

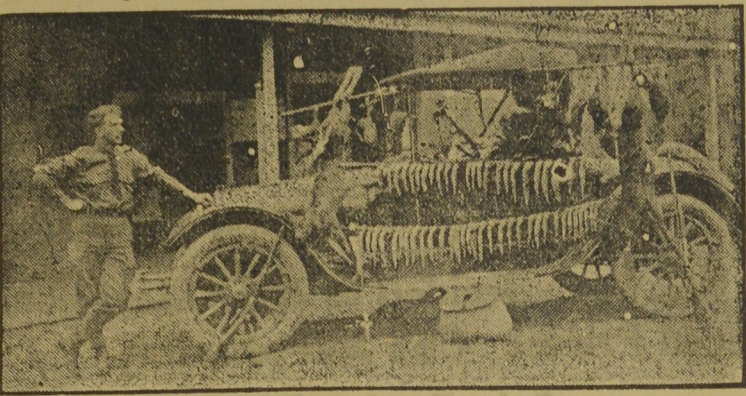
A Somewhat Forgotten Asset

IN these hard times, it is necessary to gather together and examine all our assets, and although the Dominion is the lucky possessor of so many natural ones, there are still many which people have not yet realized that they have, and amongst these is the asset of sport and game.

It is quite possible for the unimaginative person to say that sport cannot possibly be an asset.

There is hardly any portion of the country that does not satisfy the most enthusiastic fisherman, and further it contains several districts, especially in British Columbia, which have become noted all over the world. A glance at the register of the small lodge at Fish Lake, near Kamloops, will show that people have come from all over the world, and on taking the average it will be found that more people from outside the Province of British Columbia camp there than those who live in it. This lake, it might be mentioned, contains genuine rainbow trout, which are taken practically only on a fly and their gameness is a thing to wonder at. It is not at all uncommon to see a fish jump eight or nine times after it has been hooked. Then there is the Thompson River, which contains, or has the reputation of containing, the largest trout in British Columbia. In this district duck, geese, and when there is no close season, grouse can be killed in quantities that should satisfy the most ardent sportsman. To the south in the hills there are deer and bear, to say nothing of lynx, coyotes, and other such animals.

Then there is the Nelson District, which is the centre of the Kootenay country, and from which place one can reach the celebrated Bonnington Pool and Bonnington Falls. The fishing here is very good indeed, and the best way to describe its popularity amongst the people of that district is to merely state that the C. P. R. run a special train there on Sun-



A day's fishing at Campbell River, Vancouver Island, B.C.

day mornings and evenings. There game here, too, deer are easily obtainable in the surrounding district.

Sicamous, too, is another large field for the sportsman. This little settlement, which is the junction for the Okanagan, is situated on the shores of Shuswap Lake, the waters of which contain many kinds and species of fish, and the shores of which are the mecca of many bear hunters, to say nothing of the wild ducks.

The newly completed Kettle Valley Railway has opened an entirely new district for the lover of out of doors sports, and one has only to glance at the map and they will see that there are numerous lakes, small rivers and streams, some of which have never been fished. What more could an angler wish for? Game is plentiful here also, more especially round what is known as the Coquihalla Pass and into what is termed The Skagett, and the country surrounding Skagett Lake. This is quite easy of access for the people who live in Vancouver.

The British Columbia coast is noted for its fishing and hunting grounds, and space does not allow of a detailed description, but within a few hours of Vancouver itself there is a field for the mountaineer which is unrivalled, even in the Rocky Mountains. True, the Coast Mountains might not be so high, but for variety and flora they are hard to beat.

On Vancouver Island there is Campbell River, which, apart from its fame as the great fishing ground for the Tye salmon, is also well-known for its mixed hunting, and it is possible to get fur, feather and fin within a few hours, if not minutes from the small town itself. It was at this place, when fishing in the mouth of the river, that Sir Richard Musgrave took the largest salmon that has ever been taken on the Pacific Coast, and which weighed 72 pounds, and what is more, it was taken on a rod and line. A good specimen of what is possible is shown in the photo which accompanies this short article.

—SPENT SPINNER.

SAYS THE HUNS CANNOT BE BUMPED FROM THE TRENCHES

Yankee Marine Says the Best Way to Fight Them is Out in the Open—This is What the American Marines Did at Chateau-Thierry—The Heinie Should Be Attacked When His Coffee is Boiling

(Boston Record)

"And the best time to go for Heinie is when you smell his coffee boiling. And the best way to get him is on the run. Don't expect to bump him from the trenches."

"And when you're fighting over there, you want to fight as if you were fighting some dirty animal. Take every chance you get, and don't waste time in politeness."

Priv. Ethelmore Cox, "Buck Private," as he calls himself, of Waco, Texas, more lately of France and latest of all of the City Hospital gave a lady a few tips on modern scientific warfare this morning.

Now young Cox speaks with the soft burr of the South; and his manners are deferential to a lady, and gentle even as your younger brother, out on his very best behavior. And young Cox knows whereof he speaks. For six times he has been over the top, on the Chateau-Thierry front, with his company of marines, and the sixth time gave him the wound that brought him where the story began.

"Now marm," said he to me, "now you folks at home mustn't go thinking that we fellows have alarming stories to tell, the kind of adventures that the old fellows of the Civil War can sit and spin forever. There's plenty of guys out there before us, and plenty still there after we left."

"And say, missus, when you charge over the top, one to every six of Heinie, you just bang right and left and hit him with the butt end of your gun, or whatever else comes handy, and you think of only one thing—what you're doing. And as for the sensations, marm, you have no time. And when you have, it's too late. All over. No good then. That's the way of it, honest, marm."

Misses the Pies

Now Cox, is a delicious youngster. Just out of college last June, when he enlisted in the Marine Corps. And he has a straight way fashion of saying what he means, which is engaging. And a boyish disappointment over grievances.

"Honest, I nearly could have cried, or broke the peace, or something this morning. I was down stairs getting my electric treatment for my 'busted' hand, and the baker gave me two gooseberry pies. 'You can have all you want,' said he. I brought up two first in my one hand, my busted hand don't carry things yet. And, when I started back for more there are 20 of us here, you know the nurse wouldn't let me go. Say—it was rotten though Gooseberry pies all waiting, and I a prisoner up here. And we never got those pies. Well, we're in the army now."

But there were pleasant experiences of the other side, and the journey home, though "we didn't get a look at 'Parus' except through the windows of a hospital train. But the hospitals over there are grand; and the doctors on to their job—bang up. You just ought to see the hospitals we were in, in France, if you want to know what a real hospital looks like. Government hospitals, major in charge, and Red Cross nurses. And then on the ship back—"

A young Texan, tanned, boyish, jolly in spite of a "busted arm," explained, "We came back like bloom-

ing millionaires. On what used to be the Kronprinzessin Cecilie.

And the "peelashul" suite of the Kaiser which could never even be opened in times of war was there, just as always. And we fellows took turns—we Americans, buck privates, sleeping in the Kaiser's suite. Say, I wonder if the old bird knew the honor that had come—to his imperial suite. And say—'twasn't such a bad joint at that. In fact, all to the mustard.

"No Experiences"

Of an attack when, at Chateau-Thierry, our marines, one to six Germans crossed to meet the Prussians halfway, and sent of the 2000 who came, only 600 back; of the day that grows light on the Lorraine front at 2.30, and stays light till 10 at night; of Heinie, prisoner, giving "back talk" and the method of killing him—"bump him" Cox called it; of great death, pale of face, midst of ruddy cheeked youngsters, these were the things he told. Deepest drama, the drama of youth that goes forth to meet whatever fates there be; all unafraid, this was the story.

But the teller told on little realizing. For, as he remarked, "we had no experience what you'd really call experiences, marm; it was just plain fighting and quick thinking—that's all."

But you might say this—Heinie is never going to be licked, while you hug a trench. Out into the open and at him—and the sooner millions of us fellows do it—the sooner the war is done. Which was what the marines did, at Chateau-Thierry.

ARTFUL DODGER HAS NO CHANCE

Put a few drops on that old touchy corn then lift it out without pain

Ouch ! ? * ! ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freezone when applied to a tender, aching corn stops soreness at once, and soon the corn dries up and lifts right out without pain. A delightful surprise awaits all who try this.

He says freezone is a sticky substance which dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding skin. A quarter of an ounce of freezone which will cost very little at any drug store, is said to be sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement since the inauguration of the high heels.

PSYCHOLOGY OF TAGGERS

London, Aug. 5—Flag day promoters for the thousand and one war charities of England have ascertained that their best flag sellers are proficient students of physiognomy.

As one day in three is a day for some charity or another the girls who station themselves at the busiest street corners to nab all comers make it a rule not to tackle persons whose looks do not suggest ready money.

According to one of the most successful taggers the man with a frown isn't necessarily a tightwad or hard to approach. On the other hand, the man with a stock smile may have a faint something in his expression to betray him as a nickle-pincher and therefore not worth buttonholing for a small contribution.

The promoters deny that the tag sellers are becoming timid. On the contrary they have reduced the tag selling business to a science, and no longer waste time and effort on people who, their knowledge of faces tells them, can't be persuaded to part with funds.

BRITISH LAND AT VLADIVOSTOK.

Shanghai, Saturday, Aug. 3.—British troops landed at Vladivostok at dawn today, says a despatch from the Admiralty. They received a friendly reception.

WANTED

TEACHER WANTED—Second class female teacher wanted for School District No. 5, Allandale, York Co. Apply, stating salary wanted, to J. S. MADDEN, Allandale.

WANTED—Girl for general housework in small family. Apply to Mrs. R. P. Allen, 164 Charlotte street, city.

WANTED—A man to work on farm; steady employment and good wages. Also a man for the hay-making season. Apply to H. E. Dewar, New Maryland.

WANTED—Maid for general housework. Apply to Mrs. Luke S. Morrison, 765 Charlotte street. 7-15 61

WANTED—A kitchen girl at the York Hotel. Apply at the York Hotel.

WANTED—Experienced accountant for our St. John plant; an excellent chance for advancement with large concern having numerous branches throughout Canada and United States. Apply by letter, giving age, experience and salary desired. Address R. T. Purdy, Booth Fisheries Co., Eastport, Me. 7-8 61

WANTED—Books and magazines for distribution to returned soldiers en route home, in the Military Hospitals, or going overseas. Telephone Mr. A. Murray, care of A. Murray & Co. Tel. No. 159, or leave at store for Military Y. M. C. A. 11

AGENTS WANTED—\$1,000. You can make it in your county with our fast selling Combination Cooker. One salesman banks \$388.55 the first month. Another agent sells 20 in two hours. Others cleaning up \$10 daily. No capital necessary. Goods shipped to reliable men on time. Territory going fast. Write quick to secure your field. Combination Products Co., Foster, Que.

TO LET—Two summer camps on the Woodstock road, three miles from the city. Apply to Mrs. E. W. Darcus, Fern Hill, phone 3300-62.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned is authorized to offer for sale the farm lands in Campbell Settlement, in the Parish of Southampton, formerly owned by George Masten, deceased. Lot contains about one hundred acres. Possession will be given at once.

Tenders for same will be received by the undersigned up to August 10th, 1918, at noon.

Dated at Fredericton, N. B., July 18th, 1918.

PETER J. HUGHES.

FOR SALE—Pure-bred and grade Holstein cows and calves, horses, pigs, poultry, turkeys, bees, also incubator and brooder. Apply to Mrs. E. W. Darcus, Fredericton. Phone 3300-62.

PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK

To the heirs, next of kin and creditors of Mary Amanda Albright, late of the Parish of St. Marys, in the County of York, Spinster, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

THE administrator of the above deceased intestate, having filed his accounts in this Court, and asked to have the same passed and allowed and order for distribution made.

You are hereby cited to attend, if you so desire, at the passing of same, at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York, at my office, in the City of Fredericton, in the said County, on Friday, the twenty-third day of August, A. D. 1918, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the said accounts will be passed upon and order for distribution made.

Dated this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1918.

(Sgd.) PETER J. HUGHES,

Judge of Probate for the County of York.
(Sgd.) JAMES HOLLAND,
Registrar of Probates for the County of York.

Province of New Brunswick SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT The Crown Land Office, Fredericton, on

THURSDAY, the 5th of SEPT., 1918, at 12 o'clock noon, the right to cut out and carry away all classes of merchantable lumber on

400 SQUARE MILES.

Licenses to run to 1st August, 1933, subject to annual renewal, fire protection tax, payment of stumpage and the Timber Regulations.

Among the tracts offered is the "Training Ground Reserve," containing 106 square miles, on the line of the Transcontinental Railway east of McGivney Junction. On this block there is an estimated stand of merchantable lumber made by Forest Engineers of:

Spruce 8 millions s.f.
Fir 3 millions s.f.
Other Soft Woods . . . 4 millions s.f.
Hardwoods 9 millions s.f.

24 millions s.f.
Undersized soft wood . . 30 millions s.f.

Total 54 millions s.f.
The remainder of the 400 sq. miles is situated in the Counties of Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland, Charlotte, Kings, Queens, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska.

Berths are sold in ten square mile blocks and less.

For further information as to quantity of lumber, upset prices, plans, etc. apply to the Deputy Minister, Department of Lands and Mines, Fredericton, N. B.

E. A. SMITH,
Minister of Lands and Mines.
Fredericton, N. B., July 22, 1918.

WRIGLEY'S



Helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

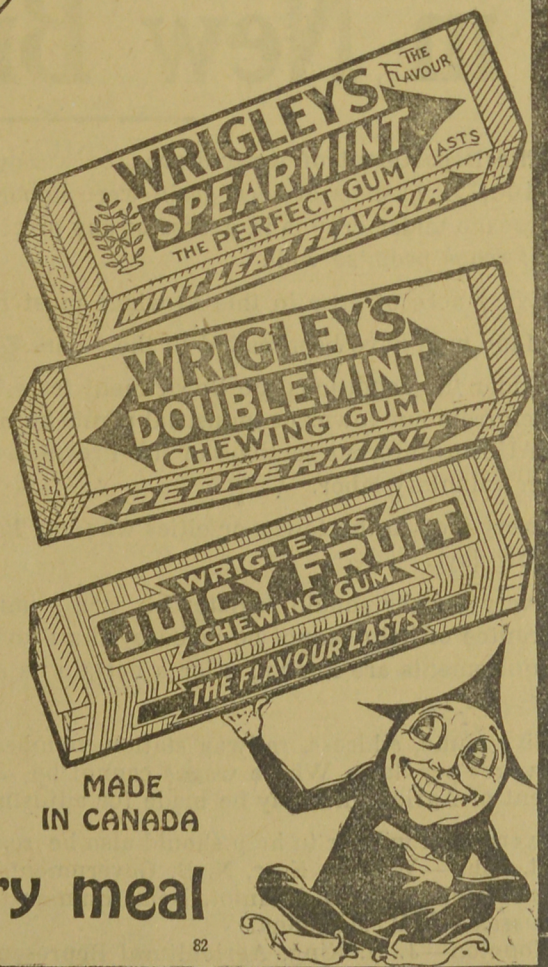
Sealed tight—kept right

"Give it to me, please, Grand-daddy."

"Why Bobby, if you wait a bit for it you'll have it to enjoy longer!"

"Poo-poo! That's no argument with WRIGLEYS 'cause the flavour lasts, anyway!"

—After every meal



MADE IN CANADA

That Awful Child.

"The Bible says they went into the Ark two by two, doesn't it, auntie?"
"Yes, dear."
"Well, who went in with you?"

His Money Back.

"How did Weeks come to marry a dressmaker?"
"For her money. She made all of his wife's clothes."

Still shorter skirts for women in the interest of cloth conservation. Looks as if it is woman, not man, who wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.