

HOW THE FAIRY QUEEN'S
CHRISTENING GIFT WAS FOUND

Once upon a time the Fairy Queen was asked to be God-Mother to a very important Baby Princess and wanted an especially nice Christening Gift—So she sent her five cleverest Elves to fly all over the world in search of wonderful scent sand rare perfumes and rich oils for a magic soap that would make the Baby Princess as lovely as the day is long.

Well, the first Elf flew to France and Algeria and Bulgaria, where the loveliest roses grew, and asked them to give their pretty frocks for the Magic Soap. And the roses showered their sweet petals into a big sack the Elf had brought with her, all ready to be scrunched up and give a lovely perfume.

The second Elf flew to Africa and there she made friends with the king's daughter, who gave her cloves and Veivert—that is a scented root—rather like our sweet grass.

And the third Elf went to India and found Patchouli—a plant whose leaves smell something like mint, and the pretty yellow wood is very fragrant.

But the fourth Elf had the most dangerous time, for she daringly flew to an island near Italy called Messina, where there lived some fierce fruit called Bergamots who were very nasty and disagreeable but who nevertheless wore exquisitely perfumed coats. The Elf crept up when the whole treeful were asleep and snipped off a bit of their coats here and there where it would not be missed—and was just tiptoeing away when a big fat Bergamot awoke and with a great yell prepared to fall on her and crush her. But the elf called to the Flower Fairies to help her and they seized her quickly and hid her beneath a toadstool till the Bergamots had gone to sleep again when she scampered off home with her treasure.

On her way she met the fifth Elf who had clear golden cocoanut oil from Cochinchina and sticky scented gums from the East Indies.

And when they all arrived back they found that the Palace Pussy Cat who wanted to help his mistress had been all the way to Abyssinia (that is Bible Story Land) to see a cousin of his, the Civit Cat, who carries a delicious perfume with him in a tiny bag and had gladly given it to Pussy—And Civit had kindly introduced the Fairy cat to a Chinese friend of his, the Musk Deer, who had some rare scent in a secret sack under his tummy which he also gave for the Christening Gift.

How pleased the Fairy Queen was! Quickly she carried all the marvelous things to a Mortal friend of hers who was a soap maker and he worked with his helpers day and night and produced the most wonderful soap he had ever made just in time for the Christening.

And the Princess Grew up so beautiful she married the richest and handsomest Prince that ever was, and on her wedding day when the Fairy Queen came to see her, she said: "Dear God-Mother, couldn't you ask

SUGGESTED MENU
FOR JUNE BRIDES

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

This year's prospective brides who receive nicked and beribboned can openers in showers arranged by their helpful and playful friends can face the traditional suggestion of tinned food diet with strong support. Prof. W. H. Eddy of the Columbia University has stated in an address to the American Chemical Society that vitamins A, B, C, and G are present in forty-nine canned foods in amounts adequate for robust health. He gave the new culinary experimenters practical aid by suggesting a honeymoon "canned menu" in detail.

It will be safe for the young wives to rely, he said, on canned milk, meats, fowl, sixteen common vegetables, fruits, deserts and even canned brown bread. The experiments that led to the deductions noted were made with rats and guinea pigs as subjects and all averaged better in weight than those fed on a stock diet. The rat experiment was carried on throughout a year, and this period, the professor said, was equal to a period of twenty-five years in the life of a human.

Thus far laboratory research experts have not been able to learn from the conversation between the rats whether or not they derived as much pleasure from the canned diet as they did from the stock foods. This hiatus in complete survey will not be lacking when June brides, if they dare, apply the honeymoon canned diet to the husbands who possess both conversational ability and trained palates. There will be nothing lacking in remark in such cases as the bride's tinned menu embraces.

Human nature is much the same the world around, and now that it's permitted, we dare say Gandhi hasn't been down to the beach more than a couple of times to make up a batch of home salt.

Another growing tendency noted in the last year among hard-pressed humorists is to attribute any of the wilder scientific predictions to a character known simply as "a Chicago professor."

your friend the Soap-Maker to make heaps and heaps of my wonderful soap, and give it to all the little folk and all the big folk in the world. I feel so selfish enjoying it all to myself."

"That is a good kind God-Daughter," said the Fairy Queen—and she told the soap maker, who promised to do as the Princess wished.

And he went on making the Magic Soap all his life, and after that his son and his grand-son went on making it. And do you know it is really your Baby's Own Soap, and it is because it is made of the perfume oils from all the wonderful things that the five Elves found all over the world that it smells so sweet and makes such heaps of fluffy creamy bubbles and helps little folk and big folk to grow as lovely as the day is long.

NEW YORK
POLITICS MADE
AT FUNERALS

New York, April 25—The big Tammany funeral is a civic institution which seems to have been missed by Lord Bryce and other commentators on our American civics," writes Alva Johnson in Harper's Magazine. "The big funerals are to New York what the town meetings were to the early New Englanders. This comes about in the following way:

"The man who achieves prominence in Tammany in New York is born with or has cultivated a winning personality; he has made an art of friendship and is punctilious in all social relationships. A big Tammany man by the time he reaches middle age numbers his close friends by the thousands.

"As he grows older the mortality in his circle increases and his schedule of funerals becomes heavier and heavier until his day often consists of hurrying from one to another. A big Tammany funeral calls together politicians from all parts of the city.

"After the ceremony they talk things over. Nominations are discussed, policies planned. The sentiment of New York's ruling class crystallizes at these melancholy parliaments. In the political structure of New York the gambling joints and speakeasies called Tammany district clubs form a house of representatives, the great funerals a senate. The city, it is true, has a mayor, a board of aldermen and a board of estimate, but their normal function is to vote "aye" on what is placed before them.

THE C.N. LINER
PRINCE ROBERT
IN CANAL ZONE

Balboa, Panama Canal, April 27—The Canadian National Liner "Prince Robert", Capt. H. E. Neddon, passed here Saturday completing her passage through the canal on a 6,000 miles' voyage from Halifax, N. S., to Vancouver via Boston, Cuba, Panama Canal, Manzanillo in Mexico, San Francisco, and Victoria, B. C. The ship's Maritime people as well as other Canadians and also Americans, are taking a Canadian National sea and land tour of 10,000 miles around and across the North American continent. On arrival at Vancouver, the "Prince Robert" will go into the Company's Pacific coast service. She is due at Vancouver, May 8th.

Contrary to the common supposition elephants do not resent being given tobacco, says Dr. Mann of the National Zoo. Well, just so long as they don't amble about the office, borrowing it.

We try our best to keep posted on the domestic arrangements of Jack Dempsey and wife, but never learned who sounds the starting gong.

SPRING WAS SIGHTED FROM A
NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER; THE
HOSTESS OF CLOUDS KEEPS WATCH

(New York Sun)

Spring can't tip-toe into New York any more. Too many skyscrapers are watching. It can skip Central Park, dodge the Battery and sneak into somebody's back yard uptown and set a heaven tree afire with green flame before even the Village poets know what's happened, but up in the skyscrapers somebody always spots it.

For instance, the Chrysler Tower folk can tell you the day and almost the hour when spring unpacked her trunks this year. It was about two weeks ago, and she was up to her old trick of popping out in the most unlikely place—a dingy little sinkhole courtyard on East Forty sixth street. One afternoon the courtyard was cold and gloomy and gray; overnight spring came and the next morning a few black branches were showing faint green against the brick walls.

Then Central Park began to change, and now a clear day spots the whole city with green. The park's grass is bright again after the winter's dead brown, although the trees at the southern end are still black skeletons and probably won't show their new color against the vivid grass for a week or two. The two bright grass plots on Welfare Island are livening up, and Tudor City is positively brilliant.

Up in the neighboring of the Chrysler Tower there aren't many inside courts in view, but here and there a couple of scrawny trees are showing fresh buds when the light is right.

Hostess Of The Clouds

Loretta Kenny is the "hostess" of the Tower and keeps track of the seasons. She thought she caught spring by the forelock almost three weeks ago when a familiar backyard far over toward the East River turned green between 10 o'clock and noon. It was just somebody's three green shirts on a clothes line, though.

"At that it was a sure sign of spring, wasn't it?" she suggested.

Miss Kenny does a lot of traveling over New York during a day—by telephone.

"I declare, sometimes at the end of the day I feel as tired as if I'd been walking all over thim town, just from jumping about from one end of it to the other in my mind so much," she said. "People try to pick out something as far away as they can see and want to know what it is. If they have airplane sightseeing trips. I'd be a good guide. I can find about everything in New York from the top of this tower, but I'd be lost on the ground."

Her job is to answer questions and she's never out of a job. A good many of the visitors to the tower are out-of-town folk and one thing they always want to see is the hotel where they're staying. Miss Kenny knows all of them by their roofs, although she has a good deal of trouble making other people see and recognize them. About all she can say when she's pointing out some particular place is:

"It's right over there, just to the left of that tall building." Usually some other tall building gets-in the way of her finger.

What A Storm Looks Like

A snowstorm from a seat in the clouds is a grand sight, Miss Kenny thinks. The tower is usually deserted then—if anybody comes up it isn't because he wants to see the views but usually because he's from out of town and can't find any other time to go up, and doesn't want to go back home without being able to say he was up in the Chrysler Tower. Lots of people come up for that reason—all the visitors on rainy and dull days when there's no visibility at all are sightseers who can't go home without experience.

During the heavy snowstorm there's absolute silence up in the clouds. Everything is hidden down below and it's almost like being buried in a snowdrift. Sometimes the wind causes a curious effect during a hard rain storm. If the rain is driving from the west, the west, north and south sides of the building are curtained—it's impossible to see anything down below. But on the east side away from the storm, the tremendous bulk of the

building forms a shelter and the view down to the street is clear.

Low clouds, of course, sometimes cut off the tower and while the visibility is perfect from the lower floors—say the twenty-fifth—up on the seventy first there's nothing to be seen but gray mist.

Even though there's been a lot written about the stainless steel sheath of the tower, almost all visitors are still curious about it, and all the attendants in the observation room have to be well informed on the particular matter. German visitors invariably ask about it—they seem to be more interested in the mechanical and technical features than visitors of any other nationality. They buy all the printed material in the little souvenir shop. Spaniards usually buy picture postcards but aren't so curious about construction and the metal.

One Australian visitor was so enthusiastic about the view that he made fifteen trips up there in the course of a week. Each time he brought two or three friends traveling in the same party with him, bought every kind of picture and booklet for them, and souvenir ashtrays made of the stainless metal.

The attendants aren't required to be able to speak several languages, but they pick up a smattering of several because they're asked questions in almost every tongue. One girl in the souvenir shop has learned to say: "That's the Empire State Building" in six different languages. When she heard the other day that Prince Takamatsu and Princess Kikuko were going to visit the tower Monday afternoon she learned it in Japanese—Kore-wa Empire State Building desu—but the Prince didn't ask her.

ENGLISH WILLS
AMUSE LONDONERS
TTOI AAAR F

London, England, April 25—Many unique wills have provided amusement to readers here for years, but one of the strangest is believed to be that of John Q. Murray, who left \$1000 to his 22-year-old granddaughter, provided she never:

Bobs her hair; uses lipstick; paints her face; goes to dances, or cinema; displays gold or jewelry; wears short skirts or any styles not perfectly modest and in harmony with Bible teaching.

In contrast, was the will of Mrs. Lucy Heaton of Scarborough who ordered her son and daughter:

"I wish them both to put 10 shillings into the Calcutta Sweep each year and I hope that they may be more lucky than their mother has ever been."

William Cooke Kettle, former registrar of Wolverhampton county court said in his will:

"I request my dear wife not to save my material part of her income but to have the pleasure of giving it away as I have done."

MARY GARDEN
MAY RETIRE

Chicago, Illinois, April 25—The Tribune said today that terrification of rumors that Mary Garden will be missing from the roster of artists of the Chicago Civic Opera Co. when the season starts this coming fall, is indicated indirectly.

Opera fans, the Tribune said, who looked at the photographs of the stars of the company, just placed in the window of the opera house "noted the absence of the soprano, who for past seasons has been acknowledged the best drawing card in the entire galaxy."

Officials of the company could not be reached.

As the war with dandelions grows progressively less hopeful, we concede more and more wisdom to a Biloxi hotel owner who seeded his lawn with green concrete.

IF YOU INSIST

("Keep Kissable!"—Slogan of a cigarette Company)

I'd like to kiss you, lady fair;
The urge I find quite hard to
cloak, dear,

But sweet I'd hardly ever dare
Until I know just what you smoke,
dear.

Your ruby lips arouse in me
The mad impulse to kiss and let
kiss—

But I must know with certainty
The maker of your cigarette,
miss.

Your cheeks they have that
schoolgirl glow,
In fact, your beauty knocks me
smacko,

But ere I kiss you I must know
What is your favorite tobacco.

My girl, you've got me off my nut—
I can no longer help but tell you;
I'd kiss you if you'd whisper what
You let the cigarette clerks sell
you,

What's that? . . . You must be kissed
right now!

You love me with a faith
unerring?

Oh, well, I'll kiss any anyhow—
Smoke what you wish, including
herring!

H. I. PHILLIPS, in New York
Sun.

GOOD PROGRAM
TO BE ON THE
AIR TUESDAY

The following is the list of radio programs for Tuesday evening of stations easily picked up in Fredericton:

CFNB FREDERICTON

8.30—Weather Forecasts, News, Columbia Records.

12.30—Columbia Records.

1.15—Stock Market.

7.00—Weather Forecast, Stock Market Report.

WOR, NEWARK

7.00—Uncle Don Concert.

9.00—Footlight Echoes.

9.30—Orchestra.

10.15—Organ Orchestra.

10.30—Globe Trotters.

12.00—News; Dance Music.

WEAF, NEW YORK

7.30—Seconyland Sketches.

8.00—Blackstone Plantation.

8.30—Florsheim Frolic.

9.00—Musical Magazine.

9.30—Happy Wonder Bakers.

10.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.

11.00—Rapid Transit.

12.00—Orchestra.

WJZ, NEW YORK

6.45—Lowell Thomas.

7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.

7.15—Gus Van.

7.30—Phil Cook.

7.45—Ramblers.

8.00—Whitman's Painters.

8.30—Breer Leaf Boys.

8.45—Polly Preston.

9.00—Household Evening Program.

9.30—Death Valley Days.

10.45—Boswell Line.

WABC, NEW YORK

7.30—Studio Program.

9.00—Henry George.

10.00—Graybars, Mr. and Mrs.

10.30—Publix Hour.

10.00—News Bulletins.

CKAC, MONTREAL

7.00—Smiles in Chuckles.

7.05—Fish and Game Talk.

7.30—Dr. Sanders organist.

8.00—Watch Program.

9.00—L'Heure Provinciale.

10.00—CNRM, Canadian National Railways.

11.00—Molson's Orchestra.

11.15—Paramount Publix Hour.

11.00—Jack Denny's Orchestra.

12.30—Studio Organ Music.

CNRA MONCTON

8.00—L'Heure Provinciale.

9.00—CNRM, Canadian National Railways.

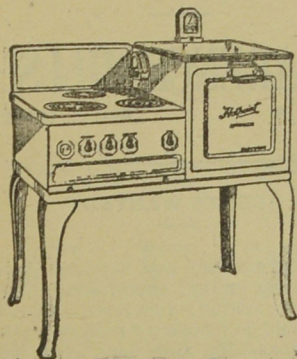
10.00—Molson's Orchestra.

3.15—News Bulletin.

6.15—Stock Reports.

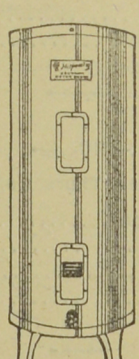
6.30—Dinner Period of Music.

10.00—French-Canadian Hour.

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RANGE OR WATER HEATER

24
MONTHS
to
PAY

DON'T wait any longer to buy your Hotpoint Electric Range and Water Heater. Our Special Offer closes soon. Spreading the cost over 2 or 2½ years will bring it down to a few cents a day. Come in today and we will show you these two comforting appliances . . . and discuss their cost of operation with you. There will be no obligation on your part. Under Associated Low Energy Rates both electric cooking and water heating are economical. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to cook electrically or to have automatic electric hot water service.



30
MONTHS
to
PAY

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of the
ASSOCIATED GAS AND ELECTRIC SYSTEM
FREDERICTON : NEW BRUNSWICK

