

HOME MERCHANTS

Home owned stores that The Daily Mail would like to see patronized.

AMUSEMENTS:

Gaiety Theatre.
Capitol Theatre.
Capital Billiard Parlor.

AUTOMOBILES:

Phillips & Pringle.
J. Clark & Son.
Capital Garage.

BEAUTY PARLORS:

Blue Orchid Beauty Shoppe
Nu-Art Beauty Salon
Edell's Beauty Shoppe

DRY CLEANING PLANTS:

Fashion Plate Cleaners

DRUGGISTS:

Kenneth Staples.

DRY GOODS:

R. L. Black.
Joseph Kileel.

ELECTRICAL WORK:

Clarence Mills.

Harry C. Moore.

FARM MACHINERY:

J. Clark & Son.

FURS:

Mrs. Jennie Johnston

FLORISTS:

Bebington's Gardens.

GROCERS:

Harold Yerxa, York Street.

A. E. Eardley.

A. T. Sweed.

M. M. A.

HABERDASHERS:

J. H. Fleming.

HARDWARE:

J. S. Nell & Sons, Ltd.

E. M. Young.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS:

Colwell & Jeanings, Ltd.

Lemont's

HARNES MAKERS:

H. A. Burt.

HOTELS:

Waverly.

Queen.

INSURANCE:

H. H. Blair.

JEWELLERS:

Shute & Co.

Mavor Bros.

MEAT STORES:

York Meat Market.

MEN'S GOODS & SHOES:

Joseph Kileel.

PLUMBING:

Arthur F. Betts.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Harvey Studio.

RESTAURANTS:

Lannan's.

STATIONERY & BOOKS:

C. W. Hall.

McMurray Book & Stationery Co.

Ltd.

Mrs. A. M. Griffiths.

TAILORS:

T. M. Boyd

Karl Walker.

UNDERTAKERS:

The Chapel Funeral Home.

WOODWORK:

J. C. Risteen Co., Ltd.

THE DAILY MAIL

Is on sale at the following places of business in the city—

UP-TOWN

W. G. Quinn, 147 Westmorland St.

F. Donahoe, Smythe & Carleton Sts.

Geo. A. Farris, 382 York Street

W. A. Erb, grocer, York St.

Alonso Staples, York Street.

S. Keetch, grocer, Charlotte-York Sts

J. E. Saunders, 199 Northumberland Street

Arthur D. Shafford, Cor. Northumber-

land and King Sts.

Ray Gorman, 293 King street

DOWN-TOWN

Crowley's Cigar Store, Queen St.

Royal Cigar Store, Queen St.

Hawthorne's Cigar Store, Queen St.

Dunbar's Bakery, Regent St.

A. E. Eardley, Grocer, St. John an

Brunswick Streets

VanWart Grocery, Cor. Charlotte an

St. John Streets

A. T. Sweed, Grocer, Charlotte St.

C. C. Wood, Grocer, University Ave.

White's Grocery Store, George St.

John F. Timmins, Grocery, King St

DEVON, N. B.

J. R. Monteith, North Devon,

and from the carrier boys in th

City and in Devon and Marys

vile.

If you have any trouble in the deliver-

ing of your paper, please com-

plain to us. Ring Phone 67 and

we will have your paper at your

door at ONCE!

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

In order to be sure that your

advertisement gets in The Daily

Mail all changes should be

handed into the business office

of this paper at 9 a.m. Short

transient notices will be taken

up to 10.30 a.m. Advertisements

requiring extra space and re-

quiring to have mats cast for

same should be handed in

the day previous to publication.

Tramping And Relief Camps Described By A Man Who Has 'Hoboed'

Man of the Road Writes His Experiences on Road
and in Camp for The Daily Mail

(By Harold A. Solway)

Speaking of Relief Camps and men travelling on the road as transient homeless men living like parasites if you will. The boys themselves do not consider themselves as such they think it is a great game, an adventure. "If things get very bad I can go into a relief camp, and when it is cold I have nothing to worry about though I be a thousand miles from home. I can get good food, clothes, a good bed and yes better food 3 times a day than I would get if I were home. Twenty cents a day a very insignificant sum but it is spending money, my tobacco is given to me. I don't have that to worry about. It is better than the average job a transient man can pick up and I don't have to work hard, whereas if I were working for a little more money I should have to earn it." Thus reasons the young chap of twenty, who has spent a winter in a Government Relief camp.

A young fellow finds himself faced with the problem of remaining home, living on his parents, though the jobless wintry months. His friends before him have spent some time in a camp so he decides to go to a camp, and be independent of his parents. His life in camp is easy, he hears tales of adventure. He hears how the men, old timers on the road, fooled the cops at railroad yards. He hears them telling one another of dodges employed, of towns hard to pass through, of towns where it is hard to eat. They speak of the Rocky Mountains and tunnels where they have been. They advise newcomers to tie a handkerchief over their mouths to protect them from the smoke. Of course all the years are built up to adventurous heights by men whose main business is to tell stories and their greatest delight is an audience of greenhorns, who sit around spellbound, while the young fellow who has been at it a little while longer and considers himself seasoned, listens with a grain of salt trickling over his ears. But he listens intently to the hobo who explains how easy it is to cross the border line.

All you have to do is choose some town about two thousand miles from where you are and tell the officers that that is your home town. In naming the officials of that town, the Mayor or any other public man in any town will do. This will save inventing new names. But you must know your presidents, and know how to use the alphabet in words ending with Zee instead of Zed. You are cautious to keep out of sight until you are well away from the border towns and then if you just keep your mouth shut and become as well acquainted in some city as possible, so that in future you will belong to Odgen or Great Falls, you will have little to worry you.

Travelling through Canada is too tame. He has seen it from Vancouver to Halifax. He has been in the Relief camps in British Columbia, in Northern Ontario, in the camps at Quebec and Halifax, and has also spent a few weeks at Fredericton, which he decides, if there is any difference, about the best of the lot, although it is hard to beat the Western camps.

He is now a man of the world and pays his regards to Uncle Sam, sometimes to be deported after a short term at Bangor.

Two years ago a young man left his home town to go to Vancouver, to find a job to get a start in life, filled with dreams of achievement, dreaming of the reports that might reach his home town.

He was a stranger there, although there were some people to whom he felt he could introduce himself if need be. He searched for work. His entire plan hinged on a job. His meagre fund would not last long. He walked all over the city, visited saw mills, tried shops, hotels, restaurants and offices. The answer is the same, though sometimes put in a more polite manner. He fills out cards with his name, experience and address, with a promise that if he were needed he would be notified, but they say, "There is a waiting list now of over 200," or "We have laid off so many men, we will have to employ them before we can take on any new hands."

His money is exhausted. He has no place to sleep, nor can he buy but a very little food. Fifteen cents will buy a small meal, five cents will buy a cup of coffee of a glass of milk and a roll or two doughnuts. Having only five cents he orders a glass of milk and a roll.

Leaving the lunch counter he walked the streets looking in the shop windows and thinking, thinking, thinking until he is too tired to think about what he is going to eat on the morrow and searches for a place to sleep.

In story books little street urchins had slept covered with newspapers over them, but he can't find any. He goes down stairs to the entrance of a basement store, where he expects to be out of sight of passersby and sheltered from the cool autumn wind. The stone floor is hard and cold, the chill penetrates to the bone and he is again forced to move. He searches for another place to sleep.

A short distance from the basement shoe shop is a school house with trees that have shed their leaves. The wind has blown the leaves into piles and he picks them up and carries them to three flights to the fire-escape. After a half hour's work he has his nest

complete and prepares to sleep.

Ten minutes later, steps are heard coming up the fire escape and in a moment a flashlight is turned on him. The janitor asks him a few questions and with a word of caution about fire, leaves, only to return in about thirty minutes' time with a policeman. He has to move.

It is about four o'clock in the morning and he again walks in the chill morning fog, thinking and wondering what is to be done.

A policeman meets him and tells him to go to the Mission which is about two miles distant. It is too early to find any one around when he gets there, so he continues to walk. Another man joins him and asks him if he wants a job. "Can you wash dishes? I just left the Broadway Cafe. If you go there about half-past ten in the morning you will meet the manager."

His stomach was empty and so were his pockets. He visited the lunch counter, and after subduing his pride asked the waiter for something to eat. The request was granted.

The job at the cafe was realized. He was to work twelve hours a night and be paid seven dollars a week and board. The first thing to be done was sleep, so he sold his leather coat for ninety-five cents and found a cheap hotel nearby.

It was now time to start work, which he did with a will, washing dishes until one o'clock in the morning. Then the kitchen had to be scrubbed out, pantry shelves cleaned and the large dining rooms had to be swept and mopped. Then the steps in front of the cafe had to be swept and mopped. By the time that was done, there were more dishes to be washed, for the early morning customers had started straggling in. He was behind with the dishes and the day man found things in a mess. The waiters were shouting for coffee mugs. He stayed until the kitchen was once more in shape. The next step was sleep.

The Chinese proprietor promised to waken him at seven o'clock. It seems he had not been in bed but a few minutes when someone was rapping on the door shouting "Get up, get up, it is nine o'clock!" He dressed as rapidly as he could, rushed down to the Cafe, and as he expected, there was someone else washing dishes in the Broadway Cafe.

The next step was a relief camp. In the spring the men in the camps start moving. He moved with them. Riding freight trains, sleeping in box cars, knocking at back doors. Yes, searching for work only to realize that the only work that can be obtained was an odd half-hour's work in exchange for a meal.

What does the future hold for him and the many others like him?

Early Canadian Homes

The "Home-Maker" in the Toronto Globe recalls her grandfather's farmhouse, the fascinations of which remain in her memory from her early childhood, especially the delight of sitting in the deep window sills and looking out of the many-paned windows.

The house had thick walls of stone in Georgian style, and downstairs in addition to the living rooms and the big kitchen, there were grandfather's room and the guest room. But the upstairs was what fascinated, for there were three stairways, one leading to the part of the house occupied by the daughters, another to the boys' rooms, and the third to the quarters of the "hired help." There was no communication between any two of these sections of the upstairs, except by coming downstairs and going up again.

The cool cellar with its great pans of milk ready for skimming, its clean and pleasant smell of hams and other things in storage and its outfields beyond was a lovely place—also the stone barn, with all the cows and calves and horses, and hay-lofts to play in. All this was recalled by an article on "Early Canadian Houses," by Freda Bundy in the New Outlook.

She described some of the early buildings.

"The first was a low, steep-roofed building with a central entry, one storey and a half in height. There were usually two large rooms on the ground floor, and an ell containing the kitchen built at the back. The large chimney forced the staircase to assume a narrow, winding form to the garret above that contained small, low-ceilinged rooms. The second type had a narrow passageway running from the front door to the back, and the rooms opened off each side of this. The storey and a half became a two storey affair, with more room in the upper part.

"Chimney closets and corner cupboards were numerous. In one corner of the kitchen would stand a spinning wheel, while in front of the window might be the resting place of the loom. In the huge fireplace great logs burned brightly on heavy fire irons while savory odors arose from the black pot on its swinging crane. High chests of drawers displayed polished pewter, shining brass, dishes of china and heavier stoneware. On the walls hung strings of dried apples and herbs.

"The bedrooms contained great four-poster beds with canopied top

HEALTH

A HEALTH SERVICE OF
THE CANADIAN MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANIES
IN CANADA

NUTRITION

An interesting and instructive development in medicine has been the direction of attention towards the patient as an individual, rather than to focus attention on a diseased part or on a disease.

We know that if a person is to be healthy, he must have health in all parts of his body. Health implies the harmonious and efficient working of all parts of the body and mind.

The old idea that you ate fish as food for your brains and iron for your nerves is discarded. We have learned that the whole body must be properly fed if any one part is to be adequately nourished. Furthermore, no one article of food goes to make brains or nerves.

When something goes wrong within the body, even though the ill effects may seem to be limited to one part, it is the whole body which is disordered or diseased. You cannot have diseased lungs and have a healthy body other than the lungs. The body is a living functioning unit, not a collection of unrelated parts.

When treatment has to be considered, no longer is it a question of what is the right treatment for a diseased stomach, but rather what is the best treatment for a man whose stomach is diseased.

There may seem to be the same thing, but it is not so. Some years ago, typhoid fever cases were starved because it was feared that food might injure the ulcerated bowel. This may have been good treatment for the bowel but it was definitely hard on the patient. Now that typhoid fever patients are being better fed, more satisfactory results have been obtained, because the general needs of the patient, rather than one part of his body, have received consideration.

A number of faddy diets have come into existence because of their supposed value in some particular condition. Nearly all of these are faulty because they fail to provide for the general well-being of the persons concerned.

This does not mean that proper care and attention are not to be given to the treatment of disorders of function and to disease. All that is implied is that, together with such treatment, there should go an equal amount of care and attention to all the physical and mental parts which make up the individual requiring attention.

Questions concerning health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

WANT LICENSE FEES REDUCED IN QUEBEC

MONTREAL, P. Q., August 27—A radical reduction to the present license fees charged by the Province of Quebec to motorists has been requested from Premier Taschereau by the officials of the Montreal Motorists' League and a further request has been made that the entire revenue from motorists be spent on the highways.

Mr. T. C. Kirby, General Manager of the local motoring organization states the following facts to prove that motorists are taxed much too high in proportion to the other provinces.

During the year of 1934 the percentage of the population in the Province of Quebec owning cars was 5.5 with a net total of 165,526 automobiles. This gave the Province a net revenue of \$10,027,392.00 made up by gas tax \$4,322,400.00 and licenses \$5,704,992.00.

Now compare these figures with Ontario for the year of 1934. It was 15.2 per cent of the entire population with a net total of 524,245 automobiles. This gave Ontario the net revenue of \$20,786,979.00 made up by gas tax \$12,961,344.00 and licenses \$7,825,635.00.

Mr. Kirby states his belief that the revenue from the gasoline sales would be considerably increased by lowering the registration fee. He said thousands of cars are kept off the road all or part of the time because of the high taxes which have to be paid by the 1st of March of each year at a time when holiday expenses and taxes have depleted most family budgets.

Eight of the states in America have lowered their license fees for 1935. Connecticut leads the way with a new rate of \$7.00 for all cars up to 3,500 lbs. weight, \$9.00 up to 4,500 lbs. and all cars over 4,500 lbs., \$11.00. The state of Vermont follows with reductions of from \$2.00 to \$6.00 according to weight. Practically all the States have raised the license fees on trucks, however. The auto licenses are approximately 30 per cent higher in Quebec than in Ontario, but the gas tax is the same, viz.: six cents per gallon.

"When the Provincial Legislature" Mr. Kirby said, "first proposed a gasoline sales tax for Quebec, the governing authorities claimed that such a tax was an equitable means of raising revenue from motor vehicle owners for construction upkeep of highways because those who used their cars the most would pay the highest taxes—in other words, that the gas tax would measure the use of the highways."

This would have been true had the Legislature at that time reduced the

ROOSEVELT URGED TO AID CATHOLICS

NEW YORK, August 26—The Knights of Columbus, decrying the treatment of Catholics in Mexico, have appealed to the United States Government "to withdraw its opposition to the Borah resolutions."

The Supreme Council of the order, asserting that it represents 400,000 United States citizens, unanimously ordered the letter of appeal sent to President Roosevelt. Supreme Knight Michael H. Carmody, of Grand Rapids, Mich., signed it.

Calling the Government's failure to act "tacit acquiescence in the persecution of the Mexican people," the letter told the President that the Knights were "keenly disappointed" to learn the Borah resolution of protest was held in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee "at the behest of the State Department and with your knowledge and approval."

Luke E. Hart, of St. Louis, Supreme Advocate, made the motion to send the letter after Bishop Francis Kelley, of Oklahoma City, had told the council President Roosevelt could stop religious persecution in Mexico if he so desired.

plate fee to a nominal sum. However, the registration fee of 70 cents per hundred lbs. was left as before and the gas tax added to it. Thus, an owner who drives his car but a thousand miles a year pays exactly as much in registration fees as one who uses the highways constantly. "Farmers who, generally speaking, use their passenger cars comparatively little, are particularly hard hit by the high registration fees which have to be paid each year whether they drive 1,000 miles or 10,000."

Premier Hepburn, of Ontario refused to raise the gas tax this year and has promised to lower the auto license rates for 1936. Consequently, the M. M. L. makes the humble suggestion for a reduction in our license fees for 1936.

Mincoal Supply Association General Merchants

A. T. Smith, Prop.

Phone 36-2 — North Minto N. B.

THE SERVICE GARAGE

D. H. Lepper & Son, Props.

Washing
Auto Repairing
Alemiting
Battery Charging
Phone 52 - - Minto, N.B.

Miramichi Lumber Co., Limited

COAL

CAR LOT SHIPMENTS
All Grades

Prices on Application

MINTO, N.B.

South Devon Fuel and Tugboat Co., Ltd.

— Dealers in —

COAL and WOOD

LUMBER FREIGHTERS and
TUGBOAT OWNERS

Office: Gibson Street, South Devon, N. B.
Telephone 456