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THE BIG DRIVE

For Funds in Aid of the
NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL HOME

which was to have taken place Next Friday, July 18th, has been POSTPONED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

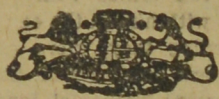
TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to five p.m., Thirty-first July, 1919, for repairs to the Dunbar Building, Fredericton, N. B. Specifications may be seen and form of tender obtained at the office of Sergt. Major Brewer, R. C. R. Armory, Fredericton, N. B. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Leptency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price 21 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mail in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Non-patented medicine free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Toronto, Canada.)



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 8th August, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Kingsclear Rural Route, No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

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 office of Kingsclear and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., June 23rd, 1919.



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 Postmaster 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 Nashwaakasis, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

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

PRINCE OF WALES IS A
MODEST, LIKABLE BOY

Will Have to Submit to Much Feting and Entertaining While Visiting the United States—Abominates Functions and Hates to Make Speeches—Overruled His Mother, Got Into the Army and was Frequently at the Front.

New York, July 28—Pity the poor Prince of Wales!

He is to visit the United States before long. And he will be rushed about from country house to city house. Those who have really arrived in society will fight over him like dogs over a bone, and the climbers will be yapping on the outside, ready to dash in and get away with the prize. And the Prince of Wales is just as fond of all that as he is of falling off a horse.

And between times he will have to listen to orators orate and when they run completely out of platitudes he will be forced to make one of the brief and modest little addresses he does so well and which he loathes so bitterly. And he will be accompanied by ornate and elegant officers who will be publicly referred to as members of his suite, but who are, in fact, his keepers. And he will not be able to get away from them. And if he does get away from them they will talk to him upon his return as though the entire British Empire is falling down because of his fault. And he will know better, but can't talk back.

Friends Like the Prince

Pity the poor Prince of Wales. Those who know the youngster like him. More than that. They have a real respect for him. He is outwardly a quiet, nice-looking, blondish boy who would not be noticed in a crowd. Inwardly he is diffident, but with plenty of spirit—if you get what I mean. He abominates functions and he loathes the formal dinner parties he is forced to attend, and his soul writhes within him when he is forced to make a speech, and he wants more than anything else to be treated like a regular fellow and not like a prince. But he never gets that sort of treatment.

"Aren't you the Prince of Wales?" he was asked by a bright subaltern during an incognito visit to a camp.

"Aw—forget it," said the Prince of Wales.

That may sound apocryphal, but it is not at all. One night in Paris I was wandering down the rue de Valois, looking for the famous old restaurant the Boeuf a la Mode, when I passed a pair of youngsters in the uniform of the British army. They were giggling as boys will—even if they are soldiers and princesses—as they hurried on. A moment later an elderly British officer panted along. I do not know that he was chasing the prince and if he was I do not know whether he caught him, but the next morning I heard some gossip:

Reproof for the Prince

"The Prince beat it last night," said my informant. "Got clear away. Did not come back until after midnight. They're raising heck with him now."

That afternoon there was some sort of a formal function and at the head of the formal line in the formal room stood the blond kid I had seen the previous night in the rue de Valois. And if ever there was a bored prince he was it. Later he made a nice little speech and every one shook hands with him and he smiled nicely and every one went away giving three cheers for the young heir. And he probably made the comment after it was over that he is known to have made on a similar occasion:

"Rot, what?"

He was a problem, no less, to the British G. H. Q. It was thought best that he live with the army. Queen Mary didn't think that way at all at the beginning of the war. She said that he could not go, and the prince is said to have been just as sulky and unfilial as any other kid of his age would have been under similar circumstances.

Ran Away From School

Once he ran away from the school in which he had been immured and got to London. He made a personal appeal to Lord Kitchener and was turned down by that personage. And there never was anything vague about a Kitchener turnaround. The recipient always knew just what the Secretary for War meant. But the Prince stuck to his guns. Eventually he had his way—which is perhaps the only time that Queen Mary has been overruled since the days of William the Conqueror.

Once in the army he was—as has been said—the very dickens of a problem. He idea was that he was to live with the army, but that under no possible conditions was he to go any-

where and get hurt. The censorship was to be depended on to keep from the knowledge of England that he lived in a bombproof. But the prince turned out not to be that sort of a prince at all. The nearer the front he got the better he liked it. They used to say that Sir Douglas Haig's battle orders used to run about like this:

"Is the artillery ready? Good. Are the infantrymen in position? Good. Have the Hun fliers been driven out of the air? Good. Has the prince been caught and penned up?"

"No? Well, then, why the Sinn Fein hasn't he been? Darn that boy!"

He held the rank of captain, attached to the staff, but with no other particular assignment. At one time his only job was to synchronize the watches of his division. When the hour of three approached the prince got on the wire connecting with the various regimental headquarters. At these regimental telephones were the officers charged with getting the regimental watches right. At three minutes to three the prince would say:

"Ready?" And at the dot of three, "Go."

Salutes the Only Difference

Unlike the average staff captain, however, he was permitted to attend the meetings of the innermost general staff. He was not encouraged to say anything at these meetings, though anything he did not understand was explained to him and if he felt he had a really valuable suggestion he might make it. The rest of the time he was just a captain subject to about the same treatment that other staff captains were. The only difference was that he was not obliged to salute his superiors in rank—though he always did—and that his superiors in rank were obliged to salute him.

He was continuously breaking bounds and getting on toward the front, where he had no business to be

whatever. A prince cannot be disciplined, although a captain can be, and he undoubtedly took advantage of that fact. A prince can be blessed, scolded, though, and he was on more than one occasion. The officers attached to his party when he goes travelling can be depended on to keep him in bounds. One or two of his particular pals are always with him and they usually manage to stir up quite a kettle of trouble. Not that he does any thing that he should not do if he were just John Smith or Bill Jones. But when a fellow's a prince, you understand—

Fitting Himself for Position

"He would make a first rate captain if he were not the Prince of Wales," is the highest praise I have ever heard given his ability.

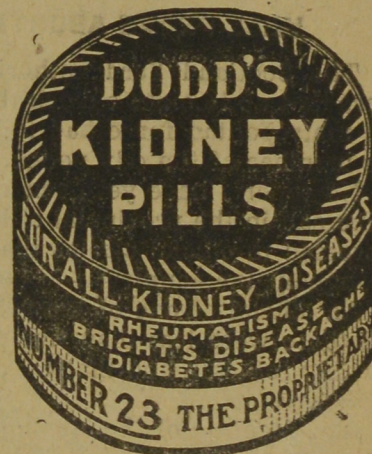
That is praise, for first-rate captains are hard to find. But it did not indicate that he is brilliant—and he is not—or anything more than a fine, lively, likable chap, excellently educated, alive to the responsibilities of the position he will some day inherit and trying honestly to fit himself for it. The men really like him, which is more than one can say for the usual press-agented prince, and he makes himself quite at home in any circle into which he is introduced, after the first stiffness on both sides has worn off. But no boy of his age has ever been more thoroughly bored by a job than he is by his.

Pity the poor Prince of Wales.

FARMHANDS FIRST

"The summer boarders say they don't get enough to eat," remarked Mrs. Cornstossel.

"That doesn't bother me," rejoined her husband. "But if you see any signs of discontent among the farmhands let me know right off."



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Ten per cent Discount on all stock, including MEN'S CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS, BOOTS and SHOES for Men, Women and Children. Special prices on all lines of Footwear, some as low as \$1.50.

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