

# ALASKA

## GARDENS, GLACIERS, GOLD AND GROTESQUERIES

Alaska's twenty-four hour sun weaves gorgeous garlands around the base of snow-capped peaks—her valleys are "green with splendid forests"—her Indian villages have the colors of grotesque totem poles—her gardens bear roses from August to December.



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Communicate with  
N. R. DesBRISAY,  
District Passenger Agent  
St. John, N. B.

### SIBERIAN GOVT. RESIGNED.

London, July 27.—The Siberian government has resigned, says a Vladivostok despatch to the Times. The government referred to is probably that recently set up by General Horvath.

### SITUATION IN AUSTRIA.

Amsterdam, July 26.—The Weser Zeitung, of Bremen, discussing the situation in Austria, says the past year has been one of progressive internal dissolution.

## SIR R. L. BORDEN PRESENTS AN ADDRESS TO THE KING

**Expressed Feeling of Loyalty to His Majesty and Devotion to the Throne—The Great War Will Tighten the Bonds of Empire—A Fitting Reply by the King—Hopes the Prince of Wales Will Be Able to Visit Canada When Peace is Restored**

London, July 27.—(via Reuters Ottawa Agency)—The following address which was read by Sir Robert Borden yesterday: "We the representatives of the governments of the empire who constitute the imperial war conference, desire, before returning to our homes again to express our feelings of devotion to your majesty and loyalty to the throne. We have met, as we did last year in a time of stress and anxiety which has been unparalleled for a century, but that very stress and anxiety evoked on the part of your people everywhere a continuing unanimity of resolution to preserve their rights and liberty, which proved to the world that war and suffering did not tend to dissolve but rather tighten the empire. Whatever the future may keep in store we are confident that your host in every part of Europe and the dominions will in a

most fixed and determined manner maintain your empire against the barbarous enemy without, while drawing closer in the bonds, being each separate in unity of which the throne is the outward visible symbol."

### His Majesty's Reply

The King in his reply said: "I have received your loyal and patriotic address with peculiar pleasure and I thank the members of the conference for permitting me here personally to be present at it. I rejoice to have the opportunity of speaking to you all personally before your return to your homes. The empire owes a great debt of gratitude to you for coming at considerable inconvenience to yourselves and to the country you represent and at grave personal risk to take personal council of my ministers at the home country here in the Metropolis of the Empire. That such meetings can regularly take place of the representatives of all the overseas dominions is signal proof of the power of the British Empire to keep open the pathways of the sea. It must be a source of mortification to our enemies "I have followed your deliberations with the keenest interest, and trust that they may be sufficient in solving many complex problems connected with defence, trade communications and other subjects of common interest relative to both war and past war periods that you have been called upon to consider, and that it may tend to draw the empire into living more in self supporting unity."

"The war at present absorbs all the energies but when peace returns, I look forward to the day when the Prince of Wales will be able to visit the different parts of my Dominions overseas. I know the desire to do so lies next his heart, and I am assured of the welcome he will receive. Gentlemen, I wish you all good speed on your journey and pray to God that before another conference, triumph of that great cause, the cause of liberty and justice, the peaceful progress for which we allies are fighting, may be accomplished."

If Germany is unable to drive her way to Paris now, what will be her chances when American troops are in the front line in double their present number? The opinion is general that while Germany is by no means whipped and that her military machine remains undestroyed, she has passed the zenith of her powers and is bound to slip steadily to defeat.

### WHY SHE LEFT

Mrs. Hiram Daly—So you left your last place because the master of the house tried to kiss you. You were quite right to resent such familiarity. Applicant—Oh, I didn't care particularly, but the mistress was awfully fussy about such things.

### THE STORY OF THE STAIRS

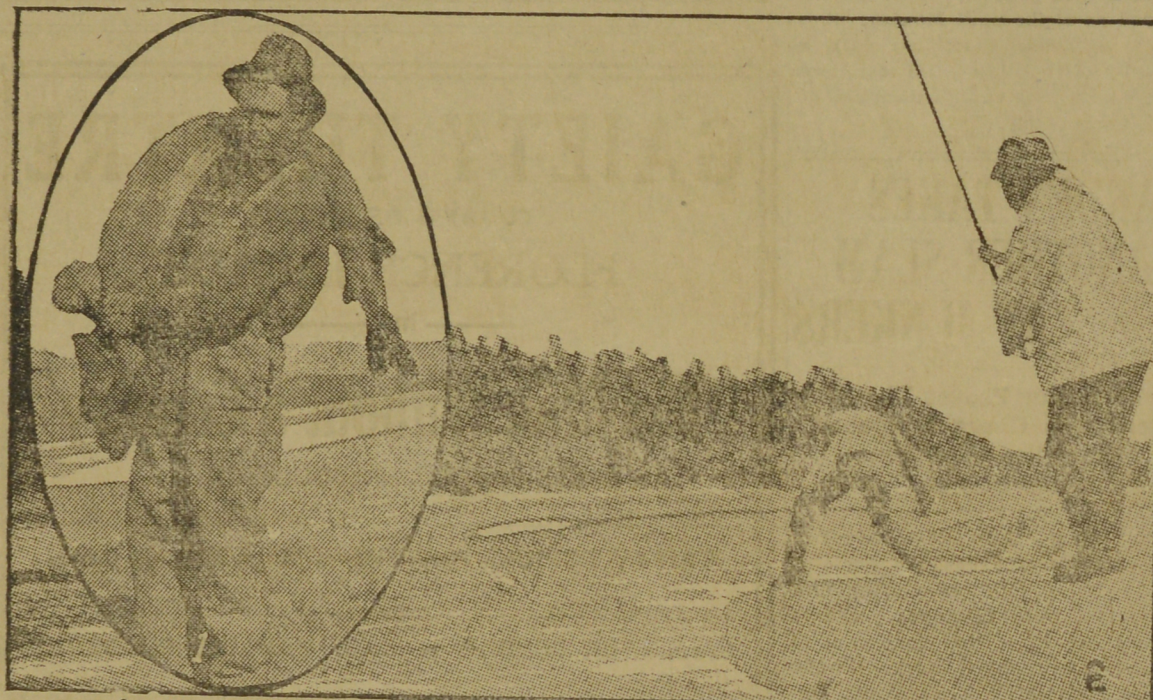
Every time you go up stairs you can test your state of health—the condition of your blood.

Do you arrive at the top of the stairs breathless and distressed? Does your heart palpitate violently? Do you have a pain in your side? Perhaps you even have to stop half way up, with limbs trembling and head dizzy, too exhausted to go further without resting. These are unfavourable signs of anaemia. As soon as your blood becomes impoverished or impure the stair-case becomes an instrument of torture. When this is so you are unfit for work; your blood is watery and your nerves exhausted, you are losing the joy of an active life and paving the way for a further break down and decline. In this condition only one thing can save you. You must put new, rich, red blood into your veins without further delay and so build up your health anew. To get this new, rich blood give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will give you new vitality, sound health, and the power to resist and throw off disease. For more than a generation this favorite medicine has been in use throughout the world and has made many thousands of weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Z. V. K.

## Unexaggerated Fishing

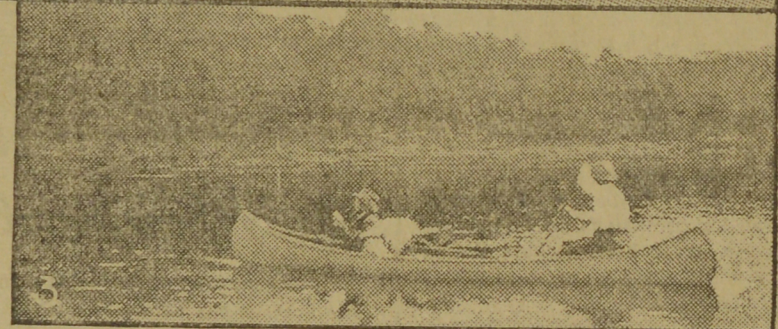


YOU should read this story. Usually a fishing tale is deep waters for most people to wade through; but this one deals with dry land, mountains and ripples. So you see it is different from the ordinary tale where the young hero goes forth with a tencent outfit and catches the giant trout of the deep still pool for whom anglers from all parts of the world had cast in profane vain. It is all right to tell about lying on one's stomach with the face against the water, watching the flies to learn what kind the trout were eating. It is all right to then walk to the fishing outfit, sit down and bring forth an inexhaustible supply of flies from which one selects the very duplicate of the insect the trout like at that particular instant. And it is fine to tell how the angler cast his delicate lure on the end of his silken thread, dropping it lightly as a skimming insect on the very swirl of water where the big trout lay hungrily waiting. Then the whirl of the reel and the three-hour fight, ending in the thrill of victory which comes when a well-manipulated landing net enmeshes the exhausted fish.

It makes good stuff; but many fishermen know more of broken leads, snagged hooks and snappy little eight-ouncers. I am undertaking to tell about a real fishing trip.

They told me I would get good fishing at Banff, so I took the Canadian Pacific westbound out of Calgary and went. On board I noticed an elderly person whose physical idiosyncrasies included the lean, leathery, brown characteristics of westernism. He eyed me and my outfit; he edged closer and he spoke of tobacco and rain. He accepted my pouch, filled his pipe-bowl, tamped it with a horny thumb, cast a weather-eye on the approaching mountain peaks, and predicted sunshine. Then he mentioned fishing.

It was not what it used to be declared between tobacco clouds. He remembered when seven or ten or fifty casts meant seven or ten or fifty fishes of the biggest, blindingly most vigorous fish that ever lived; all cutthroats, none less than a pound and a half, many exceeding five pounds each. "Them days was real fishin'." An' them fish were game fighters. He minded one ole fellow what everyone had tried to get. This fish was grand old of them, and he lived in a deep hole beside a perpendicular rock. He tuk ever' bit of bait that anybody cast, but when he found himself hooked he jest naturally run to this here wall of flat rock an' rubbed his nose agin th' stone, wearing out th' gut en frein' him



self." But my informant, being more canny and wise than other fishermen of his day, befuddled the giant trout by not using gut. He tuk uh hunk uh fine steel wire, jointed it with swivels and hooked the monster. Then Zam! The fish was so astonished that he did not wiggle an inch of his twelve-pound body until he felt himself on the grass above the gravel bar. But those days were over and one did not catch any more big fish.

Eventually I reached Banff, and was told to fish either up the Spray or up the Bow. They added that the waters were rising and fish would not be hungry, but again I might succeed. With weapons rigged I went up the Bow to a promising place I was told about. It had deep water with big eddies and a nice back-drift, a few big rocks, and a submerged ledge just below the feeding rapids above the pool. Fine. Feverishly and eagerly I cast. Then steadily and doggedly. Then slowly and sullenly. Then, glory! The line went out. I had a nine inch fish. Much cheered I went on casting. The sun went down, the sky began to darken, the mountains stood black against the dimming azure. I flagged in my efforts. I sat on a log and let the line drag. B-z-z-z went the reel. A fish flashed in the rapids.

Having a new landing net I was very anxious to try it. It was the kind that fastens to a hook on a belt and comes off with the flick of a hand whenever necessary. I had no hook and had buttoned it on my suspender button. Having passed through much brush on my way to the pool I knew the net was going to require care in getting ready for use. Having hooked a fish I very calmly bethought myself first of how to land him; so I plucked the net, and the button came, to the consternation of my suspenders.

Now my fish gave the one pound pull and the two pound bite all right. He also was there with the scheduled weight of rush. Things looked good for him to keep up the first scale, too.

but when it came to the five pound bend—the gut broke and I went home to the hotel.

Next morning with the bright sunlight just tipping the eastern slopes of Mount Rundle and lesser peaks, I went alone up river. Here and there and everywhere I dropped the seductive fly in the rising glacial flood with no results.

"Damn," I remarked. My line fell slack and uncareful for into swift water and I looked up the river for some better seeming point. "Bang!" Something hit my rod like an express train, and like an express train the silk ran out and out. Aghast I stood and merely checked. Something was on. Out went the line, straight across the swift water; then I saw a large black streak break far out in the edge of white water. Once, twice, three times the fish took the air, and the reel kept singing all the time. He sounded, he rushed, he drove upstream and then zig-zagged down. Again and again he broke, two feet clear of the current. Forty yards of line was out and I had but five left, so I hopelessly checked tight, deciding that if he was going to break my lead it was no use worrying. But lead, rod, line and hook held, and the fish swung down on the surface, mouth open and gasping. There was brush all around, and no space to either work up or down. The full sweep of the river raced by with no restful eddies. More hopelessly still I reeled in, his troutship putting up frequent but lessening furries. Finally he was close and I tried the new landing net. Praise be to cord and rod and hook and gut the net worked! As the line slackened the hook dropped out, but there was the fish; three pounds of sparkling, spotted cutthroat trout, twenty-three inches long.

There was no more fishing. I went home satisfied. The gentle reader will note that even this story ends in the usual way with the big fish safely netted.



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