

THE DAILY MAIL

NEW BRUNSWICK'S ONLY HOME COMMUNITY PAPER
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FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 18, 1937

MANITOBA JOINS THE PROCESSION

ALL is not drought and gloom in the Prairie West. Manitoba is unquestionably Fortune's favorite so far as the luck of her neighbors goes. According to the Winnipeg Tribune, that Province has "caught up with the recovery possession," and with strides sufficiently large to "compensate (business) for the lack of purchasing power further west."

As seen in the field, she has better-than-average crops at better-than-average prices. There are sections where the rainfall was not timely enough to produce good yields. But these are far outnumbered by the districts that have done unexpectedly well, "yields on which the yields will run well above fifty-five bushels to the acre." Rust, a threat for a time, was out-distanced before it could do much harm, and the grasshoppers that have plagued Saskatchewan's sparse crops are nowhere to be seen.

Other branches of agriculture show similar promise. Good pasture has boosted the dairy industry "to top levels." Poultry and vegetables are being relied upon for high returns, and coarse grains and fodder are everywhere in abundance. While Saskatchewan would be willing to stop here, Manitoba doesn't have to.

The Tribune goes on counting, and directs attention north to the Flin Flon—"a town of 7,000 prosperous people bustling with activity, new homes, and buildings arising on every hand." One mine producing 4,600 tons of ore and shipping approximately four cars of copper matter and pure zinc daily. Another starting production at the rate of 1,000 tons per day. Gold-mining activities moving at an accelerated pace, lumber mills operating steadily, and the Wisconsin paper mills consuming "all the pulpwood they can get." Muskrat farming has grown to huge proportions.

It is so long since such news has come out of the West that it could very well pass as a new story. But the whole emphasis should not be placed on the increased income thus assured. The most promising part of the news is that concerning the North, the mines, the lumber and pulpwood and fur industries. While agriculture is still the money industry in Manitoba, and will be for some time to come, those others make for a more diversified economy, shifting the burdens of the past and adding immeasurably to her future security.

CLASS J YACHTS AND OTHERS

THOUGH it is said that the proposal has nothing to do with the recent races for the America's Cup, the King has been requested by the Royal Yacht Squadron to head a movement favoring a new type of yacht. Boats that compete for the America's Cup are of the J class, and cost between \$400,000 and \$500,000 to build and equip. The yachts for which the King's approval is sought would be much smaller, and could be built for \$70,000. They would still remain the hobby of rich men, but would be well within the reach of thousands who could not afford to build a cup challenger or defender. Indeed, although it is said that there is a considerable fleet of J yachts now in both American and British waters, they must differ considerably from Ranger and Endeavour II, and be built with some thought of comfort and seaworthiness.

There seems to be little question that, all things considered, a yachtsman gets more pleasure out of sailing larger boats, and that the peak of excitement is reached when he is on one of the cup contenders. If he is a millionaire he has a right to indulge this hobby. It might also be said that it is in the designing of the J sloops that genius has its full scope, and that advances made in this field will tend to the improvement of the smaller craft. There seems to be no doubt that Ranger embodies something quite new in her design. But for the incentive offered by the defense of the America's Cup there would have been no Ranger, which probably will be remembered in the future as one of the most significant creations of the yacht designer's genius.

Whatever Royal approval may do to increase interest in the smaller craft, it seems likely that J boats will continue to be turned out and that the quest for the America's Cup will persist. Some day, no doubt, it will be rewarded. Then, we are inclined to think, public excitement about the races will decline. As races they are profoundly boring to most people who are not yachtsmen, and only the history of the cup and its successful defense for so many years attracts attention as the contests get under way. Once the cup has been won by a challenger the climax of the long story will have been reached, and the book will be closed.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

TWO famous airplane designers looked a decade ahead into aviation and envisioned a giant six-motored flying wing to carry 100 passengers and freight.

They see no fuselage, no tail on this future flying machine. It will very likely shoot through the stratosphere.

By 1947, airliners will be spanning oceans and continents with the greatest of ease and on regular schedules. Long distance hops will be a matter of course.

In ten years a lot can happen in airplane development.

Ten or twenty years ago, hardly any one could tell what the flying machine of today would look like. There was a trend, an indication, but to predict with certainty a decade ahead was impossible.

Look at radios, automobiles, railroad trains and the like.

When Lindbergh crossed the North Atlantic ten years ago, aviation authorities felt that the time had come to speed up transcontinental and trans-oceanic air transportation.

Airliners expanded in size, speed, comfort and safety. Flying routes were established virtually the world over.

Just now the North Atlantic is witnessing the opening of commercial flying. Experiments on a North Pole route are being made.

Commercial flying is still young. Up to now it has progressed sanely and it will continue so. It won't and can't stand still.

Whatever shape or size the 1947 airliner takes, will certainly exemplify man's continuing conquest of the air.

SNAPSHOTS

When are they going to move the bundles of old cartons from the river bank in front of the Parliament Building? We referred to this yesterday. It looks like a new city dump.

If that man from the bridge crew does not let up on his speed in turning the corner of Brunswick and Carleton Streets he will kill himself or somebody else. It would be too bad for somebody else.

The years slip up on a man and he doesn't realize he is old till some pretty girl is polite to him.

Remorse: That sinking feeling when you get the fiddler's bill after the dance.

Fable: Once a man was asked to sign a petition and he didn't care a darn about it so he refused to sign.

Dumb animals are the ones that don't treat an upset stomach by eating some more because it is meal time.

The word "sweetie" has its faults, but it is more appropriate than "beau." You can tie a bow so it will stay tied.

They used to call her fast if she used a little talcum; now if she leaves off all make-up, catty friends say she is overdoing it.

ARMY WORMS

(Continued from Page Eight)

heads of couch grass were eaten in a manner similar to the feeding on wheat.

One noticeable feature in all grain fields attacked was the loss of grass seedlings the result of seeding down with timothy and clover. The grass seedlings were eaten off at the soil surface but the clover seedlings were left untouched.

Corn was only damaged on a few farms and for the most part the injury was minor, the leaves being injured but soon replaced by the rapid growth of new foliage.

Of the control measures tried, the use of poisoned bran bait proved the most effective and where applied promptly as soon as the caterpillars were noticed great numbers were destroyed.

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MAJOR DOUGLAS

(Continued from Page One)

this power since 1924 when the Legislature concerned was also that of Alberta.

Mr. Mackenzie King revealed that the recommendation for disallowance had been before cabinet last Wednesday but action had been delayed while he discussed with Premier Aberhart of Alberta the suggestion that the acts he referred to the supreme court of Canada and that their operation be suspended in the meantime.

Today the government had before it Mr. Aberhart's reply which was a refusal to suspend operation of the measures which were to become effective Aug. 27. Notice of disallowance and a copy of the justice minister's recommendation will be forwarded to the lieutenant-governor of Alberta, and also published in a special edition of the Canada Gazette. Disallowance is effective immediately.

OXFORD UNIV.

(Continued from Page One)

even to the point of several killings, were common. "Mob Quad" at Merton has its own tale of a three-day seige, when a student at archery practice sent an accidental arrow into the heart of the Mayor's daughter.

First then, in the building, we have the square of the quadrangle. Then along the four sides, shutting it in, the sturdy buildings, with few or no windows facing the outside world. That is, the world not contained in the lay-out quadrangle. Outside these buildings there may or may not be grounds. If so, they are excellently kept—gardens, walks for meditation and the like. And if so there is an outside wall eight to twelve feet high. Along its top are rows of iron spikes or ugly pieces of broken bottle.

Each one of the colleges approximate this design, and so, except for the spires, their beauty can be known only from the outside.

If you are in England and have only a short time in Oxford, don't attempt to visit all the buildings, the way most of the tourists do. Be content, rather to take a corner of the city and get from this, the atmosphere of the place. That is the important thing.

Leave your luggage at the station and walk down the High, the main street and one of the most famous in the world. In just a few minutes you will have passed St. Peter's, St. Peter's Hall—C—Bailey, All Saints, St. Mary's, Oriel College All Souls College, University College, Queen's College, the Examination Schools, St. Edmund's Hall, and a very beautiful

OUR MAIL BAG

RE W. E. FARRELL

McAdam, N. B., Aug. 16, '37.
To the Editor of
The Daily Mail,
Fredericton.

Dear Sir,—

It was with sincere regret that I read in your issue of 26th July that Mr. W. E. Farrell finds it necessary to remove from this, his native Province. I have known Mr. Farrell for many years past as a most ardent political worker. He is a man of good judgment and many of us Liberal workers have often sought his advice on matters pertaining to the good of the party on the night of June 27th, 1935. I was present at a gathering in Fredericton, when he telephoned Mr. Dysart, and his first words were: "What do you think of York County now?" He appeared to be a very proud man. The writer has always been a Liberal. The many friends of Mr. Farrell will wish him prosperity in his new home and will not forget the assistance he has been in placing the present Government in office. Thanking you for space in your valuable paper.

Yours truly,
A LIBERAL.

and so we are told, very "posh" place. Magdalen College (pronounced "Maudelin")

Now you are standing on Magdalen Bridge. Beneath you is the Charwell river, narrow and slow moving, a branch of the Thames. On either side, meadows—"England's green and pleasant land." And, like sentinels, on one side of the bridge are several tall, slender elms. They catch the eye and compel it up and up to the needle-like, reaching tips.

Now walk back one block, past Magdalen College. You are to cross the street, but before you do, pause for just a moment. You are standing on one of the spots of Oxford.

Look to your left. There rises the tower of Magdalen, no higher or no lower than one would wish it topped by eight spires and full of sweet-toned bells

This splendid tower was built early in the 16th century. And, since the time of Henry VII, at 5 o'clock every May-day morning, a choir has climbed its stairs and wakened the town with a Latin hymn. This is the tower which inspired Joseph Addison. And in its shadow England's royalty still learns its Latin and its Greek.

Now look right. At first you will be aware of a stream of cyclists—they pass one a second at the stop-work hours, and of the rumble and

NEW BRUNSWICK AND THE ROYAL COMMISSION

(Continued from Page One)

In making a study of the economic situation of New Brunswick and of the Maritimes it will be imperative for the Royal Commission if it is desirous of knowing exactly the truth about the economic situation to find out how much the cause of our trouble and unrest is chargeable to the neglect of the Federal Government to fulfill its promises made at the time of our admission into the confederation, and which ones were or are due to unavoidable mistakes and to apathy on the part of a population of these provinces. This distinction is most important when one places oneself at the practical point of view of the possible remedies of these evils. And, after all, it is the only consideration that counts and there is no time for idle speculation.

Before New Brunswick gives consent to any constitutional changes those in authority in this province will no doubt see that our interests are protected and that this province will get a better deal in regard to a whole lot of things than it is getting at the present time. It would seem that now is the time for a show-down and that now is the time to get the rights which have been denied to this province under the Confederation.

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'EMPTY SADDLES'

roar of buses and cars, the high street walls echo the sounds back and forth. But lift your eyes. Just in sight is the spire of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Perhaps the most graceful bit of architecture in Oxford. It has crowned the Church for the last six centuries. Beneath it, in 1555, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were tried for heresy. Beneath it John Wycliffe, John Wesley and John Henry Newman (the author of "Lead Kindly Light") delivered their messages, and beneath it thousands of young gentlemen, the flower of England, have sought the Unseen, for it is the University Church and students from all the colleges attend.

Now cross the street and go down Rose Lane. Past the little cottages, the wee day school, the banks of roses, and come to Meadow Gate. Go through it, it is open till 9 p.m., and you will find yourself in an avenue of elms that you will long remember. Hope for a wind, an afternoon wind, and rejoice with the slow-swaying tops.

You are now on the Meadow. The path winds and winds along the banks of the Cherwell. Here and there are half-concealed rustic seats inviting you to stop and pull a book from your pocket.

Now "Broad Walk" is on your right, as wide as a city street, cutting straight across the meadow to Christ Church College. But we shall keep on our narrower winding path.

Punts are in the river, sunlight is filtering through the tree branches and lying in patches on the water. Presently we come to Mother Thames herself. Along her borders are house-boats, and her waters, drowsing in the summer sunshine, are dreaming of the generations who have dipped their oars and sent their shells skimming to inter-college victory.

Sit down for a moment. Imagine the decades and the centuries that this place has known. See the professors and dons in their dusty gowns. See the eager students during the college year, and the wandering lovers at term-ending. There they are, each dressed in the fashion of his day, each discussing the topic of the hour.

They have made our history, these men and women. They have built the institutions that we know. Along this walk they have visioned the future; beneath these trees they have made their vows.

Another punt goes by, gracefully driven by the lad standing in the stern. Up comes the twelve foot pole, the three tosses the time, there is an instant's pause, then, down to the bed of the stream and a heave forward. It is grand to watch. We must go on the river ourselves.

So, back to Magdalen bridge and the hiring of a punt. We shall go up stream, for there is new country to be explored.

The trees arch themselves over our heads, a bee drones lazily from flower to flower, the water ripples along the side of the boat, and we lie back on the cushions. (Our punting turn will come later).

English gardens are on every side, dog-roses are climbing over old, old walls, foot bridges arch themselves over the river, and everywhere is a gentle greenness.

We come to a portage, a short cut to a wider stream. But there are rollers for the boat. An attendant meets us:

"Ladies go around, gentlemen take the boat."

"But can't we go with the boat, too?" asks one of the ladies.

"By the path, through the gate,

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there." The attendant is disturbed. "But I want to go with the boat!" Somehow the freedom of women, (as an issue), is creeping in here. A moment's silence, then, "Parson's Pleasure!"

The lady is puzzled and unconvinced. The attendant, mentally consigning all her sex to unmentionable places, gets out of him, "Men only!" There is finality in the tone. The lady retreats. When the opportunity is given we solve the mystery. "Parson's Pleasure" is the name given to a fenced-in bend of the river, where men can swim in the nude, for "tupence." And the name, old when our grandfathers were young, is given because in that place the Parsons can be certain that there will be no women.

But perhaps we should turn back. After all, it is nearly four o'clock, and this is England, the land of afternoon tea.

From Magdalen Bridge we go back along the High, then, opposite Rose Lane, swing right along Long Wall Street. This leads, almost at once into Holywell Street.

Half way along the street we must allow ten minutes for a little lane called Bath Place. The word "quaint" is much overused when speaking of this country. It should be reserved for just such places as this.

Here there are several small cottages as old as the white man's America. After a look at them, turn down this brick passageway. It is only a few feet wide, but on its sides hang street lamps and as you wind along you will come upon a real "Pub" open for business.

But this is not our destination! Rather, it is that bit of wall over there, painted to preserve it longer. It was put there before William the Conqueror left Norman shores to cross the Channel. Yes, go over and touch it, and see how well the stones have been fitted together. They have been thus for nearly a thousand years.

Now, back through the passageway, which is one of the streets of Oxford and continue along Holywell. We swing left, so now are parallel to the High, walking along the back of the Colleges we named, and along the front of still others. Holywell opens out, and its name is changed to the Broad.

Just on the left is the Sheldonian Theatre, built by Sir Christopher Wren about 1665. Here degrees are conferred and here prize poems and essays are recited. Just across from the Theatre is Blackwell's famous Book Shop. On its shelves are thousands and thousands of new and second hand volumes. Not a safe place to go if you are a book lover.

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