

192 and 194
Queen St.

Fred B. Edgcombe Co., Limited

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Telephone
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Wholesale and Retail

At this season of the year, when Nature is putting on her new dress, when the grass is spreading its beautiful carpet for us to walk on, and we watch the unfolding bud each day as it opens out into leaf and flowers, and the trees are gradually being decked in living green, that man and woman may have a paradise to dwell in; we realize that a change is continually going on about us. So the men and women of to-day are looking about them to find raiment suitable to clothe and adorn their wonderful bodies.

The evolution of Clothing from the primitive Kimona of Fig Leaves and Skins of Animals fantastically fashioned, down through its progressive stages to the sweet—now and now—when there is such a culmination of beauty and style in the masculine and feminine wardrobe, is a most fascinating study.

If a Congress of "Fashionables" from "Sir Adam" and "Lady Eve" down through the centuries to this age of progress could assemble in "EDGECOMBE'S READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT" what an interesting time there would be, comparing the various styles of their times as their costumes would represent. "Reserved seats would be at a premium when the public were invited."

Fancy "Sir Adam" walking into the Clothing and Furnishing Department, and being togged out by "King James" in a suit of our "20th Century Clothes" with all the accessories of modern attire, and then going back up to second floor to see if "Madame Eve" would know him, and finding her vis-a-vis with Prime Minister Joseph, in his many colored suit, or perhaps coquetting with some Beau Brummel of later date; herself robed in one of those Swell Costumes which the presiding lady there had induced her to put on, and how they both would look to see Queen Elizabeth, the Queen of Sheba, Nebuchadnezzar and our own Teddy engaged in a game of Bridge in the Rest Room.

How irresistibly funny all this pantomime would be. And then at the sound of the flute, the cornet, the Sackbut and the Harp, they would "All Promenade Adown" the spacious floor room through the various departments to see the "New Summer Suits," The Stylish Coats, Dress Skirts, Dressing Jackets, Shirt Waists, Whitewear, Underwear, Corsets.

What would Grandma Eve, Aunt Sarah or Cleopatra say about Corsetthink you, and what would Father Noah have to say about the Rainproof Garments men and women wear now-a-days. And then the Umbrellas and Sunshades, Embroidered and Lace Hose, Long Gloves, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Belts, Ribbons, Laces, Hair Ornaments, etc

Wouldn't they wish they lived in nineteen hundred and eight and could visit the big store every day. Oh, it would be a great Picnic truly. It is an education anyway to walk through the many departments of the

FRED. B. EDGECOMBE CO. STORE.

Won't you go in and join the crowd that daily throng this Bright, Bustling, up-to-date place. It is like touring through Great Britain and Ireland, Europe, Canada and the United States, you know. IT PAYS THE VISITORS TO GO EARLY AND OFTEN.

Carpets,
Oilcloths,
Curtains,

City Ticket
Agency

Fred B. Edgcombe Co., Limited

192 and 194 Queen St. "The Store of Satisfaction"

Tickets to all
Parts of
the World

TRIP TO DANFORTH, MAINE

Old Friends and New Familiar Scenes
and Recollections.

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace;—
I stand amid the eternal days
And what is mine shall know
my face.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea—
Nor time nor chance, nor deep nor
high
Can keep mine own away from
me."

With these beautiful and touching lines running through my head I started on Wednesday morning for a short run to Danforth, Maine, in answer to repeated and urgent invitations from a section of the American branch of our family to visit them at their cosey little farm about three-quarters of a mile outside the brisk little town of Danforth.

The family in question is that of my nephew Osgood Butler, only son of my late brother, John, who lives with his wife, their two little girls and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Butterfield, in the aforementioned locality.

Being anxious to reach the station in time I did not sleep much the night before starting and being called early by my wife I hastily dressed, ate a light breakfast and reached the station with lots of time to spare.

When at last the time arrived for the departure of the train I stepped aboard and seated myself among the few early passengers and was intently perusing a paper when who should come up to my seat and accost me but my old friend Nelson W. Brown, of Southampton, N. B. Inspector of Schools, who had just been on a tour of inspection throughout the schools of Fredericton and other parts of York Co. Mr. Brown is an old and valued friend, I having first

met him about 25 years ago when he was teaching the school at Forest City, on the Canadian side. He has worked himself up step by step by careful, painstaking and industrious application to the work in hand, paying close attention to the slightest details and presenting the subjects in a clear, concise, simple and natural manner to the pupils, so as to be easily understood and assimilated by even the dullest wits. There is the secret of his success in the line of work he has chosen, and combined with his excellent qualities of character as a courteous, affable, unpretending gentleman, a faithful and unswerving friend and a good citizen render him popular and beloved wherever he is known.

As the train waits for a short time at the Junction I had an opportunity of seeing some of my old friends of days gone by, who welcomed me when I was a wanderer on the face of the earth and through good report and evil report have always reached out a welcoming hand. The village blacksmith, Mr. A. L. Duplisea, I found as usual busily employed at his forge along with two of his boys making the sparks fly. Faint traces of tell-tale locks of gray divulge the secret of the flying years but he is just as strong and sturdy, just as jovial and entertaining and just as young of heart as the day I first met him. A born fighter he is just as aggressive in the expression of his opinions as ever, but like me he does not fight men but principles. If he lived next door to the Pope he would not abate one iota in his opinions out of difference to him and if he required it he would give him the last dollar in his pocket or the last loaf of bread in his house. Such men as these are to be respected as they are open and above board they make powerful but fair and honest adversaries in war, and staunch and unswerving friends

in peace. Would there were more like them.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are bearing very lightly the weight of their advancing years. They have conducted a profitable hotel business for years, but never turned away the hungry whether they had money or not and the Lord has blessed them in basket and in store. It was very cheering and encouraging to see their kindly faces light up with joy and welcome as they welcomed me again to their fireside.

Tracy, Harvey, McAdam, Vancebro, Lambert Lake, Forest and Eaton, all familiar places in days of yore as they one by one loomed on my vision brought up recollections of the past—some sad, some pleasant but none lasting, as I had been but a bird of passage through those places and had never taken up my abode for any length of time.

Of all these places McAdam is the only one that shows any considerable gain. Arrived at Danforth at noon I alighted from the train and find my nephew's wife and her little girl, Doris, awaiting me with a horse and wagon to take me to their home. And such a welcome as I got,—not only from her but the father-in-law and mother-in-law and the dear old aunt as affected me to tears. Even the three-months-old baby, Pauline, the very picture of Osgood in face and eyes looked up at me and smiled a welcome. Accustomed as I am to a joyless home, destitute of all affection and sympathy the experience though trying was particularly grateful and comforting, for what avails it that I have all the necessary home comforts without that which makes the humblest dwelling a home and the costliest mansion without it only a dwelling. What does it avail that the stomach is filled so long as the heart is empty.

These good people quite overcame

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tireder than when they went to bed.

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

me, and I am at a loss to understand their disinterested love and affection, for they were never a penny the better for my having lived and the mere accident of a relative of mine having married into their family could certainly not account for it; so I must lay it to the natural goodness of their hearts.

In my short sojourn with them I found that they stood for all that makes the Great Republic, (whom I have always loved with my inmost heart and which I would gladly shed my blood to save), great, glorious and

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