

YORK HOTEL

Howard Young, - Proprietor.
Corner Westmorland and King Sts.
Good accommodation and service.
Coach and Auto Service to all trains
and boats. Stable in connection.

FOR SALE—An Eastman folding camera, 4x5, in good condition; will be sold at a bargain. Apply at the Mail Office.

NOW IS THE TIME

to write for particulars of courses,
etc., at

FREDERICTON
BUSINESS COLLEGE

FALL TERM commences on September 2nd. Address

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Wholesale Dry Goods and Woolens

House Furnishings
For Everybody

Lace Curtains
Scrim Curtains
Curtain Muslin and Drap-
eries of all kinds
Cottons and Casement
Cloths
White Bed Spreads
Towels, Napkins and Ta-
ble Linens
Oilcloths and Linoleums
Carpets, Rugs and Squares

Prices Lowest Possible. Goods sold to the Trade only.

Vassie & Company, Ltd.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS AND WOOLENS
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our Motto: Promptness, Accuracy, Courtesy, Care.

FEED
SPECIALS

PAT FEED — 100 lb. bags, \$1.65 bag — good for
pig feed.

CORN CHOP — 100 lb. bags, \$3.85 bag — equal to
Cornmeal for feed purposes.

MIXED HEN FEED — 100 lb. bags, \$3.85 bag — best
scratch feed on the market.

G. W. HODGE

SWEET PEAS

CANNAS

PAEONIES

ROSES

Our list of the above embraces the finest named varieties
in cultivation. A postal will bring our descriptive price list by
return mail.

Farm and Garden Service

LEONARD C. BOX, F. R. H. S. - - - - - Manager
P. O. BOX 937, FREDERICTON, N. B.

BEDTIME STORIES

These Books are the ever popular Burgess Bedtime Story
Books, that all the Kiddies love to read or have read to them...

There are 18 Books in this series, thus giving a great variety
of Titles to select from.

Each Book in the series is devoted to the adventures of one
Animal, and tells of his pranks and his good times, his troubles
his enemies and his Friends.

See our Window Display.

The McMurray Book & Stat'y Co., Ltd.

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEUR.

Stevens

Single or
Double Guns

—Barrels and lugs drop-forged in
one piece.
—Bored by a method that insures
long range close shooting.
—Fore-ends that will not loosen and
will keep the barrel tight.



J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

The expected often happens unexpectedly.
The average man doesn't waste any
politeness on his wife.

VOCATIONAL
EDUCATION

At its meeting of the Fredericton
Vocational Committee, it was decided
to open a series of evening classes in
the early fall in order that persons
over sixteen years of age may be able
to profit by the instruction offered.

Applications will be received at the
office of the Secretary of the School
Board previous to the 20th day of August
instant for instructors in the following
industrial lines:

Cooking
Millinery
Industrial Stitching
Household Science
Typewriting and Stenography.
CHAS. A. SAMPSON,
Secretary.



Wood's Phosphedine.

The Great English Remedy
Tones and invigorates the whole
nervous system, makes new blood
in old veins. Cures Nervous
Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Lethargy,
Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the
Heart, Fading Memory. Price \$1 per box, six
for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all
druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of
price. Non-patented medicine. THE WOOD
MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Canada, U.S.A.)



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
Postmaster General will be received
at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the
twenty-second of August, 1919, for the
conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a
proposed Contract for four years
three times per week on the Fredericton
Rural Route No. 7, from the Post-
master General's pleasure.

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 Fredericton and
Nashwaaksis, and at the office of the
Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
July, 4th, 1919.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Hutchins*

SIBERIA'S CLIMATE NOT AS
BAD AS HAD BEEN PAINTED

The Wide Land Bakes Under a Midsummer Sun, Which Shines
for 19 or 20 Hours a Day—Has Been Misrepresented by
American Writers—The Snow Goes With a Rush in April
and May.

(Chicago News)

I wish that some of the serious
minded ladies and gentlemen who oc-
casionally crossed Siberia in the old
trains de luxe and then went home
and wrote articles describing it as a
dark, deserted, dreary, boundless ex-
panse of scintillating snow could be
here now. It would do them good. The
wide, wide land lies baking under a
midsummer sun that circles through
the skies for nineteen or twenty
hours a day and leaves a twilight over
the earth the rest of the time. The
country is green as far as the eye can
see on a nearly level surface with
growing grain and open meadows and
great stretches of birch forests. There
have been liberal rains and the ground
is moist and there are many little
lakes scattered over the plain. It is
upon this that the sun looks down,
warming the rich soil, stimulating and
hastening the season's approaching
harvest—and incidentally baking this
railway car until the tin roof snaps
and the inside is like an oven.

But in every big town there are
gardens—"sads" they call them—
where one can stroll under the trees
or sit and watch a play of an evening
and listen to the bands and orchestras
flirt if necessary; drink beer and other
things and keep quite comfortable.
And in winter they need not be cold.
Hardly anybody suffers from cold in
Siberia and certainly there is not as
much shivering in all this land as each
winter brings to Chicago or New
York.

Altogether Siberia is not so bad and
if any Americans are thinking of do-
ing this country good by coming over
and helping, but are deterred by what
they have read in George Kennan and
elsewhere about the cold, let them
pack up their old kit bags and come
on over. The whole truth about the
local weather may be put in seven
words—Siberian temperatures are
severe but not painful. The winters
are cold but not chilly—if you know
what I mean, and very likely you do
not—and the summers are hot but not
enervating.

To say that the winters are cold but
not chilly is merely a paradox and not
a contradiction. Last winter, when the
mercury dropped down to 56 degrees
below zero, Fahrenheit, we were not
uncomfortable. Why, Chicago's justly
famous and frequently mentioned
lake breezes in the mercury month of
May can inflict more agony in one
hour than we had during some weeks
of coldest Siberianism. We walked
miles through that frosted atmosphere
and grew fat and happy on it and pin-
ed for lower temperature still to con-
quer, disappointed that our Fahrenheit
thermometer capable of registering
down to 70 below zero could not find
a fitting opportunity for the exercise
of its powers. We wanted to see that

thermometer bust itself with cold.

The winter is long past and June
has nearly gone. So far we have found
the Siberian spring and summer beau-
tiful beyond comparison. The spring
comes late, for one reason because
there is so much snow to be melted
and until this is accomplished there
can be little really warm weather.
But in April and May the snow goes
with a rush, the river ice breaks up
and the flowers—violets, dandelions
forget-me-nots and a host of others—
appear in the meadows and woods even
before the drifts have gone. This year
there was a period of hot weather
in April. After that came a couple of
rainy weeks, even flurries of snow but
the summer has long been here and it
is to be doubted if anywhere in the
world the season is more beautiful.

The vast stretches of prairie that
seemed so depressing when they lay
under the snow of March and early
April are now lovely and majestic.
They are green with a vividness that
is equaled nowhere in the states. In
the hot sunshine there are occasional
mirages as distinct as any on Lake
Michigan or a California desert. It is
interesting to see a Siberian grove of
birches standing up out of a shimmer-
ing lake, when you know that the lake
is not there. And now the traveler
notes that the thousands of acres
which last winter he thought desolate
and deserted are really farm land.

PILES

Zam-Buk ends the
pain, and stops bleed-
ing. Try it!
All dealers, 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

BOLSHEVIKI

DRIVEN OUT

London, Aug. 18.—The Bolsheviks
have been driven from Odessa, the
most important port in the Black Sea,
by the populace of the city, according
to reports received by the British war
office.

It is reported also that the Soviet
forces evacuating Kiev and the entire
Ukraine.

either grow crops, or lying fallow
supplying feed for the great herds of
cattle that dot the plain. All this earth
is black, and the soil deep and rich.
Far in the distance or near at hand
are the villages in which live the gra-
gious peasants who till the soil.

If Siberia is beautiful in summer,
Russia, so far as we have ventured in-
to it, is even more so. Merely crossing
the Urals from Chelyabinsk to Ufa
takes one from a land of birches and
pines into one of oaks and maples. The
country around Ufa is like southern
Wisconsin or northern Illinois.

Finally it should be remembered
that Siberia is a large land, with a di-
versity of weather. The maritime pro-
vince in the far east is warmed by
the ocean. Vladivostok weather is as
mild as that of New York or Chicago.
Is it the case that the weather in
it is only as you go inland that the
cold of winter and the heat of sum-
mer become severe. Even these ex-
tremes are invigorating and stimulat-
ing. The Siberians are a hardy race.

PAUL R. WRIGHT.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY EXHIBITION

THE BIG INTERNATIONAL FAIR

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 9-10-11-12

Competition Open This Year to MARITIME PROVINCES
and WASHINGTON COUNTY, Maine.

Grounds enlarged and Four New Buildings.

BIGGEST LIVE STOCK SHOW DOWN EAST!

Come and see a New and Extended Midway, with
many attractive features assured, the Best Free Vaude-
ville that money can procure, including Balloon Ascen-
sions and many thrilling and pleasing Acts.

\$20,000 — IN PREMIUMS — \$20,000

\$4,000 FOR HORSE RACES, including \$700 for a big

Free-for-All in which the speediest horses down East
are already entered.

For Four Big Days of Enjoyment, Instruction and Am-
usement, be at St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 9-10-11-12.

W. S. STEVENS, Secretary, St. Stephen, N. B.

Baby Bear is Afraid of People

The smooth, hard, dustless road
wound about through the sylvan
depths of giant ferns and mighty
timbers in a district round Spirit
Lake, Vancouver Island. Far away a
smoke smudge on the blue above the
heaving ocean showed where a Cana-
dian Pacific passenger liner was
ploughing the heaving Pacific, bound
for the Orient. On the right Spirit
Lake gleamed in the bright sun.
There was a gentle rustling in the
darkness of the undergrowth, the
ferns swayed gently. Then there
came a sound of scratching and
clawing, and finally the head of a
three-months' cub rose alongside a
great Douglas fir bole. As he cleared
the ferns he paused and glanced
eagerly about. He sought sight of
his mother, who was so wrapped up
in some luscious salmon berries that
she had forgotten him. Higher and
higher he climbed, widening his
scope of view. Then came a terrible
sound that paralyzed him where he
clung to the ragged bark. It was
the raucous challenge of a motor
horn. Hugging the tree tightly he
hoped to be overlooked. On the
smooth road a few yards away there
rolled into sight a terrible engine
carrying ladies and gentlemen. He
held his breath and hoped more
strongly. But sharp eyes were
peering every way from under the
auto, canopy and a scream of pleased
excitement showed that feminine
eyes had spied him. He hunched
himself closer and bent his head on
his shoulder to watch the awful
creatures in the big iron animal
that always had such a bad breath.
A man crashed through the ferns
and pointed a black box at him.
The cub darted high in the
branches of the towering fir



Baby Bear Watches an Automobile and Its Occupants From
His Perch on a Fir Tree.

The bad-breathing iron ani-
mal then grunted several times and
crawled swiftly away, and down from
the dizzy heights the baby bear
hastened his painful backward
climb. Arriving at the base he
found an anxious mother who had
remembered her forgotten maternal
—L. V. K.