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**CAPT. G. ALVAH GOOD VISITS
LONDON POINTS OF INTEREST**

The Daily Mail's European Representative Writes Interestingly of Westminster, St. Paul's and Other Points.



(Continued)

August 18—Penrith Castle, a famous fortress in its day, but of which very little now remains, since it was dismantled by the Roundheads during the Civil War, was built by the Nevilles—two of whom while prisoners, perhaps waiting to be beheaded or for some such trifling pleasantry, carved their names and family arms in the wall of their sumptuous apartment in the Tower of London, incidentally.

Eden Hall, residence of the Musgraves, a famous Border family, lies four miles east of Penrith.

In the "Daily Mirror" this morning I noticed that a first discovery had just been made of the existence of a Viking settlement on the coast of eastern Yorkshire near Hull, a barrow with human bones and some jewellery having been excavated. Even in this old country interesting archaeological discoveries keep finding their way into the news.

Not so long after, leaving Penrith we passed through Carlisle, seeing the ruin of Carlisle Castle on the northern side where protection was needed against the less than peaceful penetration of the Scots of those Norman days, before the annexation of England by Scotland.

As we went along it was very noticeable that every house of the better sort had large clusters of crimson ramblers and Dorothy Perkins roses in the front garden—or that very many had and so gave one the impression of being of a better class on that account.

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We soon crossed the Sark, a tiny creek, into Scotland and found the house at the end of the bridge brightly labelled "Scotland First House," almost immediately followed, on the opposite side of the road, by "First Filling Station in Scotland," and, just beyond, the Gretna Green Crossroads and the romantic blacksmith shop. I bought a few pictures, snapped one or two with my camera and found a wedding ring near the much publicised "Romantic Blacksmith Shop." Step up, girls—applications will be considered for its use in the order received!

Speaking of souvenirs, I bought an old key from the barn directly opposite "Dove Cottage," Wordsworth's home, with the word of the seller that it antedated 1650. It looked as if it did.

The air was clear and the sun shining, so we saw the "Saddleback," a mountain with two peaks separated by a curved column Skiddaw, the highest peak in England, was hidden behind it.

The soil kept improving and hedges appeared almost to the exclusion of stone fences. A few fairly large trees were dotted here and there. We visited the home of the philosophic writer, Thomas Carlyle, seated, with a very Socratic air. Shortly after leaving here, I saw a new and easy way of moving the six foot hay cocks at once. A platform about 8 feet square was mounted on a pair of wheels with a horse to draw it and was tilted down so the edge of the platform slid under the hay as the horse backed it under. Passing at 30 miles an hour I couldn't tell whether he hauled it to the barn or to add to another cock. Another device seen since—for haying is being done all over the countryside—is to erect a tripod of 10' or 12' height over the haycock, but how the mowing was done I did not see.

The loose board construction of our barns leaves good opportunities for ventilation but in the brick barns single bricks are often left out, the holes sometimes being arranged to come in definite patterns. In Ayrshire I have just seen one case where the holes were circular and lined with some such material as drain tiling.

Soon we came to the town of Dumfries—(not "freezie" but "freece")—and came upon a huge flock of gulls, scavenging the city refuse heap, a mile or more from the town. Do the vultures about the Bombay "Towers of Silence" work as well as do these gulls? Criffel, a prominent landmark from the surface of the Solway Firth raised its blunt thumb like a "hitch-hiker" just behind the town.

The highways, the paved ones I mean, are like our New Brunswick bituminous paved roads, even to the white line marking the centre of the road at curves and nill-crests. The Scot goes us one better by making it a broken line, a three foot white dash, a two foot break and then the white again. Both may have merits but the Scot saves his whitewash.

We took several photographs of the picturesque old stone arched "Brigg o' Nith" over the Nith River which flows into the Solway Firth, then drove on up the Nith Valley, passing the ruins of Sanguhar Castle then approached the town of Ayr, Burns' home.

Ayr has the Burns birthplace carefully preserved and the 4½ acre plot that was Burns' farm is beautifully gardened. A house by the side of the plot contains a museum of articles connected with Burns and his work. A large book-case contains two libraries of Burns' works, different editions, and books related to him. One is the Col. R. J. Bennett bequest, 1909, the other the property of a gentleman still living. Both total over 1,300 books, many duplicated but only one of each title in each library. The collections are kept entirely separate and it is interesting to realize that so much authorship has been devoted to this one poet. All the attendants seemed interested in us, as well as our fees, and the guide who showed us through the birthplace recited many of Burns' songs and poems with an accent never acquired by one born "south of the Tweed." The marks of a trained elocutionist he had not at all and I have heard an uncle recite the same with far more feeling and expression but I almost loved the dear old man for the evident honesty and sincerity with which he showed his fondness for his work and for "Robbie Burns." Stratford-on-Avon and the extreme to which it had prostituted Shakespeare to £ s d had made me especially sensitive to this attitude.

After a longish drive through Alloway, Ayr and Prestwick, which cannot be separated by an inexperienced

eye, we drove on through Kilmarnock a large manufacturing town, then on towards Glasgow. The last few miles outside Glasgow were mostly rather bare, rolling moor with tufted grass.

Glasgow, itself, seems to have some garden-suburb building going on where we approached it but in no such vast proportion as the east London suburbs. The names of points about Glasgow are often very familiar and Sauchiehall Street welcomed me like an old friend though my acquaintance with the name had been entirely through tales, histories and the like. Some other names have their own appeal to my taste for novelty, such as Rooker's Neck, Giffnock and Pollokshaws. Near Dumfries, at Thornhill, over a stable entrance was a name, Athole Sim, and imagination could conjure up anything with that talisman.

August 19—In driving out of Glasgow we passed the Art Gallery, University of Glasgow buildings and Kelvin Hall, a huge hall, similar to London's Albert Hall, used for concerts and large public meetings. These were all large ornamental buildings, and made a most impressive front but the Botanic Gardens, for which Glasgow is world famous, makes no great show to the passer-by.

In the northern suburbs, down the Clyde, the numerous shipyards were shown by the many gantries or travelling cranes on high lattice work steel girders.

Turning aside up the valley of the River Leven by roads reminiscent of Fredericton, since they were lined on either side by elms, we soon arrived at the Tullichevan Hotel, Balloch, at the south end of Loch Lomond, the largest British lake, 24 miles in length. It is comparable in size to Grand Lake in parts of its length but was mostly much narrower.

Here we embarked on a motor launch and soon were chugging down the lake. We started from among a cluster of houseboats, pleasure craft and half-a-dozen swans. Within a mile rain clouds came over the hills on both sides and squally gusts whipped up the surface of the loch dashing spurts of spray over us. It was seldom possible to snap the camera with any confidence of success and the sight of glorious green islands with mysterious scraps of ruined masonry sliding by was most exasperating as the thick mist made any attempt at photography entirely out of the question.

We landed at the pier of Luss where an extra charge for landing, 1d. a person, was made. This minor hold-up was much laughed at and the scale of charges for the use of the pier was seen posted on the side of the hut at the pier-head.

Table of Pier Dues—Each parcel at or under 56 lbs. 1d.; a Boil of Meal, 1d.; a Sack of Oats or other farm produce, 2d.; a Horse, 6d.; a Bull, Ox or Cow, 3d.; a Calf, 1d.; a Sheep or Lamb, 1d.; Score of Sheep, 4d.; Score of Lambs, 3d.; Barrel, 2d.; Cycle, 2d.

After I had copied this scale the young gangster, who had relieved me of my penny came up and told me that the scale was obsolete. The bus arrived and carried us the remaining ten miles of the length of Loch Lomond to Ardara Hotel for lunch.

Tenting, trailer camping, and even the old-style caravan, were very much used as a means of getting outdoors by the local people. There was some bedraggled in our party and one was heard to groan fervently, "What a day to see Loch Lomond!" Efforts to sing "When the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond" were drowned out by a sprinkle of cold water thrown on the effort. Poetry was in the air so an effort to misquote Burns "O wert thou in the blasted cauld" met some response of gaiety.

It was at Tarbet, by the loch, and about 26 hours after crossing the Sark into Scotland that we heard the first skirl of the pipes. The writer has the fullest respect and fondness for its march melodies, when a toll-worn working party comes limping along the road on return with the dawn to "D" Huts, Dickedbusch. Then the pipes of the 42nd met us a mile outside and, at once, the packs emptied themselves, each man had had a shower bath and a night's rest and the sway of the kilt was swinging every mother's son of us into step with renewed vigor and alertness. But, except for such occasions, the favorite music of the pipes for the writer is when they play "Not At All." However, this was part of Scotland and we were bent on new experiences. At breakfast we enjoyed oatmeal porridge, Scotch orange marmalade, oatcakes, scones, black and white pudding, to the latter of which only we failed to give full and unconditional approval. Tonight we all had—not Haggis—but, "The Haggis," as 'twas writ on the menu. All sorts of tales had been told me of its composition and taste and I trembled at this mysterious new experience that was to be mine, then boldly plunged the correct implement into its "wame" and transferred some to my own. I tremble at the thought of shattering the soap-bubble-thin shell of mystery that may still enshroud the idea of this Highland delicacy for one or both of my readers who may not have tasted it, so, in respect to the sacred tradition, I will omit to

Central Kingsclear

CENTRAL KINGSCLEAR, Sept. 4.—E. P. Cliffe of East St. John, spent the week end with his sister at this place.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Munn, Mrs. McBaine, Miss Anna Cliffe and her sister Mrs. John Murray took tea with Mrs. H. W. Kilburn one day last week.

Mrs. Dewett from Portland, Me., is visiting her sister Mrs. James Dunphy at Island View.

Miss Christine Kilburn has returned home after spending a couple of days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Barrs.

Wilmont and Eldon Cliffe spent Sunday with their cousin Douglas Kilburn.

Miss Mural Murray and her sister Margaret, Miss Christine Kilburn and sister Louise took tea with Mrs. H. W. Kilburn one day last week.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Munn and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Munn's mother for the past few weeks, have returned to their home in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vandine, their son Arnold and their daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellett and son motored from Perth yesterday and called on Mr. Vandine's aunt, Mrs. H. W. Kilburn. It is nearly thirty years ago since his last visit here.

Mrs. Ralph Kilburn and Mrs. H. Kilburn were supper guests of Mrs. Charles McBaine one day last week.

Eldon Cliffe of Island View left for Boston one day last week, to visit his mother.

Miss Margaret Hilderbrand, who has been visiting her grandmother here, has returned to Douglas.

Mrs. H. Kilburn took tea with the Misses Murray recently.

The farmers of this place are very busy gathering in their grain which is already ripe and a good crop.

NEWS FROM CORK, YORK CO.

Last evening an enjoyable pie social was held here at the school. After the auctioning of the pies, games and dancing were enjoyed. The proceeds will be used for the work of the local school.

Last week at St. Patrick's church a successful pie social was held. A good sum was realized for the work of St. Patrick's Church and was handed in to the pastor, Rev. Father H. L. Coughlan.

Mrs. Dora Reynolds of Saint John is spending a few days here and will return to her home at the end of the week.

say whether or not I passed back for more.

The steep shore lines of Loch Lomond remind one very much of many parts of the Gaspe coast line. Our drive led up through Glen Fallach through the small hamlet of Crianlarich at the very important junction of the railway lines from Glasgow, Edinburgh and Oban and we were soon travelling through Glen Dochart, just on the southern margin of the Highlands, the farthest northerly point to be reached by our tour.

Mr. Torr, our courier, informed us that the inhabitants of the Trossachs "made difficulties" for long distance tours such as ours to go through the Trossachs so that our route just touched it on either end.

The vegetation in Glen Dochart we found quite sparse, a thin covering of short, tufted moor-grass and a few low bushes on the lower slopes being the principal item.

Coming through Glen Ogle we saw "Ben Voirlich's head" considerably hidden in mist but still it was the spiritual home of James Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.

As we came down into lower country, the soil improved, vegetation grew more in size and quantity and soon trees became numerous and large of trunk. The mountain ash is a new tree to me that appears much in this district, resembling both oak, beech and elm.

Coming through the town of Donne we soon run down to Stirling where we visit the castle and are inconvenienced by the fact that ALL shops are closed, chemists (our 'drug-store') even, since Wednesday is their early closing day and I had exhausted all but one reel of film. I put that through its paces in short order, bought some ready-made photos and still wanted a characteristic souvenir of the castle, which is garrisoned by the Argyll and Sutherland Highland Light Infantry, so I got one of the little cardboard mats used to put under beer glasses from the Sergeant's Mess, stained with the recent drip of C.S.M. Fergus McTavish's favorite ale.

Three small rivers join to form one, none too large, the Forth which here runs a chain of winding meanders "the Links of Forth" over the flat green plain on which Stirling is built. Bannockburn, "this quite uninteresting modern town" stands on the reputed site of that famed battle but historic accounts differ as to where the battle was fought and much argument on the subject is pure waste of time so Bannockburn stands where Bannockburn is reputed to have been fought and that's that.

(THE END)

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Daily Except Sunday

Leaving Woodstock in Morning		Read Up	
Read Down	Woodstock	Ar.	Ar.
Lv. 8.30 a.m.	Meducto	Ar. 6.20 a.m.	
Lv. 9.00 a.m.	Pokiook	Lv. 5.50 p.m.	
Lv. 9.20 a.m.	Meducto	Lv. 5.30 p.m.	
Ar. 9.40 a.m.	Moonlight Inn	Lv. 5.10 p.m.	
Lv. 9.50 a.m.	Moonlight Inn	Ar. 5.00 p.m.	
Lv. 10.30 a.m.	Kingsclear	Lv. 4.30 p.m.	
Ar. 11.00 a.m.	Fredricton	Lv. 4.00 p.m.	

Fare to Woodstock: One way \$2.25
Return \$3.50
Bus leaving Fredericton in morning making direct connection at Woodstock with bus leaving for Bangor, Portland, Boston and New York.

Read Down		Read Up	
Lv.	Ar.	Lv.	Ar.
Lv. 7.45 a.m.	Fredricton	Ar. 1.40 a.m.	
Lv. 8.15 a.m.	Kingsclear	Ar. 1.10 a.m.	
Ar. 8.40 a.m.	Moonlight Inn	Lv. 12.45 a.m.	
Lv. 8.45 a.m.	Moonlight Inn	Lv. 12.40 a.m.	
Lv. 8.05 a.m.	Pokiook	Lv. 12.20 a.m.	
Ar. 9.25 a.m.	Meducto	Lv. 12 mid'n	
Ar. 9.55 a.m.	Woodstock	Lv. 11.30 p.m.	

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THE RIGHT WORD

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RATHER DIFFICULT

"What can I do with this boil on the back of my neck?"
"Nothing much, but keep your eye on it."

Stanley Nickerson, Plymouth, Mass. is in the city today, and registered at the Queen Hotel.

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