

THE DAILY MAIL

NEW BRUNSWICK'S ONLY HOME COMMUNITY PAPER

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FREDERICTON, N. B., JULY 23, 1937.

Father of Radio Signs Off

To call any one man the inventor of radio, as known today, would be unfair to the many whose laboratory drudgery created the units that produce world-girdling sound signals of modern times. Nevertheless to Guglielmo Marconi, whose Italian-Irish ancestry no doubt endowed him with that love of mysticism which makes poets and leads restless explorers into the unknown, must be accredited the title of major pioneer and developer of wireless signals. He was the first to demonstrate the reality of the dreams of Faraday, Fleming, Lodge, Hertz, Edison, Voltaire, and numerous other major experimenters with electro-magnetic waves.

Marconi was playing with apparatus to project signals through the atmosphere from his earliest school days at the Lehigh Technical School, under Professor Rosa, and his first brilliant and successful series of experiments date from June, 1895, when he found that, with a Hertzian form of resonator, he could pick up feeble echoes from the crude transmitter he had designed. From these experiments he developed the use of a vertical wire for both sending and intercepting. From this came what we now call sending and receiving aerials, or antennae. The early apparatus of Marconi, from which sprang wireless telegraphy and radio sound signals, consisted of coherer (ancestor of the detector-amplifier) and a Morse printing instrument, all working from the relatively low wattage of storage batteries. His greatest step toward amplification and greater distance-getting came with the introduction of choke coils—introduced in the apparatus much after the fashion of the coils in the crystal sets of the early post-war days of radio.

Marconi's first signals were impressed on the outgoing carrier-waves by the use of a spark gap—that is, by the controlled opening and closing of a switch in the circuit—the high tension current for the sparks being produced from four brass ball dischargers, separated by vaseline oil.

The world, however, heard little of Marconi's developments until he went to England in 1896, where he took out the first patent ever granted for a practical system of wireless telegraphy. His first major experiments were made before British Post Office officials, and his first trans-Atlantic signals passed between the Old Country and Newfoundland.

Marconi in his day received numerous honors from nearly every civilized nation in the world. His genius lay not so much in his actual inventions as in his seemingly uncanny foresight in being the first to appreciate the immense commercial possibilities of radio, and his facility in making full use of the scientific efforts of his tie for attaining his objectives.

Beyond the impetus which Marconi's demonstrations gave to the development of radio, he must be recognized as the father of a system which has contributed so much to safety at sea, and which, even during his own career, has saved thousands of lives. He produced the wireless compass by which winged explorers follow courses through raging elements and the blackness of midnight to their appointed goals.

Guglielmo Marconi signs off with the wireless man's last "73" in a world where his dream has become an electrified reality carrying communications to almost every conceivable point on the planet.

Mr. Eden Redefines Policy

FOREIGN SECRETARY Anthony Eden's address in the House of Commons on Monday last, if "conciliatory to Italy" and over-optimistic in its survey of the Sino-Japanese condition, said other things well placed at the present time. Mr. Eden was particularly lucid in redefining British policy and in drawing the line between Imperialist interest and the desire for peace. And he lost nothing for not having waved a club.

For one reason or another some Powers are still inclined to over-estimate the meekness of the British will for peace. Britain wants peace. Several times in the last two years, and against the best advice of its critics, the Government has demonstrated how seriously she wants it. But she has "every intention of defending national interest in the Mediterranean as elsewhere in the world."

It might have seemed conciliatory for the Foreign Secretary to have explained again that Britain has no intention of "seeking to turn anybody else off" the Mediterranean, and no desire to interfere with those who geographically dwell upon it. It might have seemed a futile gesture to refer again to a desire for improvement in relations with the Reich. There is no doubt he was more lenient with Japan than Tokio's impudence warrants, but again nothing was to be gained by threats. As it is, none of these statements has lessened the weight of the other declaration, which, after all, is the important one for those nations who have yet to settle the problem of Spain.

A Useful College Survey

BY a survey of the activities of graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology over a ten-year period President Compton hopes to discover what lapses in their education have been brought out by their experience, and what demand there is for their services.

The educational value of such a survey to a better-planned curriculum in the M. I. T. is obvious. Even more significant to the prospective engineer will be a definite appraisal of his future prospects. It has been stated that there are now too many engineers. Incidentally this is sometimes made to apply to nearly all the professions. But actual facts and figures, susceptible of dependable analysis, are few and far between. The survey should help to substitute actual data for impressions and beliefs.

Dr. Compton's appeal to other engineering schools to undertake similar studies should be heeded. The whole subject of unemployment for young and old now abounds in generalizations, and among them probably not a few myths exist.

SNAPSHOTS

Money talks, and hereafter on Canadian bills in two languages.

If you fool people to get money, that is fraud. If you do it to get votes, that is shrewd politics.

Being free of vanity saves you a lot of time. If the other fellow wishes to argue, you can admit he's right and be rid of him.

The professional beggar thinks well of himself. He always says Heaven will bless you for being generous to him.

If your service has a fixed value, it is a trade. If you can soak the customer according to his pile, it's a profession.

Both sides give righteous reasons for industrial warfare, but they hold down to the same old resolve: "We'll show 'em who's boss."

It will no doubt be pointed out that German tennis under the Kaiser was not nearly so good as since Hitler took hold.

Just how chorus girls in war will work out nobody can be sure, but it would seem to be a certain step in the direction of getting the generals down near the fighting lines.

It seems that in happy Russia the proportion of spies and traitors is a considerably greater element of the population than in the more benighted capitalist countries.

Most men and women could get more happiness out of the Indian summer of life if they would not mistake it for the return of spring. The roses and rapture of Youth are sweet, but they don't come back with the grapes and goldenrod.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Frank L. Thomas of the Parish of Douglas in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick and James R. Thomas of the same place and Annie A. Thomas his wife, and to all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of the powers of sale contained in a mortgage bearing date the first day of April A.D. 1931, registered in Book 214 of the York County Records at pages 264-268 as Number 83475 made between James R. Thomas and Annie A. Thomas his wife and L. Thomas as mortgagors and Bertha McMullen, wife of Roy McMullen, as mortgagee, there will, for the purpose of realizing the monies secured by the said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the post-office in the City of Fredericton on 25th day of August, A.D. 37 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all the lands and premises described in the said mortgage as follows:

FIRST: ALL those lands and premises covered by Gustave Chas. Gamble to the said James R. Thomas under the name of James Thomas by indenture bearing date the twentieth day of September, 1916, registered in Book 164 of the York County Records at pages 23 and 24 as Number 67064 and therein bounded and described as follows: All that certain part or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas and County of York, Province of New Brunswick and known as parts of lots number ten, eleven, twelve, being on the east side of the Cardigan Highway Road, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning on the east side of the said highway road at the centre of lot number twelve (the upper or north side of said lot twelve being owned by William Davidson) thence east along said line of lot number twelve one hundred and forty-seven rods to a cedar post, thence southerly at right angles to a cedar fence, (said fence being the centre line of lot number ten the southern side being owned by David L. Evans) thence west along said fence to the highway road, thence north along the highway road to the place of beginning, containing one hundred and fifty acres more or less. Being the same lands and premises deeded by William S. Ray and wife to the said Gustave Chas. Gamble, registered in Book A-7, pages 497 and 498.

Saving and Excepting thereout and therefrom that portion of the above described lands conveyed by the said James R. Thomas et ux to Kenneth Bird by Indenture bearing date the third day of July, 1919, registered in Book 173 of the said Records at pages 18 and 19 as Number 7268, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point where the dividing line between land owned by the late David L. Evans and the aforesaid James Thomas intersects the aforesaid Cardigan Highway Road and running along said line easterly one hundred and forty-seven rods to a cedar post, thence northerly at right angles forty rods to a stake thence westerly and parallel with the first named line one hundred and forty-seven rods to the aforesaid road, thence southerly along the said road to the place of being forty rods to a stake.

SECOND: All those lands and premises conveyed by Kenneth G. Bird et ux to the said Frank L. Thomas by deed bearing date the thirtieth day of May, 1927, registered in Book 202 of the York County Records at Pages 542 to 544 as Number 79810 and therein bounded and described as follows: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas, County and Province aforesaid on the west side of Cardigan Road, so called, bounded as follows: Beginning at the said Cardigan Road where the upper line of land formerly owned by Thomas E. Griffiths, now occupied by Merinda Monteith, strikes the said Road and running in a westerly direction along said line to a stake thence in a northerly direction 80 rods to a stake on the lower line of land formerly owned by Dr. Jacobs, now owned by Thomas Evans, thence along said line in an easterly direction till it strikes the said Cardigan Road, thence along said Road to the place of beginning, the same being part of number eleven being the Daniel Davis lot, containing one hundred acres more or less, being part of the same lands and premises conveyed by deed from William James Monteith and wife to the said Kenneth G. Bird, registered in York County Records in Book 175, pages 386 and 387 under official number 71317 bearing date the 29th day of May, A.D. 1920.

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or in any way appertaining.

Dated this 23rd day of July, A.D. 1937.

Solicitor for Mortgagee.
(Sgd.) BERTHA McMULLEN,
WINSLOW & McNAIR.

FRICITION

(Continued from Page One)

ment had notified General Sung Cheh yuan, chairman of the Hoper-Chahar political council and commander of the 29th Army, it would accept his settlement with Japanese military leaders in North China.

Hitherto Nanking has stood against any such local solutions, insisting the issues were national and must be settled between Tokyo and Nanking governments. The Japanese have insisted the autonomous Chinese authority in the north had power to make settlements with them.

Japanese reports from Nanjing said the way had been paved for renewal of direct negotiations between the two national governments on larger issues. They indicated the efforts of foreign diplomats at Nanking had something to do with persuading the two Oriental powers to seek peace.

SKUNKS

(Continued from Page One)

ty was consulted about the matter and he, like the house-holder, does not know what to do about it. He might be able to get rid of the young, as they are not armed with the peculiar odorous weapon of the skunk species. But the parents would be a different proposition and, as the inspector said, "Lady, you might have to bury your house."

During the past few weeks it has come to the notice of the fashionable east end that they have the doubtful asset of harboring a skunk in their midst. On an occasional Sunday night stroll one on Lansdowne or any other avenue is liable to run across a little striped animal strutting up and down driveways when he goes unmolested. There are those not far removed from fish and game regulations department who have not dared to force the unwelcome visitor to vacate not knowing what the results might be.

The dilemma which faces the game overseer above mentioned in the upper province obtains also in sections of the Capital. What, oh what shall we do?

CHURCH ISSUE

(Continued from Page One)

words: "To serve Hitler is to serve Germany; to serve Germany is to serve God."

Another dictum expresses a similar sentiment more emphatically: "Christianity is Judaism, Judaism is Bolshevism, Bolshevism is enmity to the State. Therefore, down with Christianity!"

If Christians would restrict their Church activities entirely to meditation and prayer, it is probable that the Christian Churches could get along quite well together. The difficulty, from the Nazi political point of view is that the Churches concern themselves with "worldly" affairs, such as: Education of the youth; conducting theological courses for students and pastors; criticism of what the believe to be non-Christian and immoral; believing in the Old Testament; and—in attending church services.

Serious Conflict

After he had been in power a few months Hitler entered into a concordat with the Vatican, the substance of the agreement being that neither party would interfere in the affairs of the other. Accusations of bad faith have since that time been liberally flung by each side against the other. One of the most serious causes of friction has been the dispute between State and Church over the control of youth education.

Hitler announced a "free" Church election, at first scheduled for last April. It has since been again and again postponed. Now it is expected, next September. Nazis are postponing the election in the hope that they may in the meantime complete, or at least harden, the processes of erosion, so that they be reasonably certain of the result.

MODERN EDUCATION

(Continued from Page One)

modern improvements in the rural schools. In many cases the pupils have become so interested in the school work as it is carried on under modern methods that they often request the teacher to let them come back on Saturday and continue their studies. In one school which we can mention there is a school garden in which vegetables are grown and these are used during the year to provide hot lunches for the children, who otherwise would be compelled to carry cold dinners to school. In the school mentioned the daily paper is brought to the school and read by the teacher and pupils, and current events are discussed.

In tomorrow's issue of The Daily Mail we will publish an article giving first-hand information regarding the up-to-date methods carried on in at least one rural school in Nova Scotia. This particular school has been the subject of leading articles in many Canadian and United States papers and has been discussed at length by those who are interested in bringing to the schools—both urban and rural—a modern system which will go a long way towards interesting and educating the youth of the present day.

ENGLISH CHANNEL

(Continued from Page One)

red and green three cornered lights of the patrol boats; boats patrolling British waters that foreign fishermen might not encroach.

It was one o'clock before the fog had gone. Behind us was Lizard Head, swinging her strong beam round and round. Ahead, the wink of stubborn Eddystone.

A group of us had decided that bed was not on the agenda that night, so we clung to the rail and watched the ship swing into Plymouth harbour. Ahead was the town, her street lamps tracing patterns on the hillsides. Small crafts were fretting about the larger anchored boats, a warship lay behind the first break-water.

A Morse signal flashed from the shore "WHAT S?" A light on our bridge spelled out the ship's name. We drew in under the lee of a hill and with a splash and a roar sent our anchor into the harbour's mud. We were to stay there till daylight.

All this time we had been in the prow of the ship, so intent upon watching that we did not know the deck had filled with people. Someone started the National Anthem, then "O Canada," then, for the Americans on board, "The Star Spangled Banner," and finally, at this point, the Doxology. And how "Old Hundred" was sung! There was a Spirit abroad that night. The English folks were safely "home," the rest of us where we had prayed to be, in old, old England, the land of our forefathers. The hands of the clock moved on. We talked and sang, played "London Bridge" and other children's games, watched other ships come in, and as we watched, remembered that Drake had sailed from this same spot to scatter the Armada.

A German liner winked its answer to the shore inquiry, and as I spelled out the letters, my mind went back to other days. There was another time when Germany had sent a ship into this harbour, a submarine, during one of the war years. An Allies boat had come in, bringing men on leave, some of the wounded and the nurses. The boom across the second breakwater was closed, as every night, so they anchored just outside to wait for the dawn. They were singing, even as we were, and the sound of their voices carried across the half mile to the town. Suddenly there was a dull explosion. The singing ceased and rockets began to go up. The lady on the boat who told me the story had been on the Plymouth pier that night. At first they had thought that the rockets were the climax of the homecoming celebration, but very soon they knew the truth. And so they waited, all night long, to read the lists of the dead. She had not been back to Plymouth since that year.

We waited for another morning's sun, and when it came it brought not sorrow, as twenty years before, but joy; joy in the unspeakable beauty that was all about us. The sky flushed with a delicate pink, then deepened and deepened until it seemed

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"MURDER GOES

TO COLLEGE"

—with—

Roscoe Karns - Marsha Hunt

that the clouds could hold no more of the rich flame. The odour from off-shore, like that of fresh-cut hay, was heather-honey!

Meanwhile the greens of Devon began to come from out of the morning shadows. The hills on either side brightened and we saw the caves along the shore. A magic place is Plymouth! We shall go back.

The tender came out, bringing our first English morning paper. A hundred of our passengers transferred, and we waved them back past Plymouth Hoe, to the docks. Then we began to move. Above the hill of living green appeared the Norman towers of an old church. And far along the coast nestled a fishing village.

The German liner unloaded its passengers, swung round, and making at least five knots more than our boat, swept by and turned its prow to Cherbourg. As it passed a group of us gave the Left Wing Socialist salute, but it was not returned.

Our way lay diagonally across the Channel, so England was soon out of sight. Boats were on every point of the compass, small and large, and flying all manners of flags. Some, no doubt, were heading for Spain. 400 miles to the South. The gulls were reinforced by others from the French side, and they swarmed in their hundreds on every bit of food thrown over by the kitchens. It was 8.30. In sleepy fashion we made our way below, stung our faces with cold water and went in to breakfast.

We chose the mid-Channel hours for a nap, but at high noon were out on deck once more. The day was sultry, the ever-present roll of the sea reduced to an effortless minimum. Five miles to the South was the low, sandy coast of Normandy. Across the bay, that jutted in just here lay Picardy, Le Havre and the mouth of the winding Seine—a hundred miles from Paris.

It was Saturday afternoon and it seemed that half the city was out in boats, or along the various piers to watch the ship come in. The city itself was one of the sights of the whole trip. Cliffs to the north, with houses built along the top; a gradual descent south till the homes came down to the water's edge; a bathing beach, with every colored dressing tents pitched in a mile long row; thousands of people, walking, swimming, sailing, rowing, fishing and standing on the docks. The houses were brightly painted and indeed the very soil itself, up where the strip-farming could be seen, had shades of red and blue and yellow. Or so it seemed to me! And then the

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NEWS

Here Mon., Tues.—Next Week

Katherine Hepburn,
Franchot Tone

— in —

"QUALITY STREET"

— with —

Eric Blom, Cora Witherspoon

green of early summer gave a constant background!

There were dozens of ships in port, and great cranes were swooping, grabbing and rising with what seemed a struggling load.

The tying up kept us at the rail for a good half hour. We moved to our berth and ther. were pushed and pulled in sideways. Men rowed around the boats, caught ropes and shouted French in every direction. People on the dock ran up and down and with impatient care tugged the great loops over the iron posts. The winches began their spasmodic thumping, and we were touching France.

A crane moved along its rails and towered above us. Its slender, electrically controlled arm came down, picked an automobile off our deck, dangled it a good fifty feet above our top-most deck, then, swinging over, let it down gently, on the dock. A man in a loose blue tunic, with his handkerchief knotted about his neck and his pant-legs clamped for cycling, got in and drove the car into a shed. In the background "un agent"—that is to say, an every day policeman, not a "gendarme" who belongs to the army, watched with the wise expression of his calling. His uniform, broad, red stripes down dark blue trouser sides, a cumbersome, much-belted tunic and a hat very much like those worn by our 1875 train conductors—was most unbecoming.

The landing bridge moved on its rails (efficiency was the impression given by every piece of machinery), and our passengers began to cross to the Customs shed. Once more we waved and shouted unoriginal but "meant" phrases.

On the way out, a seaplane, of the "pusher" type roared down the harbour and took off across our bows. At which moment a war veteran told us the story of the one Great War bombing of Le Havre. He was stationed there at the time.

Along the coast to the south (we were still in the little bay) were dozens of huge, hillside summer homes. The pattern of their grounds came near through field glasses. On every side, tiny sailing yachts were lazily along, each a triangle of white against the blue and green.

But our way was to the North, out around the rugged cliffs, up the Channel of the world, to the Thames and London.

BUSY PROGRAM

(Continued from Page One)

19 will open the Ottawa Exhibition.

Three political meetings will take Mr. King away from Ottawa later in the month. He will speak in York North constituency Aug. 21, Frontenac-Addington Aug. 25, and Russell Aug. 31.