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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)

In the vicinity of Matlock Bath we passed a finger post lettered "Via Gellia," a name which roused interested memories, since the "Via Gellia" was the first communication trench the writer entered in the Salient in January, 1916. It ran from the battalion headquarters at the Doktorenhuis in Kemmel to the "G" trenches, near the "Glory Hole," where a mine had been blown under the 28th Battalion, I think, in 1915.

I had been very curious as to the why and the wherefore of this name. Search of Latin dictionaries having failed, in spasms of energy during almost nineteen years, to show me a Latin word nearer in form than "Gellius," a certain Roman author, I kept dismissing the name of the trench as a poor scholar and returning to the search again and again, till '35, when I, purely by accident, dropped onto an article in "Onward" which referred to this "Via Gellia" as the near-Latin name given to a drive way up a hill to the manor house of the Gel family, so settling my search—and now I find it cropping up again. (Our guide had told us that it was a Roman road but not at all in the system of Roman roads and was crooked whereas all other Roman roads were perfectly straight).

Arrived in Buxton we were put up at the Palace Hotel, which, on enquiry I found WAS the hospital where I stopped (over one night only, I think) on my way from Matlock Bath Hospital to the "Essequibo," hospital ship at Liverpool.

The hotel is quite a palace in fact as well as name and Cooks' Tours

have given very good satisfaction in the high quality of hotels, service and highly intelligent leadership.

On going to the door for a view of the town below us, I was rather surprised to be greeted by the manager (?), who followed me with "So you are the Canadian who stayed here in 1919. We have been looking for you and your friends." My heart sank. Was I, at long last, to be found out? I answered that I had forgotten to bring back the tea-spoons and that I had had them tested and found they were only plated anyway. He was very affable and told us a number of points of interest to see, gave us some booklets about Buxton and a souvenir toy and, generally, was the perfect "contact man."

We visited the nearby hospital for the poor, the gift of the sixth and seventh Dukes of Devonshire, 1859 and 1881, the immediate ancestors of our former governor-general. Then we went to visit Poole's Cavern, near Solomon's Temple, on the opposite side of the town. This we found closed as it was past 6 p.m. and Sunday but the sight of five chances to pass the hat and the fees of 6d. each overcame the resistance of the flinty regulations—which it, seems to me, were petrified by the "tufaceous deposit" method. However they were broken by a silver deposit and we went into an interesting cavern of about two or three hundred yards length with a fault and some few stalactites and stalagmites in evidence. The cavern was lighted here and there by gas lights which were piped the full length of the cavern. The display was genuine enough but not nearly so varied or interesting as Kent's Hole, near Torquay, which I visited in 1918.

When the guide pointed out one stalactite and said that it was Mary Queen of Scots' own, the ribald quip suggested that that was why it was cut off, but, in a museum near the entrance, in a case with two "Breeches" bibles and a "Treacle" Bible, of the 16th century was a poem of the same period recounting how Mary, Queen of Scots, had visited this cavern and pointed out one stalactite and named it as her very own. So much for the depth of our distrust of the Derbyshire natural, our guide, with his nearly incomprehensible dialect, garbled by the resonant echoes of the cave and our efforts to keep from slipping on the wet and slimy path in the cavern.

A student of history in the party is doubtful whether Mary was at liberty in England so as to be able to visit the cave.

August 17—Started from Buxton, this morning, after buying a further supply of camera film and noticed that there was nothing printed between Start 9.15 and lunch at Golden Lion, Settle, which our courier explained by an announcement that we would be passing through 70-80 miles of quite unimportant industrial towns and villages. The scenery was very quaint, limestone rocks and rather dull rolling moors between villages.

A point that interests one rather strikingly is the pronounced difference between motoring conditions here, both in town and country, as compared with the continent. The Frenchman can't seem to drive without a continual squalling and shrieking from his most unmusical klaxons while here one hears hardly a dozen blasts of the relatively gentle horn in the course of half a day. French drivers seem to have a firm belief in the tonic virtue of noise, the louder and more incessant the better, while in England driving silently on the road is the rule. A single beep is the only prelude to pulling aside to let a hurrying little Baby Austin or Morris Cowley swing up on the right and forge ahead.

Another point that strikes one is the difficulty of getting to know our party by name. In the Rover course all the members of the class were given tags to wear with their names printed plainly on them. In the three days I have learned the names of five of our party. Mr. Torr, our courier, introduced himself at the start and spelled his name. I heard him call two others by name and saw the name of a third written on his baggage label and I have heard one other name distinctly out of our party of 19. I tried the device of saying: "Good morning! I can't call you that all day but mine's just that without the 'morning'—Good." It missed fire in every instance and no one took the hint so I dropped the subject but we got along very well without any closer acquaintance.

One member of the party, a very typical citizen of the place where the Lowells speak to the Cabots and the Cabots converse with God, mentions modestly that he is a member of a

most exclusive luncheon club and buys hats from Brown and Barlow, who make the finest hats in the world and that the butler, when he visits a friend for week-ends makes the pouring gesture and says, "Port, sir," at every dinner, though he never takes it.

Yorkshire, like Caesar's Gaul, is divided into three portions called "Ridings," a name applied in some of our provinces to political constituencies. In Lancashire the same divisions are called "Parts."

These differences between words used to describe the same thing are another noticeable item. The banks or hilly parts of the rolling country are called "wolds" in Yorkshire, "downs" in Kent, and the southern countries, and "moors" in Lancashire.

In Cheshire and southern Lancashire hedges, to divide fields, entirely disappear, giving way to great lines of stone walls—quarried stone of irregularly flat slabs piled in dry-wall, i.e., without mortar except in towns, and any attempt to estimate the number of miles of such stone wall in this part of England would be a thankless task of very great magnitude. As one gets through Lancashire and into southern Yorkshire the hedges reappear somewhat, though stone walls are the rule.

We drove along the margin of a wide valley with a river winding its meandering course through the centre with sedgy banks and only an occasional glimpse of the water. "Still the river Ribbles, winding up its tail." In the vicinity of Settle there is a great deal of wind-eroded glacial drift stone used as fantastic ornament for the tops of stone fences, gates, etc.

Beyond Settle we saw a "cradle-way," or continuous conveyor rope with large steel buckets for conveying the stone from the quarries, across the road, over a valley and about three quarters of a mile all told to the railway, the empty buckets returning on the other side of supporting steel girder pillars.

The country became more wooded as the Lake District was approached and young pines in thickets, apparently re-forestation projects, appeared, along with many oaks, beech and walnut trees.

All morning we had occasional patches and blue sky but, as our courier remarked, "always in a minor key." Many parties of cyclists, often in groups of twenty or more, were passed, in hiking shorts and jerseys, boys and girls, young men and women alike. Often the bicycles were of the tandem type, almost never seen in Canada. After luncheon the rain came in showers, letting up every now and then when the sun made feeble efforts to hold the centre stage but the rain always shouldered him aside. The deluges gave a good test to the sliding roof panel of our coach and it was not found 100 per cent perfect. Rugs, raincoats, newspapers etc., were all put to work to keep the drip off the passengers, successfully in the main but causing some inconvenience to a few.

The rain held off long enough to let us visit Dove Cottage at Grasmere, William Wordsworth's home for nine years. This community does not seem to be Wordsworth's Stratford to quite the extent one might expect that antique shops in the neighbourhood reap a goodly harvest from the tourist traffic.

A peculiar name for a cascade or waterfall met first at Settle in Yorkshire, that of "Force" is in use at Ullswater, the last of the lakes, where a sign reads "Aira Force, Waterfall" near Gowbarrow at the foot of Matterdale Hill, at the eastern end of Ullswater. The corresponding Hill at the west end is called Patterdale.

Among the curiosities displayed at this hotel is a pair of long antlers somewhat like stag antlers with the date on them 1875 and labelled "Ardevikie." Questioning brought no answer as to what the name referred to but one bright lass suggested that it was possibly the place it "was took."

Now and then we halted in streets of Lancashire industrial towns and the clatter of clogs—see York and Sunbury Historical Society Museum for sample—was plainly heard from four out of five passers footsteas.

(To be Continued)

More Trouble

The latest recruit had celebrated his Saturday leave by returning to barracks with two black eyes.

The sergeant-major let off steam in the old-fashioned style.

"Report to the guard-room at once!" he roared. "And while you're about it, 'ang your face out of the window as a warning to your pals as they come in."

Passing the guardroom an hour later, the sergeant-major saw the recruit with his face at the window.

"Anybody seen you yet?" he bawled out.

"Yes," said the recruit, "the colonel has just passed."

"And what did he have to say to you, with a face like that?"

"He just said, 'Good morning, sergeant-major,'" replied the recruit quietly.

**QUEEN MARY MOVES INTO A HOUSE  
WHERE SHE LIVED AS A PRINCESS**

Marlborough House is Being Redecorated—Labor Saving Devices Installed in Kitchen—Queen Inspects Progress Daily

LONDON, Sept. 3—It is rumored that a few days before his last illness King George told a gentleman in waiting that Marlborough House might soon be needed for the Queen.

And now Queen Mary is moving into it, making a home for herself there as dowager queens are expected to do, though she is not really a dowager queen since King Edward is not yet married. But she wants a place of her own. Since the late King's death she has been staying with King Edward at Buckingham Palace or with her daughter the Princess Royal (Countess of Harewood) at her lovely country home. No one suggested she take up residence at Marlborough House but she decided the matter herself and in her capable and efficient manner has begun to plan the alterations and see them carried out herself.

Labor Saving

As a good housewife, she began in the kitchen and servants' quarters which have not been touched for years. She has installed many labor saving devices, a new hot water and heating system and is having many of the rooms redecorated so that the general effect will be lighter.

Marlborough House is that long low rambling building which overlooks the Mall and has the finest view in London of the beginning of spring for it is in the grassy border of the Mall that the crocuses first appear and then the jonquils, violets, harebells and primroses. It was built originally for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough in the eighteenth century and has 200 rooms, quite a number of which are being redecorated and need it sadly. The great mahogany doors, a feature of the house, will not be touched, neither will the State rooms on the ground floor which open into the gardens. Nor the suite that Queen Alexandra used so long.

Not a Modernist

For herself Queen Mary has chosen the suite on the first floor where she and King George lived many years as Prince and Princess of Wales. She is having the woodwork and walls painted a deep cream and from Sandringham, Windsor, Balmoral Castle and Buckingham Palace are coming her personal treasures.

Much of her beautiful embroidery will be used and she has had special chintzes printed, with old Victoria blocks. There will be no modernist touches. Queen Mary likes old things best and though she buys occasional modern pictures they are usually given away as presents.

Every morning about 9:30, unless the weather is very forbidding, you can see a royal car drive up to Marlborough House and from it steps an alert straight figure dressed in black with the familiar black turban on her silvery blonde hair. Her skin is white and smooth and her rather small blue-gray eyes are very keen and bright. She makes a thorough inspection of what the workmen are doing. Very often people who happen to see her do not recognize her for they have become so accustomed to the hyacinth blue, soft mauves and grey she wore so long and certainly

these colors were more becoming to her. Black adds to her natural severity of appearance.

Occasionally she has with her little Princess Elizabeth, her favorite grandchild, and listens gravely to any opinions the Princess expresses. Like all grandmothers she is far more indulgent to this laughing perfectly unconscious little girl than she was to her own children. Indeed, whatever she may think of the Duchess of York's way of bringing up her little girls she never says anything, and Princess Elizabeth is devoted to her grandmother and especially interested in the changes in Marlborough House where one room is to be for her, though she may never use it.

Queen Mary's sons and daughter are devoted to her and King Edward has urged her to stay on at Buckingham Palace but they are glad she has something to occupy her mind for she is an active, vigorous personality and it seemed for a time as if the death of the King had deprived her of all wish to accomplish things. Now it is likely she will interest herself in social service work and can be counted upon to visit bazaars and buy liberally. In fact she is certain to make a busy life of her own, and she will always have some of her children round her. It is said that King Edward is her favorite son as the Duke of York was her husband's and that even now the King makes no important decisions without consulting her. So life as a Dowager Queen is not going to be as dull for Queen Mary as it has been for dowager queens before her.

**BIG GOLF EVENT  
AT JASPER  
PARK LODGE**

(Special to The Daily Mail)  
JASPER PARK LODGE, Alta., Sept. 3.—The Pacific Coast has gone for the annual Totem Pole Golf Week, which will commence here September 6th in a big way. So big in fact, that it has been arranged to handle the large crowd with a special train which will leave Vancouver next Saturday evening. More than ninety golfers already have been entered from that territory, including players from Vancouver, Victoria and various points in the State of Washington. History will therefore be written in Pacific Coast golf annals next Saturday when an entire special train carrying golfers will steam out of the station enroute for the annual tournament in the Canadian Rockies. The regular transcontinental train will leave one hour later.

It begins to look as if this year's event will boast of the largest entry as the Pacific Coast crowd, together with those already at the Lodge and those coming from the Prairies, will swell the entry to exceed the mark of a few years ago when 18,000 competed. The course is in splendid place and everything points to a week of brilliant golf.

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