

ORIGINAL RED CAP IN SEIGE OF PARIS

First of force on Continent is still at work in Canadian Pacific Windsor Station

Remains Patriotic Frenchman

BEHIND all great transportation companies must always exist the human factor. Many of these human factors are visible, but there are many thousand individuals who are not seen at all, and these who are seldom seen, yet all of them vitally necessary to maintaining the smooth running of the system.



M. Louis Dupart, the hunt for interesting individuals who is permitted to explore that almost unknown land behind the counter, is certain to be rewarded in his efforts.

It was on such a voyage of discovery at Windsor street (Montreal) station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that Monsieur Louis Dupart entered the horizon of the explorer, and added to the general knowledge of one individual.

Louis Dupart has several claims to fame. One is that he is the only man of that name in Canada—that is his own statement—another is that he is the original "Red Cap," having been the actual Number One on the American Continent, and witness what an army has developed from the original private in the ranks.

It might be thought from this that Mr. Dupart is a colored man, but make no mistake on that score; he is not, and, further, is a native of one of the most delightful cities of the world, Paris. In his birthplace Mr. Dupart tows her history. While yet a lad he witnessed some of the scenes of the siege in 1871 and remembers the hunger that was one sad feature of those stirring times. Mr. Dupart remains the patriotic Frenchman, and by virtue of his service is always allowed to absent himself on July 14th, the French national festival.

"Paris was terrible then," commented Mr. Dupart, "and not like the gay city it was to afterwards become, so that in 1873 the 'Canada Agent' there had but little difficulty in persuading my parents to make their way across the Atlantic. The Agent promised wages of three to four dollars a day, but when we came we found them only eighty cents, and it was great satisfaction afterwards to learn that he had been sent to jail. We sailed on the Scandinavian of the old Allan line."

Started at Fifteen Dupart, senior, set up a forge in Duke street, Montreal, and it was in that sturdy neighborhood that Louis grew up until at the age of fifteen, a Mr. Cook, then superintendent of the Y.M.C.A., used his influence to have him placed at work in Bonaventure station. There was some difficulty in finding work for Louis, but eventually he was given a badge, and held to help the passengers with their hand baggage, and thus became the original Red Cap.

In 1887, Mr. Dupart joined the service of the Canadian Pacific and at Dalhousie station—the old structure is yet standing—became a baggage man and a relief for the policeman and the ticket man, and when Windsor street station was opened years afterwards he was transferred to the new building. In the thirty-five years of service with the Canadian Pacific Mr. Dupart witnessed many changes in the railway itself and in the city, remembering when cows were pastured in St. Catherine street, now the epitome shopping district of Montreal. In himself he has changed only to the extent of becoming more philosophical, which has enabled him to appreciate that even a baggage man may prove a world of boundless interest.

"LIKE THE OSTRICH"

The most popular of all popular beliefs about the animal kingdom has been rudely declared a delusion. The ostrich does not hide its head in the sands when fear afflicts it. This, at any rate, is the bold proclamation made by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, in an article in the March "American Mercury". Thousands of printed pages, he says, have been written by sportsmen and zoologists about the ostrich. Its habits, its views about domesticity and its opinions about the world it lives in, have been noted and set down. No where has a responsible observer ever seen an ostrich thrust its head into the sand to escape a foe.

The legend has been denied again and again, yet it has persisted for nearly 2000 years. Mr. Stefansson thinks that it has been a hardy perennial because it supplies so useful a figure of speech for writers or for people who want to be tremendously impressive. "Like the ostrich which buries its head when it sees an enemy approach." What else could take its place as a vivid example to point out the absurdity of trying to escape danger by wilfully refusing to admit its menace? It is indeed so useful a phrase that perhaps 2000 years hence, despite all the naturalists and all the iconoclasts, people will still believe that ostriches are as silly as Pliny thought they were.

Minard's Lintment for Headache.

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MARKETING OUR APPLES

To The Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—Last Spring on my return from Post Graduate work in London, I reported several rather humiliating experiences involving the quality of Nova Scotia apples for sale in the Old Country.

That my letter provoked a much more exhaustive enquiry by Capt. J. E. Faulkner, whose experience qualifies him to speak with authority, gives me much satisfaction.

Both Capt. Faulkner and myself made our enquiries because we respected certain remarks reflecting upon the good name of our Province. All true Nova Scotians feel alike under such circumstances. Not only the "honest to God" type, but even the ordinary or garden variety of loyal Bluenose reacts in a similar manner.

Both letters were actuated by the same spirit—namely to help further develop one of the great basic industries of our native Province.

Both are characterized by the same conclusions. As my letter was the incentive for Capt. Faulkner's enquiry, so my enquiry was the result of a statement of a London gentleman deeply interested in Nova Scotia. To quote from my letter "he told me that he was unable to buy our apples in boxes, and he could not afford to buy them in bulk because they were so bruised they would decay before the first few layers were eaten. Very much against his will he was compelled to buy Oregon apples."

"Next morning I visited an ordinary fruit store on an average street in a good section nearby where I lived. 'Yes, he had Nova Scotia apples,' and showed me a barrel of Russets he had just opened and turned about half into a tub-like tray. In time I was able to pick out four apples, one pound, that were not actually decaying, but even these were bruised and would soon follow the 95 per cent. 'You don't want to buy that sort of thing, Sir. Here are some Oregon apples,' and he directed my attention to beautiful fruit, uniform in size, and absolutely free from a blemish of any kind—although they had come thousands of miles further. These apples were wrapped and packed in forty pound boxes."

To quote from Capt. Faulkner—"Some packers pack too tight and consequently press the apples so hard against each other that they soon show a bruise spot where they touch. I saw one fine barrel of Starks in which every apple was affected. Had they not been too tight, they would have been in perfect condition. While others pack too slack and the apples shake and bruise all over before they reach market. I saw seven barrels of choice apples all in one lot packed by a Kings County farmer, all slack and every apple more or less bruised and in a very bad condition. It was plain it was not done intentionally, the man was either the victim of inexperience or indifferent help, just a few more apples would have meant a few dollars for him."

The mariner and the physician seem to have had very much the same experience. To quote from my letter—"I then called on an importer of Nova Scotia fruit at Covent Garden. I asked him if our fruit arrived in good condition. He assured me that they arrive in excellent condition, and, pointing to an open barrel, asked if I did not think that was a nice looking barrel. I replied they looked nice and rosy, but they appeared to be bruised. He told me all apples packed in barrels were packed under pressure and bruising was bound to occur—nothing else was to be expected."

To quote from Capt. Faulkner—"I saw beautiful barrels of No. 1 Baldwins where no pulp head was used and every apple in each end of the barrel had a rough flat bruise on it, while the rest of the apples were in fine condition, but it meant a good peck or one-tenth of the barrel were ruined. Has that barrel been used as a sample, it would have affected the sale of his entire consignment. Now say good barrels brought \$5.00 and his returns only were \$4.50 he would say he was unfairly dealt with."

Again our experiences were similar. To quote from my letter—"My next interview was with one of the leading retail fruit dealers in London. I was fortunate enough to see Mr. Shearn himself at his store on Tottenham Court Road. Although a very busy man I

TO LIVE IT IS NOT LIFE BUT TO BE WELL

PUBLIC HEALTH SERIES NO. 5.

In the preceding letters we have spoken of the loveliness and desirability of Health—Wholesomeness—for oneself and for the Community; we told you something of the system of Public Health work which Nova Scotians have at their service. To-day, we are going to point out the folly and shortsightedness of waiting until you—or your neighbors—are sick before you take steps toward health. In other words, we make an appeal to reason on behalf of Preventive Health Measures.

In Nova Scotia, as we have told you, about 700 people are dying every year from tuberculosis alone. (In 1921, 725; in 1922, 695.) The loss to the province, in money value alone, is reckoned, at the very lowest figure, to be eight thousand dollars for each of these deaths, a total of five million six hundred thousand dollars a year. The care of the sick, (from all diseases) in hospitals and sanatoriums, costs the people of the province, through their Provincial Government, over a million dollars a year. In addition, consider the money spent by individuals, and by families, in caring for the sick; and add the amounts spent by the municipality, the city, and the town governments—or councils, and you will begin to realize the enormous sum spent yearly—directly and in taxation—because of sickness, because of the lack of prevention.

And what are we spending on Prevention? Through the Public Health Department, whose sphere is mainly prevention, nineteen thousand dollars a year, less than one-tenth as much as that spent by the public only on sickness.

Consider the private individual and

the family. When a person falls sick, the expenditure for medical and nursing attendance, medicines, or operation, extras, and the loss of their labor, amounts to more in a week or two than the whole family's expenditure for preventive measures in a year.

To provide adequate treatment for the tuberculosis, at the most carefully managed institutions throughout Canada, costs over twenty dollars a week for each patient. If the cost of one month's (in many cases, of only two weeks) treatment had been spent on that individual at the right time, before he was sick, for expert examination, advice, extra food, and, perhaps, extra rest, the cost of weary years of treatment could have been saved;—not to speak of the saving alive, and well of those who die in spite of continued and expensive treatment.

If a small fraction of the total sum spent on sickness were spent on examination and care of children and the young, keeping them in perfect health through adolescence and the early years of adult strain, the investment would "pay" better than that of any successful business enterprise ever promoted. And when you try to imagine the misery, the loneliness, the broken spirits and ruined homes, the failed ambitions and spoiled careers, entailed by disease, an investment in Prevention takes on an even nobler and more urgent aspect.

And yet the municipal councils will not invest in a public health nurse! The people of Nova Scotia do not insist upon adequate expenditure for a more businesslike and thoroughgoing Public Health program. Thus, because we will not purchase the "ounce of Prevention," many of us—far too many of us—must continue to pay bitterly for the "pound of Cure".

H. W. SCHWARTZ M. D.

LET WATER DO IT

At the close of the 19th century, the Scientific American printed pictures of a 5000 horse-power hydroelectric unit. Its unprecedented size was the wonder of the electrical world. Today they are printing pictures of a 70,000 horse-power hydroelectric unit recently put into operation on the American side of Niagara Falls. This giant "uses the same amount of water formerly used by seven 5000 horse-power units and delivers energy equivalent to 14 of them". If this electricity were generated by coal, it would require 700,000 tons annually. Two more such units are soon to be completed. The annual output of the American Niagara system is already over 2,500,000 kilowatt hours. Should the generation of electricity be thus accelerated during the coming quarter of a century, why worry about coal?

YPRES' RESURRECTION

Ypres has risen from its ashes. Not with all its old, quaint beauty, for it is doubtful if that most marvelous group of Gothic buildings, the great Halle aux Drapes, with its massive square towers and long facade, the Hotel de Ville and the beautiful cathedral will ever be restored, so as adequately to represent the life of old Flanders glorified in art. The world has had to pay a fearful and tremendous price for man's destructive tendencies.

Visitors to Europe should see this resurrected city. There is but little reminder of that terrible battlefield of which for four years Ypres was the centre, and where 200,000 men were killed and twice that number wounded, where guns were never silent and where hundreds of thousands lived a half subterranean life, one of the most frightfully tragic pieces of ground the world has ever had.

Wonderful that a city should rise from such ruins and surmount so horrible a calamity. Thirteen thousand of the pre-war population of 18,000 are now back in newly-constructed

homes. There are hospitals, schools, churches, government buildings. But that famous Cloth Hall is missed. There is only need of encouragement of the architects and engineers and the tourists to decay the idea of leaving the ruins as a permanent monument of Ypres' days of woe and urge instead the rebuilding of this splendid Gothic edifice. It would be well to have the reconstruction of this vast Halle aux Drapes conforming to all its old lines of quaintness and beauty still contain within its boundaries an exact replica of the ruined hall as it appeared after the last German shell had been fired. Human ingenuity and creativeness can make such a replica.

The French and Belgian people have proved their indomitability in the restoration of the devastated areas. Visitors today have only a small idea of the tremendous task they undertook and performed. It is impossible to keep down a people who will not remain down.

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Vol. XLIII.

CORRESPONDENCE

MORE

To the Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—In last week's issue of the Montreal Free Press, I understand that rate-payers near out, I have been ing that the at Town a few days brought back again find his reports, a Town Office, intend "Town could tell us about the town last in the Valley La

MORE

To the Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—In valuable paper published by Mr. According to ment the detect lieve that the liq is obtained at the That report is un ed with older, a boot-leg stuff, the hibited age, Mr. Buyer in ignoran know all that, th would also ac of 1923 to explain engaged a man fr of about \$250.00 police is also imp Scotia Temperanc ing please tell us above amount, w 1923 but was n until January 192 passed as Special it should have be ment or rather, Nova Scotia Tem

DOES THE VEN

To the Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—My of March 7th has of Phinney some sure must have be of your readers Wolville. With for a moment the ment that the d not able to secure would warrant a a protection of the Act, I may say which before rec letter I was incli itative, was quite Why this info the public, nly it was not local authorities some interest. In our temperance I their so doing, I should not have b tage at the recen Be that as it m cely agree that a presence of intou ily is due to the ills remedy. I that an abundant that source, but tective should be mediums of dist

CHILDREN ON

To the Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—I be as a medium for of ideas and thou munity welfare personal opinion of general good ficial to the con A right concep "child welfare" I ance to the pres tions.

I wish to deal of this subject, I dealt with thro this paper, and heading of "Th Is it right to a and unattended, and ten o'clock a o'clock during t is not, for they it, certainly jury, both phys ically through lat ing sleep during does them the through contact they should not and which they from. What is t a child on the l legitimate in and so it is ne of the unwhol mate, which, as frequently do.

What is the of bad habits, towards mischie towards vicious Would it not up to fourteen were kept at h accompanied by in wholesome re of future benefi natural sleep t demand. If the parent tect their child the law to mak today is the ma What kind of

KINGS COUN

To the Editor of THE ACADIAN. Dear Sir:—I County, alread den taxes, ac of \$52,000, ac (Conti