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CAPT. G. ALVAH GOOD DESCRIBES THE VIMY RIDGE PILGRIMAGE

The Morning of the Unveiling Ceremonies, and
Incidents Connected With the Trip—
Old Scenes Visited

Captain G. Alvah Good, The Daily Mail correspondent on the Vimy Pilgrimage, writes an interesting letter giving his impressions not only of the recent Vimy unveiling celebration but also of old battlefield scenes visited and how the pilgrims were conveyed and billeted.

Capt. Good writes from Gilwell Camp, England, where he is now taking a Rover Scout course. He writes as follows:

GILWELL PARK, England, July 29.—For the past five days I have been hustled so, from pillow to pillow, that I have had no twinkle of time to add to these pages. While riding at anchor in the Scheldt River all day Friday, all the last minute business was finished. To make sure of there being no hitch or confusion about the seating arrangements in the train, I under- took to copy the company commander's list by borrowing the Chief Engineer's typewriter (not in perfect mechanical state and being of a make I was acquainted with, but with whose tricks I was not thoroughly able to cope), I borrowed a sheet of carbon paper to make a second copy in case someone else might need it. In my hurry I got the two copies—but on the same sheet.

Before landing, each had prepared a 'landing card,' green, in three readily separated portions numbered (1), (2) and (3), detailing name, nationality and a few other details. No. 3 part was torn off by the Belgian immigration officer; No. 2 was handed over on re-embarking, and No. 1 was given up on landing at Tilbury, England.

Antwerp—but I'll write, in more detail, what I can remember when I have time to spare, but at present two days must be dealt with fairly fully, Sunday, the 26th, and Wednesday, the 29th. These two days have been a glorious and impressive peak of this pilgrimage. Till I have time to detail the events of the land tour in France and Belgium, let it suffice that the Sunday of the unveiling was thoroughly satisfactorily organized and was a supremely impressive ceremony, attended by perfect weather

and, in general, was entirely in accord with the grandeur and beauty of the monument whose unveiling we came to share. Tuesday morning Chief Engineer Pratt of the Montrose told me that he would have felt his life almost unfulfilled, if he had missed such a grand occasion. He had made a special trip by auto to attend, clear across Belgium from the ship at Antwerp, and he listened with such emotion to the words of the dedication and the unveiling speech of the King as to be completely overcome.

In accordance with the programme unique in this respect, the 240 motor coaches, brought the pilgrims together about 11 a.m., which allowed time to visit the tunnels and trenches made permanent with concrete-filled sandbags, and to inspect the mine-craters and barbed wire entanglements of No Man's Land, as well as to view the snipers' plates in position machine gun posts and articles of trench warfare and trench life set in concrete in appropriate positions. They then partook of a picnic box lunch which had been provided for each before setting out.

The coach carrying our party halted well on "our" side of the ridge and left us to walk about a mile. After inspection of the preserved trenches, and lunching, we started in search of the monument, coming up on it from the rear, the west, or "our" side, since it faces majestically over the slope and commands a far sweep of the broad plain east of the ridge, giving a wonderful view of the whole plain, neatly subdivided into rectangular fields of varying tints of green, brown and buff.

In the background the dark blotches surmounted by brick chimneys and dotted freely with black heaps from the coal mines, are the compact towns of Lens, Lrevin, Loos, Arras, Mericourt, Arleux, Acheville, Wilberval, Drocourt and many other names familiar to the 'old sweats' and common in the papers of a score of years ago but now just another in the long list of 'other places.'

Approaching the monument from the rear, we found the ground occupied by the gaily uniformed French guard of honor, most notable to the eye being a squadron of Moroccan Spahis, mounted on superb horses. A cordon of French infantry, shoulder to shoulder, with fixed bayonets, surrounded the huge parade ground successfully presenting an unbreakable line to every attempt to pass. In landing at Antwerp the party was divided into twelve companies rallying to the side of a totem carrier, your representative bearing the standard for Number 8 Company, and as our party was K party the large white paddle I bore was lettered K 8. So the standard bearer of K-8 bore his 'totem' almost half a mile behind the serried ranks of the guardians, constantly presenting the front that made Verdun historic and "Is ne passeront pas!" a French national war-cry. Bobbing up and down, greeted by occasional derisive cheers and hoots from the bulk of the pilgrims already assembled, on it went to the road beyond the end of the cordon, turned about and was carried to its place at the point of assembly, cheered and greeted after a fashion.

At 2:15 His Majesty arrived in rear of the monument to the accompaniment of the cheering and the royal salute of 21 guns fired by a French battery on the flank. A full quarter of an hour was taken up with inspecting the guard of honor, none of which was visible from our point of 'lack of view' on the slope in front of the 20 foot pedestal of the monument. Here may I set down a brief comment of appreciation of the speedy service of "L'Intransigeant de Paris," a newspaper which sent a camera man to photograph the arrival of His Majesty and an aeroplane which picked up the plates, probably in an adjoining open field, flew back with them to Paris (possibly developing them in the machine on the way), made prints and had a cut made from one, put it in on the front page with a full page cut of the monument on the back page, rushed this "final edition" by rail to Lille and had it on sale there by the time we returned from Vimy. It was a notable piece of speedy co-operation but I was told next day by one of the Canadian Legion Headquarters officials that he had taken moving pictures of the scene from a very good point of view and had been immediately offered a price for them by a representative of the Toronto Globe; the films were flown to London, developed and the pictures radio telegraphed to Toronto to appear in that evening edition. The difference in time militated strongly in favour of this latter arrangement but both journals showed the world the efficiency

of their news-gathering organization. When the King appeared in front of the monument he was greeted with many rounds of applause, doubly inspired in the majority of Canadians by the most democratic gesture made by his appearing in formal civilian garb, a row of medals being his only concession to military pageantry. After descending from the plinth of the monument and greeting many in the front ranks, the 1st Contingent boys particularly, he returned and the programme as arranged was continued. His Majesty's clear, direct, honest and unaffected speech, in the unveiling portion of the ceremony, endeared him in very truth to all who heard him. This belated eye-witness' account can add nothing of detail to the verbatim accounts of this speech that were in the papers of that day but it can add the assurance that all were hushed with admiration at the human note of sympathy struck by the King in his apt words.

A touch of pageantry was added on conclusion of the unveiling by the arrival of two squadrons of British aeroplanes of scout type which dived and zoomed low over the crowd just to the north side of the monument. One squadron was of biplanes, the second, monoplanes, which I was told were Gloucester Gauntlets. These aeroplanes flew, dived, zoomed and turned about in precise and accurate formation, an impressive salute and a most appropriate reminder to the scribe of much the same type of manoeuvres under very different circumstances on the morning of April 9th, 1917.

Some delay was experienced in taking all pilgrims back to their billets, but eventually all were returned, the writer to "Ecole des Arts et Metiers" at Lille. Two of these boys' colleges were being used as billets and myself and father were, naturally enough taken to the wrong one, since the names sounded enough alike to be easily confused, which mistake delayed our bedtime nearly an hour.

In the morning, since our drive to the Ypres battlefields was scheduled to start at 9:30, I went down town to try to secure a copy of the already coveted last edition of "L'Intransigeant de Paris," but was offered the next to the last edition in half a dozen places and in exasperation bought something else as souvenir of the grand occasion. By this time I knew I could not get back to "the School of Arts and Metiers" in time for the bus drive, so got into the first of the tour that came along. This tour promised better for me, since I knew most of the southern half of the salient quite intimately from constant marching and counter-marching over its roads and trenches. It is reasonable to assume that a gardener knows the details of his garden plot far better than the conductor of the train that passes three times a day. The latter had the point of view, in the main, that I had of the Vimy area while I shared the gardener's intimate acquaintance to a larger extent on the Somme, but I never flew over Ypres nor was on the

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COLLEGE EDUCATION IS ECONOMIC DRAWBACK TO A NATION'S YOUTH

Such Is the Opinion of Isaac F. Marcossion, Editor
Author and Journalist in the American
Magazine

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—College Education is no longer an economic asset in the United States, but on the contrary must be written off on the debit side of youth's ledger, in red ink, according to the results of a nationwide survey just completed by Isaac F. Marcossion, famous editor, author and journalist. The investigation was conducted under the auspices of The American Magazine, which publishes the findings today in response to inquiries from thousands of persons seeking advice and offering suggestions on the problem.

"The majority of our youth are the victims of an educational system which misfits rather than fits," writes Mr. Marcossion, "which dumps youth on the doorstep of the world of work, untrained for the job of life. There is too much learning in the head and too little in the hands. Educationally, youth is all dressed up with no place to go."

The schools have made a fetish of classical education, he says, concentrating on the curriculum rather than on the individual, offering no proper vocational guidance; their slogan is "enter the professions."

"The urge for any kind of a white collar job and the failure to find it have done more than anything else to put youth in a jam," Mr. Marcossion says. "The gap between education and employment is the pit into which youth has fallen."

To support this, he cites the condition in Connecticut, where among 43,000 unemployed young men and women, including many high school and college graduates, 75 per cent are untrained for any kind of unskilled work. Yet in spite of the battalions of unemployed, there is a shortage of skilled labor.

Summing up the problem which directly affects nearly one-fifth of the entire population, including the age range from sixteen to twenty-five, Mr. Marcossion says:

ground on Vimy Ridge. The result was that I felt as if I were about to revisit home and every landmark stirred the pulses with old memories.

Quite new to me were the roadside signs "Let Op, Attention,"—presumably, "Drive With Care,"—in situations where such a notice was appropriate. The Flemish signs on the front of inns, hotels, etc., were most familiar in type. One could make a fairly good guess as to the meaning of the signs by the form of the words, the look of the house, and a touch of imagination, helped by the prevailing wind. "In Het Hoon Hof," looks like almost anything, but "In Het Witten Huis," on a white painted house, makes one think of 'White House Inn,' and the "Doktoren huis" at Kemmel, when one knew that that was the "doctor's house" clinched the meaning of it. But who knows the meaning of "Im Vrede" or "In 't Vrede?"

Chalking political propaganda on bare walls seems quite popular in France. I have seen a full half-dozen drawings of the sickle crossed with a hammer and such slogans as "Vive le 5 eme Internationale" and one or two drawings of a ring crossed by a thunderbolt alongside the motto "A bas les 2 ans,"—possibly Croix de Feu propaganda. Far more numerous were public appeals to save the Spanish people or to save democracy in Spain.

In Ypres we stayed about an hour and I photographed the Cathedral, interior as well, and the Cloth Hall, the eastern portion of which is unrepaid as a memorial. I transferred to a bus belonging to my own company and all decided to return to Lille to make sure of catching the train. We drove out the Memin Gate to Shrapnel Corner, returned through the Memin Gate then through the city and out by the Lille Gate and on towards Lille.

An interesting incident at the Belgo French boundary was the care with which the customs man on duty thrust a long rod into the gasoline tank to be sure that none of the cheap Belgian essence was being smuggled into France.

In Lille the pilgrims were given a farewell banquet in the "Foyer de Commerce," or Exhibition Building, one of the largest areas of roof I have ever seen unsupported by any but the outer walls. This banquet preceded our being entrained, party by party, and transported clear across Belgium to the 'Montrose' at Antwerp.

(August 3—I am at present at Gilwell Park, Chingford, taking the Rover Scout course, after a most strenuous time in London and I have had a very difficult time snatching the time to write this much in odd moments. I will resume as soon as possible.—G. Alvah Good).

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Montreal security markets just experienced their first million-share day on record. This was due to spectacular activity in several low-priced mining shares. Turnover of mining stocks totalled 1,001,835 shares. Industrials had a turnover of 30,874 shares.

TORONTO, Aug. 12.—Hon. T. B. McQuesten, Ontario Minister of Highways, said today that the Ontario Government had approved the relief public works agreement with the Dominion Administration.

The agreement calls for expenditure of approximately \$6,000,000 on highway construction throughout the Province. The cost is shared equally by the two Governments.

under job conditions. It means a major operation on the school system, but it is the one antidote for the middle.

"Antioch College shows how it can be done. Her students alternate their term time between college and mills, stores, newspaper offices, public utilities and libraries, as regular employees.

"If youth is to be set on its proper course it means tri-cornered co-operation. Government can help, not in handouts but in vocational subsidy. Industry can help in wider co-operation in youth training. The community can help in enlistment of youth for communal activities that stimulate resourcefulness, self-thinking, responsibility, and, above all, the individual initiative which lies at the root of all successful endeavor."

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