

Matinee Races

New Annan, Aug. 26, 1931

Sandy Mack, green pacer is victor, the gallant son of La Copia...

His stable mate Exterminator also by La Copia put up a great battle...

The other winners were Miss Possibility, owned by James Fower...

The matinee was given by G. Blonfin Thomas, 3 Classes A, B, and D...

A Class Mixed
Miss Possibility 1 1 1
Peter Will Tell 3 3 3

Class B Special
Sandy Mack 1 2 1
Exterminator 2 1 2

D Class Mixed
Ladle 1 1 1
Wittle Jim 2 3 2

The attendance was good and the track was in fair condition with the weather and great racing.

APPETIZER COURSE

All of the fish pastes are useful for making the tiny canapes that are such popular appetizers for the first course at luncheon or dinner.

Out bread about one-third inch thick, and shape with a cutter or in fingers, drop them into deep hot fat and fry to a delicate golden brown, or toast the bread if more convenient.

Spread and garnish attractively—remembering that a white touch is effective as well as color, we use white cheese or hard-cooked egg white extensively.

Along The Water Front

Railway Wharf

S. S. Talaralte, Captain Gilmore, arrived in port yesterday and is at present discharging a cargo of gasoline for the Imperial Oil Limited.

Buntain, Bell's Wharf

S. S. Magnhild, Captain Clausen, arrived in port from Halifax, N. S., and after loading a general cargo along with livestock, sailed last evening for St. John's, Nfld.

The Government Tugs Lisgar, Captain Gamble, and Tug Canso, Captain Scott, arrived in port Sunday evening from Malagash, N. S., after towing the D. P. W. Dredge No. 5, Captain MacDonald, from Bathurst, N. B. The both tugs are at present taking in coal and water before proceeding to Malagash to tow the pontoons belonging to the dredge also to Bathurst.

Lyons Wharf

Schr. Vandala, Captain Malcolm, at present discharging a cargo of coal.

The Tern Schr. Jean F. Anderson, Captain Norman Pentz, arrived in port from Edgewater, New York, with a cargo of 600 tons of hard coal, after she finishes discharging here she will sail for Carleton, Que., to load for New York.

Carvell's Wharf

S. S. Silvia, Captain Kean, arrived in port from Montreal, with cargo and passengers and after taking in cargo here sailed again for St. John's, Nfld., on return to Montreal.

Schr. Bonus, Captain Frank Boudreau, has sailed after loading a cargo here.

PLANT GROWS AFTER 23 YEARS

ALLIANCE, Neb., Sept. 8.—(U.P.)—After Percy Cogswell, clothier here, came from Cripple Creek, Colo., 23 years ago, he tucked a little Mexican plant he had brought along in a desk drawer. Recently he remembered the plant, resurrected it and put it in water. It grew.

"THE BIG SWIM"

Shaking and shivering like an old flivver, the hospital tent at the Exhibition where marathon swimmers were thawed out by the use of external and internal blood-warmers yesterday began to vibrate at about 11.30 a. m. and trembled continuously until after dark.

From the outside of the hospital tent it looked as though it housed a couple of erratic old donkey engines going at full blast in an effort to rattle themselves to pieces! Inside it looked like a clinic where half a dozen bed ridden paralytics were taking vibrator treatments in an effort to regain the use of their limbs.

All the oscillations, however, were generated by the patients themselves, entirely against their will. One by one the incapacitated marathoners staggered into the tent on the arms of ambulance men, or were carried in upon stretchers.

Their faces were blue and contorted. Teeth chattered, bodies quivered and trembled, muscles twitched and jerked and the rickety iron cots clanked and rattled in unison as the benumbed swimmers lay helplessly awaiting the end of an agony which had penetrated to the marrow in their bones.

Cold Water Beat Them

Competition among swimmers was not a patch on the opposition every contestant met from the cold water. The fact that only two entrants had completed the course at the end of 12 hours, at which time only one man remained in the water, demonstrates the ruthlessness with which low temperature weeded out its victims, and sent them half conscious to hospital.

The wooden floor, tables, chairs, the beds, even the canvas itself, shook constantly as a long succession of nearly frozen athletes lay in quaking agony, swathed with blankets and surrounded by hot water bottles. Fully 50 per cent of the 176 men whose carefully trained strength vanished away in the chill lake water needed attention. Most of them were in bed for periods of from ten minutes to half an hour.

Their efforts to speak, even sometimes to indicate their desires by a gesture, were pathetic and childishly futile. Their lips would not frame the words, and their arms, after hours of monotonously mechanical massaging, would not respond.

Four white clad nurses bustled efficiently about with blankets, hot coffee, hot water bottles, rubbing alcohol and Scotch whisky, and sandwiches for those whose jaws had loosened up. Legs from which all sensation had long departed were pounded and kneaded to bring back their circulation. Argyrol was dropped in eyes which had been reddened and inflamed by the oil which lay in a film on the lagoon and exhaust gas from scores of motor boats which hung close to the surface of the water.

Blankets Discarded

In one corner of the tent was an ever growing pile of blankets, discarded when they became soaked with water and encrusted with axle grease. New beds with dry blankets were made up for each new patient, provided there was time, and the way the shivering swimmers huddled into their grey folds made one think of the well known Sam McGee, who was never warm until he was cremated. Some of those husky marathoners looked as though if they had been offered their choice of another plunge in the lake and trial by fire, they would cheerfully give chosen the blaze.

The first customer arrived less than ten minutes after the starting gun was fired. This honor fell to Same Matraia, of Toronto, who did not require any drastic treatment, but who was at least convinced that the water was too cold for him.

Matraia came in at 11.25 a. m. That started an influx which gained steadily in volume until around one o'clock when the peak was reached. The swimmers began to arrive at the rate of about one every five minutes, and this was increased until it was more than a swimmer a minute for almost an hour. After that, with fewer and fewer men left in the water, the pilgrimage to the hospital thinned but a bit.

Some Still Able to Run

They arrived singly, in pairs and trios and sometimes in groups of half a dozen. They were in all stages of collapse, all degrees of dejection and disappointment and with all known varieties of cramps and chills. Some of them ran quite gaily across the grass directly to the dressing tent. Some walked with a visible effort. Others staggered and had to be helped, while prob-

ably two dozen were actually out of the picture and had to be carted in on stretchers. On their beds they contrasted sharply with the well built, sun-bronzed, bright eyed and vigorous figures they had been a short time before. With their colorless faces and bloodshot eyes they appeared to be completely done in, but there was something acutely suggestive of pain in the various kinds of humps and mounds formed by the blankets over their bodies.

In this corner there is a little mountain in the centre of the bed, where a swimmer who believes that all the warmth has gone out of the world huddles into a ball in an effort to conserve what faint traces of heat he still hopes may remain in his own interior.

Fights Against Cramps

In that corner there is only a stiff straight ridge down the centre of the blanket, where another marathoner, having been beaten by the cold water, goes to the mat with his cramps. He clenches his teeth as he strains to keep his knees and ankles unflexed, knowing that if he gives in to the involuntary tugging of his muscles his calves and thighs will knot up in lumps as big as his first and as hard as anvils. And how those lumps will hurt.

That still form around which a nurse has piled six hot water bags makes the blanket look as though it covered some strange and shapeless human jellyfish. The limpness of the swimmer's body suggests his heartfelt hope that he may never again be called upon to move a muscle. Exhausted as he is, and although he is as cold as the rest, he lies straight and relaxes as much as the shivers will let him to facilitate the return of blood to his insensate feet.

So it went all day. As it became apparent that there was only one complaint to be treated—cold, with its resultant cramps or paralysis—the four nurses rapidly fell into a routine which was soon a perfected technique for the peculiar ailment of a marathon swimmer who has been too long in Lake Ontario on the wrong day. The procedure of the nurses was organized in the nick of time to handle the peak rush of patients, who, although they only wanted one thing, wanted it badly. And quickly.

For their psychic disturbances the swimmers were obliged to rely for attention on their friends and trainers. The nurses were much too busy to be able to provide sentiment, comfort, cheer, encouragement, reassurance and the odd wise crack in addition to their practical ministrations. Yet these intangible therapeutics were just as essential to the recovery of the patients as blankets and Scotch. Dejection, disappointment, discouragement and grief were unrestrainedly expressed on every hand. As the classic phrase has it, strong men wept.

Months of training, strenuous effort sustained by the hope of the victory and the prize, hours of dreaming and planning, perhaps also a good deal of inadvertent depending upon a cash award—all had gone up the spout. It was hard and they almost all showed it. And they felt they had not been defeated by their rivals, but by that merciless water.

Trainers, wives, mothers, friends, grouped around the beds bravely trying to their sobbing swimmers. They all swore it didn't matter—and they all knew it did. Yes, and they showed it. But in nine cases out of ten the man in the cot couldn't see their faces, so when they jammed some kind of a smile into their away.

Reports Not True

PETER VEREGIN MAKES EMPHATIC DENIAL

NELSON, B. C. Sept. 8.—(By the Canadian Press)—Peter Veregin, Doukhobor leader, stated today reports from El Paso, Tex., that Doukhobors in Canada were to emigrate to Mexico were unfounded. On the contrary, he said, "We are planning to spend \$30,000 to \$40,000 in new construction and improvements to our Trail, B.C. property."

CONSCIENCE WORRIED HIM

CANBY, Ore., Sept. 8.—(U.P.)—Seven years is long enough to endure a troubled conscience, "A Friend" explained in a letter accompanying a silver watch he returned to a local furniture dealer. The writer explained he had taken the watch in 1924. He asked only forgiveness.

Speaking Of Sports

BY DEXON STEWART United Press Staff Correspondent

Jack "Kid" Berg Has Lost His High Ring Rating

Jack "Kid" Berg, most capable and popular British boxer to invade the ring in recent years, will have a second opportunity to win the world's light weight championship, when he meets Tony Canzoneri of Brooklyn at the New York Polo Grounds Sept. 10.

Strangely enough, Berg, who a few short months ago, was hailed as an almost certain winner of both the lightweight and welter weight championships promises to be a decided short ender in the betting. Berg pyreviously has defeated Canzoneri, handing the Brooklyn Italian one of the worst beatings of his career in a 10 round bout at Madison Square Garden in January 1930. That victory established Berg as the logical contender for the world's lightweight championship but he was shelved in favor of Al Singer, who was considered a better drawing card.

After Singer won the title from a badly "washed up" Sammy Mandell, Berg refused to challenge for a title bout because of his close personal friendship for the new champion. That gave Canzoneri the first chance at Singer, and the championship.

Canzoneri, always a game, willing fighter, made his first title defense against Berg at Chicago last spring. He was conceded little chance to defeat the mauling Briton, but surprised everyone, including himself, by scoring a three round knockout. The knockout was particularly surprising because Canzoneri never had been known as a heavy hitter and because Berg never before had been stopped.

Boxing followers believed the knockout by Canzoneri was an indication that Berg had lost the stamina which enabled him to win previous bouts by a relentless windmill, hell for leather attack. Berg, they said, had taken too many hard punches because of his wide open style and was all "washed up."

The Briton's recent bouts have done little to offset this belief. Berg has won them all, but he no longer appears to have the stamina and drive which marked his early bouts in this country and many boxing followers doubt that Jackie can go the required 15 rounds against Canzoneri at the pace he showed formerly. Berg's long vacation and his careful training may bring him to peak form for the Canzoneri bout—and if the Englishman is anywhere near the fighter he was in his first bout with Canzoneri, he stands an excellent chance of succeeding to the title formerly held by his countryman, Freddie Welch.

London Letter

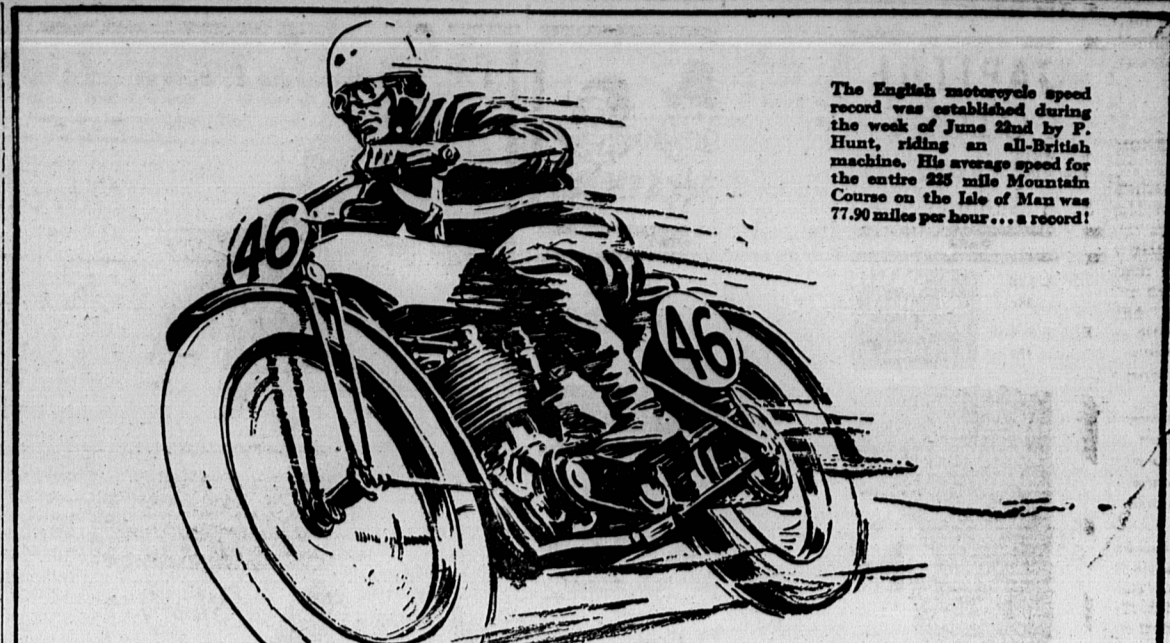
By Glanville Carey (British United Press)

LONDON, Sept. 6.—Lots of people at one time and another have been to India for a week or two, and on that wide and deep experience, have been moved to explain to the untravelled masses that land of hundreds of races and religious and languages in a book.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has done much the same thing in regard to Russia. He went to Moscow recently for ten days and he had an hour's talk with Stalin, though it does not appear quite clearly who did the talking in that interview. However that may be, Mr. Shaw acquired in those ten days in Moscow as a personally conducted tourist an intimate knowledge of conditions there, and a conviction that in that thrice happy land of Moscow all is right as right can be and that God's in his Heaven in Moscow. He saw all the benevolences of the Soviet and all the beneficent results of the Five-year-Plan with his own eyes; so what doubt can there be? What indeed?

And yet—"the written letter remains." Shall we turn to the life of "Great Catherine" and more particularly to Mr. Shaw's own preface to that work. Very well, this is what he said:—"It was quite easy for Patomkin (her Prime Minister) to humbug Queen Catherine as to the condition of Russia by conducting her through sham cities run up for the occasion by scenic artists."

Quite so. There are still a number of scenic artists in Russia—and if for Patomkin and "erine we read Stalin and Shaw, "at then? Every one knows that the office of our Prime Ministers—and that of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in particular—is not, in these anxious times, an easy one. And not the



The English motorcycle speed record was established during the week of June 22nd by F. Hunt, riding an all-British machine. His average speed for the entire 235 mile Mountain Course on the Isle of Man was 77.90 miles per hour... a record!

The RECORD SPEAKS for ITSELF

A record in motorcycle racing or a record in cigarette popularity—each demonstrates a clean cut superiority over all others which is the result of quality. Year after year Turret cigarettes continue to satisfy millions of Canadian smokers, and their record for public favour grows more impressive.

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least of Mr. MacDonald's burdens would seem to be the necessity for constant travelling.

Travelling, of course, may be pleasant or the reverse, but we ordinary and more less humble folk have advantage over the Prime Minister. As for us, we can merely 'go' from one place to another. He, on the other hand, judging by the newspapers, can't do that; he must 'dash.' Indeed, in times of urgency he must make a hurried dash.

The other morning, visions must have flashed before the eyes of the imaginative newspaper reader of a harassed First Minister of the Crown tearing madly, at phenomenal speed, down the country in the blackness of the night from Lissie-mouth to London. The P. M. had made one of his hurried dashes.

Why? The reason Mr. MacDonald gave was that he made the journey because he was wanted to be in London in the morning—and this, even if a trifle prosaic for a reporter or a head-line writer, seems to be the uninforming to be a simple and convincing explanation.

But it is not a little remarkable that although some scores, or perhaps a hundred or so, anonymous folk took that same train from the North to the South, for precisely the same reason that they wanted to go to London, and although they travelled at the same speed in the same way, not a single one of them made a hurried dash, or even dashed; they just went.

Scotsmen the world over (to say nothing of the mere Englishman) will regret to hear of the rumor that Lord and Lady Strathmore may, if taxation continues to increase, find it necessary to sell the famous Castle of Glamis, and all will hope that such a need may never arise.

But, assuming the need, what on earth would be the value of such a pile. Surely it would be almost as difficult as to dispose of the Albert Memorial as a going concern!

And then there is the famous mystery of Glamis. Would that go with the premises? And how would its value be assessed? To repeat what thousands know: it is either a fact or a legend of the Strathmore family that at some former time or other a dread happening took place within the walls of the 'Great House of Glams.' Since that day, so the story goes, there has been in the building a sealed and secret chamber. Into this place—wherein none else may enter—the heir to the earldom is taken on his twenty first birthday by the reigning Earl and the Factor. There the awe-ful story is told

to the heir, and from that hour to the day when he in turn shall tell his son the secret to none other shall be known the truth of the mystery.

Anyhow, where would a purchaser of the Castle come in?

I suppose one of the most interesting things to educated visitors for the first time to England is the variation of dialect spoken in the forty different and comparatively small counties. I am excluding Wales.

Whether it is true or not that the county accents are dying out by reason of the spread of education and broadcasting (and I am certain it is not true of the far southwestern counties of Devon and Cornwall) the British Museum authorities have decided to make records of the speech of the older native sons of the soil, so that in times yet to come our posterity may hear the tongues their fathers spake.

Of course, we already have records of the voices of many great men and women specially taken and preserved for later generations but there is sometimes a little slipping up when these older records are to be reproduced. Perhaps the dialects, or the voices, of these records may in 50 years' time sound rather more odd than they really were. Here's a little story about that.

It happened in the British Museum, which is not naturally the home of hilarity.

All the wisdom of these Isles had been assembled in that great building. The literary men, the poets, the sound experts were to hear, some of them for the first time, the voice of none other than Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the great Victorian Poet Laureate. And they were hushed in reverent anticipation of this silver voice from fifty years ago. It was the first gramophone record deposited in the vaults of the Museum, and now, after half a century of silence, its seals might be broken, for it was "not to be opened for fifty years."

Said the announcer: "Ladies and Gentlemen, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate of England, will now give a reading of his own works." The assembled company held its breath and listened intently. Slowly and carefully the cherished cylinder was adjusted. "Gurrhurrhurrhm" remarked Alfred with emphasis.

The expert in charge did a little more adjusting. "Inkie-pinkie-inkie-pinkie-inkie-pinkie-oo-oo" said Alfred to the tones of "Come into the Garden, Maud." Perhaps it was a record of Choc-

law or Poenician opened in error? No. One more attempt. And then the Laureate flatly refused to say any more and the company sadly dispersed.

And what is the explanation no man may say, and none may know the Laureate's message from the shades.

Grand Circuit Race Results

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 7—Grand Circuit summaries: Horseman Futurity, 3 year old trot, Purse \$6,428.98

Protector, b.c., by Peter Volo, (Caton) 1 1 Kena, b.c. (Egan) 2 3

MacAubrey, b.c., (Stokes) 7 2 Charlotte Hanover, b. g. (Berry) 6 4

Calumet Belricks, b.f. (Hodson) 4 6 Stellate and Calumet Butler also started.

Times: 2:02 1-4, 2:03. 2:09 Pace, Purse \$800

George G., b.g., by Walter Coehato, (Walton) 1 3 1 Abbe Heir, b.g., (Rodman) 2 1 2

Callie Direct, blk.g. (Egan) 4 2 4 Lusty Volo, b.c., (Palin) 3 4 3

Petroguy, (Briggs) 5 5 d Times: 2:06 1-4, 2:06, 2:04 3-4.

Cedar Hill Trot, Purse \$1,500

Ankabar, ch.g., by Bingen Silk (Parshall) 1 1 1 Fair Dreams, br.f., (Dickerson) 2 2 7

Calumet Aster, br.f. (Danley) 9 3 2 Janie Lee, b.f., (Egan) 5 5 3

Great Atlantic, (Van Burden) 3 7 5 Helen Hanover, Full Trued, Jose-dale and Valor also started.

Times: 2:03, 2:02 1-4, 2:04 3-4.

APPLE CROP TOO HEAVY

PETERSTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 8.—The apple crop is so heavy in sections of Monroe County, W. Va., that a number of orchardists have men picking the apples and throwing them away, to protect the trees from excessive weight. Fifteen men are being employed in this work in an orchard near Peterstown.

STRATHCONA INSTITUTE

The Strathcona Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Joshua Garrett on the evening of Aug. 12th. The meeting opened in the usual way. It was moved and seconded that the varnish which was used on the School desks be paid for. It was moved and seconded that the Institute pay 50 cents, their share of the hall rent for the District Convention. Sick committees reported and a new one was appointed also a School Committee. It was moved and seconded that we guarantee \$1.50 for a dental clinic. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. John McKinnon and Mrs. Wallace Taylor for their splendid report of the Annual Convention. Next meeting to be at the home of Mrs. Wallace Taylor. Roll call to be supper dish recipes. Meeting closed with singing the National Anthem.

CHURCH GIVEN WORLD'S MONEY

PARIS, Sept. 6.—(U.P.)—Perhaps no other church in the world receives such a diversity of coins and banknotes in its collection plates as does the American Church of Paris, which is to dedicate its new \$1,000,000 edifice on Sept. 6 and 7. As many as 14 nations are often represented in the gold, silver, bronze, copper, and paper money found in the offering. Naturally, most of the collection consists of French money, from coppers up to 1,000-franc notes. Five franc notes, which are worth about 20 cents, are in the majority.

Many American coppers find their way into the collection plate, along with the nickels, dimes, quarter and dollar bills. Next to French and American banknotes those from Belgium are most numerous. Money from England, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany is very frequent, while the currencies of Sweden, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Portugal are seen, but less frequently. The explanation for this assortment of coin in the church collections is simply that the American tourist is going to church in Paris decided to get rid of all of his foreign small change and the American church is the beneficiary.

SMOKING SUITS

Two of the most interesting fashion items are Worth's Victoria house gown of crepe over acordias pleated petticoats, and Channell's tailored smoking suits of lame or satin.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.