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Incidents of Summer Motor Tour Up River

Pilgrims Take Trip to Grand Falls; What They Forgot, What They Saw and Enjoyed, and Their Impressions

PUBLIC LANDING, Aug 30—The loss of Grand Falls overcame the merits of five summer sojourners in these parts. Charlie had a car and Hazel and Al and Ivy and the writer provided the ballast. The men were for living in the country en route, like bold cavaliers, but they were over-ruled. Hence the camp-stove and other appurtenances of the road-side lunch, which were stowed in the car.

The start was made on a Monday forenoon, and dinner was to be had right away. The first discovery was that a large wad had invited himself to be of the party. He was inside busning against the rear window, and a bare neck was alarmingly close. There was a hurried consultation which abruptly ended when Ivy, with rare courage, seized the kodak and despatched the enemy.

WHAT THEY FORGOT

Suddenly Hazel's eye fell upon the coffee pot. The perculator had been left behind. A hasty search revealed the fact that a like fate had befallen the oil for the camp-stove. A further search failed to discover the bottle of cream. Hazel and Ivy eyed one another, and the men eyed them both. "Things were said that are no part of this narrative. It was now up to the men. At Hampstead Al descended from the car and entered a store. He asked for a bottle of oil. His face was composed but sad. The storekeeper gazed at him and on the outfit. "I'll charge it," he said, and produced the oil. Perhaps Al had given him a discount on his wedding ring. At another store Charlie announced that he would go in and get a bottle of cream. He came back with a can of condensed milk.

A ROADSIDE LUNCH

The writer felt called upon to offer an observation as the car resumed its way. He said: "When do we eat?" Thereupon a careful watch was kept for a suitable place, with a water supply. A house close to the road presently caused the water supply, and, as a shower threatened, an empty shed across the road was commandeered. The camp-stove was charged with fuel and the water procured, but, just when the aroma of coffee began to permeate the atmosphere, the voice of Hazel once more rose in a wailing quaver. "Where's the bologna?" There wasn't any. It too had been forgotten. There were also four plates instead of five, and a shortage of forks. "The next time," quoth Charlie, "the men will pack the grub." But there

girls at the same time. In the opinion of Gagetown that young man is a man of the world."

The story teller would have agreed, however, that to be born and reared in Gagetown is to be a native of a very charming locality, to be enshrined in memory no matter how far the child might wander in the after years.

ON TO WOODSTOCK

A lady in Fredericton had finished dinner and was thinking of other things when the door-bell rang and she discovered Charlie in the porch. Then she saw the other four in the car. "Are we in time for dinner?" Charlie asked. An expression of pain flitted over the lady's face. She had seen these pilgrims eat at Public Landing, and to feed them at short notice was no afternoon tea. She was equal to the occasion, however, and when they had all entered the house announced that a meal would be prepared at once, and when they had already dined she insisted that they spend the night at her home on their way back from Grand Falls. After a brief call the journey to Woodstock was renewed. The ever-unfolding scenery of the Saint John valley entranced the pilgrims. Two other things impressed them. One was that as they proceeded the highway was wider and more smooth, and had more road patrols at work than on the lower reaches of the river.

LOST IN GAGETOWN

On arrival at Gagetown a detour was made from the highway to traverse the main street of the lovely village. Instead of choosing the right road out, Charlie, being in doubt, selected another and ran along until it became apparent to all that they were headed for an unknown destination. Two boys stood at gaze near the road, and beside a shed near-by two men were leisurely grinding a scythe. Charlie put on his most persuasive expression and said to one of the boys: "Come here, Mac." The boy hastily turned and walked toward the men. Then Al put on his most engaging smile and said to the other boy: "Come on over, son." The boy repudiated any such parentage and hastened after the other. The men went on grinding the scythes. Presumably they decided that if information was wanted Charlie and Al could go after it. "The independent farmer," sighed Charlie, as he got the car in motion and took the back trail. The right road was finally discovered. Gagetown is a charming place, but has too many roads and not enough signs for dull-witted persons from down the river.

A TAME SQUIRREL

The camp stove was lighted and a meal spread on the table under the trees. Almost immediately a squirrel began to run about close to the table; and, when a bit of biscuit was tossed to him, asked it, ran up a tree and, upon a branch just above the diner's head, proceeded to eat. The meal finished, he leaped to another branch, chattered a little, and played ground as if conscious that he was a most entertaining companion. The sun was throwing shadows across the greensward, the air was delectable, and the voices of merry singers on the shore just beyond a fringe of trees came to the ears of the pilgrims. They were reluctant to leave so lovely a spot, but Perth was their objective. They left the shattered remnants of a party going on behind them. It was charged up to Hazel and Charlie, who had to drink out of a preserve jar, announced that

thereafter the men would wash the dishes. As they left the island a baseball game was in progress on the diamond above the exhibition buildings, and a number of cars were parked there; for the townfolk enjoy sport and have excellent facilities.

A RICH COUNTRY

He has not seen New Brunswick who has not motored up the Saint John valley above Woodstock. The glorious scenery, the fine farm buildings, oats and other products, the pleasant villages by the river-side, the evidences of prosperity in this second successive year of good crops and prices cannot but impress the traveler.

Leaving the lovely, shaded streets of Woodstock the party proceeded by the west bank of the river to Hartland, then crossed and made their way to Florenceville. It was smooth riding, the weather had become fine but not too warm; and the ever-changing scenery was a constant delight. Darkness fell before Florenceville was reached, and here Charlie got himself disoriented again. He missed the highway and wandered into the darkness until the nature of the road made it clear that this was not the way to Perth. A lady standing in the doorway of a house was appealed to, and then the back trail was taken to the bridge.

THE INN WAS FILLED

The evening ride to Perth was very pleasant, but on arrival there the party sustained another shock. It was the eve of the Grand Falls celebration, and they had decided to spend the night at Perth, to be sure of good accommodation; but had not thought it necessary to reserve rooms. At first they were mistaken for another party and their bags carried into Johnston's Hotel, a very excellent hostelry. Then it developed that the expected guests were an overflow from Grand Falls seeking beds twenty-five miles from that town, and the only two empty rooms had been engaged by them.

Here was a dilemma. The clerk telephoned to Fort Fairfield, eight miles away, and learned that rooms were available, but after journeying from Public Landing, and as the hour was late, the pilgrims had no stomach for an excursion across the border. In the parlor at the hotel in Perth, and beds were made up for the men in the upper hall, where their snore did much to encourage early-rising on the part of other guests, with the result that the three found empty rooms in which to make their toilet in the morning.

ON TO GRAND FALLS

After a hearty breakfast the party went on to Grand Falls. They were greatly impressed with what they saw of Victoria county en route. There were some wide and smooth roads, the same prosperous farms, and the same diversified and lovely scenery. The man who said there is a great

province in itself in the region beyond Woodstock was not far astray. A citizen of Grand Falls told the writer that a visitor whom he took for a ride in the arroyo within twenty-five miles of the Falls had asked him why they did not bring in a corps of newspaper men and have the story of the rich resources of that area broadcast. It was well said. There is a great future for that part of the province, which the development of the power at Grand Falls will hasten.

NO FORMAL WELCOME

There was no hand out to meet the pilgrims. There were too many other pilgrims—and the band from Saint John, had not yet arrived. To the writer was allotted the task of informing the mayor of the honor conferred by the visit of the Public Landing pilgrims. The mayor was cold. He offered the courtesy and then the writer was to rush out and about "Welcome to our city" to the latter. He was not unkind, but he may have had his suspicions. And he was a busy man. He had become mayor fourteen years ago, and with determined fortitude remained mayor until he saw the beginning of work at the falls. He is good for another fourteen years.

A policeman farther up the street kept his eyes on the pilgrims. He warned them against parking their car on the bridge below the falls. A policeman on the bridge itself also had a cold eye as they passed, and Charlie kept a safe distance from the speed record. But the pilgrims found a good parking place, saw the gorge and falls, strolled about the town, got a good dinner, met the excursionists from Saint John and Fredericton, followed the band, heard the speeches, staid in the best of that misadventure day, and very thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was a great day for them as well as for Grand Falls.

HOMEWARD BOUND

The pilgrims left Grand Falls after 5 o'clock in the afternoon and were at the home of the Fredericton lady at 11 o'clock. They were able to enjoy the scenery through which they passed in the darkness of the previous night. They stopped at Hartland for supper in the hotel, whose cuisine they will recommend to the most exacting traveler.

Just as they came out of the hotel the special train for Saint John, with two engines, rolled past. When that train arrived at Woodstock they were there to see it appear. Charlie has no grudge against railroads, but when a train trala passed him up Hampstead way. He beat it to Public Landing.

There are many bad curves on the road, and away up river it crosses and recrosses the railway so often as to amaze the traveler; and the motorist must be constantly on the alert. By far the greater number of the cars the pilgrims met or passed, especially above Fredericton, were American, and showed clearly how tourist traffic has grown in the last two or three years.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

Approaching Fredericton late in the evening the pilgrims found themselves suddenly compelled to slow down and fairly crawl through a swarm of motor cars that lined the road and were parked in a large area on one side. There seemed to be hundreds of them. It was an amazing scene, and suggest-

ed a circus or fair of some kind, except that the usual methods of entertainment were missing. "Very poor fireworks," commented one, but the supposed fireworks were

fiery crosses, and an enquiry brought the information that this was a Klan gathering, which had initiated more than a score of candidates, and had attracted a great crowd of people from

the city. There was something weird and unusual in the silent crowd and the half lights and ghostly shadows of

(Continued on page 14)

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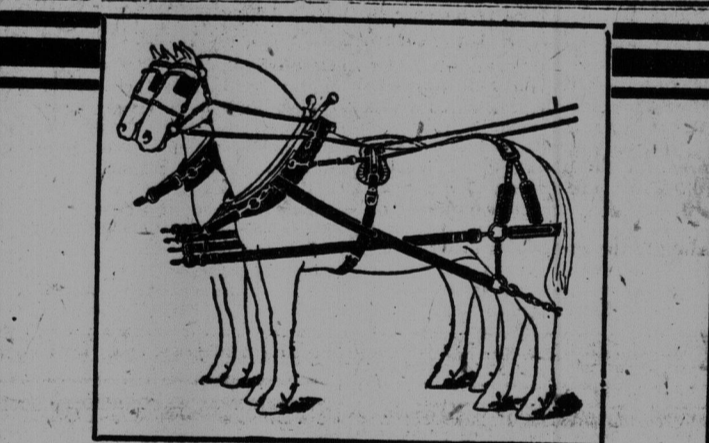
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THE STORY OF SUGAR

begins in India many centuries before the Christian era. The legend runs that the great Prince RAJA TRISHANKU desired to be translated to heaven during his lifetime. INDRA, the ruler of the celestial realms, refused to admit him. To satisfy the Raja's wish, the famous hermit, VISHVA MITRA prepared a temporary paradise of wondrous flowers, delicious fruits and savory herbs. Of them all the Raja and his harem liked none better than the "honey-bearing reed," sugar cane. Indra, being a jealous god, was wroth when he beheld mere mortals enjoying such delights, and willed the destruction of this enchanted garden. Thus it came to pass that all its luxuries were destroyed save a few, among which was sugar cane.

SCIENCE and INDUSTRY

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