS IN COLOR

The difference between the first and second class compartment is one of color. The upholstery of the first class is red plush. The second class goes in for gray, while the third class contents itself with hard wooden seats whereon men and women of half a dozen nationalities and races try to compose themselves in comfort.

The clatter in the dining car as thick porcelain plates and cups and saucers dance up and down with the train in motion resembles nothing less than the proverbial boiler factory in predepression days. The dining car is taken off at Sarajevo and from that point until Dubrovnik is reached twelve hours later the trip is a quieter one.

At Visegrad, which is high up in the mountains, two Turks with coal begrimed faces clamber onto the small locomotive and shovel coal, while a Turkish woman stands in the station courtyard and occasionally raises her black veil to take a peek at what is going on around her.

In this same courtyard are several tables spread with pink table cloths inviting those who would eat in quiet

to partake of wine and bread and goulash before the train starts again.

### PASSPORT IS EXAMINED

Your passport is called for and examined by a Serbian soldier three times during the first part of the trip. He cannot read English and is quite grateful when you show him your Yugoslavian visa which has been properly stamped and endorsed by the Belgrade police, to whom you have paid a modest fee for this purpose.

Sarajevo lies sprawling far below you in a cup in the mountains. At night as you approach it is an astonishing sight of brilliant pin points of electric light. You had no idea a train could ascend so high up a mountain side.

At the leading hotel you astonish the manager when you ask for a room with bath. That is impossible and later you understand why, for a search of the second floor fails to produce a single bath tub, though you will find hot and cold water in your room and all the other sanitary contraptions of modern life nicely polished and shining.

The rug is as Turkish as the veiled women who stroll so modestly under your window. The signs in your room are in French, Serbian and German, and one on each landing which you cannot fail to notice informs you that 15 per cent will be added to your bill for service tips. This sign, be it remarked, is in five languages—Italian and English being added to the three mentioned above.

### THEY TELL YOU ABOUT TIPS

In those nooks and crannies of hotel corridors in Chicago where you would find signs telling you where to find the fire escapes, in Balkan hotels are devoted to signs telling you how much for tips will be added to your bill. These people take no chances.

This is one town, Sarajevo, that has never heard of Ely Culbertson. If it had, playing cards would not be so inordinately expensive. Prowling all over Sarajevo looking for a pack of cards you will always be directed to one and the same little shop. You cannot evade it. Try whatever language or melange of languages you will, you will be directed to a small shop that has a sunken wooden floor and is kept by two women dressed in black. It has the appearance of being a stationery shop. The woman, who waits on you says she speaks only Serbian and Spanish. She has garishly colored pictures in the win-

## THE ROSE HAS MANY STORIES

In Love and War—Even in the Ceremonies of the Church It Has Played a Fascinating Part

Once upon a time when the world was full of fancy, the gods and goddesses gave a party and sent out invitations to meet on Mount Olympus.

Cupid was one of those summoned to the Fete as was also Gae, the Goddess of Earth. Each came with a gift, for it was Jupiter's birthday.

The Goddess of Earth, Gae, presented a gift of a simple branch bearing an insignificant bud. The feasting gods and goddesses sneered at this gift, but it was not for long—for Dan Cupid poured nectar over this single bud, and to the astonishment of the gods—the bud slowly unfolded into a beautiful red rose. This was the birth of the rose. In their great enthusiasm they then and there christened the rose . . . the flower of love . . . and through the ages, its perfume and its beauty has ever since inspired poets and lovers.

### King Solomon

Another legend of the rose, is told about King Solomon. It was known he understood the language of the birds—the birds, knowing this, went to him with a complaint about the singing of the nightingale at night. Thereupon the king summoned all the robins, wrens, thrushes and many others

and the bulk of a Catholic church casts shadows over the building.

### HIGH PRICE OF CARDS

Finally you get her to understand you are looking for a package of "Igrace Karte", by which you mean a deck of bridge cards. She produces them from a drawer near the floor—a drawer that seems seldom to have been opened. No wonder. It contains only cards and the lowest price is 125 dinara. The figure alone frightens you and the rows of excise stamps on the package is enough to explain their prohibitive price. You don't buy them and the woman in black had hardly thought you would anyway so there is no disappointment written on her pale face. Next door you see a modern electric table lamp. Price 120 dinara. Five dinara less than a pack of cards.

You may wonder what Sarajevo residents do with their long evenings. Playing bridge is not one of their amusements nor diversions. The price of a pack of cards would buy the ordinary Sarajevo worker several dozen cups of thick Turkish coffee. The money goes for this and the evening is well spent.

of the bird species, together with the nightingale, to his court.

"Why is it, Sir Nightingale, you sing at night instead of in the day time? Do you not know that you disturb the slumber of the other birds?"

The lonely nightingale hung his head, and humbly told his story: "Sire," he said, "it is my love for the rose that inspires me. She is so beautiful and I love her so—and she in turn has confided to me that she cannot bloom unless I sing to her by the light of the moon."

King Solomon was so entranced by this beautiful story he dismissed the court and advised the complaining warblers to try and imitate the inspiring love song of the nightingale to the rose.

And even as myths develop into stories with more fact, we are more likely to believe in the background of history. For history relates that the alluring Queen Cleopatra gave orders to strip the rose bushes of the rose for miles around the countryside, and as the conquering hero Anthony, her beloved, arrived from the war, his path was strewn with roses, and the fountains in her palace, sprayed the rose water crushed from the delicate petals of the flower.

### In Picardy

If by chance you happen to be travelling in France around June 23, mid-summer's day, make a point of going to Picardy. The song "Roses I Love in Picardy" was no doubt inspired by this event. Groups of young maidens walk backward and blindfolded in the beautiful rose gardens of Picardy. Each will pluck a rose. These hopeful maidens will place it tenderly between two white pieces of paper and according to the custom, that same rose is taken from its hiding place on Christmas Day. The superstition runs that the rose will be as fresh and fragrant as on the day it was picked. The maiden then pins the rose on her bosom and patiently awaits the arrival of her unknown lover.

But the rose was not always worn over the heart as a badge of romance. The good Queen Bess pinned a rose over her ear, with the sly significance "hear all and say nothing," as also the knights in the days of the crusades, had a rose embroidered on their sleeves signifying gentleness, accompanied by courage.

Joan of Arc immortalized the Lily of France, and the Queen of Prussia the Cornflower of Germany—but the Rose of England figured importantly in the thirty-year War of the Roses. This conflict started in the Temple garden, the walls of which were banked with red and white roses.

The royal leaders were gathered in this garden to discuss the affairs of state. Dissension arose, and disloyalty was suspected among the followers of the leading statesmen. The fiery young Duke of York stepped to the centre of the group and proclaimed: "Let him who is a true-born gentleman and stands on the honor of his birth, if he supposes I plead truth, then from this brier pick a white rose with me." To which the Earl of Lancaster heatedly replied: "Let him who is no flatterer or coward, but dare maintain the party of the truth, pluck a red rose from this brier with me." Thus, runs the story, began the bitter thirty year war which ended with romance when a son and daughter of the enemy houses fell in love and married. From then on, England established the rose as her emblem. The rose was engraved on her gold coins to commemorate this thirty-year war.

### To His Love

And the young Yorkshire swain sent to his Lancastrian lady love a white rose, and a song:

"If this fair rose offend thy sight  
Place it on thy bosom bare,  
'Twill blush to find itself less white  
And turn (red) Lancastrian there."

The beauty and charm of the rose permeates even into the religious world: Every so often the Pope presents a golden rose as a reward for some valiant deed. And in a Church in Rome, St. Luson, is an old Mosaic, Charlemagne, the King, is kneeling to receive a sceptre from St. Peter around which is entwined a rose.

## Cf Interest to Women ETIQUETTE IN SPORTS AND GAMES

Nowhere is good breeding more noticeable than when engaged in sports.

A "poor" sport is shown up quickly . . . whether he wins or loses. A good sportsman loses cheerfully and wins without gloating over his victory. The crowd is "for him" whether he comes out on top or if he is beaten. The one way to be popular is to be a good sportsman.

Men or women should never brag about their good plays, nor try to make excuses for their bad plays.

### Play for Pleasure

Remember that games are played for pleasure. If you enjoy yourself only when you win, it is best not to play at all. Those who are happy only when they win are apt to forget the rights of their opponents in their eagerness to win. A "good sport" is always ready to give in to an opponent when some point arises over which there may be a disagreement.

Real "sports" do not lose their tempers, even when luck seems to be against them. Never hurl your tennis racquet across the court, break your putter or show in any way that your temper has conquered your judgment. If the referee decides against you, do not argue! Accept his decision gracefully.

### When Playing Bridge

Bridge seems to call forth a display of bad manners almost more than any other game. And the worst of these bad manners is the habit that many players have of criticising the play of their partners. Under no circumstances should you find fault with your partners play.

If your partner, or an opponent, makes a good play, be quick to praise him. He will like that and will like you for being generous in spite of the fact that the good play may be against you.

Do not take your Bridge too seriously—or any other games for that matter. Play for the fun of it, even if the carelessness or ignorance of your partner keeps you on the losing side.

Do not talk too much during a game of Bridge. Some players prefer absolute silence after the play has started, excepting, of course, between hands. However, if the other players like to chatter and you like quiet, do

### WESTERNERS MAKE

#### TRUE CANADIAN JELLY

Typical of Western Canada is the flavorsome Saskatoon berry now ripening in the summer sun. That delicate almond like flavor is found in no other berry so Western housewives have a true Canadian delicacy when they make the fruit into a tender jelly.

Finer flavor and color is procured if fully ripe fruit is used to make any jelly. Long ago only under-ripe fruit was used in jelly recipes because it has more jelly-making substance, pectin, in it and by boiling the fruit a long time, housewives hoped to get enough pectin to have the fruit-sugar mixture jell. With the new short boil recipes, all that waste of fuel, and gambling on results is unnecessary because as soon as the fruit syrup is sterilized, liquid pectin is added in the exact proportions to give perfect jelly.

The recipe given here can also be used for Elderberry and Black Raspberry, as well as Saskatoon Berry Jelly.

3 cups (1½ lbs.) berry juice  
7½ cups (3 1-4 lbs.) sugar.  
½ cup lemon juice.  
1 cup bottled fruit pectin

To prepare juice, remove larger stems from about 4 pounds fully ripe berries; place in kettle and crush. Heat gently until juice starts to flow, then simmer, covered, 15 minutes. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Squeeze and strain juice from four medium lemons. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 six ounce jars.

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