



**Keep a Can in The Garage**

It keeps old cars looking like this year's models. Brightens Nickel and Brass. Polishes Glass. Even cleans the tires.



## JOKES IN THE DAY'S NEWS

Washington.—Raymond Rock has applied for a license to wed Eva Guley. The Rev. Mr. Cave will cement the couple in wedlock.

New York.—More hope for the British dudes. The war trade board today announces that Great Britain has lifted import restrictions on canes.

Washington.—Grant Clarke, who wrote the song entitled "I Love the Ladies," loved too many, alleged his wife in asking a divorce.

New York.—Abe Banks, peddler, broke five traffic rules in five blocks and was arrested five times. The judge fined him \$6—wholesale rates.

Hartford, Conn.—For the third time recently Governor Holcomb returned home with a strange hat. The supposed owner called for the last—which proved to belong to neither. Who has the Governor's lid?

## West End Pool and Shoe Shine Parlor

Purest of Beer, Cigars, Cigarettes, and all kinds of Soft Drinks.

First Class Pool and Shoe Shine Parlor in connection.

**Samuel Campbell Prop.**  
273 King Street

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BROKERS

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## For the Warm Weather

There is nothing more appreciated than to have lots of hot water without heating up the house with a fire in the range.

Install a WICKLESS KEROSENE WATER HEATER and have lots of piping hot water for kitchen, laundry, bath and any other use. One gallon of kerosene will run ten hours. Call and examine them.

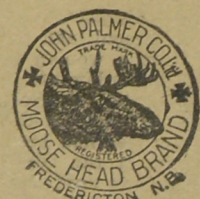
**D. J. SHEA**

## PALMER'S

SUMMER PACKS and PLOW SHOES

The Ideal Work Boot for the farmer and the man who works out of doors.

COMFORTABLE, WATERPROOF, DURABLE  
Get a pair from your local dealer.



Be sure they are stamped  
Moose Head Brand  
Manufactured by the

**JOHN PALMER COMPANY-LIMITED**

Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

## CLEVELAND JOURNALIST WRITES OF HIS TRIP TO N. B.

Attended Recent Conference at St. John, and was Well Treated—Made a Fishing Trip on the Nashwaak in Company with Guide Harry Allen—Landed Some Nice Trout, But Lost Some of the Biggest Ones.

(Morris Ackerman, in Cleveland Sunday News-Leader.)

New Brunswick! There are a couple words calculated to make the sportsmen of the world sit up and take more than passing notice! New Brunswick—the land of the moose, the caribou, the white tail deer, the black bear and the whole gamut of burbearers.

New Brunswick—whose waters surge with the Atlantic salmon, the speckled trout and the quananiche and untold numbers of other god fresh and salt water members of the finny tribe. What more could be said to make the heart heave in the breast of the man or woman or child who loves to fish and hunt—unless it be the God-like beauty of this grand little Canadian province?

Not very long ago we had a letter from no less a renowned gentleman than Harry Allen, noted guide and lecturer (the man who when he came to Cleveland broke all attendance records at the meeting of the local fish and game association at the Hotel Winton,) inviting us to be in St. John N. B. on June 3 and 4 to talk before the "All New Brunswick Tourist, Games and Resources Association."

Now friends, when we put this up to our wife she thought that New Brunswick must be mighty hard up for speakers. She remarked as how it wasn't necessary for us to have to go fifteen hundred miles away to talk about fish and game.

Howsoever, there was one ill note that appeared on the bottom of that invite from Harry about as follows: "Bring your fishing tackle along with you, they is a wealthy resident of St. John who is gonner take them what comes to speak for a bit of trout fishing." Now good friends, when you have been raised from the cradle toying with a hook and line an invite like Harry's is more than human can endure. We ain't used to goin' fishing with no millionaires and we couldn't afford not to go to New Brunswick, especially after having tasted the fishin' there last summer with good old George Allen, Harry's nephew, on the Cain river. The combination against us was too much. WE WENT!

When the noon choo choo pulled out of this man's fair residential center on Saturday May 1, we were aboard. She was sure a hot day. In Buffalo, while waiting for the Toronto train we strolled into the depot restaurant and bought a couple sandwiches and a glass of ice tea. Finishing up we, casual like asked the nice young lady who waited on us to "bring us a dollar's worth of ice cream." By way of suggestion we advocate that you do not ask the nice young lady in that depot for "a dollars worth of ice cream" unless you mean it. We had a awful time making her believe we only wanted all we could get for 11 cents.

### Notables on the Job

We arrived in the beautiful little city of St. John on the Bay of Fundy on Monday afternoon, June 2. My, oh my, what a lot of celebrities we found there. Dr. Thomas Travis, associate editor of Forest and Stream, of New York, Harry Allen, president of the N. B. Guides Association, Charley Cremin, another noted N. B. guide; J. W. Brine, of Boston, a sporting goods dealer who has supplied the Harvard athletic teams for years, who is now sojourning at Lake Utopia, St. George, N. B.; J. A. Marvin of Moncton, the "Uneeda Biscuit" magnate of Canada; E. A. Schofield and C. B. Allan, president and secretary respectively of the N. B. Tourist Association representatives of the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National railways, Hon. William Pugsley, lieutenant-governor of the province, Hon. Walter E. Foster, premier of the province, Hon. J. A. Murray, "leader of the opposition," R. T. Hayes, mayor of St. John and scores of representatives from all over that neck of the woods.

Folks, when we ran amuck of all these notables all the nice things we had cooked up along the way to stay to the good people of N. B. faded away. We wouldn't want it to get back there but we was scairt green.

### They all Lived Through His Talk

The next morning the whole province was represented at the Imperial Theatre and the great "Boost New Brunswick" organization came into being. In the afternoon motion pictures were shown demonstrating the beauties of the province, the fish and the game and the natural resources. Be-

fore the pictures were shown we had our say and as nobody dropped dead we guess we got by well enough, but we are positive if we had the chance over again we could do better. At any rate we have an idea that Ohio will one of these days be as favorably known in N. B. as that wonderful part of the world is known here.

The meetings Tuesday (by the way it was the king's birthday and a holiday) were replete with enthusiasm, while the banquet at the Union Club in the evening was of unusual beauty and interest. Addresses being made by the leaders of both parties in N. B. politics and pledges made by them to help in the work at hand. In addition eloquent English was spilled in huge proportions about the new organization, the people responsible for it and about the good things the province holds out to the home folks and to the world. In this we heartily join, and if there was anything good that was left out of the speeches those good folks have our permission to put it in.

### Couldn't Help Feeling Proud

On Wednesday morning we had a motor ride around the city and surrounding country. The best road in the province is the Marsh road, running east from St. John, excuse us for tooting our horn right here, but that road was brought into being by keen N. B. brain and arms and White trucks and Barret Manufacturing "Tarvia", so well known in this, our native city. The ride took us to the sugar refinery armory, Reversing Falls, on the St. John river, East St. John harbor works and a dozen other interesting places, one of which was the salmon hatchery. At noon we were guests of the St. John Power Boat Club, where we consumed a huge flock of real clam chowder. (While no record was kept of those who licked up the greatest amount of this luscious dish it was finally decided that first honors went to N. R. Des Brisay, champion food artist of St. John. During the luncheon period there must have been at least a tank car of the chowder chowder.)

### There With the Goods

At this juncture the "wealthy resident" above referred to came on the scene and when the other guests started up the St. John river on a number of fine motor launches Dr. Travis and ourself were escorted, in company with our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Gregory, in a spacious lemonzine car to Ben Lomond Lake ten miles east of St. John. In our party was Mrs. F. E. Williams, of St. John, who like Mrs. Gregory is an artistic fly slinger.

Getting to Ben Lomond we were soon rigged and after a hastily lunch at 5 o'clock motor-boated up the lake a couple miles and were soon hard at it. In our boat was Mr. Gregory, Mrs. Williams and the writer. In the other boat was Dr. Travis, famous sky-pilot of Montclair, N. J., and associate editor of Forest and Stream, Mrs. Gregory and a guide. From about 6 until 10 o'clock at night we fished. The net result was one trout, fifteen ouaniche and six perch. Honors going to Mrs. Gregory.

The next morning we motored over to Sadler's Lake, about two miles, where we hooked into twenty nice trout, quitting the lake at 2 p. m. to allow Dr. Travis to have time to pack up and catch his train back to New York and ourselves to beat it up to Fredericton. We hated to leave St. John for we sure had a wonderful

## BREATHE DEEPLY, THEN LISTEN FOR THAT BRONCHIAL WHEEZE

Dangerous to Neglect Troubles in the Chest, Throat or Nose at This Season.

Rough, wheezy breathing means danger ahead. Every day you defer treatment makes it harder to cure.

Don't delay. Bronchial and lung troubles are all too frequent. Start today with "Catarrhazone," breathe in its pure balsamic vapor. Let its healing fumes do for you what stomach medicine never can. Nothing so certain as a Catarrhazone Inhaler to strengthen a weak throat, to rid you of Bronchitis, to drive out catarrh, coughs and colds. Use Catarrhazone to prevent, to cure your winter ills. Physicians endorse it, hospitals use it. Thousands swear by it. Two months' treatment, large size \$1.00; smaller sizes 25 cents and 50 cents, all dealers or The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Canada.

There's No Limit To its good points in Infusing Qualities.

## "SALADA"

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Is a Revelation in Tea Goodness

## AROUND THE CITY

One district of Fredericton which twenty-five years ago bore an unenviable reputation has completely disappeared. It rejoiced in the name of "Whitechapel," given at the time when the Whitechapel district of London was in the public eye as the scene of peculiarly shocking crimes. The fact that it had a preponderance of residents of color gave it also the euphonious name of Smoky Hollow. All that now remains of "Whitechapel" is part of a building in Argyle street which was removed and reconstructed on its present site. The other buildings were too ruinous and were demolished. In

time and one thing that surprised us more than anything else was that you can catch land-locked salmon (ouaniche), or trout or both in nearly any stream or lake big enough to hold them, while in the rivers, even in the mighty St. John, salmon are to be had on the fly.

### Doing the Old Turn

At Fredericton we ran into Adam Moore, well known as a guide to many Cleveland hunters. Adam is a huge big fellow grown old in the service of making other people happy. "I can work as hard as ever," he said, "but I can't stand to worry about anything any more." His son, who lives in Fredericton, is now doing the worrying. In this guide connection it may be interesting to learn that the N. B. guides are looking for next fall the greatest business they have ever experienced. Those of you who expect to hunt big game in Canada next fall, in N. B. or any other place, want to get busy and make your arrangements now. Fall will be here before you know it.

### A Nice Trip

After putting in the night at Fredericton at the noted old Barker House we set sail the next morning up the line for Penniac, the home of Harry Allen. Harry met us at the train with a canoe which was put aboard. He had a skillet and a chunk of salt pork and a few other little eats. All of which was transported up the Nashwaak river some ten miles where we left the stream chariot and slid down the bank, canoe and all, to the river. Clevelanders will remember the Nashwaak from the logging pictures which were shown here when Allen visited us. The pictures were taken on the Nashwaak.

Well, we started to paddle down the river, that is Harry did, with us in the bow of the old John canoe. The wind was blowing pretty stiff and we had our troubles trying to keep our flies smacking along the fine boms as we shot down stream, but we managed to lose about fifty trout while we brought fifteen beauties in the canoe. Working down to where we had picked up six nice fellows we decided it was time to eat again. Those six fish were soon in the pan and three of them were soon in me. Just couldn't wait to catch any more before we sunk our molars into those lovely pink boys. "Looks like its gonna rain," says Harry to me. Well burleave us Santsippe it did! But before old Jupe cut loose we grabbed off the other eight.

### Like the Country

With that rain was some of the fastest and most artistic lightning you ever ducked your bean from. We don't like lightning none and Harry allows as how it works too all-fired fast for him. We don't mind tellin' the world we was pretty skairt. Anyway we got a durn good wettin and drove more'n two miles in our wet clothes and she turned from hot to cold in a few hours BUT the next morning we had the rest of the trout, AND that was some trip and we got another invite to come back to write a story about roping moose and we wanna go—AND furthermore and moreso our wife says we are NOT going and NOW we feel somewhat worried, BUT we tell her this is the only way we gotta make a livin' and maybe we will go.

SO, in any event, we want to thank the folks in New Brunswick for askin' us to come over and thank them for the good time we had there, and we promise to boost you while the boosting is good and this is part of the boost and if you like it we are satisfied and Ohio is bound to know more of you and the good things you have to offer. Gooda Bye!

its palmy days "Whitechapel" was calm only when the police were not called there. Rows and arrests were usual features of the locality. The intersection of Argyle and Smythe streets marks the spot where was the centre of "Whitechapel." When it was at its best there were no other dwellings within quite a distance, as Aberdeen street had not been opened and the western portion of Saunders street had not been built.

A returned soldier who lost both legs overseas, recently gave evidence that he still could put up a good fight. In a friendly row among returned men a hotel proprietor received a beautiful black eye from the same soldier. The joke was on the hotel man for the wallop was not intended for him. He has the "shiner," however.

In the old, old days, when cricket was the great game in Fredericton, the Barrack Square was the scene of struggles between garrison teams, Fredericton teams and elevens from St. John and other places. The Barrack Square then, however, was not what it is now, but included the land occupied by the Arctic Rink, Custom House and Post Office and also Carleton street, between Queen street and the river. Imperial regiments stationed in Fredericton prior to the withdrawal of British troops from Canada except Halifax, in 1871, had strong cricket elevens which had learned the game in England, the country of its origin; but Fredericton among her native sons also had some expert players, and honors between civilians and military were easy. St. John and other cities occasionally sent teams to play here. When baseball first was introduced the Barrack Square was the scene of the early games. Pitching as it is now understood was illegal in those days, the rules of the game requiring that the ball be delivered to the batter by an overhand throw in which the hand was not allowed to rise above the shoulder. The rule was similar to that of cricket and one of the duties of the umpire was to see that the pitcher observed it. "Make him keep his arm down" frequently was heard from spectators and players when a particularly good pitcher was in operation.

One branch of sport which appears almost neglected now, but which flourished in the seventies and before, was rowing. It has been many years since

Continued on Page Six

## "TIZ" EASES TIRED, SORE, SWOLLEN FEET



"Tiz" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters, bunions and chilblains. "Tiz" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "Tiz" brings restful foot comfort. "Tiz" is magical grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight. Get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents.