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DESCRIBES VISIT

(Continued from Page 1)

with people and things and thoughts about them that refuse to be so compressed without losing most of their value. It is one of those things that cannot be done but impossibility is an inexcusable plea and innocence a poor protection in such a case.

It was on the 10th of April last that on Sunday morning we embarked at Halifax on the ship "Westernland" for Plymouth, arriving there precisely one week later. It was a very pleasant voyage in a good ship with a good English captain and a good company. The weather was fine enough to please those who did not expect too much of the Atlantic Ocean in early April.

Arrival

The first faint outline of the coast of England holds one to the rail until the voyage ends. The line of coast was rising into clearer view for two hours before we reached and passed an old acquaintance—the Eddystone Lighthouse—which we knew was 15 miles from our port. Plymouth "ho," the height that greets the harbour guard, was our turning point into the harbour. Now what we had read in our school history began to spring into life. It was on this height in 1588, when Elizabeth was Queen, that the mighty Spanish fleet appeared to the view of three men who were watching for that sight and while they watched they played at bowles which is still in vogue.

These men had among them Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Hawkins and Frobiisher, who had met the Spaniards in other days in other seas. There were people who said that Drake was a pirate who had learned his trade from Hawkins, the father of pirates and that Frobiisher was suspected of being a Scotchman from whom Hawkins had acquired his moral standards.

England at that time was not so much concerned with the ethical status of her sailors as she was in finding men who could guard her against a foreign foe now at her door and Sir Francis Drake was given the post of Vice Admiral under Lord Howard. So great was the terror of Drake's name, we are told in the chronicle of the war, that in the engagement which quickly followed the interruption of the game Don Pedro de Valez surrendered his galleon on hearing that his antagonist in the fight was Drake—such was the reputation he had won on the Spanish Main.

It was from this port the "Mayflower" sailed 32 years afterward. But there were things more urgent than Elizabethan heroes or Pilgrim Fathers to claim our attention. We were now face to face with the Customs officers and the train for London not far away.

A number of the original settlers of this Island were men of Devon. These Customs officers might from speech and manner and appearance have been members of the same families. They certainly did not treat us as strangers.

Having made 100% in passing Customs we wandered through the ancient and lovely old town finding objects of interest on every hand. Then the London train took us on to the last stage of the journey.

Devonshire

It was now the afternoon of April 17th, 1932—fine and cool. The country is very beautiful. The verdure fresh and green but the ground looked cold and damp—in places wet, showing surface water—yet the fields were full of sheep and beautiful cattle, mostly of the Devonshire breed, all in prime condition feeding or lying on the ground. The grain fields were sown but the grain not yet showing green. The land is apparently very rich judging from the verdure and the live stock it carries. There is, as we have often heard, a marked resemblance between Devonshire and the choice parts of this Island but they surpass us far in the loving care they seem to bestow upon their farms, the beauty and orderly arrangement

of their homesteads and the value they place upon their trees which are not confined to borders and about the homesteads but often standing in groups in the fields. These solitary oak or plane or beech trees add wonderfully to the beauty of the land. It is strange and it is sad that often here we have treated the trees as enemies.

The Trains

There are two classes of cars—first and third. Most travelling is done third class and I shall confine my remarks to that class.

All cars are divided into compartments running at right angles to the length of the car. Each compartment is entered from the platform by a door in the side of the car. There are two seats vis-a-vis running the length of the compartment, each seat holding four. From each compartment a door leads to a corridor running the length of the car and making a continuous way of communication thro the whole length of the train. This corridor is so narrow that a wide person had to move along edgewise and to be on the alert for a suitable crossing place if meeting another wide person. Once the passenger is seated in his compartment he is left severely alone so far as the guard and train men are concerned. There is no announcement of the stations and no official drops in to give you any information of any kind. If you seek them out, they are ready to answer and help in any way and there are guide books but if you miss a station it is hard to pick up the sequence. The station houses and all the approaches are so cluttered with signs that it is an offence that you can find the name of your station among them. These are the defects of the system that affect the stranger—to "old hands" they might not exist. I saw nothing but perfect courtesy and order on the cars but can imagine how one drunk or disorderly person might make all other occupants of a compartment very unhappy or worse.

On the other hand the movement of the train is so smooth that except by looking through the window it is generally impossible to tell when the train begins to move or when it comes to a stop. The contrast between that perfection of movement and control and our jarring, banging starts and stops suggests a simple remedy too long delayed.

The compartment system on the British trains is explained by the need for the speedy handling of large crowds on special occasions. Yet, notwithstanding the cheapness, comfort and speed of the railway travel, the motor carriages of various kinds are invading their field to a ruinous degree.

London

London does not spring upon you unaware. When you are still 18 miles or so from say Victoria-Paddington station you notice that the villages are appearing at shorter intervals and then growing continuous and gaining in bulk and then you give yourself up to the amazing thought that you are in London.

When we found ourselves in London the first impression gained with some surprise is that it is a beautiful city. Countless factors operate to bring about this result. One is the genius of Sir Christopher Wren and the material in which he most loved to work—Portland stone.

When first taken from its bed in Portland Island on the south coast of Dorset, this stone is cream colored. It weathers to white on spires and towers and, according to its position on the building whether washed by rain or shaded, it takes on every intermediate shade from pure white to jet black.

Portland Island is really a peninsula. The quarries are 400 feet above sea level so that the quarried stone comes down on cars by gravitation. It is a marine deposit—fossil shells that it does not require to be sawn or blasted but by means of wedges is split into blocks of suitable size. The quarry gives an average yield of 30,000 tons to the acre—enough it is computed to last the world for another five centuries. The right to work in the quarries is restricted to natives of the Island and ownership of a strip of land however small is a good title.

The Traffic

From the upper story of a motor bus on a busy London street a marvellous moving picture is unrolled and the wonder grows how such a vast throng can be kept in orderly movement. Rarely a traffic jam occurs and then, viewing the field, you see with never-lessening surprise the variety of the elements that compose the throng. There is your own bus carrying six passengers, then in front—almost but not quite touching—a line of other stationary buses, behind you teams of horses loaded with building stone, bicycles, tricycles, and all kinds of things on wheels carrying all kinds of drivers and packages and on each flank vehicles of all kinds packed close waiting for the movement to begin—then suddenly, the pressure slackens, the

movement begins on every side, space widens a little, the small vehicles are not crushed as seemed inevitable a moment ago, each finds its small requirement of space free and long before this story is told all hands are away to some goal each has in view or at least to keep going. What seemed at first a miracle grows commonplace—the weak are not inevitably crushed and trodden down in the throng. Good temper combined with constant care and skill works these wonders of adjustment.

In our experience, taking in London for six weeks and the great traffic routes, the Border Country and much of Scotland, I never rode in any vehicle that came in violent contact with another nor did I see or hear such a collision take place. This is not to be ascribed to want of speed. Speed properly applied is regarded as one of the conditions of safety. The only accident we met with we had to make for ourselves and that was in Scotland.

The London policemen always tell you there is "no such thing as 'roaring London.'"

Historic Scenes

But we are still in England—London—just opening our eyes to its limitless interests. We were well advised to put up at St. Ermine's Court Hotel just around the corner from St. James Park and the underground railway, with two churches almost at the door and Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Buildings within 10 minutes walk and Buckingham Palace nearer still. That is one of the advantages of London—there are so many hotels that are so near so many places impressive to write about. We were also equally close to other places not to be written about—which also helps—to shorten the narrative.

We saw London in its beauty when its first flowers were in bud and when they were in full bloom, when the High Courts of Justice and Parliament were at work and the men and women of thought and action were on the qui vive over the coming Imperial Conference in Canada. It was a time when the currents of Imperial sentiment were flowing deep and strong. What I had to say at that time on these subjects has been said.

Oxford

On the 11th of May, 1932, we left for Oxford to visit the Haldane's there. Mr. Haldane is a scientist of world wide fame, a member of a distinguished family of which Lord Haldane was one. He it was who discovered the nature of and the safeguard against the poison gas used by the Germans in the war.

This is what happened—Lord Kitchener, when he received the alarming news that by some infernal device the Germans had caused the death or utter disability of the Allied soldiers, Algerian troops, along a 50 mile front, sent Mr. Haldane to learn the cause and prescribe, if possible, a remedy. He returned to his laboratory with the lungs of a gassed soldier and discovered that the poisonous vapour used was chlorine gas. He immediately designed the respirator which proved an effective protection and the War Office proceeded to manufacture a supply.

Mr. Haldane's books and special articles are legion and in practice he is consulted from all parts of the world. He is working now on problems that have arisen in the deep subways of New York and in the coal mines of Scotland.

The second day in Oxford provided a course of instruction wide enough and deep enough to have entitled us to a pass at least in architecture and history. A group of visitors from the Overseas Dominions were being specially entertained and instructed on that day. To one lady from Hong Kong I spoke of Hong Kong as a British Protectorate. I shall never do so again. One who does not know that Hong Kong is a British Colony is not fit to graduate from Oxford.

From London as a centre bus routes radiate out to all places of interest in England and over the Border. I have not a schedule of rates but they are surprisingly low for the service rendered. A penny in Britain is a respectable coin capable, while unspent, of purchasing an amazing variety of separate things. A man on a London street who still has in his pocket his last penny is not destitute but after changing a half crown for bus fare he puts his hand in his outside coat pocket and finds 29 large coins reposing there or better still rattling, he has no envy for the rich left in his heart.

Of the many excursions taken from London by bus or car I quote from my notes as a sample "A Day at Dorking."

A Day at Dorking—May 21st, 1932.

Went on Green Bus to Dorking about 30 miles out. It took about one half that distance getting rid of the London suburbs. Epsom is about half way with streets so narrow and crooked and so thronged with market carts that passage through seems

utterly hopeless; yet somehow we find openings and never touch another vehicle, though a margin of 6 inches must be rare. Dorking with its Red Lion and White Horse Inns is a picturesque old place with nice looking people. After lunch returned a short distance to Box-hill bridge to climb Box-hill, which we did to its highest point—700 feet—climbing a wide slope covered with short grass with a beautiful view widening out as we wound our way across the face of the slope to ease the ascent. At the highest point is a headstone with the inscription—"Peter LeBellinger, aged 76 years, an eccentric native of Dorking who was buried here head downwards at his own request, 11 June 1800."

Looking out from this height over a beautiful valley we saw the finest picture of England so far—a wide valley of rich green fields bordered with beautiful trees and filled with cattle and sheep, on a farther height a slight mist and further still a higher range of hills with their tops lost in the clouds.

Many London people have homes here and all along the road to London many new homes are in building promising in a few years at most a continuous line of homes.

One memorable Sunday in May after lunch with Mr. Sale, ex-Governor of the H. B. Co., we motored to Maidenhead as guests of Col. Williamson, cousin of Mrs. Pinc. There we spent the afternoon. Their cottage is a perfect gem, set right on the verge of the River Thames but high enough to be safe from the floods that are not uncommon at that season in the Thames valley. There was a little flood at work at that very time covering part of the highway near by deep enough to make car drivers pause before plunging in. The boats pass by at the foot of their lovely garden and when the summer crowds are on the river it is a perfect moving picture of the brightest side of life. The drive home through the famous Wokingham Beaches was a fitting end to a bright and eventful day.

The Bank of England

I copy from my notes of May 19th last a visit to the Bank of England with a letter from Mr. H. R. Stewart, Asst. Provincial Secretary, to his friend and companion of the war days Mr. Smythe, who showed me through the home of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

The building was then undergoing extensive overhauling and reconstruction, going deeper and higher. It was in consequence in a rather disreputable state. If the public could only see it as I saw it, the proud sterling might have made a record low dive.

In the centre of the building was a court about 80 feet square with a monument to the 92 employees of the Bank who died in the war. This court was in ancient times a cemetery, consecrated ground; then by Act of Parliament it was deconsecrated for a while. Then an officer of the Bank died. He was 6 ft. 8 inches tall and it was feared by his friends that, in that age when body-snatching was a favorite crime, his body would be surely snatched unless securely placed. It was accordingly buried in this square and there remained until now when the inclusion of the square within the structure of the building was considered absolutely necessary and the proper legal steps were taken for the removal of the body and the reversion of the property to common law.

Mr. Smythe had many kindly and inspiring recollections of his old comrade in their flying days and reminiscences which I was charged to renew.

Journey to Edinburgh

In due time we took the "Flying Scotchman" for Edinburgh. It is a wonderful flight through beautiful country but too rapid to enable the traveller to hold the picture together. The first distinct shock came when we reached Berwick-on-Tweed where we crossed the Tweed into Scotland. It may be partly fancy but there is an immediate general change—not so much, but still as much as between say two brothers—the houses and barns are different, the stone walls dividing the fields replace the hedges, soon the sheep look different and the cattle and horses, then the countryside, not to mention the men and women.

We realize that at last we are in Scotland and there springs unbidden from within

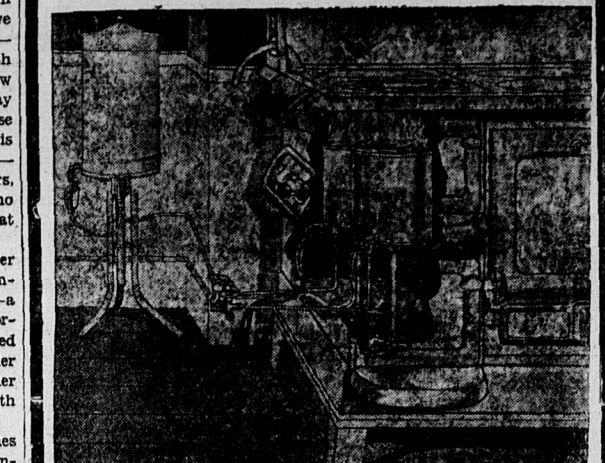
"Land of my sires, what mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band That knits me to thy rugged strand."

With glimpses of the North Sea and then the open view, we pass Dunbar through the lands laid desolate by Cromwell's army in 1650 and which still retain some of the ancient scars. We skirt the Firth of Forth, pass Porto Bello and Leith and now comes in full view

"The lovely Empress of the North Set on her hilly throne, Her palaces, imperial towers, Her castle port to hostile powers, Her stately halls and holy towers."

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This is Edinburgh! We found our temporary home at Manor Place in the New Town.

Edinburgh is divided into two parts by a deep and broad ravine, the bed of an ancient stream, that extends down to the Firth of Forth about two miles away. The ancient town is on the southern side of the ravine and the new town on the north. The new town has most of the beauty and the old town all of the romance.

The ravine is the foundation of Edinburgh's special beauty. Its sides slope gently down to a broad bottom and from end to end of its great length it is laid off in beautiful gardens and playing grounds. Princes Street runs the length of the gardens on the north side and on the other side are the Castle, the old Parliament Buildings, the Law Courts, St. Giles' Church and all the historic buildings of the City.

In the evening we went down to Princes Street—the haer or mist had come in from the Firth of Forth filling the valley between the town so that to our view the Castle was high in the air without support—a castle afloat in the clouds. Then from below a Highland band struck up and presently marches up into full view restoring in some measure the sense of reality. Princes Street has been called the finest street in the Kingdom. It has but one business side, the other is the garden wall.

New Edinburgh is built of grey stone beautiful in its regularity. There are long streets of houses generally four stories high with bay ceilings commonly 15 feet in height—but so beautiful in the workmanship and design that there is no impression of monotony. One relief to the ordinary straightness of the streets is the frequent occurrence of crescents, gardens and squares. Those who built the City were evidently not concerned with the cost.

The old town is a complete contrast to the new. It is rich in history and romance and is as irregular in form and substance as New Edinburgh is uniform. Its dominant note is the ancient castle and its most ancient monument is St. Margaret's Church nearby.

The Castle stands on the summit of a mighty rock that rises sheer up from the plain 300 feet and forms the western limit of the old town. It was here in a tiny room that James I of England was born. From its window looking out the tale that the infant James I was lowered down in a basket so that he might receive Catholic baptism in spite of John Knox, who had other views. Then of the same Royal infant another guide's tale is that the infant James died shortly afterwards during his mother's absence.

Holy Rood Palace Holy Rood Palace is still a Royal Palace where the King takes up his residence for a period each summer. It is both picturesque and comfortable though round it lie the ruins—well preserved and tended—of the earlier palace and church dating back to the 12th century. Here are the tombs of the ancient Stuart Kings and within the ruined

(Continued on Page 7)

Stock Quotations

Montreal Stock Market

Table of Montreal Stock Market quotations including stocks like Bathurst A, Tel, Canadian, etc.

Pivotal New York Stocks

Table of Pivotal New York Stocks quotations including stocks like Allied Chemical, Am and P Power, etc.

LIVESTOCK

MONTRÉAL, April 24.—Cattle receipts were 571 on the two Montreal livestock markets today. Cattle trading was active and prices fully 20¢ higher. Good steers sold for \$1.75 to \$5.25 with a couple of real choice animals at \$5.50. Medium steers sold for \$4 to \$4.50 and common steers from \$3.25 to \$4. The few good cows offered sold for \$3.50 with just medium quality at \$3 and common butchers down to \$2.25. A few common quality fed calves, weighing around 600 pounds, or better, sold for \$4. Canners and catters sold for \$1 to \$2.25. Bulls of plain and medium quality sold for \$2.25 to \$3.25. Milkers and springers were \$2.50 to \$4.50 each.

Sheeps up to 1,000 pounds, good and choice \$4.75 to \$5.25. Medium \$4 to \$4.75. Common \$3.25 to \$4. Steers over 1,000 pounds, good and choice \$4.75 to \$5.25. Fed calves medium \$4; cows good \$3.50; medium \$2.75 to \$3.25; bulls good \$3 to \$2.75; common \$2.50 to \$3. Milkers and springers \$2.50 to \$4.50 each.

Calf receipts were 1,200, there was a large increase in receipts of calves as compared with last Monday. The bulk of the calves were only common to just fair quality. Prices were just about medium quality calves sold for \$3.75 to \$4 with good picked out calves up to \$4.50. Plain to just fair calves were sold around \$3 common and light veals were sold as low as \$3.50 with very common light drinkers down to \$1.75.

GRAIN

Wheat: May 50% A; July 61% 1/2; Oct 63 1/2; May 20%; July 26%; Oct 26 1/2%. Barley: May 33% B; July 34% B; Oct 26 1/2%.

Wheat: No 1 hard 62%; No 1 nor 59%; No 2 nor 55%; No 3 nor 50%; No 4 nor 45%; No 5 35%; No 6 30%; Feed 50%; track 50%; No 1 durum 62%. Oats: No 2 C W 26%; No 3 C W 21%; No 1 feed 23%; No 2 feed 21%; Rejected 10%; track 20%. Corn: No 1 20%; No 2 18%; No 3 16%; No 4 14%; No 5 12%; No 6 10%; No 7 8%; No 8 6%; No 9 4%; No 10 2%; No 11 1%; No 12 1%; No 13 1%; No 14 1%; No 15 1%; No 16 1%; No 17 1%; No 18 1%; No 19 1%; No 20 1%; No 21 1%; No 22 1%; No 23 1%; No 24 1%; No 25 1%; No 26 1%; No 27 1%; No 28 1%; No 29 1%; No 30 1%; No 31 1%; No 32 1%; No 33 1%; No 34 1%; No 35 1%; No 36 1%; No 37 1%; No 38 1%; No 39 1%; No 40 1%; No 41 1%; No 42 1%; No 43 1%; No 44 1%; No 45 1%; No 46 1%; No 47 1%; No 48 1%; No 49 1%; No 50 1%; No 51 1%; No 52 1%; No 53 1%; No 54 1%; No 55 1%; No 56 1%; No 57 1%; No 58 1%; No 59 1%; No 60 1%; No 61 1%; No 62 1%; No 63 1%; No 64 1%; No 65 1%; No 66 1%; No 67 1%; No 68 1%; No 69 1%; No 70 1%; No 71 1%; No 72 1%; No 73 1%; No 74 1%; No 75 1%; No 76 1%; No 77 1%; No 78 1%; No 79 1%; No 80 1%; No 81 1%; No 82 1%; No 83 1%; No 84 1%; No 85 1%; No 86 1%; No 87 1%; No 88 1%; No 89 1%; No 90 1%; No 91 1%; No 92 1%; No 93 1%; No 94 1%; No 95 1%; No 96 1%; No 97 1%; No 98 1%; No 99 1%; No 100 1%.

PRODUCE

MONTRÉAL, April 24.—Wholesale butter prices continued to drop on the Montreal dairy and produce market today. At the close of trading 20¢ higher. Receipts were 240 tons, 20¢ higher than last week's close at 20¢ to 21¢ a pound. A sharp decrease in receipts was noted. Offerings totaling only 400 boxes. The egg market displayed a firm tone. Graded shipments in cartons or flats were 17 to 17 1/2¢ a dozen for extras, 15 to 15 1/2¢ for firsts and 13 to 13 1/2¢ for seconds. Arrivals were 240 boxes. Cheese remained unchanged. Current Ontario colored sold for nine to 10 cents a pound while old cheese quoted at 11 to 12 cents. Receipts were 240 boxes. Potato strength was recorded on the potato market. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island green potatoes were up five cents at 75¢ to 80 cents per 50 pound bag while 80 to 90 pound bag ranged from 80 to 90 cents.

N. Y. CURB

Table of N. Y. CURB quotations including stocks like Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

MT'L. CURB

Table of MT'L. CURB quotations including stocks like Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

MINING

Table of MINING quotations including stocks like Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

UNLISTED

Table of UNLISTED quotations including stocks like Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

EXCHANGE

Table of EXCHANGE quotations including Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

CURB

Table of CURB quotations including Amex, Amst, Amst, etc.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK, April 24 (A.P.)—Foreign exchange strong. Great Britain demand high 3.38 1/2; low 3.36 1/2; Royal Bank 30 day bill 2.37 1/2; France 3 1/2; Italy 3.76 1/2; Belgium 3.76 1/2; Germany 23.49 1/2; Canada 88.00.

THE TRAFFIC

From the upper story of a motor bus on a busy London street a marvellous moving picture is unrolled and the wonder grows how such a vast throng can be kept in orderly movement. Rarely a traffic jam occurs and then, viewing the field, you see with never-lessening surprise the variety of the elements that compose the throng. There is your own bus carrying six passengers, then in front—almost but not quite touching—a line of other stationary buses, behind you teams of horses loaded with building stone, bicycles, tricycles, and all kinds of things on wheels carrying all kinds of drivers and packages and on each flank vehicles of all kinds packed close waiting for the movement to begin—then suddenly, the pressure slackens, the