

Amateur Night

Stanley Church Hall,
Friday Evening, 8:15

Admission 27 cents

All Local Talent Wanted to Compete
For Prizes

Prizes \$4 - \$2 - \$1

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For Three Weeks

Only

PERMANENTS

Glasses in Beauty Culture.

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\$2.00 and Up

Beauty Culture of
all kinds; New Wire-
less Machine; Silent
Dryer

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508 Queen Street

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Phone 136



PURE
TEA

IS GOOD!
FOR YOU!

BECAUSE—It is
wonderfully helpful
to the worker if
served regularly in
the afternoon.

Remember

KING
COLE

REMEMBRANCE

Your hands have carved about this
bowl Your lips
Have left a kiss upon this teacup's
rim;
Frail and inanimate things that can
outlast your beauty.
Have they no memory of you singing
still
About them echoes of your melody,
If I might catch my breath and bow
my head to hear

Do their bright surfaces remember not
Some faint and tremulous flutter of
the wings
Of light and shade and color that
were you;
No print of touch, no perfume linger-
ing.
That beauty's ghosts joined hand to
hand might serve
As beauty's self, refashioning your
loneliness for me?
Mute bowl! Mute cup!
Might as vainly ask the scent of
some late jonquil to recall
Lost April.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh, in the
Smith College Monthly.

Historical Society

The regular meeting of the York-
Sunbury Historical Society will be
held at 8:00 p.m., on

Wednesday Evening In
the Post Office Bldg.

Sterling Brannen will read a paper
on "The Early Pioneers on the Nash-
waak." Public cordially invited.

City of Fredericton

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that it is the inten-
tion of the City Council of the City of
Fredericton to pass a Zoning By-law
for the City of Fredericton at a meet-
ing of the said City Council to be held
on the

17th day of January,

A. D., 1938, in the Council Chamber
in the City Hall in the said City of
Fredericton. Such Zoning By-law may
be inspected by any interested person
at the office of the City Clerk in the
City Hall of the said City of Frederic-
ton, between the hours of 9 a.m., and
5 p.m., on all week days excepting
Saturday and holidays, up to and in-
cluding the 27th day of December,
A.D., 1937. All written objections to
the passing of the said Zoning By-law
will be considered by the said City
Council on Monday, the third day of
January, A.D., 1938, at the hour of 8
o'clock in the afternoon in the Mayor's
Office in the City Hall in the said
City of Fredericton.

Dated the 16th day of November,
A.D., 1937.

FRED I. HAVILAND,
City Clerk.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS

In the City

Councillor T. A. Best, popular sec-
retary of the Stanley Agriculture So-
ciety is among the visitors in the
city today. Mr. Best was last week
elected Honorary President of the
Home and School Association in
Stanley.

Leave for Loggieville

The family of Herbert Mercer, tel-
egraph operator for the C.N.R., who
was recently transferred to Loggie-
ville, N. B., expect to leave shortly
for Loggieville where they will reside

Presentation to Rover Scout

and Bride

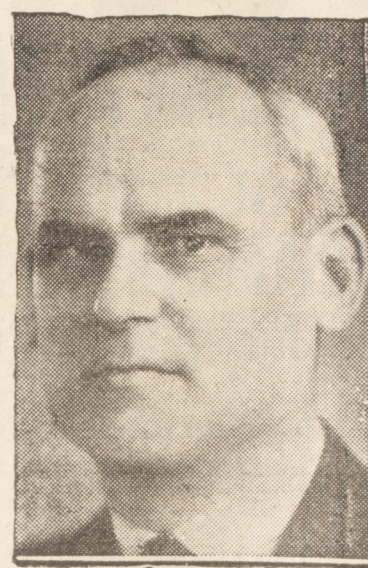
Monday evening the St. Anne's
Rover Crew and some of their friends
assembled at the home of Mrs. H. M.
Scammell, Saunders Street, for their
monthly social evening. Twenty-four
were present. Cards and games were
played. Refreshments were served,
after which a sing-song was enjoyed.
Before leaving, on behalf of the
Rovers, Rover Scout Edward Per-
kins presented a chest of silverware
to Rover Scout Bertram and Mrs.
Scammell who were recently married.
The gift was accompanied by an ad-
dress signed by each Rover Scout.
The party then dispersed after wish-
ing the bride and groom a happy
married life.

Home and School Association

Organized at Stanley

A successful public meeting in the
interest of education was held last
week at Stanley. Allen Best was in
the chair and the meeting was ad-
dressed by W. K. Tibert, Director of
Vocational Education in the prov-
ince. Mr. Tibert spoke on "the new
aspect of education in relation to
Home and School." Following the
address a branch of the Home and
School Association was organized
and officers were elected. The meet-
ing was well attended. The officers
elected were as follows: Honorary
President, Allan T. Best; Honorary
Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth San-
son; President, Rev. David Marshall;
Vice-President, Mrs. Peter Keenan;
Recording Secretary, Mrs. Roy Dou-
glas; Corresponding Secretary and
Treasurer, Mrs. Minnie Beers. The
interest shown at the meeting shows
an increased interest that is being
taken by the public in the interest of
education. The guest speaker of the
evening, Mr. Tibert stressed the
value of an education with which
boys and girls are able to earn their
living as well as become useful citi-
zens after they leave school and are
thrown upon their own resources.

Hon. C. D. and Mrs. Howe will
entertain at dinner in Ottawa on
Saturday evening.



HON. C. D. HOWE,
Minister of Transport, who, with
Mrs. Howe, is entertaining at a
dinner party on Saturday.

Devon Women's Institute to Sponsor School Festival

The Devon branch of the Women's
Institute held its monthly meeting
last evening at the home of Mrs. Ed-
ward Harrison. There was a good at-
tendance present including several
visitors. The meeting opened with
singing of O Canada and the recit-
ing of the Club Women's Creed. Roll
call was answered by an autumn
verse or a poem. Routine business
was carried on. The members ex-
pressed themselves as willing to
sponsor a school festival as describ-
ed at a meeting of the executive by
Mrs. Haines who has recently come
to the province and is employed by
the Government in connection with
the Youth Movement. The school fes-
tival will be a novel feature and it is
expected that it will prove very suc-
cessful. A very original contest of
prominent men and women organized
by Mrs. B. H. Haines proved inter-
esting the prize winner being Mrs. P.
S. Watson. A debate on the topic "Is
Daylight Saving Time an Advantage
or a Disadvantage," was led by Mrs.
B. N. Ross for the affirmative, and
Mrs. C. K. Gray for the negative, the
latter winning. Refreshments were
served by Mrs. Harrison assisted by
Mrs. Haines.

Mrs. Allister Mitchell entertained
at luncheon yesterday at the Mount
Royal Club in Montreal in honor of
Lady Hazen of Saint John.

Miss Isabel McEllerhan, who is
finance and extension secretary of
the Y.W.C.A. in Toronto, is in Que-
bec for a short visit.—Montreal Star.

Will Attend Funeral

Late Dr. Crocket

Mr. Justice O. S. Crocket, Ottawa,
has arrived in the city to attend the
funeral of his brother, the late Dr.
W. C. Crocket. Judge Crocket is the

guest of another brother, Dr. A. P.
Crocket. Charles S. O. Crocket, edit-
or of the Campbellton Tribune, has
also arrived and is the guest of his
son James Crocket, Charlotte Street.
Octavus Crocket, Mr. and Mrs. Allan
Leaman and John T. Chisholm, Mon-
ton, will arrive tomorrow and will be
the guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. Pierce
Crocket.

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Go where you will, go east or west
Barbour's Peanut Butter's best!

BEST for good taste! And now
best because with every 16,
25 or 32 ounce jar, you can get
absolutely free one of those thrill-
ing adventure stories Thornton
Burgess has written about me and
my animal friends. Of course,
you'll want to collect the 16 differ-
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will help because she knows that
Barbour's pure Peanut Butter sup-
plies just the energy fast-growing
young folks need.

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jar of Barbour's Peanut Butter
and with every pound purchase of
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too. Meet me at your grocer's.

Your friend,
PETER RABBIT

A DIFFERENT
Thornton Burgess
STORY, WITH
EACH BOTTLE

Barbour's
PEANUT
BUTTER

RAMBLES

(Continued from Page One)
were nosing into the grass, the smoke
was curling from the farm cottage
chimneys, and if the fields were
men and women. They were gather-
ing in some crop, and their dump-
carts were a vivid orange. I took it to
be a flaunting indication that they
were for King Billy, and against the
Pope—a phrase which is yet upon
ardent lips when it comes to a con-
fession of Faith, and it would seem
that since Protestants and Roman
Catholics are about equally divided
in the North Country, there is a con-
stant need for sheep and goats, or
goats and sheep to declare them-
selves. I am sure "King Billy" never
wished to become the patron Saint of
that group of people who do a trem-
endous amount of good, but who do
insist upon fanning the fires of de-
structive prejudice.

The villages were about half an
hour apart. In the late afternoon our
Irish counsellor told us that our
stopping-place was just around the
corner of a heather-covered hill. It
was Newton Stewart, an ancient place
set down where the waters of the
Owen-Killen and the Strule meet in
their journey to the sea.

The station was in a valley. Wind-
ing through the fields and up the
hills was the road to the village. A
friend was there to drive us. We had
met him through Student Christian
Movement. He was a young Angli-
can clergyman home on holidays. His
godfather is Dr. Grenfell, known and
blessed along the Labrador. With him
was his sister, and it was she who
told us of the place as we drove to
our hotel. "The village? A funny
little place, lost on the moors. Papa
(emphasis on the last syllable)
WOULD come here to raise his bees,
and think of the long years spent at
his work. I like it though. There is
'something' here, and it does give
Mama (again last syllable) a chance
to be Lady Bountiful. . . . No, I am
away in Belfast, at school. Just here
in the vacs. . . . That ruin? Was an
old castle. Years and years and
years ago a great King lived there.
He had a daughter who had been
born with the head of a pig instead
of a human head. He wanted to see
her married and so offered a good
bit of his kingdom, these hills, to the
man who would. Many men came,
saw her and refused. Some found that
they too 'had pigs' heads after the
refusal. Anyway all who refused were
put in a barrel into which nails had
been pounded and rolled down that
hill. One day a handsome Prince
came to the castle, saw the Princess
and loved her—really loved her. He
saw how beautiful she was in her
inner life. Because he loved her for
herself and not for the promised
wealth, he lifted her bridal veil and
found that love had changed her in-
to the most beautiful princess in the
whole world."

"So THAT was where it happened,"
I said. "I remember having that
story read to me ages and ages ago."
We drove on, beside the foaming
Strule, and up the hill to the town.
Behind the castle ruins, further up
the hill, the clouds had spread them-
selves thinly across the face of the
sun. The light came streaming
through, here and there, and where it
fell across the land the greens shone
with a proudness and a joy that
called us to a richer fellowship. Ire-
land was coming out to meet and
welcome us.

After dinner, there was still day-
light enough for a ramble. We walk-
ed over rough cobblestones, past
whitewashed cottages and 'apparent'
farmyards, until we were out of the
village, above it, looking down at the
different colored thatching on roofs
old and new. The place is centuries
old. Indeed it is yet nearer to the
Feudal System days than any other
I have been in. There is only the one
upper class family in it, the people
who had met us at the train. The fa-
ther is next in line for some title
and has retired there, to accept it
if it comes and to enjoy life not a
whit less if it doesn't. The next fam-
ily in the village is that of the Vicar
of the Church of Ireland. But his
origin keeps him, always just outside
the first rank. His father was prob-
ably only middle-class. The rest of
the villagers, though some of them,
store keepers and the like, drive
cars twice as long as that of the top
family,—never forget that they be-
long lower down. There is no attempt
to change the order. Such an effort
on anyone's part, high or low, would
shock the village. So, as we walked
along through the village there was
a touching of this and that cap or a
quick, feminine curtsy which was
friendly but not lacking at least, an
eighteenth century servility. And
"the" family, though accepting it in
just as friendly a fashion, would have
thought the world upside down if it
had not been there. I kept thinking:
"My continent was peopled by folks
who couldn't stand this sort of thing
and although this makes for smooth-
ly-running social machine, I believe
the protest of those settlers was
justified."

Our way lay along a narrow road
bounded by hedges and stone walls,
over stiles that could tell many a
story, for they were built of stone
and worm, and across the fresh green-
ness of the sloping fields. Our talk
was pleasant and incessant, except
for those moments when we paused
to look for a calling bird, or to see
the valley stretching to the West.



"Do I look sufficiently nonchalant?"
"You'll do—with the aid of that Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."—Lancet

Presently we had climbed the tallest
mound for a mile or so around, and
were beneath the shelter of the leg-
end ruin. Only a portion of one wall
was there. As we examined the in-
terlacing of its stonework and were
speculating about the age, our friend
the clergyman (not the village vicar)
told us that its probable date was not
the legend one, but in the sixteenth
century. At any rate an Irish chief
had a castle here, and James II re-
treating from an unsuccessful siege
of Londonderry in 1688, found it in
his way so pulled it down. "This, or
most of it," he said, indicating the
grey, standing wall, "is what was
left."

He told us, too, as we stood on the
mound, of the struggles that had
taken place in the valley we could
see, and of how the Protestant-Cath-

olic feeling yet provoked men to a
spilling of blood. Then, as if to show
the delightful inconsistency of the
Irish, he told us that after the an-
nual July 12 parade and battle—
tongue and sometimes fist—the Or-
angemen turned around and loaned
their drums and banners to the vil-
lage Catholics for their August Lady
Day parade.

There was a story too, and it shows
how the young lads learn to take
their sides. A football team from a
Protestant school had journeyed to a
neighboring town to play a Catholic
school. The Protestants had won. On
the way home on the train one of the
victorious side, a freckle-faced lad
scarcely in his teens, was heard to
say: "Sure, an' ther'll be sad hearts
in the Vatican this night!"

The Bank of Nova Scotia Temporary Quarters

On and after the 15th instant our busi-
ness during alterations will be carried on
in temporary quarters located at 346 Queen
Street.

Fredericton, N. B.
November 13th, 1937.

10-DAY EXCURSION TO MONTREAL

—GOING—

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23

Returning any Day up to and Including December 3, 1937
STANDARD FIRST CLASS ONE-WAY FARE FOR THE ROUND
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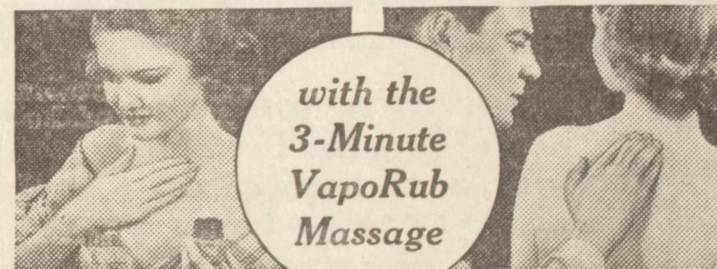
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with the
3-Minute
VapoRub
Massage

Of course, you can really do most of
this yourself. But he'll gladly help
you end the misery of your cold.

Massage VapoRub briskly on the
throat, chest and back (between and
below the shoulder blades). Then
spread it thick over the chest and
cover with warmed cloth.

Already, your VapoRub has begun
to bring relief—two ways at once:

1. **Through the Skin.** VapoRub
acts direct through the skin like a
poultice or plaster.

2. **Medicated Vapors.** At the
same time, its medicated vapors,
released by body heat, are breathed
in for hours—about 15 times a min-
ute—direct to the irritated air-pas-
sages of the nose, throat and chest.

This combined poultice-and-vapor
action eases the breathing—loos-
ens phlegm—relieves irritation—
helps break congestion.

While you relax into comfortable
sleep, VapoRub's two-way treat-
ment keeps right on working.
Often, by morning the worst of the
cold is over.

Now White—Stainless

Thanks to a new process, VapoRub
now comes to you in white stainless
form. Only the color is removed; it
is the same VapoRub—the same
formula and the same effective
double action.

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