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## CAPT. G. ALVAH GOOD AT THE KING'S GARDEN PARTY

Daily Mail Correspondent Describes  
Visit to London—The Gilwell Camp  
Met General Hill—Major F. A.  
Good to France.



LONDON, Aug. 10—This is being written from memory, having been too busy to do more than finish the account of the land tour and get it off in the meantime. On waking on Tuesday morning, July 28, we found our good ship steaming up the Thames Estuary. I said good-bye to my friend, the Chief Engineer, and heard from him of his visit to the un-veiling and his words that he would have felt his life half-unlived if he had missed that occasion.

I climbed to my chosen point of view, the crow's nest, to get some snapshots of our arrival in London and saw the Thames Estuary from a rather similar point of view to that I had in the pilot's seat of the training aeroplane (Avro 504K, of 198 N. T. Squadron) when we used to practise formation flying with the gulls. At that time I was much impressed with the skill in flying possessed by the sea-gull of average intelligence and I have never lost a feeling of admiration for the easy, powerful, flexible and purposeful soaring of that magnificent bird.

The "Ascania" was landing passengers at the Tilbury Landing Stage when we arrived, so we were forced to lie in the stream for about an hour until she cleared the berth for us. In the meantime the "Montcalm" had come up and was lying astern of us—I wonder if all this nautical lingo that's coming so easily to my pen at the moment is going to stay by me, so that I may come to open a door, bow to my companion and say, "Astern of you, shipmate," instead of "After you, sir!"

The "Royal Hotel," where we were

billeted is something new in London, in fact most people have to be told where it is as it is a quite recent building, having 777 single rooms ranged on either side of one long straight corridor in four storeys above the ground floor used for office lounge, dining room and shops along the street front.

Tuesday afternoon and evening were not occupied by any Pilgrimage function but by wandering about a small part of London, seeing the changes, or rather noting with joyful recognition places where there were no changes. Building seems to be the universal medicine for the present economic ills in the eyes of the British public. London is being built, rebuilt and expanded in all directions. During the Rover Scout Leaders' Course just completed the most outstanding thing to come to my attention was the large amount of new building going on in the Essex suburbs.

On Wednesday morning we went to the Canadian Legion Headquarters under the church of St. Martins-in-the-Fields to make final arrangements about the French Government's tour of France. I was most interested in this tour but had foregone the opportunity as I had made arrangements to take the Rover Scout Leaders' Course. We encountered General Hill here and found his help most valuable in making these final arrangements.

At ten o'clock we assembled in Westminster Hall, a magnificent Gothic structure, started by William I in 1097 and enlarged by later sovereigns, the scene of many famous state trials and assemblages. Here the bodies of Edward VII and George V lay in state before their funerals. Here we were addressed by the Prime Minister the Right Honourable Stanley Baldwin in hearty welcome to the heart of the Empire.

At 10.30 the party formed up in Old Palace Yard and marched, headed by the band of the Grenadier Guards, to the Cenotaph in Whitehall where an impressive memorial service was held with the tribute of two minutes' silence just before eleven o'clock, after which the pilgrimage party marched into the Horse Guards Parade and were dismissed.

We crossed Whitehall and made a short visit to the United Services Museum where the greatest number of military, naval and air force relics are on display. The crest of No. 5 Squadron R.A.F., of which I was an observer in late '16 and '17, was of much interest to me, while models showing the terrain of the Battle of Waterloo and several other engagements held much attraction.

At three o'clock we assembled in Buckingham Palace Garden for a garden party at which the King made his appearance, greeting cordially all he could meet but soon realized the uselessness of speaking individually to the thousands gathered there so he went upstairs and came out on the balcony overlooking the park-like lawn, greeted by round after round of heartfelt applause. When this was somewhat subsided he addressed the gathering in warm and sincere welcome. If there were any doubts as to His Majesty being truly 'King of Canada,' all doubt was removed by these two occasions on which he addressed his pilgrim subjects and he won the unqualified loyalty of all by the honesty of the man-to-man relation he assumed in his address on each occasion. After speaking a few minutes the rain rudely interrupted and forced all to seek such shelter as could be found, since few were armed with umbrellas. A number, your recording angel being of the number, sheltered under the eaves of the royal boathouse at the margin of the pretty little lake in the grounds. This amateur photographer secured a couple of fairly interesting photos of the crowd sheltering under every arch between the pillars.

Next day a visit was paid to the British Museum which is somewhat disarranged by temporary partitions as concealment and protection to visitors while extensive repairs and rebuilding are being carried out. I have no intention of copying lists from guide-books for these accounts of visits to museums, etc., merely to note any outstanding items that impressed me.

On the 31st we paid a visit to that most interesting old structure, the Tower of London, seeing opposite Mark Lane Underground Railway Station, where we came to visit the Tower. All Hallows Berkyngchirche, of which more anon. The Tower is a combined barrack, community, museum, fortress and treasure-house, where are stored the Crown Jewels, which I had seen before and was little impressed by the mass of intricately worked jewels and glittering

orders. While not in the least wishing to belittle the display for those interested in such sights, I must say that I was far more interested in the huge breech-loading cannon of Turkish manufacture, dating from about 1400, the bronze barrel and breech screwing together. It fires a missile, iron ball or often a stone ball, of 25 inches diameter. This was presented by the Sultan to Queen Victoria in the year of Confederation of Canada. The large collection of ancient weapons and armor, was very interesting and my present obsession, the search for the "Almayne rivet" met with no success, largely through lack of time to make enquiry.

In the evening I accompanied father to Cannon Street Station and saw him off for the tour of France under the invitation of the French government. On my return coming up the lift at Russell Square to my hotel a most agreeable surprise befell me. A gentleman in the lift, recognizing me as a Pilgrim by my beret, asked if I had been at Vimy in '17. On my answering that I had been flying over it the day of its capture his reply was that he had been a captain of the Black Watch, on the flank of the Canadian Corps that day and that he wished to act as representing Great Britain in extending hospitality to me as representing Canada. He invited me to his home and introduced me to his son and a very charming lady, then took the party to Frascati's for dinner which was a most sumptuous banquet with music and professional dancers and acrobats to add to the feast. Needless to say, bed was a little later in welcoming me that morning.

The official pilgrimage programme being now completed, the first thing to do was to assume the uniform of a Rover Scout, load myself with bags, haversack, rain coat and steamer rug and be off to Gilwell Park, first searching out a publishing house, Rich & Morgan, 25 Soho Square, to deliver up a voucher for the gift of a copy of "Pilgrimage," a book given to each pilgrim by Lord Queensborough, to be mailed to our home addresses. I shall try not to be tedious in dragging those who accompany me through the journey down to Chingford. (Remember, when you visit Stirling in the northern part of Scotland, you go UP to London. This use of "up" seems to be handed us from the Romans who went east, west, north or south, but always "up" to Rome). Arrived at Gilwell Park, almost a mile from the station, I found myself one of a class of 24 candidates taking the same course. Among them were many from very different corners of the world, differing in color, creed, language and privileges. The Earl of Buckinghamshire was a member of the class, taking it as part of his qualification for the position of Travelling Commissioner to which he had recently been appointed. More than one clergyman was in the group and my own particular chum was a Belgian student-priest, Dieudonne Bourgoignon, whose attention I first attracted by asking if there should not be a second "g" in the name written on the little tag handed to each of us by the Camp Chief.

Before giving any account of the course I feel I must write a few words of appreciation of the beautiful old world estate that is Gilwell Park. Dull as history undoubtedly is to many, a short sketch of its ups and downs gives a clean-wiped glass to view Gilwell's Park's interesting features. Once belonging to the De Vere family, it was granted to the monastery of Waltham and, in fact, formed part of a forfeit to the crown 125 years ago by a defrauder of the treasury. Dick Turpin played his part in the history of the place, as, in fact, what place within 40 miles of London has no traditional connection with this picturesque highwayman.

Various small lots of land have been added to the original Gilwell Farm from time to time and they are still known by their former owner's names, Branchet Field, Gore's, Skipard's Croft, Church's. Bought and presented to the Boy Scouts Association in 1919, it has been considerably renovated during constant use since that time and it is divided by a large hedge into two portions, connected through a handsome lych gate called the "Jim" Green Gateway. One portion is used as a camping field for visiting scout troops, the second, having the hall as residence for the Camp Chief, is used for premises for the Scouters' training courses.

We were first assembled and photographed, then allotted to four patrols, the Captain Oates Patrol, the Dr. Livingstone Patrol, the De Burgh Patrol, and the Roland Phillip's Patrol, in the last named of which your scribe found himself. Our quarters consisted of four pairs of tents protected by a fly shelter, having a board floor and each man was issued two blankets, a ground sheet, palliasses, pillow, tick cover and pillow slips. A dining shelter with table and benches served for us to consume what those chosen cook and cookee—no! head cook and second cook, thank you!—spoiled or otherwise, in the food line.

## TARS NOT IMMUNE TO SEASICKNESS

Few Who Sail Ocean  
Long Enough Escape,  
Say Navy Medical  
Man.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28—The notion that seasickness is a failing confined to landlubbers was shattered today by Capt. Charles Gordon Smith, senior medical officer of the Third Naval district, who nerved himself to confession after reading the admission of Sir Roger Keyes, former admiral in the British navy.

Sir Roger had confessed that his 51 years at sea had not made his mal-de-mer any more malleable, and Capt. Smith said he could go further than that with the evidence of an American officer. He produced James

Each had one turn at least as Rover Mate, Rover Second, Head Cook and Second Cook. On my turn as Rover Mate, the Roland Phillip's Patrol was duty patrol and, at the same time, stood highest in the inspection standing. Since I had five good, efficient and energetic members of the patrol I am inclined to think that I had nothing to do with this achievement. On a Wide Game played that night, the patrol found the ruby manufactured by the scientist from his secretly evolved formula—and it is in my possession now, though I lost the search party I was with in less than a mile.

On Sunday we were given instructions in "Backwoods Cooking," i. e., ways of cooking eggs, grilling meat, making bread, etc., with no dishes or utensils bar a fire and a knife. On Monday we put these into practice, no food prepared by other than each Rover himself being allowed. I still survive as mute evidence of the result.

I have mentioned, have I not? my desire to meet Padre Clayton again. Imagine my surprise on arrival at Gilwell to hear it announced that Rev. P. B. Clayton would conduct the Sunday morning service and to be greeted at the tent door by a cheery young Rover Scout who informed me that he was one of "Tubby's" curates and had been sent to invite me to lunch after the close of the course.

In the morning, after service, I hastened to greet Padre Clayton and shake him by the hand. The next person to grasp his hand was a Toc H member, from Singapore. Though I can claim no active part in Toc H, I take pride in the fact that I was a charter member of the Montreal Group of this organization which, just past 21 years old, is closely linked up with the Boy Scouts Association and has also established itself for good works practically all around the world.—More later.

The course went on and was most interesting. Time never seemed to drag because we were always too busy to think much about ourselves. As Assistant Camp Chief Chamberlain said in a closing lecture, "The busiest people are always the happiest just because it is man's nature to be happy and if he's busy he hasn't time to worry himself into being miserable."

Just before the close of the course it is required that Rovers go in pairs, cook their own food, sleep out in a pup-tent and bring in a report on the 15 or 16 miles they are given instructions to cover.

"Mammoth," or Dieudonne Bourgoignon, accompanied me in a tramp through Epping Forest, camping at night at Upshire, by permission of Lord Buxton's gardener, who acted under his instructions, though he was away, we pitched our tent and cooked our supper in his tourist campground where we were awakened mightily early by the snuffing, oohing and panting of a herd of a dozen cows, who evidently had pastured there before. Our tramp led us through many interesting corners of Epping Forest and it appealed much to me to see the number of places where tented "beach resorts" seemed to be organized in the end of a field or the heart of a grove, beside a brook or just alongside of where the first person put up his tent.

The largest community we passed through was Loughton, Essex. There was no reason why we should have gone a bit out of our way to do this but I had lost my pocket knife before coming to the course, and now I have two, as I had dropped it where it had been picked up and it has been restored to me.

A hot shower bath and a hot meal on our return seemed a reward too great for our exertions. The course ended the next day and I returned "bearing scrip and scrippage" and tomorrow I start on a Cook's Tour, visiting Stratford-on-Avon, the English lake country and making quite a tour through Scotland as far north as Stirling.

Till we meet again, over printed page, I remain,

Yours in peregrination,  
G. ALVAH GOOD.  
(To be Continued)

## BRITAIN SEEKS FOR CHEAPER ELECTRICITY

Distribution of electricity in Great Britain is in the hands of 643 geographically separated undertakings supplying electricity at different tariffs and voltages. In the London area alone the number of authorized undertakings is 82. In order to bring about some uniformity in systems, voltages and methods of charge, and to further the project for cheaper supply of electrical energy, a Committee on Electricity Distribution was appointed which has just recently made its report. In view of the difficulties involved, the committee did not feel justified in recommending complete and immediate standardization of voltage, feeling this objective would be expedited by reorganization of the industry along the lines suggested, according to the Industrial Department of the Canadian National Railways. The main recommendations of the report are (a) substantial reduction in the present number of undertakings by the substitution, where appropriate of larger and more economic units; (b) prevention of the splitting up of comprehensive undertakings in consequence of the exercise of rights of purchase by individual local authorities; (c) elimination of duplicate powers wherever they exist in the same area.

Chambers Pryor, rear admiral in the Medical corps of the United States Navy, who, in his book, "Naval Hygiene," has written:

"Every man who goes to sea long enough and tells the truth has suffered and will suffer from this experience."

Capt. Smith had been rocking gently at anchor in a swivel chair by his desk and he strangled a look of pain. "Oh, nothing so bad as that," he said, "but you could say that a seasick sailor is no more rare than an untuned fiddle—an untuned bull fiddle," he added reflectively. "The point is, you come across either frequently."

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### RADIO STARS

Frances Langford of "Hollywood Hotel" never will forget her meeting with Rudy Vallee. She was in dithers for days before the event because he was the first celebrity she was to meet. Everything not only came off all right, but Frances got a freshly signed contract for appearance in New York.

Dick Powell experienced his high point only recently—the day when, after many had thought his voice had "cracked up" for good because of a throat operation, he was able to walk on the stage unannounced and carry on with the show. The welcome he got almost stopped him.

### MERCHANT GETS CONSCIENCE MONEY

CEDOUX, Sask., Aug. 28—J. K. Doross, general merchant at Cedoux, ten miles south of Regina, is still wondering about the man of conscience who earlier in the week sent an anonymous letter. The sender enclosed a \$10 and a \$5 bill with the printed message: "Money is yours. Keep 'em."

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