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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.

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

COMFORTABLE, WATERPROOF, DURABLE
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OLD JAIL AT NANTUCKET TO BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS

The People of the Place are so Well Behaved That They Have No Use for the Historic Institution—Efficiency Experts Say That the Jail is no Longer of Any Use—Head Janitor Gets a Salary of \$4.16 a Month.

Nantucket, Mass., June 21.—Our venerable and historic old jail is to be discontinued. People on this island are so good that they go to church on Sunday but never go to jail. There has been no prisoner in the jail for so long that the oldest inhabitant doesn't remember the time and they are long lived in Nantucket.

So what is the use of paying \$4.16 a month to Sheriff Ryder who was head jailer and almost as much to Zeb Eldridge as assistant jailer.

A lot of efficiency experts landed here last week from the Cape Cod proving grounds. And they proved the jail was no longer any use—as a jail. They were headed by a regular chairman and the whole works was called the Committee on Counties. They are making a general average of everything in Massachusetts and if the grand old state survives it will only be another proof of her great endurance.

Take a Look at the Jail

"Let's take a look over the jail; we're making a round of the jails this week," said the head expert. All the old boatsteers and mackerel fishermen standing around on the wharf set up a laugh at this. The idea of anybody trying to break into Nantucket's good old jail seemed to start them rifling.

"Where's the jailer?" asked the head efficiency hound. "He gets \$4.16 a month for keeping the prisoners in line. He ought to be on the job."

"If your lookin' for the Sheriff," why you'll find him out at Polpis, looking over some of them there new scallop farms of his. Six miles by water and ten by road. And from there he's goin' to Great Point," said Clint Folger.

"Well, we must see the jail," said the head inspector. "I suppose there must be some one in charge."

"Oh, yes, there's usually a company or two of militia in the neighborhood. They can always be depended on in the pinches," replied the enthusiastic Clint, and all the fishermen, large and small, laughed some more.

Clint always has an eye on the main chance. Evidently he saw in the visit of the Committee on Counties a chance to do a little ante-season business.

Clint's Offer Generous

"Tell you what I'll do for you gentle men, seeing you've come to see the jail and the jailers are temporarily absent. I'll take you to the old place myself, and what's more, make a flat rate of \$1 apiece, each for all of you, out and back in my new Eagle bus. How's that for a proposition? Remember, them jailers may not be back all day, and still their salaries go on, \$4.16 a month?"

The visiting jail investigators were not long in perceiving the advantage of the original auto man's offer and all clum aboard his bus, which was soon under way and steaming down Union Street toward the famous State road. Clint gave them a short sight-seeing tour and then pulled up alongside the jail.

Rambling Old Place

It was a queer, rambling old building with the fore part two stories high and the after one, clapboarded and with ancient, slanting roof. It seemed very quiet around there and the light easterly breeze blowing across the marsh was damp and salty. All the windows of the jail were heavily barred.

Clint hopped nimbly down and tried the front door.

"The damn place is locked," he remarked. "Somebody must have locked 'er up, by mistake."

He rapped loudly on the old door

and nothing but rumbling echoes sounded through the place.

Not a Soul There

"Nobody home," remarked one of the investigators. "There are the prisoners?" asked another.

"Prisoners?" replied Clint. "What do you mean, prisoners? Never has been any prisoners in this jail as long as I can remember. The people of this island is certainly good, believe me, Morris. I believe there was a fellow did get in here once by mistake. Got off the boat thinkin' he was at Cottage City. You can imagine how good his steerin' gear was. So they let him come in here to sleep."

"He made a big kick the next morning, saying the sheep yammerin' around there had made such a racket he couldn't sleep. Said he'd quit if they didn't keep the sheep away. And he did—took the next boat for the Vineyard."

So did the Committee on Counties after being assured by Clint Folger that the jail, if discontinued, could be turned into either a summer cottage or a museum.

"It is 114 years old, has a beautiful view, and the windows are barred," said Clint in conclusion.

Many a man's reputation depends on what isn't found out about him.

Lloyd George isn't the kind of man who would say "I told you so," but his prediction, made a long time ago, that there would be no German sword clanking on the peace table, certainly sounds sweet in retrospection.

LOOKED LIKE INTENDED SUICIDE

The citizen who was brandishing a fierce looking razor says it wasn't suicide but corns he was thinking about. Needless to say his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor—very wise, because Putnam's cures in 24 hours; try it, 25c.

CADET CORPS PRIZE WINNERS IN RIFLE SHOOTING

Mr. J. E. Page of the Fredericton High School announces the following prizewinners in rifle-shooting among the members of the Fredericton High School Cadet Corps No. 242:

A Co.—Possible Score Av. 70.

Cup donated by Daughters of the Empire for the best shot in Corps, Bernard Hagerman, Average 64.

Cup donated by E. R. Blackmer for best shot, Bernard Hagerman, Average 64.

Pair Gold Cuff Links for second best shot, Jack Williams, Average 63.

Pair Gold Cuff Links for third best shot, Edward Hagerman, Average 61.5

Choice of Neck Tie donated by J. H. Fleming for fourth best shot, Leslie Booth, Average 60.

B. Company

Fountain Pen donated by McMurray & Co. for first best shot, James Gallagher, Average 53.

Cuff Links for second best shot, Ralph Burden, Average 51.

Fountain Pen for third best shot donated by C. W. Hall, Alfred Sheldon, Average 48.

Cuff Links for fourth best shot, Maurice Kane, Average 48.

All prizes not otherwise named are presented by the Instructor of the Corps.

In some homes there is always an air of something being hurriedly hustled out of the way when a caller comes in.

Pimples Broke Out All Over Face, Arms and Neck

Pimples are a sure sign that the blood is not in its proper shape. While the skin is the seat of the irritating, unsightly pimples, the real disease is in the blood.

Medicated lotions and powders may allay the itching and irritation, but never cure, no matter how long and faithfully continued, and the condition is often aggravated and the skin permanently injured by their use. The disease is more than skin deep; the entire circulation is poisoned.

Burdock Blood Bitters quickly and effectually cures blood and skin troubles, because it goes direct to the root of the disease and stimulates and restores normal, healthy action to the different organs, cleanses and enriches the blood, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous secretions.

B. B. B. cures permanently because it leaves none of the original poison to ferment in the blood and cause a fresh attack.

Mrs. E. M. Dendson Dayland, Alta., writes:—"Last summer I was greatly troubled with pimples breaking out all over my face, arms and neck. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles, the pimples had almost all disappeared. I shall always recommend this remedy to anyone afflicted with skin troubles."

B. B. B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto

The world will never be as bad as some people think it is, or as good as they think it ought to be.

Hard cider has a number of people guessing and they cannot arrive at any definite conclusion by drinking it. The more they consume the wilder will be the guesses.

LONG THREATENED STREET CAR STRIKE IN TORONTO HAS BEGUN

Toronto, June 22.—Jitneys of all kinds and descriptions took the place of street cars in this city today. The long-threatened street railway strike began this morning and late tonight no noticeable move had been made to end it.

Two or three conferences were held on Saturday with a view to averting the strike, but at the final conference on Saturday night Mayor Church put the fat in the fire by declaring, as a member of the board of police commissioners that the cars would run and that whoever manned the cars, whether they were strike-breakers or not, would have the protection of the police and the military if necessary. This declaration of the mayor was hotly resented by the street railway employees at their mass meeting early this morning, though the officials of the union managed to head off discussion on it.

CANADA AS A BEAR LAND



(1) Grizzly bear at Banff,

CANADA grows bears as well as grains and fruits and other products of the soil.

Bruin is to be found in every province, but it is in the mountain region of British Columbia that he flourishes. There one will find grizzlies and silver tips, browns and blacks and grays, and all the sub-varieties in between, including Teddy and Johnny cubs, among the children. All of these specimens may be seen in the interesting Zoological gardens at Banff, where they are lined up like soldiers on parade, in front of their cages—especially as dinner time nears!

But it is more interesting and exciting too, to see bruin as he runs wild in the woods. One day while following a narrow mountain trail in the Rockies, I was surprised to see a few yards ahead, what seemed like a piece of the trail move to one side.

(2) Polar bear in Banff Zoo.

It was a half-grown black bear. Our surprise was mutual, as we unanimously voted to separate. Or, on another occasion in Muskoka, when we almost walked on a big shaggy specimen enjoying a supper of wild berries. Here, too, we apologized for disturbing him at his meal, and gracefully and quickly withdrew.

On yet another occasion we came upon bear footprints on a snowfield in the Rockies in the Ptarmigan Pass, north of Lake Louise. They were freshly made on new fallen snow. "He's a whopper," remarked our guide, as the toe marks were studied, "and somewhere near too—an old grizzly I guess."

That led to some great bear stories that night around the camp-fire by our guide, who is a hunter as well as a prospector and mountaineer. One especially gave us lively nightmares, of a long struggle he had, alone and

(3) Black bear cub, Alaska.

single-handed, with a monster grizzly, who, when he stood upright towered above his human foe. It was literally a fight to the death, with the grizzly the loser.—F. Y.

