

INTERESTING LETTER FROM NAVAL OFFICER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

Excellent Description of a Funny Little Place Visited Early Last Month—Natives Were Celebrating the Downfall of Bulgaria—Scene Represented That of Stage Setting in Some Theatre.

The following interesting letter was written by a St. John man, who is an officer on one of the warships somewhere in the Mediterranean:

Oct. 6th, 1918.
The other day we anchored in the harbor of a funny little place, and about sunset a companion and I went ashore to see it. We came up from the wharf through some queer little streets to the square in the centre of the town. This was a very festive place as they were celebrating the downfall of Bulgaria.

Flags flew all over, a band was playing on a most elaborate bandstand of marble, all the town was out in its best clothes. The whole thing was more like something you would see on the stage than anything I ever expected to see in real life.

The background was the town hall, quite a fine building to which it was approached by a colossal flight of steps—the kind stage managers are so fond of adorning with a beautiful chorus, while the hero clad in gorgeous uniform with clanking sword, marches down the middle. There were lots of palm trees with little tables under them, at one of which we sat down to take in the scene. At a table nearby were two sailors—petty officers—sitting stolidly staring at the show and apparently absorbing the atmosphere. After about ten minutes

during which neither spoke a word one of them turned to the other and remarked: "The beer 'ere ain't 'alf as good as it was the last place." O—

and I had been enthusing over the romance of it all, but this brought us to earth with a bang.

The people were awfully interesting—Mohammedans with baggy trousers, blue vests with double-breasted V-shaped fronts and red fezes; Christians with checked bags and with scarves tied around their middles; women mostly in black and white with huge fluffy hats and reeking with perfume, soldiers and sailors in a dozen different uniforms, some of which were extraordinarily adorned with astonishing epaulettes, cords and tassels, and most of them wearing fearsome knives of one sort or another—it certainly was a great show.

The town is built on two hills, on the top of one is a Greek church, and on the other a Roman Catholic.

The streets, except on the water front are all so steep that they are nothing but endless steps, some of them not three feet wide and few of them straight for more than ten feet. The houses, stuck on the side of the hills just hanging on by their eye-teeth and placed at any angle, are mostly just one room about 12 feet square which is apparently used only for sleeping as the people seem to

do their cooking on little braziers out on the streets, where the women sit and knit or mend their clothes.

Everyone seems to own a cat and every cat seems to have very recently presented the proud owner with a batch of kittens, these and the dogs and goats all play with archness in the gutters.

There are many small churches, some have blue domes and high narrow bellies, the tops are surmounted with a crown-like affair, surmounted by a little cross, the whole having rather the appearance of a mosque with dome and minaret.

Hat Brim at the Top.

The Greek priests wear dark brown robes and funny tall round hats, with the brim at the top. They are all old men with long and flowing white beards. I have not seen a young one among them.

We went for a walk a mile or so out of the town and came to a little open air restaurant. There were a few chairs and tables under a grape ar-

bor all backed by the mountains and overlooking the valley. Here we sat down, and after some vigorous gesticulations conveyed to the old lady who ran the show that we wanted something to eat. We had no idea what she would bring us, but presently she produced an excellent meal and gave us each a big bunch of flowers.

In "The Maid of the Mountains" (which I saw in London) the robber's stronghold is a place so much like this that when I looked over the wall into the valley I almost expected to see the faces of the people in the pit, but there was nothing there but an old donkey browsing on thistles.

Water Sold in Jars.

Beside the garden was a spring from which water is carried in earthen jars or pig-skin bottles right in the town, mostly by women and children, some by donkeys driven by small boys.

Everybody Works But Father.

The men of the country never seem to do any work; they sit all day at

little tables in front of the endless taverns of the town and smoke cigarettes or hookas and consume strange drinks. The people seem very nice and friendly, everywhere you are greeted with cheerful smiles which would be more appreciated if the girls were prettier. I have only seen one or two that were barely passable, but they are far the nicest lot of people we have come across in these parts.

On the way out to the spring we noticed garments of all sorts confoundingly spread out on the rocks to dry. Why, we could not guess until we reached the spring. At the side of it are two big stone tanks in which the whole community for miles around do their family washing.

I noticed one place where the side of the hill looked astonishingly steep, or rather an angle of 45 degrees where it had been terraced up with stone walls into little fields, some of the walls were higher than the width of the field. Imagine trying to make a garden on the steepest side of Fort

Howe. There is a graveyard here where a picture of the departed is set into the tombstone. Some of them I should think would have preferred to let their faces pass into oblivion along with themselves.

A stroll along the water front is most interesting. At one end of the street practically every other shop is a cafe of some sort, the other consists of a weird variety of little shops and warehouses. The other side is the wharf where all manner of little sailing craft is tied up to the beach stern to, and packed as closely as they can lie. Most of them are pointed at both ends and painted in many bright colors, generally the lower part green with red bands above, and above that blue or white with a patchwork quilt effect on the stern and some device on the bow. It is a queer place and interesting, and wish you could see it for yourself.

"77"
Humphreys' "Seventy-seven" breaks up Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Tonsillitis and Grip. **COLDS**

THEY WANT TO BE PAID.
Copenhagen, Nov. 15.—The Norwegian, Danish and Swedish mariners' association is meeting here today to discuss claims of indemnification arising from torpedoing and other acts during the war. It is expected claims will be made both on behalf of victims and for property destroyed.

Mother! Look at his Tongue!

Give Him a Cascaret—Quick!

Won't eat? Don't scold! See if tongue is white, breath feverish, stomach sour.



TO MOTHERS! Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, the sour fermentations and constipation poison so gently but so thoroughly from the little stomach, liver and bowels like harmless Cascarets. While children usually fight against laxatives and cathartics, they gladly eat a candy Cascaret. Cascarets never gripe the bowels, never sicken. Each ten cent box of Cascarets contains directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards.

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TONIGHT

The Stroke of Twelve

This is the last day you can buy Victory Bonds, 1918.

Tonight on the stroke of twelve your last chance will be gone; your last chance to help Canada wind up the war as she fought it;

To help Canada bring her soldier sons home to wives, mothers and children;

To help Canada in her big peace problems—problems of demobilization and re-establishment of our soldiers in civil life;

Problems of caring for sick, maimed and blinded soldiers;

Problems of continuing to find and finance markets for our farm crops;

Problems of developing markets and supplying material for rebuilding devastated Belgium and France.

Problems of maintaining Canada's prosperity.

For all these problems Canada must have hundreds of millions of dollars which must be borrowed from her people.

This is probably your very last chance to buy at par Canadian Government Bonds bearing Five and One-Half Per Cent. interest, free from federal taxation. Money is almost sure to become cheaper in a short time and your bonds will increase in value correspondingly.

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Buy some more.

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