

Nursery Stock

We have in stock a quantity of Yellow Transparent, Wolf River and Duchess Apple Trees, ready for immediate shipment. Fine, thrifty new Brunswick grown stock. Send in your order.

St. John Valley Nurseries
BURTON, N. B.

TRAP NESTS

Keep a record of your laying hens and cull out the slackers. I will make you a set of wooden trap nests of the same type as used at the Fredericton Experimental station.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

FRED LYONS
260 Aberdeen Street.

Eggs for Hatching

I am prepared to supply during the present season a limited number of settings of Barred Plymouth Rock Eggs for Hatching. I breed from yearling hens with trap nest, records ranging from 175 to 267, and my pen is headed by a cockerel whose dam made a record of 247 eggs in ten months in the New Brunswick egg laying contest in 1921. Already this season, eggs from this pen have shown a fertility of ninety per cent.

All orders will be filled in the order received.

West End Poultry Yards

Fred H. Ferguson Prop.
Cor. Brunswick and Northumberland Streets

CLIP AND MAIL
BRYANT BROTHERS
Limited

STOCK BROKERS

84-90 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal
I have checked off the securities on which I would like you to send me latest information.

- []—HOLLINGER
- []—DOMINE MINES
- []—GENERAL MOTORS
- []—TECK-HUGHES
- []—INTERNATIONAL NICKEL
- []—INTERNATIONAL PAPER

I understand my request is no obligation to order.

Name
Address

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Rates: Not More Than 25 Words
25cts. per insertion, \$1 per
Week, \$3 per Month.

TO LET

TO LET—The premises over Lawlor & Cain's store, opposite the post office, suitable for offices or dwelling. Apply 564 Queen St., or Telephone 145-21.

TO LET—A suit of nicely appointed and conveniently located offices in the Searle & Lamson building, 83 York Street. Apply to C. B. Morgan.

TO LET—In the building opposite the Officer's Square, apartments suited for any purpose. Best situation in the city. Apply 564 Queen St., or Tel. 145-21.

WANTED

SALESMEN — WE PAY WEEKLY and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole root fresh-dug-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money-making opportunity. Luke Brothers, Montreal.

WANTED—Two or three furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Man and wife with no children. Apply to W. care Daily Mail.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One pen of young Indian Cornish, consisting of a cockerel and four pullets, also one Barred Plymouth Rock Cockerel of high laying strain. Apply to West End Poultry Yards, Brunswick Street, City.

FOR SALE—White Wyandotte hatching eggs of high laying strain. Hens have trap nested records ranging from 175 to 253 eggs. Price \$3 and \$5 per setting of 15. Also duck eggs at \$1 per setting of 10. Apply to Mrs. George Danby, North Devon.

LOST

LOST—A PAIR OF OLD FASHIONED SPECTACLES, Wednesday. If found, please leave at Mail Office or telephone 501-11.

Picturesque Days in

The Yukon Recalled

Robert W. Service's Poems on Sourdough Have Added Much to the Romance of the Far North—Money Came Quickly and Men Lived Wild and Adventurous Days.

It was the gold rush of the Yukon, combined with the ballads of Robert W. Service, which picked the picturesque figure of the Old Sourdough out of the toiling rut of common humanity, and held him aloft on a pedestal where all might see. And now, after a brief reign of a quarter of a century before the footlights of the imagination, he is passing, and with him there is going much of value which in the past added to the romance of Western Canada.

For the prospector, who has lent so much to the commercial as well as to the picturesque phase of Canadian life, is being forced out by circumstances.

Those who have read the Service ballads, in which the Sourdough is portrayed as a grim-jawed old build, who hangs on in the face of the north and all its lashings and violence, may find it a trifle difficult to imagine the old prospector letting go his grip just now. But the explanation is that the blow which is being handed out to him is a commercial and not a physical one; and we still have sufficient confidence in the physical Sourdough to believe that if they would only leave commerce out of it, he would still stick and give the world some more of those old battles which aroused so much of the poet's admiration.

Beyond doubt, there have been prospectors and gold-seekers since time first pointed out the value of minerals, but it remained for the historic rush into the Klondyke to single out the grizzled old-timer and show something of the grim and tragic romance of a lifetime spent in battling with the forces of nature for the prizes of wealth which she conceals. The term "Sourdough," as Service makes so plain in his ballads, was not a name to be won lightly. It was the symbol, as it were, the Legion of Honor, for the man who was willing to throw his whole career up on the roulette wheel of life, and exclaim:

"I win all, or lose all."

By saying that the Sourdough is now passing, it is not meant that the type has become extinct in the West, or that the Province of British Columbia, once so famed for their exploits, is totally without their ambition. The Sourdough still lingers; but it is a chafing Sourdough who rebels against the commercial conditions which at present make it almost impossible for him to live, and which at the same time point the eyes of the younger generation to the same futility of the prospecting game and thereby cut off the future supply.

It is during the last ten or fifteen years that the commercial changes have been brought about, with the result that the mining future of the province is in a somewhat unstable condition.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, we will say Sourdough Mose raced down from the mountains with lashings of ore which almost broke the back of his cayuse. He was racing, because he was picturing to himself the manner in which he would dance up and down the bar of Nelson's leading hotel somewhere around midnight. He had the whole thing drawn up his mind, exactly as he had seen it happen on so many other occasions when members of the Sourdough clan had raced in with a bagful of ore just as he was doing now.

Those were the grand old days, and when the Sourdough gets you in a corner and paints it all there in glowing words, his eyes still dazzle with the memory of a quarter of a century ago.

"Excitement and dancing, shooting and drinking," he picks out the words in a lingering way. "They were the grand old times when a man got some reward for his labor. Why, we used to go up in the mountains every spring, because we couldn't keep out of them. There was Pelican Tom and Blue Finch Pete, Short Arm Joe and Rambling Andy. Say, we were a gay crew. And I'd like to tell you about the time Rambling Andy made his copper find up the Slocan Lake way. But that was a terrible night; pity the poor sailors at sea. And I guess we were the sailors. We called him Rambling because he never could stay near the camp; he just had to wander off, not on his own, you know, for we never did that. But he wandered off, thinking he knew ore better than any of the rest of us. And as it turned out,

he did. I can see it all now just as plain as day, the way Rambling Andy came whooping into camp with a great chunk of copper ore, with gold and silver shining through it. We broke camp that night, went into Slocan Lake, where Andy had put down a few stakes; and then a week later we trooped into Nelson. Say, but we just captured that city without firing a shot. All we had to do was walk into Big Tom Rankin's office—he was mayor then—and slap down a chunk of ore in front of his nose. But that's the way we did things in the old days. Big Tom didn't even ask where we got it. He just picked up the telephone, called up the big hotel and said to the boss, 'Bill, some friends of mine have hit it rich. Banquet tonight, and open house. Sure, the town foots the bill; or if it don't, I will! Talk about the old days! Oh boy, but that was a night. They had a procession and they carried us to the banquet; and when the eats were over they made us dance up and down the tables while the big men bid for our options. There were some Americans in that week, and they sure bid high. But now, Oh Lord, how things have changed."

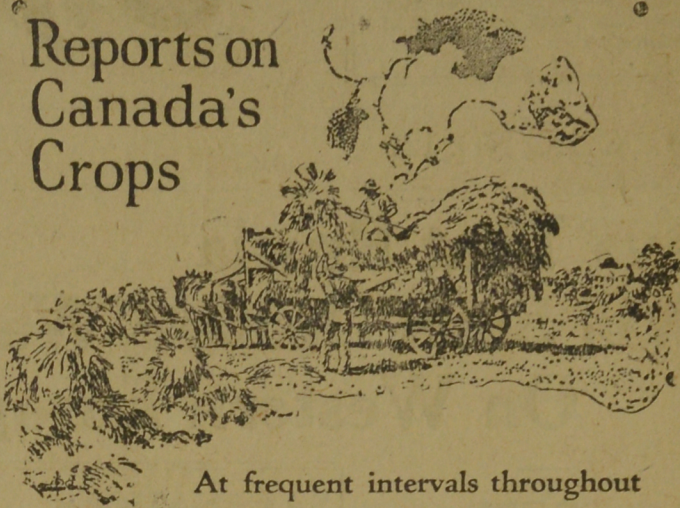
BLISS CARMAN

AT ST. JOHN

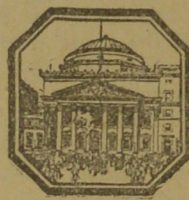
St. John, May 23—An evening of such enjoyment as can be experienced but seldom was accorded those who were privileged to be present in the Pythian Castle last evening when Bliss Carman, Canada's poet laureate and New Brunswick's honored son, gave readings from some of his most beautiful poems. The audience, which packed the hall to the doors, gave Dr. Carman an ovation of applause by way of greeting and showed its delight with frequent and hearty applause throughout the programme. His readings were divided into three groups—poems of New Brunswick, nature poems and later Canadian poems. Each was a gem of true poetry and it was characteristic of the modesty of the author-reader that he spoke of some as being not satisfactory to himself and still to be subjected to revision.

The chairman of the evening was Chief Justice Sir Douglas Hazen and the affair was held under the auspices of the St. John High School Alumnae. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Dr. Carman on the motion of Hon. Dr. William Pugsley, seconded by Rev. Dr. David Hutchinson. During the evening Mrs. Kent Scovil played the piano solo "Scherzo" by Chopin, and Mrs. L. LeLacheur sang Landon Renaud's "Down in the Forest." The musical numbers were worthy of forming part of so memorable a programme and they also received full measure of the approval and appreciation of the audience.

Reports on Canada's Crops



At frequent intervals throughout the season the Bank of Montreal issues reports on the progress of the crops in Canada. These reports, telegraphed to headquarters from the Managers of the Bank's 600 Branches, cover every Province and form a reliable index of crop conditions.



The reports are furnished free. Upon request at any Branch of the Bank your name will be placed on our mailing list.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Total Assets in Excess of \$600,000,000.00

"Protected Where the Wear Comes"

HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVERPLATE

The Bridal Gift of Quality

THE very reasons which make silverplate the most desirable of all gifts to the bride—beauty coupled with utility—are the very reasons why you should make it a point to secure "Holmes & Edwards".

It costs more—true, but such a trifle that the extra quality will well repay the possessor in a lifetime of service.

The fascinating lustre of "Holmes & Edwards" Silverplate is attained by hand burnishing. Added attraction is superbly evident in the charming patterns. But the generous use of silver gives "Holmes & Edwards" tenacious wearing qualities that crown all other merits.

Let your jeweler explain the two processes, "SILVER INLAID" and "SUPER PLATE" by which protection is given "Holmes & Edwards" at the wear points. Ask for "Holmes & Edwards" Silverplate if you are looking for the best.

Manufactured Exclusively in Canada by

**THE STANDARD SILVER CO. of TORONTO
LIMITED**

You can get Holmes & Edwards table appointments such as Tea Services, Casseroles, Bread Trays in the same high quality. If your jeweler is temporarily out of stock he can get any piece for you on short notice. See his catalogue for further suggestions.

