

# NEW BRUNSWICK TOURIST ADVANTAGES BOASTED BY M'NAIR

## Acting Premier Broadcast Over Brooklyn, N. Y. Station

Speaking over a broadcasting station at Brooklyn, N.Y., on Saturday evening last, Hon. J. B. McNaair, K.C., Acting Premier and Attorney-General of New Brunswick, pointed out to a large unseen audience of New Englanders, the advantages of this province as a tourist and sportsmen's paradise.

Mr. McNaair said:—

I esteem it a great honor and privilege to have the opportunity to speak from this studio tonight—an honor to be permitted to bring to you a message from New Brunswick—a privilege in that my message will relate to the beauties and attractions of my native province.

The tidings I hear should be of special interest to those who, after months of intense participation in the life and activities of this great community, now look forward to vacation time.

To you New Brunswick holds out the invitation of endless miles of sunny sands by the northern sea, of mighty rivers, flowing between wooded hills of fashionable resorts, and of log cabins beside the shore of some woodland lake where the tired city dweller may enjoy the luxury of an old-clothes holiday.

Its proximity to New York City lends an added appeal to the invitation of this vacationland. Motoring northeastward through New England, you will find yourself in New Brunswick with less than two days' travel, while the railway journey can be accomplished with equal speed.

Sportsmen in Boston and vicinity are well aware that they may leave North Station in the evening and be in a sporting lodge in New Brunswick for a late breakfast or early lunch the following day. Railway travelers from New York and vicinity are able to make connections in Boston which hasten them on their journey to New Brunswick with a minimum loss of time.

Our province is also accessible to you by the ocean route. Commodious vessels of the Eastern Steamship Lines leave New York Harbor on regular schedule for Boston, where direct transfer can be made for Saint John, New Brunswick. An added feature of the sea trip is that your automobile can be carried on board. Many people are today choosing this method of travel as it combines the benefits of a short sea voyage with a tour through the province.

**Our Highways**

A system of main trunk highways, 1465 miles in extent, the hard surfacing of which is rapidly being completed, enables the motorist to make a circuit of the province by various routes without the monotony of back-tracking a single mile of the way. Complementing the system of main trunk highways is a network of secondary roads which are maintained at a standard suitable for the volume of traffic that now flows. In fact, some of the best views of New Brunswick's grandeur may be gained from these secondary highways—quaint fishing villages beyond which sea and sky merge into one infinite blue, beach resorts built on some cape that juts out into the old Atlantic, large inland lakes, low-lying marshes and quiet farm lands, densely wooded river basins and bold mountainous ridges. Scenes such as these are milestones along New Brunswick's motor roads—tracing memories precious alike to the mind and the snapshot album of the city dweller who has come to seek, beyond the confines of crowded streets and towering office buildings, recreation and repose.

Excellent reports are at hand regarding the many famous sporting rivers of the province—the Restigouche, Miramichi, Nepisiguit, Tobique, Kedgwick, Saint John, Cains and others. Due to prevailing high water sea run fish are now ascending these rivers in large numbers and the prospects point to an excellent season of Atlantic silver salmon angling.

**Our Scenic Attractions**

One of New Brunswick's greatest attractions is the scenic route through the Saint John Valley which extends through the western part of the province from north to south. The trans-Canada Highway No. 2 follows the valley from Edmundston to Saint John, a distance of 267 miles. Along the way the finest of scenery unfolds itself in a panorama of never ending change.

On the upper reaches of the Saint John River are the towns of Edmundston, St. Leonard, Grand Falls, Perth and Andover, Hartland and Woodstock. At Grand Falls the cataract which has given the town its name, has been harnessed to supply power for the largest hydro-electric plant in Eastern Canada but the natural beauty of the water-fall still remains.

**Fredericton**

Eighty-four miles from the mouth of the River stands Fredericton, the capital of the province, where the visitor may find rest for a space amid the peaceful environment of a university town. You should not fail to visit the fine cathedral and the many other points of interest that contribute to the charm of this beautiful city. Below Fredericton rich meadowlands abound, but the way is interspersed with rolling upland set against a distant background of lofty hills.

The famous Reversing Falls, one of Nature's vagaries, may be seen from the highway bridge as one enters the Loyalist City of Saint John. At low tide the water rushes through a 450-foot gorge and tumbles into the harbor over a 26-foot drop, while at high tide the rushing flood completely submerges the fall and forces itself upstream in a chaos of boiling eddies and whirlpools.

The first white man to set eyes on this mighty river was the intrepid French explorer, Samuel de Champlain. He discovered the harbor at its mouth in 1604 on the 24th day of June, the day of St. John the Baptist. Being a man of deep religious convictions, he named the river in honor of the Saint.

**Our Atlantic Coastline**

Six hundred miles of Atlantic coast line offer a wide variety of shore scenery and beach resorts. Most widely known of these is the colony at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. Here is the locale for the tourist who seeks a clubby resort. From June to September the round of golf, tennis, riding, boating, bathing and dancing continues without interruption, while for those who so choose there are ample opportunities for a short angling trip or deep sea fishing.

Near Bathurst on the Bay Chaleur are a number of the excellent beach sites for which New Brunswick is noted. Youghal Beach offers fifteen miles of unbroken sands, while nearby is located a new summer colony known as Chaleur Beach.

St. Martins, Shediac and Point du Chene offer quiet surroundings which present the picturesque typical of old fishing villages—white sails gleaming in the morning sun as the fleets run off to the fishing waters, boats beached high and dry tilted over on their beam ends, nets drying on sun-lit sands above the reach of foaming surf, and seafaring men and tales of the sea everywhere.

The shore country of our east coast has an appeal that is unique. Off shore at many points may be seen fleets of fishing boats moving off into the distance with the outline of Prince Edward Island looming as a background on the distant horizon. Descendants of the early French colonists, the people of the East Coast are a jolly, open-handed race among whom the visitor, as elsewhere in the province, will immediately feel himself at home.

At St. Louis-de-Kent is an exact reproduction of the celebrated shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes. Morning, noon and evening the tones of the melodious chimes can be heard over the countryside for miles around.

**Moncton and Shediac**

On a land-locked bay not far from Moncton stand Shediac and Point du Chene, fishing villages built up about stretches of sea-washed sand. Across Northumberland Strait Prince Edward Island serves as a giant break-

water for this portion of New Brunswick's eastern coast. Dangerous undertow, so often a menace to bathers elsewhere, is entirely absent at these and other resorts in this district.

At the City of Moncton may be observed twice daily "The Bore" of the Petitcodiac River. This phenomenon is produced by the extraordinary high tides between the converging shores of the Bay of Fundy, into the upper end of which the Petitcodiac empties. Instead of producing a gradual rise in the River the tide rushes upstream in the form of a tidal wave ranging in height from three to six feet.

Near Sackville is the broad expanse known as the Tantramar Marshes. The name is a variation of the French "tantamarre," meaning a great noise or hubbub. The story is that the name was originally applied to the marshes by the early French settlers whose attention was attracted by the cries and honking of the numberless thousands of wild ducks and geese which spring and autumn visited these rich feeding grounds. An extensive system of dykes has been built around the marshes in the work of reclaiming this fertile area.

A few miles from Sackville are the ruins of Fort Beauséjour, which was erected by the French as a defensive work in their preparation for the Seven Years War in America. After a semblance of a siege it was captured by the English on June 16th, 1755, when its name was changed to Fort Cumberland. The fall of Beauséjour marked the opening of a war for the mastery of this Continent and occupies a place of special importance in the history of New Brunswick.

I have endeavored to describe a few of the attractions which my province offers to the tourist and summer visitor. I have not told the whole story for the brief time at my disposal would not permit.

Complete information—including maps, mileage charts, and general descriptive literature—will be sent to anyone who writes to the New Brunswick Government Bureau of Information and Tourist Travel at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

May I repeat the address: New Brunswick Government Bureau of Information and Tourist Travel, Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada.

In concluding, may I extend to those of you who long for the roar of wild sea waves at the foot of age-old cliffs or who delight in the babbling flow of crystal clear water over mossy rocks or find music in the sigh of the night winds through the pines, these words of invitation—COME AND VISIT US!

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# HOW EXPLAIN THESE GHASTLY RUSSIAN TRIALS?

Russia seems about to stage another of her amazing treason trials. They are like nothing else in history. They appear to run counter to human nature. But it should be remembered that what we might call the Western mind—that is, the dominant mind of European and American civilization—is not too well equipped to understand the convolutions and reactions of the Eastern mind.

Who has any clear notion, for example, of what really happened when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the Chinese ruler, left his secure refuge in Nanking, journeyed into the stronghold of young Chang, was taken prisoner and held for days, Nanking, taking Chang with him. The Western mind would have expected Chang either to stay safely in the centre of his army or run as fast as he could the other way. But no. He voluntarily entered the lion's cage in Nanking, along with the lion—where he is now—perfectly safe.

"For East is east and West is west, and never the twain shall meet." We get the same puzzling anomalies in India. A section of the Indians want to get rid of their British rulers. So they lie down in the road and invite these rulers to run motor cars over them. It simply doesn't make sense to the Westerner. A follower of Gandhi's loses temper and commits an act of aggression. Very natural, we say. But Gandhi is shocked nearly to death. He does not, however, punish the sinner. Not at all. He punishes himself. He fasts until his life is despaired of. The same thought underlies Chinese psychology. When the Chinese Emperor in the old days went to the magnificent Temple of Heaven for his ceremonial acts of sacrifice, they were not for himself but for the sins of his people. If the people went wrong, it was because he, the Emperor, had failed in his devotion.

The pertinence of these remarks to the Russian case is that the Russian has long been regarded as half-Asiatic. We are really in no position to judge him. Russian literature, Russian plays, often seem to portray a different order of being. Why should not this difference show itself in such dramatic events as great State trials?

One of the astounding things about these trials is the widespread treason they betray—if we are to take the evidence and the confessions at even a part of their face value. But treason is only the reverse side of the shield of patriotism. If patriotism is weak, then loyalties to other objects emerge without much conscious stigma of treason. National patriotism is practically non-existent in China. Every war lord is a traitor. Is it not possible that groups of Russians find their passion for ideologies, for personalities, even for their own ambitions, much more powerful than their loyalty to the nation? Thus they are loyal to what they believe in—not to what you and I believe in here in our own country.

Trotsky is no Capitalist or Czarist or anti-Bolshevist of any sort. But he and his followers believe so strongly that their method of revolution is the right one that they fight even a Revolutionary Government in Russia. Some of them have been executed on a charge of betraying that government to a foreign power. Traitors to Russia, perhaps. But not traitors to their ideology.

The "confessions" bother people. How are they obtained, especially when most of the prisoners know that they will be shot anyway? The theory of "third degrees" hardly stands up before the fact that these men have usually been tried in open court, with the press of the world present, when even one of them could tear the whole illusion by shouting out that he had been tortured into making his confession. During the Dreyfus trial in France, witnesses occasionally "committed suicide," but this was stopped when one of them declared emphatically on leaving the box that he would not commit suicide. If he were found dead, there would be another reason.

Some suggest that they compete in advertising their "guilt" in order to safeguard their relatives and friends. Possibly, but are there no bachelors or case-hardened folk among them who are not hampered by friends? It is a cute little explanation, but it hardly appears adequate to cover so widespread and constant a practice.

It may be a form of hysteria—such as overtakes some communities under the sacred cloak of religion. Some day we will get the explanation. But in the meantime our Russian friends should be under no illusion that these horrifying spectacles are not doing them a vast amount of harm abroad. Calmer people most emphatically do not like the look of them. It is easily the blackest stain on the reputation of the Soviet Republics since their wholesale liquidation of all their critics from archbishops to kulaks. And it is a pity to have a prejudice created against Russia in the democratic countries.

# C. B. FOSTER TO RETIRE JUNE 30

## Popular C. P. R. Official Well Known in Fredericton, Completes Nearly Half a Century of Service.

(Special to The Daily Mail)

MONTREAL, June 15.—C. B. Foster, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, will retire under the pension rules of the company on June 30, "after more than 46 years of loyal and efficient service." He will be succeeded by R. G. McNeillie, at present Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager. Announcement to this effect was made here today by George Stephen, the company's traffic vice president.

Mr. Foster's retirement removes from the active ranks one of the most widely-known and outstanding railroad men on the North American continent. During his ear half century of service he has taken an active part in the development of the passenger traffic of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the general tourist travel throughout Canada. His railroad career began in the days of wooden coaches and oil lamps, and ends with stream-line trains and all-steel air-cooled cars.

Born at Kingston, New Brunswick, on September 30th, 1871, Mr. Foster entered the service of the Canadian Pacific as a clerk in the district passenger agent's office at Saint John, in April, 1891. His subsequent service gave him nation-wide experience in passenger traffic matters. He became district passenger agent at Saint John in February, 1902, and was appointed to the similar position in Toronto two years later. He became assistant general passenger agent at Vancouver in 1903 and general passenger agent, Winnipeg, in November, 1910. Further promotion came to Mr. Foster in July, 1913, when he was made assistant passenger traffic manager at Montreal. He succeeded to the position of passenger traffic manager in September, 1922.

The promotion of Mr. McNeillie to the post of passenger traffic manager for the company, marks another forward step in the career of a railroad man of nation-wide reputation. Mr. McNeillie's 36 years of service with the Canadian Pacific Railway has given him a broad experience in both eastern and western Canada. He first joined the company as a stenographer at Winnipeg in October, 1901. He became a chief clerk in the passenger department at that point in September, 1906, and subsequent promotions took him to Nelson, British Columbia, in October, 1909, as district passenger agent, and to Calgary in a similar capacity in April, 1910. Three years later in July, 1913, Mr. McNeillie was promoted to the post of assistant general passenger agent at Winnipeg, and became general passenger agent at that centre in September, 1926. He became assistant passenger traffic manager at Montreal in May, 1930, and is promoted to his new post after seven years in that capacity.



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# 36-HOLE 173 ONCE ENOUGH TO WIN OPEN

## Henry Notes Great Development in Modern Golf

By HENRY McL.

DETROIT, June 15.—On a balmy October day in 1895, one Mr. Horace Rawlins won the first National open golf championship with a magnificently wrought 173 for the 36-hole ordeal.

When Horace paid off his caddy and posted his phenomenal score, his Newport admirers undoubtedly rushed him into the clubhouse, ordered champagne, thumped his shoulders and gushed, "Horace, how did you do it?"

That is what I am wondering today as I lie stretched out on my divan and ponder on the score which Ralph Guldahl, a stoop-shouldered Chicagoan, via Dallas, Tex., and Oslo, Norway, won the 1937 open with 281. While they have doubled the distance since the redoubtable Horace was hacking with his baffy and jigger, Little Felix in the last row of the third grade for underprivileged children could quickly estimate on his abacus that Guldahl was 95 strokes superior to Rawlins. For Horace, had he been playing 72 instead of 36 holes, would have wound up with an inelegant 346 and might have been asked to use the tradesmen's entrance in leaving.

This, my little chickadees, gives you a rough idea of how they have stepped up the game of golf in 42 years. Guldahl was playing over a course that would have made Horace's look as hazardous as the parlor axminster. Guldahl's course was more than 7,000 yards long, trapped like a muskrat area in Upper Canada, and had rough on it that would have caused Horace to impale himself on his cleek.

## General Improvement

I do not know whether it is the man or the merchandise that has been needed so much since 1895. Perhaps it is a little of both. There is no denying that Guldahl had in his bag every implement of modern warfare, while poor old Horace had to rely upon a few home-made irons and woods that you wouldn't beat a rug with these days. Horace may have been a hot shot, but I doubt if he could have matched Guldahl's play with the entire U. S. Navy and all its 14-inch guns.

When Guldahl stood on the 10th tee, with 10,000 people at his tendons, he knew that he had to shoot the last nine holes of one of the world's toughest layouts without making a single mistake. With the exception of Sammy Snead and Bob-

by Cruikshank, who were safe and sound in the clubhouse with 72-hole totals of 283 and 285, respectively, all the other prize petunias had died on the vine.

Nobody had a better right to reel than brother Guldahl. It meant a lot to him. He was gunning for 1,000 bucks, a Ryder Cup team berth and a chance for easy living he hadn't had since lord knows when. To show he was human, he blew the 10th, just as Bobby Jones had blown it and the title 13 years ago in the same spot. To go Jones one better, he blew the 11th. But from there in he had the nerve of a burglar and the touch of a pickpocket.

That is how Guldahl won. This makes him a great guy for all of 12 months. And this time next year I'll be telling you about a gent named Jasper who jolted Guldahl and made Ralph's 281 look just as inept as Ralph did Horace's 173. That is, if I am alive next year and haven't been toted off to my reward.

# Irish Parliament Dissolved Today; Election July 1st

(Special to The Daily Mail)

IRISH FREE STATE, June 15.—The Dail was dissolved today. The election to take place July 1. The labor party joined with the opposition when they voted on the draft constitution. It was passed however 62 to 48. If the question did not exist there would be a declaration of a republic.

# Strikers Do Violence In Johnstown

(Special to The Daily Mail)

JOHNSTOWN, June 15.—Further acts of violence are reported at Johnstown, Pa. Strikers are lined up before the Bethlehem Steel plants and stones and clubs were wielded. After many were injured, the police were successful in dispersing the mob by the use of tear gas. Disturbances in the Steel Industries have caused marked weaknesses on Wall Street.

# for stubborn COLDS

