

ENQUIRIES ANSWERED IN THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE

Hon. Dr. Landry, in reply to Mr. Dugal's inquiry in the House on Wednesday, said:

1—Have any convictions been had against persons holding licenses for sale of liquor under the Liquor License Act in the Town of Edmundston in the years 1914 and 1915 and have funds been collected under such convictions. If so, who were convicted and who paid fines and what is the amount of each?

Ans.—In year 1914 one fine of \$50 was paid by Charles Raoul Belanger, who was not a licensee and who had not been granted a license since. In 1915 no fine was paid. In January 1916 by George Arsenault, not a licensee, when the fine was paid nor a license now. In January 1916 the sum of \$230 was paid in fines to Magistrate J. A. Sharest of St. Jacques, the dates of these convictions were not given, the catet were not pleaded, the settlement out of court being effected, the details are not known. No license has been issued in the Town of Edmundston to persons who were not entitled to them on account of previous violations of the Liquor License Act.

2—Were there any informations laid against any party or parties other than licensees. If so, against whom and who were convicted and what amounts were collected from each?

Ans.—Answered by answer to question 1.

3—Are any of those who have been convicted and paid fines now holding license.

Ans.—Answered by answer to question 1.

Hon. Mr. Murray, in reply to Mr. Pelletier's inquiry, said:

1—Has the government any report from the Public Utilities Commission as to the different complaints that have been made and adjustment of rates asked for during the year?

2—If so, is the report to be laid on the table and published in the journals of the House?

3—What amounts were levied on each Public Utility in the province during the last fiscal year for the support of the Utilities Commission and what was the cost of the commission and the expenses of each member of it?

Ans. to questions 1, 2 and 3—The government has not the information asked for in the above questions, as under the Act the Public Utilities Commission does not have to make returns to the government. The government has under consideration the alteration of the legislation in this respect.

Hon. Dr. Landry, in reply to Mr. Dugal's inquiry, said:

1—Has Louis E. Young, clerk of the circuits for Carleton, paid any amounts and made any returns to the Province of New Brunswick for moneys received by him in his official capacity for Short Hand Fees?

Ans.—Yes.

2—If so, what amount or amounts did he pay and on what date or dates?

MARYSVILLE NOTES

Marysville, April 18—Mr. G. L. Inch has sold out his meat business at this place to Mr. Frank McElman of Gibson. Mr. McElman will take over the business at once, while Mr. Inch will enlist for overseas service. The work of wiring Main Street Baptist church is nearing completion. It is understood the lights will be turned on about June 1.

Road Commissioner W. Estabrooks has a crew of men at work repairing the roads and streets.

Mr. Eugene Savage of Newcastle, will move his family to this place on May 1.

A number of young people met at Orange Hall on Tuesday evening and enjoyed a social dance.

Mr. Samuel T. McNutt of Stanley, was a recent visitor at this place.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Stafford, when their son Norman, was united in marriage to Miss Lily Lucas. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Hicks in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride was the recipient of many costly and useful articles, showing the esteem in which the young couple are held. Mr. and Mrs. Stafford will reside in Marysville for the present.

Mr. Alex. Fraser, who owns a mill on the Nashwaak, has purchased from the Partington Co. some of the machinery in the old saw mill at this place.

Ans.—The amount of \$165 was paid in on March 27, 1916, to cover the year since 1910.

3—If he made a payment of payments what years since 1910 did the said cover with respect to any Short Hand Fees due the province and how much was credited to each year?

Ans.—Answered by answer to question 2.

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Best For Liver and Bowels, Bad
Breath, Bad Colds, Sour
Stomach.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels of sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this position reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanses the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.

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Landlady—Who are you?
New Guest—I am a performer.
"What do you do?"
"I escape from tight places."
"Without anybody seeing you do it?"
"Yes."
"Well, if that's the case you'll have to pay in advance."

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OUR ASSORTMENT IS DISTINCTIVE and possesses many new features.

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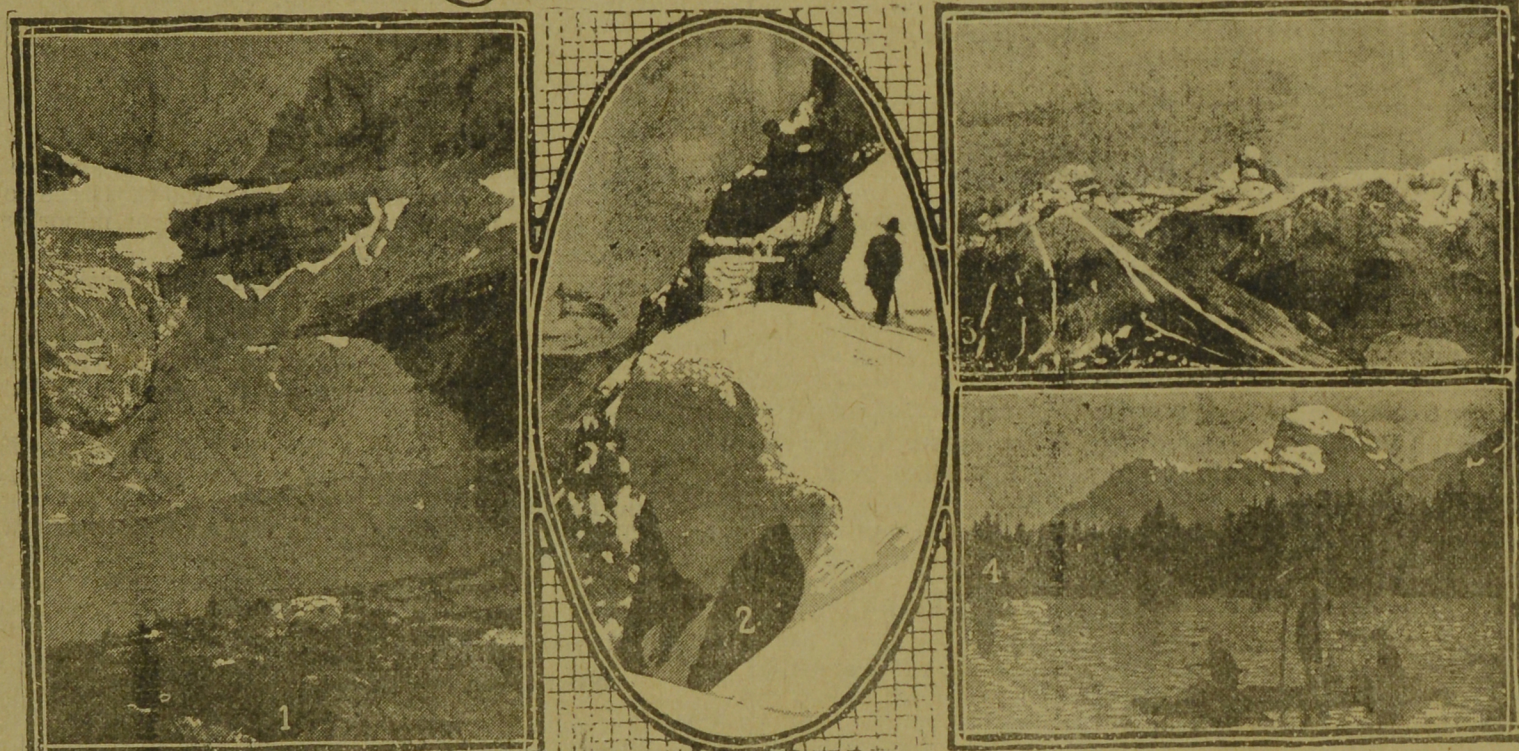
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WONDERWORLD of the PTARMIGAN VALLEY



(1) Lone Tree Lake and Wall of Jericho in Ptarmigan Valley. (2) Snow Cornice on Ptarmigan, showing Douglas in distance. (3) Black and White Douglas. (4) Mt. Black Douglas. (5) Looking down Corral Creek from Ptarmigan Lake, showing Mount Temple. (6) Lone Tree Lake and Lake Myosotis and the base of Ptarmigan Peak.

A WAY yonder in the wonder world of the Canadian Pacific Rockies—the wonder world that yet awaits full exploration—there is a valley where the Ptarmigan live and breed and die, where the mother hen clucks to her chirping brood and where she warns them of the danger of strange two-legged animals known as men, but from whom she is powerless to protect them.

So the wise men who give places their names, have marked this particular region as Ptarmigan Valley, and its guardian peak as Ptarmigan Mountain. In this wild Alpine area, thus named after a bird, will be found one of the thousand beauty spots of our Canadian Switzerland, including every type of scenery that belongs to a mountain area: turbulent rivers, fed by countless glacial tributaries, leaping in headlong flight to the lower levels and the ultimate sea; alpine meadows carpeted with a profusion of flowers, canyons depths, forested retreats opening into expansive valleys, cliffs, peaks, rocky ramparts, snow cornices and ice fields making the avalanches that reverberate like a Flanders bombardment. There are lakes, beautiful beyond compare, deep-hearted pools, waterfalls of all heights, musketry traps and rock strewn trails, and glacial boulders stranded far from their northern habitat in the mysterious north of a mysterious ice age.

There are moreover signs of wild life on every hand. The Ptarmigan is everywhere, standing stupidly in one's way, deer and bear tracks freshly made on the snow, goat paths that point the way to summits, marmots that whistle, gophers that invade tent and larder as impudently as porcupine, while an occasional bunny or a flying eagle add variety to the mountain zoo.

Let us hit the trail together for this Canadian Garden of the Gods, where nature may be viewed in all her sublimity and variety, and where He who made the hills has placed circles and

ranges of mighty summits rivaling each other in towering heights through and beyond the fleecy clouds.

It will be at Lake Louise station that pack ponies will be diamond-bitted and saddle ponies mounted. Heading northward, little but lively Corral Creek blocks the way and demands the first of scores of wading processes with the water dashing over feet and leggings. But water doesn't count on the trail, whether in wet feet or a down-pour from the sky, for warmth and dryness are at the end of the trail. And such a glorious trail it is, like an unfolding panorama with new scenes at every turn, a succession of God's canvases in the great gallery of the open air.

It is all uphill for the first league or two. At each succeeding altitude a turn in the saddle held the eye spell-bound with the scene to the south where, like soldiers on parade, thirty miles of giant peaks lined up and made a beautiful vision: the Ten Peaks, lordly Temple, Aberdeen, Lefroy dominating Lake Louise, Victoria's Glacier, glistening white. We are high enough to even catch an entrancing glimpse of Lake Louise. It is truly an upheaved world where "hills peep o'er hills and alps on alps arise."

Now it is facing forward as a new world stands revealed. Yonder is a speck of white in an immensity of space. Thanks be, it is a tent and a curl of smoke. How the heart of the trail-hitter warms to the sight! Shelter, food, warmth, a balsam bough-bed, mugs of tea, rashers of bacon, pails of prunes, squares of Banff bread, what more could mortal ask?

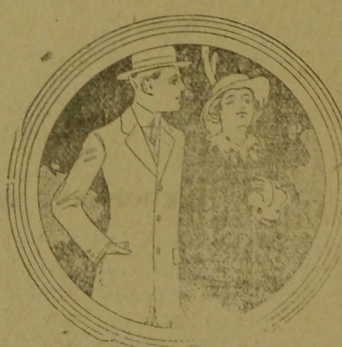
The next day, and a red letter day it will prove to be. The early morning sun ushers in a day of wondrous charm that makes every nerve tingle with the glow of life. Radiating valleys on every hand invite exploration, shimmering summits look down upon us as giants upon pygmies, cascades made the hills has placed circles and

and the world of men and war seems to belong to another planet. Off we start on another trail, thrilling at every turn with the sensation of the first sight of nature marvels. We make for One Tree Pass, where the footmarks of what have been a giant brain were freshly made. Do not the very names of Merlin Lake and Merlin Castle sound seductive? And little Lake Myosotis is a miniature Lake Louise and no less beautiful, dammed up in a basin formed by the tilting of the strata, the overflow in a trickling stream making the birth of a river. Yonder rise the Walls of Jericho, forbidding in their black and frowning mass. Through the Stokly Valley we make a detour, catching a glimpse of massive Hector to the west, with Cathedral Peak asserting its lordliness of height.

Tramping through fallen timber, over

treacherous scree, fording streams on bridges of a single log, and at times being mired in a hidden muskeg, are mere incidents in the day's fun. The happy hours fly quickly until, as the day hurries to its close, we hurried to another camp on the Red Deer, under the lee of the Black and White Douglas peaks, towering over 11,000 feet above sea level and curious Mount Molar filling the sky canvass with its tooth-like summit. Here were more lakes, more Niagaras, more flower-strewn vales, more literal ups and downs, for a trail is rarely content to work on the level.

So the happy days sped away until the last one came, the last camp that was enjoyed, and the final bit of mule travel as the return journey was made, and a most delightful trip came to an end.



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