

POSITIVELY UNHUMAN FOR SOME YOUNG WOMEN TO BE SO TIDY

(Chicago News.)

"Nothing exasperates me more," remarked the girl who likes to talk, "than that woman! Yes, I know she is a perfectly lovely lady, warranted to win the admiration of the populace; also, I am aware that never in her life has she done me harm—yet she makes me so mad that I yearn to slap her!"

"My emotion is due to the fact that no matter whether she is going to a party or darning the family socks, she is always in perfect order. Never is there a hair out of place, a finger-nail unmanicured, a shine upon her nose!"

"I have run in upon that woman when she was canning tomatoes or housecleaning and even in those strenuous times she wore her nose white and immaculate!"

"Now, you know, it is positively unhuman always to have your coiffure perfect! I have friends who religiously go to a shampoo and a marcel once a week, and wrap their heads up in veils at night and run from a breeze as from a pestilence and yet at times their locks straggle down on their necks and you can admit them to your affections as being no better than you are yourself!"

"But not Ethel," continued the girl who likes to talk. "I don't know what she does to her hair. I never saw such perfect control in my life. There are times when I want to yank it down, such as when a crowd of us come in from a sail or golf and the rest of us are as red faced and draggily creatures as we should be—and there stands Ethel looking as though the hair-dresser had just got through with her."

"I've known but one other individual who had this gift. She was a young married woman living next door to my aunt in a small town where I visited,

and even in my careless high school days I remember that I watched in wonder and amazement that fair young bride. Perhaps it would be Friday, the day to clean downstairs.

"Now, whenever I turned in and helped my aunt I got myself up in all-over apron with sleeves stopping at the elbows, and when I was through doing merely the dusting I looked as though I had had a long and hard life either in the minning regions or out on the desert where sandstorms prevailed. My arms would be grimed to the elbows, my face black and the apron beyond repair except at the washtub."

"Across the way, Mrs. Bride would be shaking rugs on the porch, attired in a neat blue serge dress with ruffly collar and cuffs looking as though she were ready for a luncheon or card party. Beamingly she would smile at me. That woman wiped floors, cleaned portiers, beat sofa pillows, swept and dusted and at the end of the time looked as she did when she began."

"I wept tears of rage and gnashed my teeth and couldn't imitate her a little bit—and now, when I'd outgrown that sorrow, along comes Ethel to blight my life."

"It wouldn't matter half so much if she ran off with all my beaux or could buy Paris clothes while I can't. I could stand those triumphs patiently. But I cannot endure walking down Michigan avenue with another woman in the spring breezes and having my veil blow away and my hat tip over and my hair come loose while she emerges quite unruffled every pin in place. It isn't natural! It isn't kind!"

"Why the boatload of us tipped over one day last summer and while every one else got out looking like drowned slinky things, what do you suppose happened to Ethel? Oh, she simply slid out onto the sail, which lay on the water and was picked off with even her shoestrings perfectly dry, to

ONLY SPONGE EXCHANGE IN U. S. IS LOCATED IN FLORIDA

Sponges to the Value of a Million and a Half Dollars are Annually Taken Out of that Region--Formerly Had to be Imported From the Mediterranean --- Greek Divers Assist in the Work.

"You who know of our Wall street stock exchange and attend an occasional and excited session of the produce exchange," writes Steven B. Ayers, in the National Marine, "may not be aware that here in Tarpon Springs, a little town of three thousand people on the gulfcoast of Florida is the only sponge exchange in these United States."

But such is the fact the writer declares. And this is how it happened that the country can boast of even one sponge exchange:

"Years ago, about thirty years ago, we used to import into America from the Mediterranean about two million dollars in value each year of sponges. Those were all the sponges used in America, because we produced none here. But once in a while some fisherman would bring in here a poor specimen of sponge he had discovered growing on some rock, and had been able to reach at low tide. Soon thereafter the sharp-eyed experts of the fish commission noticed that the blue water of the gulf here had all the wonderful hues of the Mediterranean and that it was the same in temperature. But where the gulf differed was in the fact that the bottom had very little rock exposed. Now sponges insist upon growing by attaching themselves to rocks on the bottom, and to try the sponge experiment it was necessary to produce an artificial bottom in this portion of the gulf."

"Some problem! But it was finally solved by the manufacture of some millions of pottery disks, impregnating them with the sponge spawn, and sowing them broadcast in to the hospitable waters. The experiment succeeded. The sponges liked their new homes and gradually extended to the rocks they discovered for themselves, in the deep waters. And now, each year, the fishermen bring into this

say nothing of her hair and complexion."

"She can go motoring and can turn trusting eyes upon the young millionaire at the wheel, serene in the consciousness that she is not blowing to pieces, while the rest of us are clutching and grabbing and holding our veils in our teeth, so to speak. Dust never sticks to her face on these trips—it hurries by to land on me."

"Maybe Ethel will be shipwrecked some time and lose all her hairpins, cold cream and face powder," suggested the patient listener kindly.

"Oh, pooh!" wearily said the girl who likes to talk, "that girl is capable of grinding up shells for face powder making hairpins out of twigs and a whisk broom out of tree bark to keep her clothes speckless! There's no hope!"

NOTICE OF SALE.

Pursuant to a decree of the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, made in an action between Jane Armour McKee, Plaintiff, and Hamilton McKee, Defendant, for the partition of the lands and premises in the Plaintiff's statement of claim and in the said Decree mentioned and fully described and being the land and premises hereinafter referred to, there will be offered for sale at public auction, with the approbation of Harris G. Fenety, Esquire, a Master of the Supreme Court, in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton, in the Province of New Brunswick, at 12 o'clock noon, on SATURDAY, the Tenth Day of August, 1918—

"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate and being in Fredericton, known as part of Lot Number fifty-four, fronting on King street, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southerly corner of Lot Number Fifty-six, thence along the northeast side of King street fifty feet, southeasterly, thence at right angles seventy-eight feet, thence northwesterly fifty feet to Lot Number fifty-six aforesaid, and thence southwesterly along the southeast side of the same lot seventy-eight feet to the place of beginning." Being the same lands and premises conveyed by Robert Williams and wife and Lucy Whitney to Samuel H. McKee, Senior, by Indenture bearing date the 8th day of May, A. D. 1856, and duly recorded in York County Records in Book 37, pages 332 to 334, under official number 13355, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1856.

The above sale is made pursuant to the provisions of the Judicature Act, 1909, and amendments thereof. Further particulars may be had from the Plaintiff's Solicitors, Messrs. Slipp & Hanson, whose place of business and address is Chestnut Building, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

HARRIS G. FENETY,
Master of the Supreme Court.

little port and there are sold on the exchange floor here, sponges of a value of about one and a half million—more than half we use. About twenty years ago it was discovered that the better sponges came from the deeper water, and so Greek divers were imported. There are about twelve hundred Greeks here, all earning a fair livelihood, and adding each year to our national wealth."

"On Greek Cross day, which is the 19th of January, all the boats engaged in the sponge fishing are drawn up at the wharf in the Anclote river or anchored out in the lee of the Anclote Key, one of the best and safest anchorages on the west coast. They are all here because this is the great feast day of the church in Florida. It is New Years day. At 11 o'clock the hierarch will throw into the bayou a golden cross. The deep water divers will be gathered from far and near. To the lucky man who finds the cross at the bottom and brings it to the priest goes the blessing of the prelate and a hat full of silver. If it be a young lad, the reward may be a four-year scholarship."

"Gulf storms are at times energetic. The alive sponge looks, attached to a rock at the bottom, like a great blob of liver, raw liver. When the diver has identified it, and cut it from its support, the sponge is hauled on board and thrown on the decks, there to be killed. When the animal is thoroughly defunct the flesh is allowed to putrefy and then the animal part is washed away. What is left is the sponge of commerce."

WILL NOT STRIKE.

Edmonton, July 26.—The Edmonton postal employees tonight, by a large majority voted not to go on strike.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 16th August, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 12 times per week on the route Cross Creek, Stanley and C. G. Railway Station, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Cross Creek and Stanley, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., July 3, 1918.

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 situate 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.

A large shipment of records
just arrived

Grafonolas on easy terms

E. O. MacDonald
Music Store 560 Queen Street

Palm-Olive Goods

Soap, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Face Powder,
Talcum Powder. Just received.

—AT—

WILEY'S PHARMACY, York St.

BEANS

Yellow Eye Beans, Hand Picked Pea

Beans, Quebec Yellow Beans, at

Lowest Market Rates.

G. W. HODGE

Custom Tailoring

The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at a reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

**WALKER BROS. MERCHANT
TAILORS**

QUEEN STREET, WEST END

MARITIME ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

Fredericton, N. B., July 19, 1918.

On account of staff shortage due to military enlistments, the Royal Bank of Canada find it impossible to continue the collection of this Company's Light Bills.

For the convenience of our customers we have engaged an office at No. 83 York Street, in the premises occupied by Harry C. Moore, Electrical Engineer, where bills may be paid from the first to the tenth of each month from 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Those making payment later in the month must do so at the Company's Main Office, No. 1 Shore Street.

MARITIME ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Daily Mail

Will be sent to any address in
New Brunswick,
For One Year
for

Two Dollars

Payable in advance

No Advance in Price

Electric Wiring

For Light and Power

Telephones, Bells, Watchmen's Clocks, Annunciators, Burglar Alarm Systems, etc.

Lighting Plants Installed in Isolated Places. We carry a large assortment of Electric Fixtures and Heating Appliances.

Estimates submitted without charge.

W. Allen Staples

634 Queen St. Opp. Court House