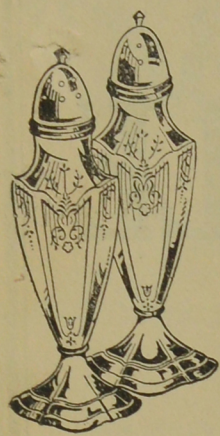


Salt and Pepper Shakers



FREE

The large 10c. package of Rosebud contains ONE "Poker Hand".

The larger 15c. package contains TWO "Poker Hands."

In exchange for four complete sets of "Poker Hands" that are packed with Rosebud, the mild, fragrant cut plug tobacco.

These silver plated, satin finished shakers are very attractive in design; five inches in height; and packed in a suitable box.

Smoke **ROSEBUD**
and Save the "Poker Hands"

THE BEAUTIES OF SICILY ARE RELATED BY A NOVELIST; AN HISTORIC LITTLE ISLAND

It was well after dark when we ferried across the straits of Messina and were at last on the soil of Sicily. All the shore line was lighted up with the electric lights of the little cities, making a beautiful picture.

We spent the night in a very good modern hotel in Messina—for the city was almost wholly destroyed by the last earthquake, and has been rebuilt—and in the early morning were on the train again, skirting the southern rim of the island, for Taormina. More hilltop towns and palaces, more old crumbling houses, remains of ancient temples, ruins, orange and lemon groves showing the blight of the cold weather, gardens, wild flowers, eucalyptus and pepper trees, fishermen hauling in nets, strings of peppers, drying in doorways, trees in bloom, and ever more trees, till by the time, we reached Taormina the whole hillside had become one mass of pinky-white almond blossoms, writes Anne Shannon Monroe in the Portland Oregonian.

And burros! Surely Sicily is the starting point of all the burros in the world! Smaller, leaner, harder—like little dogs, many of them, hauling the gay little carts, all dressed up in red paint, ribbons, plumes and silver fittings. A story book country, with nothing changed in all the centuries of life on its hilltops. And

yet, other travelers declare it has changed. They say they wouldn't know Sicily; it used to be so much dirtier, poorer, squalid. But certainly none of the beauty is gone, none of the easy laziness, none of the sitting in the sun letting the world go by. But this for the men, I should hasten to add—not the women. They work here, as everywhere in Italy; they and the burros.

An old man waked from his slumbers on his carriage seat, and piling our bags in, drove us up the winding road, up and up and up, to the village, which begins on a plateau, a narrow flat expanse, about half way up the hill, and creeps on to the top, 1300 feet, where a great old "palazzo" crowns the summit. His horse plodded along, never hurried and the scene was gradually unfolded as we ascended.

Mount Etna Seen

Off against the sky was Mount Etna, snow white, so recently having erupted that the lava that had rolled down its terrible sides was still "hot burning," according to the native news. The sea, when looking down on it, and by contrast with the coal black stream that had poured out into it, making projecting points, was a more intense blue than ever; as was the sky by reason of the yellow

hills and the yellow castles and walls that rimmed them.

While close by were details that swept us back through the centuries a long row of tombs, a wall of them the Necropolis of the last Roman period; over there the Great theatre built first in the Greek era, and rebuilt in the Roman—now a mass of picturesque ruins, but with some walls standing, great columns, lookout platforms, high and fine against the sky. An around every turn, a glimpse of monastery, monument, palazzo, cathedral or some marvelous old door-way, or wall or tower.

We found the hotel delightful, with a most cordial host, who wanted to do everything for our comfort, and started the day right by giving us the most beautiful rooms that opened onto our own private sun room, with windows all around, that looked off to the sea, and the hills, and the almond trees. The season had been a bad one, what the severe cold and tourists were only beginning to arrive, so there was no overcrowding. And as we had arrived at the lunch hour, and were starved, we were delighted to find, with our first meal in Sicily, that the Sicilians knew how to cook.

Everything was so well done, and so bountifully served with a host ever hovering near, to see that you enjoyed each dish he had offered—and if you don't, he would order something else! and on our way back to our rooms, perfectly happy about everything, if we didn't discover that our hotel had its own long row of three-tiered Saracen tombs, visible not four feet away, through the corridor windows.

In fact, the hotel had been built up almost against them, hiding them from the street; and now they were occupied exclusively by the hotel hens, busily scratching about, and we had what satisfaction there was in knowing that our omelette eggs would come fresh to us at any rate even if the daylight crowing was going to rob that assurance from some of its joy. But tombs for a chicken yard! It was startling.

But oh, the funny little narrow, winding street, strung with treasures, walled with antiquity, filled with the life of Sicily. In every one of the old doorways women and girls working, from daylight to dark, at their frames, doing that marvelous needlework on which Sicilian eyes have been focussed for centuries. Exquisite little stitches! the tiny girls are started, we found, at five and six years, and are kept at day after day, and year after year, till romance time begins; then when the lover comes, they run away, have their romance for three days, come back and are married; and start in, bending over the embroidery frame, there to stay till they die, supporting husbands and children, as their mothers did before them.

Husbands everywhere, sitting in the sun watching the women work, maybe playing with a baby or a puppy; sometimes prodding a burro up the hill when not riding it, their long legs almost touching the ground on either; sometimes making music with the weird little native instruments, homemade piccolos and bagpipes of queen variations that emit a whining sound not so bad at a distance. Sometimes several players, composing a sort of an orchestra, trail along the winding hill street, making music, and followed by rag-tags and bobtails. A little boy with a huge green parrot in a cage was trotting along with one such group, collecting the coins of the generous. The parrot made him a centre of attraction—good psychology.

And so their lives run along. No sanitation, much blindness. But the needlework is after all a godsend. What would they do otherwise? And the blindness is from lack of sanitation, not from the needlework, we are told. There is no fretting about it, they just sit, endlessly pushing the needle in and out.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 2 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.

the girls seem to like me.

David—You always were the lucky guy.

SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES BETWEEN NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND THE MARITIMES

For the Summer season 1929, exceptionally attractive schedules will be placed in effect between New York and Boston, and the Maritime Provinces, and will prove of much interest to the regular and tourist traffic.

THE GULL will operate daily leaving Boston 10.40 P. M. arriving Saint John 2.00 P. M. Daylight time. On the return leaves Saint John at 7.45 P. M. Daylight time, arriving North Station Boston 6.55 A. M. following day. This train will carry Compartment Lounge car, Standard Sleepers and through Day Coaches.

In addition to the above the PINE TREE ACADIAN will be operated June 28th to September 6th inclusive, five days a week each way, leaving Boston at 3.20 P. M. Mondays to Fridays inclusive, arriving Saint John at 7.10 A. M. Daylight time. Tuesdays to Saturdays inclusive, arriving Boston 8.50 P. M. same evening. This train will carry standard sleepers in which parlor car accommodation may be obtained from Saint John to Boston, also through day coaches and will give a two train a day service for five days a week.

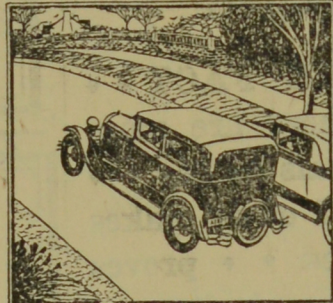
The New York services will be maintained by the DOWN EASTER which will operate one day a week each way leaving New York, Grand Central Station, every Friday, June 28th to August 30th, at 9.02 mornings. On the return leave Saint John at 7.45 P. M. Daylight time Sundays, arriving in New York at 5.07 P. M. following afternoon. The car will not be operated on Sunday September 1st, but will leave Saint John on Monday, September 2nd instead arriving New York afternoon of September 3rd.

It is anticipated that this excellent service will be patronized by even a greater number of Tourists than in previous years and it is expected to be very popular with the other travelers as well.

Any local ticket agent can supply complete details and make desired reservations.

Power and Control

THE powerful Ford engine, developing 40 horsepower at 2200 revolutions, gives the Ford car amazing pickup, hill climbing ability and speed with a minimum of effort. A slow speed engine such as this, seems to be conserving its strength when the car is travelling at high speeds and it is turning comparatively slowly even when the speedometer registers 60 and over. This makes for enduring performance.



Everywhere you go, you note the smooth speed, power and acceleration of the Ford Car—its alert, capable performance in traffic, on hills and on the open road. It is really an unusual value.

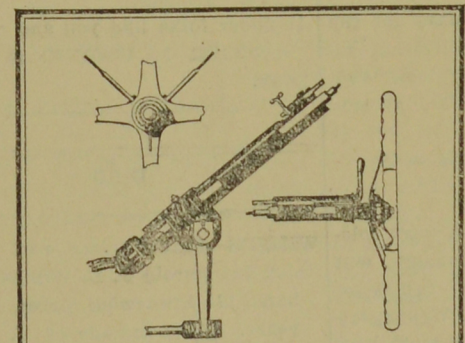
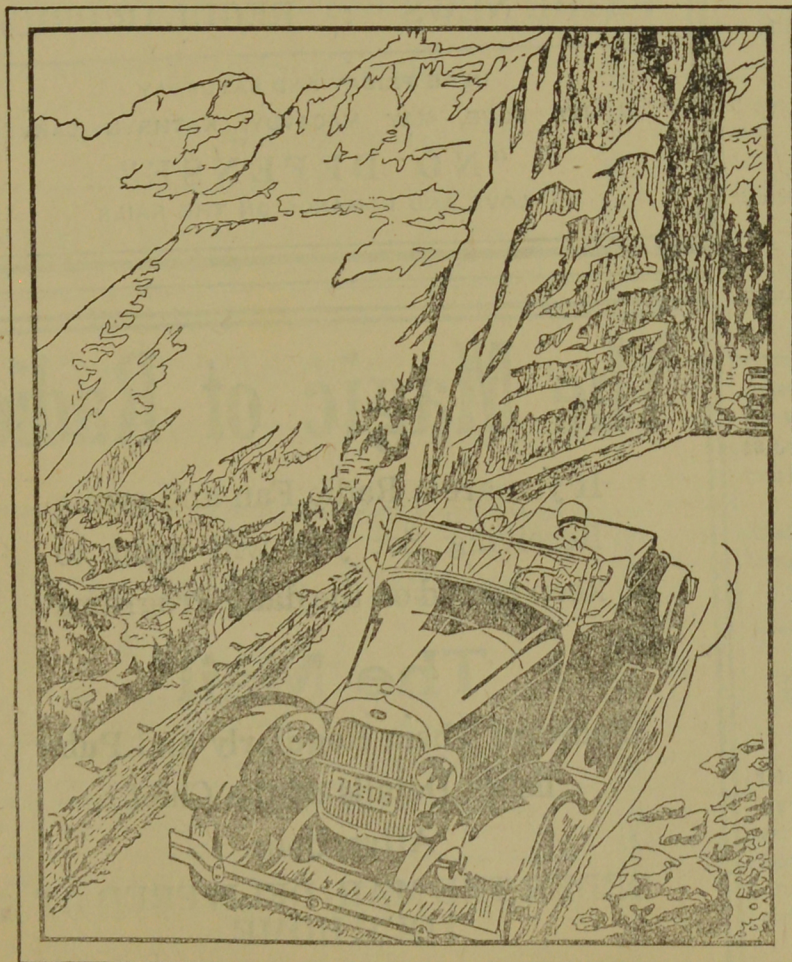
LOW UPKEEP—The maintenance of Ford performance is in keeping with Ford traditions; given care and proper attention, no other car on the road may be driven at less cost per mile. And the price of the Ford car spread over a number of years' motoring pleasure and satisfaction, reduces to an absolute economy this mode of comfortable and convenient transportation.

DEMONSTRATION—Ask your Ford dealer to let you drive a Ford car. He will be glad to take you out. Select the steepest hills, the heaviest going—you will be amazed at the power at your command.

A demonstration will convince you of the outstanding merit of the Ford car. "Drive it yourself; there is no better test."

Also request your Ford dealer to show you the hidden, inbuilt quality features of the car which make it so enduring.

TIME PAYMENT—If you prefer to buy out of income, you will find the authorized time payment plan offered by all Ford dealers most attractive.



Steering Gear

The Ford steering gear is of the three-quarter irreversible, worm and sector type. Through this system the driver may operate the front wheels very easily, and bumps encountered by the front wheels cannot affect the steering wheel. The steering wheel is made of welded tubular steel covered with a bakelized rubber composition which gives it strength, life, an attractive finish, and a comfortable grip.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

People who prize the finer things of life usually demand Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea. A money-back guarantee with every package.

RED ROSE
TEA "is good tea"
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good