

CAKES

See our splendid variety of cakes and biscuits.

FIG BARS	23c lb.
CHOCOLATE SNACKS	25c lb.
LONDON MIXED	25c lb.
VANILLA CREAMS	25c lb.
MARITIME MIXED	23c lb.
FANCY MARSHMALLOW	25c lb.
HONEY FINGERS	23c lb.
COCOANUT JUMBLES	25c lb.
VILLAGE CAKE	15c lb.

Small Boxes Biscuit

PEOPLE'S FANCY	20c
CREAM SODAS	14c lb.
MARITIME MIXED	18c lb.

CORN SYRUP

10 lb. Pail	70c.
2 lb. Tin	20c.
5 lb. Tin	40c.

MACARONI

(in bulk) 2 lbs for 23c.

RAISINS

Bulk Seedless Raisins

17c lb.

Fancy Seedless, 17c pkg.

Fancy Seeded . . 17c pkg

SUGAR CRISP CORN FLAKES

Only 11c package

Case 3 doz. pkgs., \$3.40

FISH

Smoked Fish in boxes

15c box, 5 boxes 70c.

Boneless Herring, 15c lb.

Boneless Cod, 14c lb.

Salt Cod, 8c lb.

Salt Herring, 50c doz.

TEA

Splendid value

Only 50c lb.

GOOD QUARTER TRADES

5 lbs. BAKING SODA	25c
7 ROLLS TOILET PAPER	25c
3 lbs. GOOD RICE	25c
3 BOXES MATCHES	25c
2 PINE APPLES	25c
4 Cakes SURPRISE SOAP	25c
1 LARGE JUG VANILLA	25c
1 LARGE JUG LEMON	25c

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THORNTON W. BURGESS PRAISES NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA AS A VACATION LAND

The first report of Thornton W. Burgess on his visit to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, during the last two weeks of the month of June, broadcasted at Springfield, Mass., was as follows:—

Good evening, Neighbors. Hello, Boys and Girls. This is M. Burgess speaking from Westinghouse Station WBZ at Springfield, Massachusetts.

How are you all? If I were up in the Provinces now, I would say "Good day." That is the way they salute you there. Most of you know that Mrs. Burgess and I have been fishing so I presume most of you are possessed of curiosity enough to want to know what luck we had and what kind of a trip we had. I am going to begin with the trip first.

To begin with, we motored from Springfield up along the Maine Coast to Saint John, New Brunswick, crossed by boat from Saint John to Digby, and at that time the Bay of Fundy was as courteous to us and as thoughtful of our feeling as were the good people who live up in that section. It was a delightful sail.

From Digby we motored up to Annapolis, then crossed through one of the most extensive forests I have ever driven through. For mile on mile there was no break and the road was so narrow that we had constant mental visions of what might happen if we should meet another car. But we met only one car and that at an opportune time. This road, by the way, is not one of the Provincial roads. Of the latter I shall have a word to say later. Reaching Greenfield we spent several days on the salmon pools, then motored out to Bridgewater, where we struck what would correspond to the state highway in the States. From there we motored to Halifax, crossed over to Truro, Parrsboro, Amherst, and then into New Brunswick to Moncton. From the latter city we went over to Sussex Corner in the beautiful Sussex Valley, where we were the guests of one of our radio neighbors, Mr. H. W. B. Smith. From Sussex we drove to Fredericton, the capital, and the next day went into camp on the Miramichi as guests of the Provincial Government, once more in quest of salmon. We were three days on the Miramichi. Returning to Fredericton, we motored sixty-four miles up the Saint John river to Woodstock, crossed the line at Houlton, Maine, and returned home by way of Bangor and Portland—a total distance by motor of 1914 miles.

A Vacation Land.

I know of no more beautiful vacation land than these two Provinces. The roads are of gravel, but are kept in splendid condition and were a constant delight to us. I think they will prove a surprise, and a most pleasant one, to those visiting these two Provinces for the first time. Did we get any fish? Yes, we each caught our first salmon, one of fourteen pounds and one of twelve pounds, and the thrill of it lingers with us yet. So much so that we have vowed a solemn vow that, other things permitting, we will return for the salmon fishing again next year. I am not going to tell you about the fishing now. I am going to reserve that for a Nova Scotia night and a New Brunswick night sometime in the fall, when with Mrs. Burgess' help I shall try to tell you what salmon-fishing is like.

Matters of Interest.

Tonight I am going to tell you of some of the other interesting things. To begin with, a short time before we started one of our good neighbors of the air, Miss Edna O. Clarke of St. John, New Brunswick, wrote me of one of those unexplainable grouse of which we hear every once in a while—birds that seemingly drop all fear of mankind. She invited me to come to see the bird when I reached St. John. We arrived in that city at noon and immediately after lunch I called Miss Clarke and found that the bird was still making himself at home near the cottage of her sister, a few miles out of the city. We at once motored out. Miss Clarke got an apple and we moved around to the back of the cottage. At the first call the bird appeared. It was a sure enough grouse, or partridge, as it is commonly called in New England and the Provinces. Moreover, it was quite as friendly as any dog. Mrs. Burgess knelt down

with a bit of apple in her hand and the bird promptly came to her and fed from her hand with the greatest contentment. Then she walked down the path with the grouse at her heels. A hand-mirror was brought out and Mrs. Burgess held this where the bird could see its reflection. It was tremendously interested. Failing to pick a fight with itself, it would peek around back of the glass to see where the other bird was. We all went up on the back porch and the bird followed. I tried making photographs and found some difficulty in keeping the bird far enough away from the lens to get it in focus.

Pussy Tied Up.

But this isn't all the story. There is a cat living there and, fearing that the cat might make an end of such a friendly bird, pussy is kept tied up. At night she is placed under a large box on the back porch. Every morning the grouse is found perched on the top of the box. It refuses to be driven from there, boldly fighting the hands that attempt to remove it. So the man of the house pretends to be frightened; he runs down the back steps and down the path, and the grouse promptly gives chase. Then pussy is taken out.

If the folks go for a walk down to the riverbank four or five hundred yards away through the woods, the partridge accompanies them. When the bird is tired, it retires underneath a certain big spruce, where it rests. But it is always ready to come out and make friends with visitors.

Now this bird is not one which has been brought up as a pet. It is one of a flock of eight which wintered near this home and which were as shy as grouse are supposed to be. This spring, when ploughing began, three birds became friendly with the plowmen. Of these this one moved up to remain near the cottage, where ever since May it has been almost literally under foot, even coming into the kitchen. The other two friendly birds have not come up to the house, but each has established itself in a domain of its own, and there is quite friendly with visitors. One has the habit of following the plow, getting almost under the horses' feet. It also perches on the wagon. It all reminds me of the grouse which you will remember I told you of a year ago as living at Wellesley, Mass., and of the one at Martha's Vineyard this spring. So far, no logical explanation of such behaviour has been advanced. But wasn't it a delightful introduction to New Brunswick? I don't know when I have had a more enjoyable experience. So far as I know, the bird is still there.

Saw Three Moose.

Then when we reached Sussex Valley, another event occurred quite as if it had been staged for us. Naturally, I hoped while I was in the Province to see moose. Every one who goes up into the big woods wants to see moose. Well, we saw them. We had a better look at them than we had dared hope we would. But we didn't see them where we expected to see them. They, too, were on the edge of civilization. The very morning after our arrival our host, Mr. Smith, called to us to look at three moose in the meadow in front of the house. It was unbelievable, but true. The woods were some distance away. They had come leisurely across the meadow, intending to cross the road just below the house. They had been halted by the passing of lumber-wagons. Of course, I rushed for my camera and then down the road to hide at a point where I thought the great animals would cross. But they changed their minds and returned whence they had come, topping the fences as easily as a deer would. It was a great sight and enhanced my already enthusiastic opinion of New Brunswick.

And then came the final incident to quite cap the climax. We were in Fredericton, the capital city, and preparing to leave for our homeward journey. I had just come from the garage with the car. As I entered the hotel, the clerk said, "There is a call for you on the telephone." When I answered it, a woman's voice said, "Is this Mr. Burgess?" I admitted that the insinuation was true.

"I believe you are interested in birds, are you not?" said she. I admitted that this was also true.

"Well," said she, "a bird has just come down our chimney and out at the fire-place and I thought you might like to see it. It's a duck."

"It's a what?" said I, for I certainly thought that my ears were playing me tricks.

"It's a duck," said she again, "and I thought you might come over and tell us what kind of duck it is."

Of course, we went. It was a duck—a sure enough duck. It was a female Golden-eye, or Whistler, and it seemed none the worse for its experience in coming down a chimney. But what any duck in full possession of its common duck senses would be doing in a chimney was and is beyond me—particularly a chimney in a city.

You know I felt strangely at home going over to see that duck. When I am at home here in Springfield, my telephone is constantly bringing me queries of all kinds and sometimes strange incidents.

In the whole 1900-mile trip, the only wild animals we saw from the car were two or three chipmunks, a red squirrel, a woodchuck and one deer. But I think that you will agree with me that, considering the grouse, moose and duck incidents, the Province of New Brunswick made ample amends and demonstrate that it has rare opportunities for the study of wild life at home—either its own home, or somebody else's home.

LOSS OF FEZ WORRIES THE MUZZULMANS

There was nothing extraordinary about the change in the style of Turkish clothing. But the headdress! I wonder how many Europeans really appreciate the sacrifice which Mustapha Kemal imposed upon his people writes Maurice Perriot in the Revue des Deux Mondes.

Hardly has the little Mohammedan emerged from swaddling clothes than he covers his head and never thereafter uncovers it. That was the rule. The fez in time replaced the turban and then the kalpak unthroned the fez but the principle was the same. Never had the Moslem Turk gone bareheaded except at the bath or the barber shop.

Then—suddenly between one day and the next—he was ordered to salute by removing his hat to uncover when he entered a ministerial office or even a restaurant—And he obeyed.

The question of the hat rim or cap visor had always been the chief obstacle to the adoption of western headgear by the Mohammedans. The devout believer must say his prayers five times a day and in the course of each prayer must make a given number of prostrations which are not mere gestures by any means since he must touch his forehead to the ground.

How could this rite be performed while wearing a hat with a brim? One prayed with one's head covered. The Persians a subtle people devised a movable visor like an eye-shade which they could slide until it was over which ever ear was on the sunny side. I do not know whether the Turks still say their prayers or whether in order to do so they take their hats off. Nevertheless the ancient interdict still lies heavy on all hats with prominent brims.

Visitor—Well why are you here?
Prisoner—For having five wives.
Visitor—How do you enjoy your freedom?

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Blackheads—big ones or little ones—soft ones or hard ones—on any part of the body go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. To do this get about two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—and wash off. You'll wonder where the blackheads have gone. Pinching and squeezing blackheads only open the pores of the skin and leave them large and unsightly—while the simple application of peroxide powder and the water dissolve them right out, leaving the skin soft and the pores in their natural condition.

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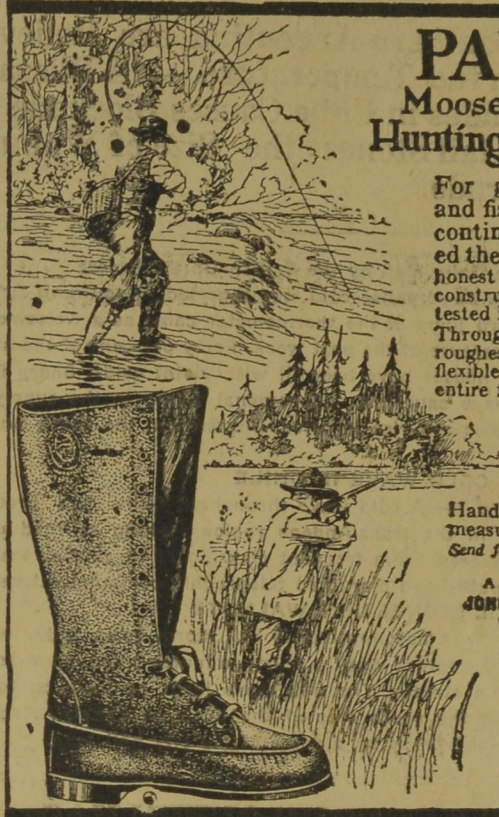
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