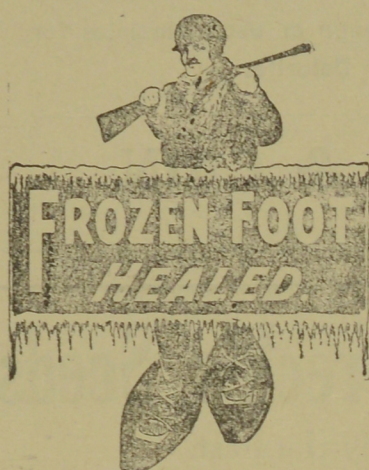


PLANT STEELE BRIGGS SEEDS FOR INCREASED PRODUCTION

Packets listed are contained in our boxes supplied Merchants throughout Canada.

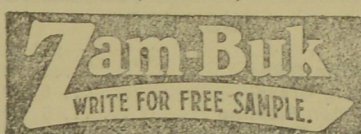
Variety	Pkt.	Oz.	1/4 lb.	1 lb.
Beans Black Seeded Wax	\$.05	.25	.85	...
Beet Early Blood Turnip	.05	.60	1.75	...
Cabbage Early Jersey Wakefield	.05	.40	1.20	...
Carrot Scarlet Nantes	.10	.20	.55	...
Corn Extra Early Cory	.05	.20	.60	...
Cucumber Improved Long Green	.05	.30	.90	...
Lettuce Toronto Gem	.10	.45	1.45	...
Onion Yellow Globe Danvers	.05	.25	.75	...
Parsley Fine Triple Curled	.05	.15	.40	...
Peas Premium Gem	.05	.20	.60	...
Radish Scarlet Turnip White Tipped	.05	.50	1.50	...
Squash Hubbard	.05	.40	1.20	...
Tomato S. B.'s Earliest of All	.10	.20	.50	...
Turnip S. B.'s Selected Swede	.05	.20	.60	...
Sweet Peas S. B.'s Best Mixture	.05	.20	.60	...
Nasturtium Tall Mixed	.05	.20	.60	...

Write for Catalog
STEELE BRIGGS SEED & CO.
"CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE" LIMITED
HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG



Mr. William Jones, Trapper, of Oba, Ont., had a very badly frozen heel cured by Zam-Buk. Writing to the proprietors he says: "While on a long tramp I got one of my heels very badly frozen. By the time I got back to my shack the pain was intense. Fortunately I had some Zam-Buk on hand and applied it freely. The relief I felt was wonderful. I persevered until Zam-Buk had drawn out all the pain and soreness and the swelling had disappeared. I am glad to say that I have had no trouble with it since."

If you suffer with that very painful ailment—chilblains—you will find nothing so good as Zam-Buk. Also for chapped hands, cold sores, cold cracks, eczema, old sores, blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, burns and scalds Zam-Buk cannot be equalled. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.



OLD-FASHIONED METHODS PROVE THE BETTER

Ultra-Modern Woman Finds
Business Methods Do Not
Work—Mother Eve's
Methods Do.

(New York Sun.)

The Woman Who Saw was asked to dine with her ultra-modern friends before the very radical ball to which they were all invited in The Village. She felt a little thrill of reckless adventuresomeness trail down her spine as she pressed the bell over which two cards boldly announced that John Brown and Mary Smith dwelt above. That John and Mary had been united by a contract marriage—quite as binding as any, but a little more troublesome—two years before, was not even hinted. The Woman went up the stairs with the feeling of entering a new world.

She found John Brown lighting the chafing dish and stirring the savory

Nutrition—Conservation
Economy—all meet in
Grape-Nuts
Ready to eat
No Sugar required
NO WASTE

NOTICE OF LEGISLATION.

Notice is hereby given that a bill will be presented at the next Session of the Legislative Assembly to empower the Town of Devon to take over and control the two sewer systems of water supply at present carried on by the Village of Gibson Water and Fire Commissioners and The St. Marys Village Water and Fire Commissioners respectively, and to vest in the said Town the rights and franchises heretofore enjoyed by said Commissioners and to provide that all persons engaged in any trade or occupation within the said Town shall be liable to assessment within the said Town.

Dated the fourteenth day of February, A. D. 1918.

PETER J. HUGHES,
Solicitor for the Town of Devon.
4 wks

something inside. Mary Smith had not yet come in. When she arrived she made no apology or explanation to the guest for her tardiness, nor to her husband for the consequent burden of preparing the meal. Everything was taken for granted in this modern household, observed The Woman. Mary did say something about having been out all day on an important mission for John, and about being tired out as a result. The conversation was of the success of that mission, and of the affair of the evening, to which Mary had devoted a great deal of time and energy, and on the success of which she had set her heart. As dessert was served she looked at her watch and exclaimed that they had barely time to reach the hall. She and the Woman jumped up. John tilted back in his chair and lit a cigarette.

"I'm not going," he announced.
"Not going!" gasped Mary Smith.
"But you must, dear! I've counted on you and have told many people that you would be there."

"I can't help it," said John. "I have other work to do, and I'm not much interested."

Mary Smith was a reasoning woman. She had progressed beyond the coaxing, nagging stage of her dear little old grandmothers. They, of course, not having had the opportunities to develop their reasoning powers had been dependent on these infantile forms of persuasion.

"But, John," she began quite reasonably and calmly, "what sort of a partnership is this, where I tire myself out by attending all day to something that does not interest me except as it affects you, only to have you claim weariness and lack of interest as an excuse for refusing to give up an hour to me in the evening?"

"I can't help that," said John briefly. "I'm not going."

There was an air of finality about what he said.

Without another word, modern Mary Smith walked into the next room and burst into audible weeping, worthy of Eve herself. John Brown hesitated a moment, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, followed after and the Woman heard him say tenderly, "It's all right, dear, I'll go. I did not know you cared so much."

"So that," thought the Woman Who Saw, "is the result of all woman's advance, that her progress is all on the surface, and at heart she remains the same old Eve."

She said something like that to Mary Smith a few minutes later as they sat together on the car, apart from John Brown.

Mary smiled.
"Not at all," she replied. "Woman has progressed far enough to know that man is the same old Adam—and so, with full realization of what she is doing and why she uses, in an emergency, the same old methods to secure her Eden."

FRACTURED ROMANCE WAS NOT REPAIRED

Tragedy of Unclaimed Baggage—Candy Girl Believes Advertising Has Tremendous Values.

(Chicago News.)

"It was at one of these auctions where hundreds of unclaimed and lost trunks and travelling bags are disposed of by railroads for storage charges that I picked it up," remarked the tall drummer, addressing the girl at the candy counter.

"It was out of mere curiosity that I entered the place at all. There was nothing I wanted—or needed—in the line of somebody else's trunk or valise. The articles displayed looked anything but inviting."

"An old trunk, tied with clothesline and battered almost beyond its original semblance, would go for 50 cents. The one who bought it would perhaps find that it belonged to some immigrant and the pitiful scraps of wardrobe it contained would bring about 10 cents from a reckless rag dealer."

"The auctioneer had sold scores of trunks and bags before he held up a brown leather suitcase that attracted my attention for some occult reason. I became possessed with the desire to own it. It was knocked down to me for \$1 and I hurried with it to my room at the hotel."

"I hoped the thing had been the property at one time of some other drummer in my line and that it would contain a list of new and sure fire prospects for me to follow up. If it contained a few new silk shirts, my size, or some jewelry that would become me, I'd be highly pleased. I opened it."

"Before me spread a maze of fluffy, lacey things, dainty in the extreme. Tenderly I lifted them out piece by piece. A little wedding gown, new, and with the tags still attached. A veil of nebulous material, a wreath of orange blossoms, a pair of tiny slippers. There was no clue as to the owner."

"It was a year later on a westbound train that I met young woman whom I had known casually. I asked her whether she had married the young man to whom she was engaged when we last met."

"No," she said tearfully, "our engagement was broken in a most unheard-of way." She then related how she had lost her trousseau on the day she was to be married and how she had looked for it so long and earnestly that the time for the ceremony passed and the young man, thinking that he was jilted and taking the thing much to heart, left for some uncharted wilderness."

"Two perfectly good lives ruined, eh?" sighed the candy stand girl, who was giving ear to the drummer's story.

"Only one," corrected the drummer. "The young woman married another youth."

"I'll bet it was her trousseau you picked up at that auction," ventured the candy stand girl. "Why didn't you find out and return it to her?"

"I told you that the young woman had no further use for a trousseau," returned the drummer, "but I have an idea that there may be some other little girl who has."

"Maybe you could find one," said the candy girl, without interest. "They say that wonderful results are got through advertising."

THE BRUTE!

The Chicago Tribune says: "He kicked her on her wedding night."

DON'T DIET YOURSELF
IT ISN'T NECESSARY.
TO CURE

DYSPEPSIA

The sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion who has to pick and choose his food is the most miserable of all mankind.

Even the little he does eat causes such torture and is digested so imperfectly that it does him little good.

What dyspeptics need is not dieting or artificial digestants, but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For forty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been making weak stomachs strong, and curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach. It restores the stomach to a normal healthy condition, so that the food no longer causes distress, but is thoroughly digested and assimilated, and goes on its way making rich, red blood.

Mrs. Henry Shaw, Campbellton, N. B., writes: "I was for five years troubled with a weak stomach, and could not eat any food that would agree with me. I tried different medicines, but could not get cured. A friend advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters. I took four bottles, and now I am in perfect health."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., a gentle cleansing, too.

HELP WIN THE WAR BY RAISING POULTRY.

When You Want Eggs for Hatching, Patronize the CELESTIAL CITY POULTRY YARDS.

The BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCK leads all as a Utility Bird. I have the famous Bred-to-Lay Strain imported direct from the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. These birds have been trap-nested for eleven years and are reputed to be the best on the continent. A record of 310 eggs was made at Guelph two years ago by a B. P. Rock hen. Price per setting of 15, \$1.50. Orders will be filled in the order received.

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS—My first pen is headed by Snowball, winner of the special prize offered at the Fredericton Poultry Show last January for the best male bird of any breed. He also won first prize at Moncton and helped win the silver cup for the four best Leghorns at the show. Price per setting, \$2 and \$3 according to mating.

BUFF ORPINGTONS—Imported from the Owen Farm at Vineyard Haven, Mass. Large blocky birds, weighing from seven to nine pounds. Splendid for the market and good layers as well. Prize winners at every show. Price \$3 per setting.

I can also supply a limited number of game bantam eggs for hatching.

J. N. FERGUSON,
York Street, - Fredericton, N. B.

NOTICE.

TENDERS FOR COAL.

Sealed Tenders marked "Tenders for Coal," will be received at the Provincial Department of Public Works, Fredericton, N. B., up to and including May 17th, 1918, at noon, for supplying:

100 tons hard coal, large size, and 125 tons soft coal, for the Legislative Building.

110 tons hard coal, egg size, for the Departmental Building.

40 tons hard coal, egg size, for the Agricultural Department.

7 tons hard coal, egg size, for offices of Registrar of Supreme Court, and Educational Department.

165 tons hard coal, egg size, for Normal School.

125 tons hard coal, egg size, for Normal School Annex.

The hard coal to be screened, and all to be delivered not later than July 15, 1918.

P. J. VENIOT,
Minister of Public Works for
New Brunswick.
Department of Public Works,
Fredericton, N. B., May 1, 1918.

Imperial Dyspepsia Tablets

Restores normal digestion. Price 25c.

Sold only by

C. FRED CHESTNUT THE QUALITY DRUG STORE
572 Queen Street.

Have you a Bath Room in your Home?

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

IN TOWN OR COUNTRY

We can equip your farm, home and buildings with city conveniences—heating, lighting, sewage disposal system; bath room, hot and cold water at tap; pneumatic water systems and efficient fire protection.

HOW TO GET FULL INFORMATION. Call at our establishment and we will show you how, or drop us a post card and we will call upon you at your convenience.

D. J. SHEA & SON.

Sanitary Plumbing & Heating

31 Carleton Street

Notice to Stallion Owners

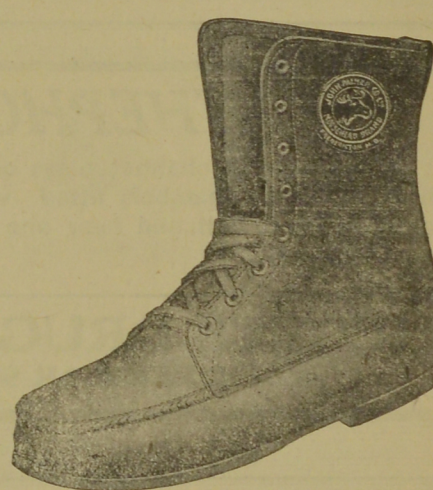
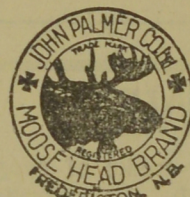
Notice is hereby given to stallion owners that they must submit their stallions for inspection at the nearest inspection points named below. The following are the inspection points and dates of inspection:

YORK COUNTY.

FREDERICTON.....May 6 and 7 (2 p.m.).....City Hotel
MILLVILLE.....May 7.....Hotel
CANTERBURY.....May 8.....Hotel
STANLEY.....May 9.....Hotel

SUNBURY COUNTY.

FREDERICTON JUNCTION.....May 15.....Hotel
OROMOCTO.....May 14.....Kelly's Hotel
J. F. TWEEDDALE,
New Brunswick Dept. of Agriculture,
Fredericton, N. B., 30th April, 1918.



Palmer's Moose Head Brand Shoe packs, Moccasins, Summer Packs, Sporting and Trench Boots.

Our goods are all hand made from genuine Oil-Tanned Waterproof Leather, tanned in our own Tannery.

The enviable reputation our Trench Boots have gained through the Gruelling Tests of War in the Trenches of France and Belgium testify to the high standard of our products.

John Palmer Company, Limited

Fredericton, N. B.

Canada's Largest and Oldest Manufacturers of Oil-Tanned Waterproof Footwear. Free catalogue on request.

