

## The Morning Star

PAGES NINE TO SIXTEEN

ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1931

SIXTEEN PAGES

DIGBY HAS A  
SERIOUS FIREGarage and 16 Autos and  
Two Tractors.Two Other Buildings are De-  
stroyed and Others Dam-  
aged—Hotels Were Afire  
for a Time.

(Special to Times.)

Digby, N. S., July 14.—The largest fire in Digby since the destruction of Gavel's Garage a little more than a year ago took place this morning between three and four-thirty o'clock when the Universal Garage, with its contents, and two other buildings were totally destroyed and several others damaged. The garage was a large wooden building originally a literary stable, but it had been rebuilt with concrete floors, etc. When the fire first broke out the building was in flames.

It was surrounded on all sides with other wooden buildings, and the fire spread very quickly. Digby's amateur firemen found the situation fully as well as the best equipped city department could. There was a great water pressure in spite of the fact that they have only one shower of rain since April.

The firemen devoted their attention to saving the McKinnon Hotel, the Winchester Hotel and surrounding residences, but in order to do so had to allow two barns in the rear of the McKinnon Hotel to go. The hotels caught fire but the flames were extinguished with comparative small damage. The McKinnon Hotel suffered the worst as one end will have to be rebuilt.

The garage contained sixteen cars and two tractors. Ten of the cars were new, some in stock only a few hours. Among them were two Studebakers and eight Buicks, including two coupes and one sedan. The loss is variously estimated at from \$60,000 to \$80,000 on which the insurance will be less than \$10,000, there being only a little more than \$6,000 on the garage.

RELATIONS WITH  
THE NORTHCLIFFE  
PAPERS BROKEN

London, July 14.—(Canadian Associated Press)—As a result of the leading article in yesterday's Times, emphasizing in vigorous language the personal qualifications of the premier and Earl Curzon, the foreign secretary, as representatives of Great Britain at the forthcoming disarmament conference at Washington, both Downing street and the foreign office have broken off relations with Lord Northcliffe's papers.

**FREDERICKSON SCHOOLS.**  
Frederickton, N. B., July 14.—It is announced today that Dr. B. Foster has accepted re-appointment as principal of the High School. The salary will be \$3,000, the same as before. Miss Thompson, M.A., has accepted appointment in the Frederickton High School teaching staff.

John E. Page, who was classical instructor at the High School last year has been offered re-appointment. He has a tempting offer from another school board in New Brunswick, but may accept re-appointment here. The salary is as it was before.

Miss Gladys Gregory whose appointment was announced some time ago is the fourth member of the staff. There is a fifth position.

The Larks accepted the challenge of the Young Glenwoods to a game of ball to be played Monday evening at seven o'clock on the High school diamond.

Notices of Births, Marriages  
and Deaths, 50 cents.

## BIRTHS

**HARRISON**—At 200 Main street, on July 14, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harrison, a son.

**BROWN**—At 160 Adelaide street on July 9, 1931 to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brown, a son.

## MARRIAGES

**LASKEY-SANDALL**—On July 14th in Exmouth street Methodist church, by Rev. H. E. Thomas, Nelly, daughter of Mrs. Mary Sandall to Arthur George Laskey, both of St. John.

**O'HARA-CAPLES**—At the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, July 14, 1931, by Rev. W. M. Duke, Edgar Daniel O'Hara, to Lillian May Caples, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Caples, Cambridge, Mass., by Rev. Father Sherry, Warren B. Morse to Madeline G. Flynn, daughter of Mrs. Susie Flynn, formerly of St. John.

## DEATHS

**STARKE**—At Colton, California, on July 10, Edward Oscar Starke, in his sixty-seventh year, leaving a wife, one daughter, also two sisters, Mrs. H. F. Sharpe, Halifax, and Miss Ella J. Starke, Norton, N. B.

**DRAKE**—In this city on July 13, at his residence, 95 Princess street, W. Brunswick Drake, youngest son of the late Gilbert and Jane Drake, leaving one sister to mourn.

Funeral from his late residence 95 Princess street, Friday at three.

Praying In Whitehall  
As De Valera And  
Lloyd George ConferGreat Crowd Kneel and Recite Rosary as Momen-  
tous Conference on Ireland's Future Begins—  
De Valera Arrives on Minute and is Met at Door  
by Lloyd George.

London, July 14.—Eamon De Valera arrived at No. 10 Downing street at four thirty o'clock this afternoon for his conference with Lloyd George.

The republican leader's arrival was punctual to the minute. Lloyd George was awaiting him and their conversation over the peace question were begun immediately.

Despite a drizzling rain, a great crowd which had gathered at the entrance to Downing street waited patiently for the announcement from the momentous meeting. Soon after Mr. De Valera entered the premier's house, the crowd knelt in Whitehall and began to recite the rosary.

The Irish Republican leader drove directly from the hotel in Buckingham Palace road, used as headquarters by the Irish delegation, to Downing street in a motor car. He was accompanied by Art O'Brien, president of the Gaelic League in London, and R. C. Barton of the Irish delegation.

Belfast, July 14.—Alderman M. P. for Dublin who was released from Mountjoy prison June 30, arrived in Belfast yesterday. As a commander in the Irish Republican army, Staines headed the Divisional Commissioner Cruise a document from the authorities in Dublin, Castle, authorizing him to act as liaison officer to enable observance of the truce. Sir James Craig, the Ulster premier, still in Belfast. It was reported last night that he had started for London.

BLUE GOOSE ON  
ANNUAL FROOL

With much honking from the seasoned ganders, and an occasional timid peep from the innocent and unsuspecting goslings, the first journey into the pond, the members of the maritime pond of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Blue Geese, left the city this afternoon for their annual picnic at the Log Cabin Club, Loch Lomond. Between thirty and forty geese, accompanied by a large number of goslings, took part in the outing and they left the city with the prospect of an enjoyable afternoon and evening ahead of them.

Most Loyal Gander W. H. White was listed to take charge of the expedition. Fluctuating the pin feathers of the innocent and unsuspecting goslings, and from his record of previous seasons, this description, it was expected that he would do the work thoroughly and well. Several out of town ganders were in the city today for the occasion.

## LAND AND HORSES.

(Christian Science Monitor)  
It is like voyaging over the ocean to foreign lands, only for ocean there is an undulating Alberta prairie and for cabin a caboose at the end of a crawling freight train. A sea of golden brown, sun-dappled wheat, rippling under a gentle breeze to the very rim of the world. Sequestered islands—white farm-houses and huge red barns—are sighted between whiffs, and in longer white ports—a towering elevator and general store and office. The wheat waits up against the railroad tracks sturdily, yet barely able to support the heavy nodding ears, which all away this way and that way to the breeze that laughs by. As the train goes on, the land seems to be the language of air and Black-eyed Susans float in small clusters and great green fields of clover and alfalfa. The clang of the engine bell goes forth into the vast, serene silence. Days are passing, peacefully-empty days of sea voyaging.

Yesterday and the day before, tomorrow and the day after, the freight hauls into the north. A giant Nova Scotian wails "Clementine" on his broad acres, and the story of his life is told in the clatter of his wheels. All traveling on round-trip farm harvesters tickets to Alberta, look for their grotesque dance in the lurching caboose.

At last the end of the line. A gaunt little man with shrewd, intelligent gray eyes, drives a buckboard alongside the caboose, almost before the scream of the grinding brakes has ceased. He wants men! Men to harvest the grain! Men, men, men! He is desperate to kidnap, desperate enough to promise "Sundays off and fresh meat every day."

He boasts the whole twelve miles to his ranch. The Nova Scotian winks to Ontario Will and to Chicago Will. He has heard the rancher's epic before, many times, for every August he comes to Alberta to harvest. The rancher's sun-puckered eyes twinkle with pride on his broad acres, and the story of his achievement is unending.

Landed in Quebec from the Old Country with only the clothes I stood in. Now I own a thousand acres, an up-to-the-minute threshing outfit, an acre as fine a stable of horses as any of them lords over there kin show. He has a grudge against "them lords over there," and soon it is expressed. "The square had me jelled for poaching," he says. He has no rancher. He was doing me a good turn, but I didn't know it. If they hadn't put me in jail an' ruined my character I would never have come to Canada. I'd be working for that square for three shillings a day, 'stead o' ownin' a thousand acres and sixteen heads o' horses, not to mention 'til' cattle. Let them lords cov' over here an' they kin want an' I won't charge 'em for their board."

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SCHOONER FROM  
HERE ASHOREThe Emily F. Northam Hits  
on The Wolves—Is  
Floated.

The three masted schooner Emily F. Northam, enroute from this port to New York, went ashore on The Wolves, Grand Manan, yesterday. The rudder was unshipped and she is half full of water. She has been floated, according to a telephone message from the captain to N. A. Wignome, the local agent. The Emily F. Northam sailed on July 6 with a cargo of laths and lumber loaded at Gagetown. It is presumed that she went ashore in trying to get out of the bay in a dense fog. She is of 216 tons register and is owned by W. C. Reid of New York. The tug Lord Beatty has left St. John to tow the vessel here for repairs.

MORE FINED FOR  
SPEEDING ON THE  
ROTHESAY ROAD

Three American tourists, charged with driving their cars at excessive speed, were held up by Constable Robert Crawford in Rothsay avenue yesterday, brought before Magistrate H. J. Anderson and each fined \$10. Six more cases of alleged speeding will be heard in the same court tomorrow night.

The case against Frank Garson, charged with reckless and careless driving in the Kingston road, which resulted in a collision with the automobile of Frank Fales, was resumed, but was again postponed to take the evidence of Mr. Wignome.

Within the last two days six visitors from across the border have been fined for speeding on the Rothsay road. Mr. Crawford said this morning that in all cases the offenders were traveling at a dangerous rate of speed, and while a warning was issued in cases where the speed was not so rapid, there was nothing for flagrant cases but prosecution.

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Yesterday and the day before, tomorrow and the day after, the freight hauls into the north. A giant Nova Scotian wails "Clementine" on his broad acres, and the story of his life is told in the clatter of his wheels. All traveling on round-trip farm harvesters tickets to Alberta, look for their grotesque dance in the lurching caboose.

At last the end of the line. A gaunt little man with shrewd, intelligent gray eyes, drives a buckboard alongside the caboose, almost before the scream of the grinding brakes has ceased. He wants men! Men to harvest the grain! Men, men, men! He is desperate to kidnap, desperate enough to promise "Sundays off and fresh meat every day."

He boasts the whole twelve miles to his ranch. The Nova Scotian winks to Ontario Will and to Chicago Will. He has heard the rancher's epic before, many times, for every August he comes to Alberta to harvest. The rancher's sun-puckered eyes twinkle with pride on his broad acres, and the story of his achievement is unending.

Landed in Quebec from the Old Country with only the clothes I stood in. Now I own a thousand acres, an up-to-the-minute threshing outfit, an acre as fine a stable of horses as any of them lords over there kin show. He has a grudge against "them lords over there," and soon it is expressed. "The square had me jelled for poaching," he says. He has no rancher. He was doing me a good turn, but I didn't know it. If they hadn't put me in jail an' ruined my character I would never have come to Canada. I'd be working for that square for three shillings a day, 'stead o' ownin' a thousand acres and sixteen heads o' horses, not to mention 'til' cattle. Let them lords cov' over here an' they kin want an' I won't charge 'em for their board."

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