

Was Troubled With BOILS FOR SIX MONTHS.

From the days of Job to the present time boils have been one of the greatest afflictions of the human race. Very few people escape from having them at some time.

All the poulticing and lancing you may do won't cure them and stop more coming.

Boils are caused by bad blood bursting out, and the bad blood must be made pure before the boils will disappear.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the greatest blood purifier known. It cleanses the system, and purifies the blood by removing every particle of foul material from the system, and when this is done, never another boil comes and health and strength are permanently restored.

Mr. C. H. Bridges, 470 Barton St. E., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with boils for about six months and tried several remedies without any relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and the effect has been wonderful. After using two bottles, I was rid of them all. I feel like a new man; my appetite is better, and I sleep better than I have for years. I can highly recommend B. B. B. to all who are troubled as I was."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for the past 40 years, and manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

"In prehistoric times they had ferns 40 feet high and birds that weighed a half ton."

"Gee whiz! What did the women wear on their hats?"

Germany, in its place in the sun, feels fried on both sides.

SOLDIER PIANO MOVER ON THE JOB IN CHICAGO

Soldier Helpers Juggle Heavy Household Articles to the Delight of the Housewives—Can Shift a Harmony Box Without Tearing a Rug—Their Experience Hoisting Big Guns Out of the Mud in Flanders is Being Put to Good Use.

War's most moving spectacle is being witnessed in Chicago these days. The soldier piano mover is on the job. In households afflicted with the spring cleaning fever pianos and heavy furniture are juggled by soldier helpers, to the delight of housewives and the excitement of shaky chandeliers.

"Can we shift that harmony box into the next room without tearing the rug?" echoes a strapping former buck private to the anxious woman who is his temporary employer, as she indignates the baby grand piano in the parlor.

"Ha, ha!" roars Bill, turning around to ex-Corporal Pete. "Remember when we hoisted that big gun caisson out of the mud in Flanders—"

Only a Piano? That's Grand

"An' when we put that motor truck on our shoulders an' delivered it safe out of No Man's land," recalls Pete. "Come on, Bill, let's show the lady what the artillery can do. Why, say when we're hungry we eat pianos."

So the broad-backed pair wrap their

sinewy arms around the piano and pick it up as if it were a stuffed Teddy bear. With hardly a grunt they deposit the load in the adjoining room and then go back for more punishment. The enrollment of former soldiers and other active service men as assistants to housewives in spring cleaning is a partial solution of the problem of finding temporary employment for the men until they can be absorbed into industry. The soldiers and sailors' employment bureau, 120 West Adams street, for the employment of former soldiers, sailors and marines, has placed scores of men in temporary jobs in Chicago and the suburbs. They have proved of valuable assistance in housecleaning and garden work to women who have welcomed their aid amid the present shortage of domestic help.

"When you want any lifting to be done—ask for a doughboy," was the advice of an A. E. F. veteran. "The artillerymen and the rest are all right



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 2nd May, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Nashwaak Bridge 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 Nashwaak Bridge and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., March 17, 1919.

in their place, but think of the experience the infantryman has had, lugging around seventy pounds or more of junk all over France for months. I tell you, his back muscles are trained something wonderful."

S. O. S. for Gas Masks

That gas masks should be carried along for "spring cleaning jobs" was the opinion of one soldier worker.

"When a woman begins to go wild with a broom or a feather duster, it's worse than hiking through a sandstorm in Texas," he declared. "I can stand everything but to have a feather duster tickling the walls while I am dragging a sideboard around by the neck."

Capt. Marshall Field III, active in the work of securing temporary occupation for returned soldiers, is delighted at the number of opportunities offered for temporary work by Chicago housewives. Good common sense is shown by the former service men," he said, "and they accept these jobs in the spirit given, and do not look upon the work as demeaning. The strength and energy of the men, their zeal and good spirits, make them superior to the ordinary casual workers.

"We will be pleased to get more applications for outdoor and indoor housework," said Capt. Field. "Many men will be glad to take on this work as a means of tiding them over until steady employment is assured. We have a large number of negro soldiers we are anxious to place. The men are capable, willing and strong, and they can go to work on the shortest notice"

Remove Those Unsightly Warts

By applying Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. It cures corns, warts and bunions permanently, painlessly and surely. Every druggist in America recommends and sells Putnam's Extractor. It's the best, 25c. per bottle.

LONDON TAILOR HAS BECOME AN AUTHOR

(Toledo Blade)

A London tailor has revealed anew the possibilities of the advertisement as a medium of literary expression. H. Dennis Bradley, proprietor of an establishment in Old Bond Street, is the new author who, in his advertisements in the London Nation and the English Review, has expressed an original philosophy of life and clothes. Mr. Bradley's "ads" take the form of epigrams and aphorisms, stories and plays, trenchant bits of social criticism, Whitmanesque prose, and prachments of various types. Often they deal with the perplexities and problems of male attire; but more often they forget to. Instead of advertising the tailoring business, they merely reveal the piquant personality of H. Dennis Bradley, ereH for instance, are a few of the Bradleyan aphorisms published in the Nation:

"When the Profiteer is asked, 'What did you do in the great war, daddy?' he will be able to answer proudly, 'I did well.'"

"It is more logical for sterile spinsters to theorize on love than for childless men to dogmatize on the future of 'our children.'"

"Old men in armchairs have little regard for veracity. We hear them saying 'We have won the war'; why not 'They'? Or is it an erroneous impression that the young men in the trenches had something to do with it?"

"I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate caviare and a Rolls Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally."

"My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure."

"Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness."

"Unless handicapped by education, it is not really difficult to become a millionaire if one is unscrupulous, but it impairs the mental and physical digestion."

The fact that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught is rather encouraging to the piscatorial her.

Advertise

Tell the buying public what you have for sale.

You know your stock --- the public cannot be expected to know about it if you do not advertise.

The Mail has a large and splendid class of readers. People who pay their oils.

Get our rates.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT FLIGHT ACROSS ATLANTIC WILL BE MADE

St. Johns, Nfld., May 20.—With the result of Hawker's endeavor still in doubt, another prospective race began to develop today similar to that for which Hawker and Frederick P. Raynham were lined up here longer than a month.

Alcott and Brown, of the Vimy bombing plane, which is due to arrive here tomorrow, announced that this flight for Ireland would be undertaken with the coming of the next full moon.

Alcott today wired to Vice-Admiral Kerr at Harbor Grace for permission to use the flying field of the Handley-Page plane now assembling there, for a "take-off." Alcott said he would fly light from St. Johns to Harbor Grace and there would start with a full load on his transatlantic journey.

The Handley-Page will be ready at the same time, in the opinion of Admiral Kerr, and a race for which it may still prove to be the first crossing, is expected to result.

Meanwhile the \$50,000 prize offered by the London Daily Mail is apparently still open to competition, as the conditions require that the coast line must be crossed. Extension of the international interest in flying across the Atlantic was shown today, when Lieut. Loth Jensen, formerly a French aviator, arrived here to study conditions for starting a flight from Newfoundland. He would not discuss his mission except to say an aeroplane built in France and manned by French airmen might make the attempt.

The Royal Aero Club has supervision over the flight in which Hawker was entered, notified the referee, Mr. Partridge, that no news had been received regarding Hawker, and the London Daily Mail cabled the same information to its representatives here.

LUNCH APPETIZER.

Tiny fingers of toast, bread trimmed from crusts. Toss a few small sardines in the spider with their own oil and when hot remove to the toast which has been spread with a little butter rubbed with minced parsley. Place in the oven a second for the butter to warm and send to the table with a lemon slice, dressing the top of each sardine.

AND A SMILE

A "classic dancer" Wins applause By romping in a Yard of gauze! About the dancer Please be fair; She wears a flower In her hair.

"Have a heart!" is our daily appeal to the little reconstruction radishes.

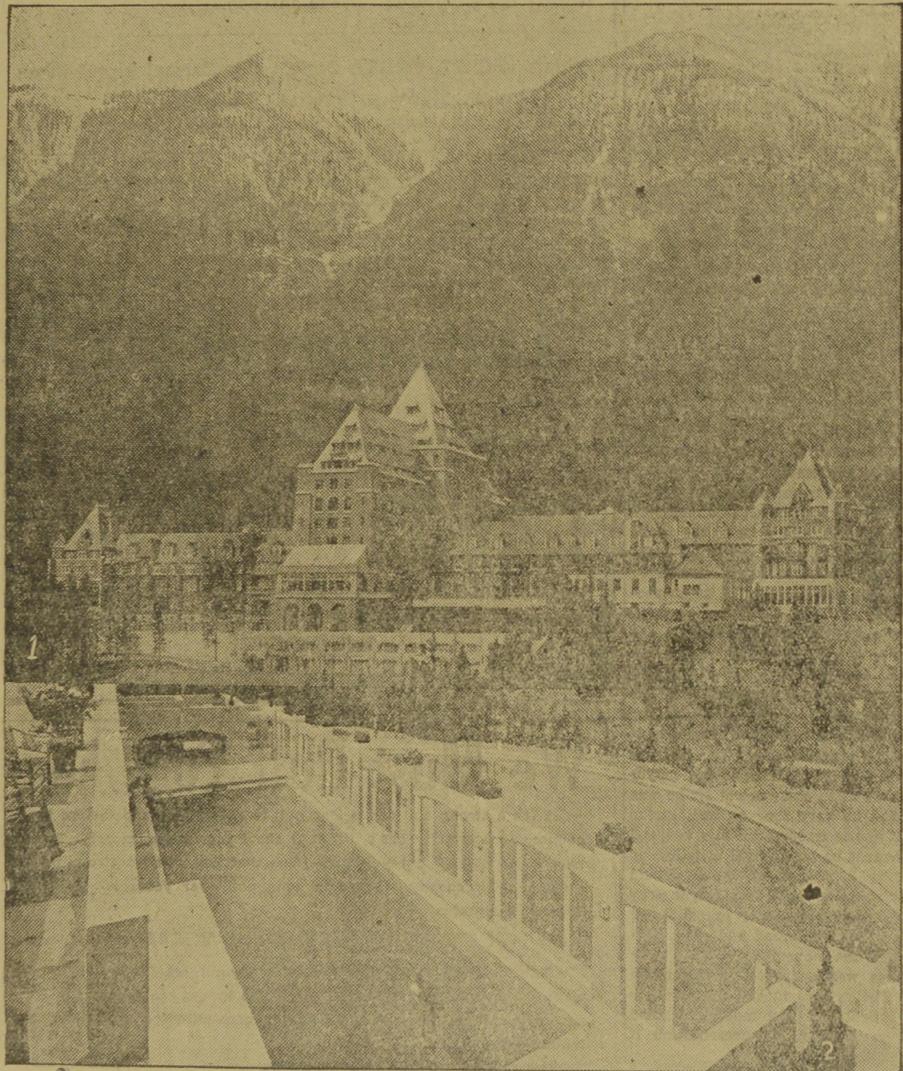
A Good Investment

THE money you save earns interest when deposited in our Savings Department, and both principal and interest are safe and can be obtained whenever required. Open an account to-day.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

FREDERICTON BRANCH W. T. GERALD, Manager
DEVON BRANCH W. A. RYAN, Acting Manager
STANLEY BRANCH C. J. LOUGHLIN, Acting Manager

A Palace Amid the Peaks



(1) Banff Springs Hotel.

(2) The swimming pool at Banff Springs Hotel

THIRTY-FIVE years is three and a half decades and a great deal might happen during that time. In fact, one might grow from a toothless, mumbling family pride into a white hope and a nation's pride, or one might grow from a white hope or a nation's pride into a toothless mumbling civic burden. No matter what happens there are always changes, the few things remaining unaltered being the mountains, the ocean, the deep blue sky. Forests wither and burn and draw in their borders, fences and grain fields are now where the wild lands rolled, towns and cities flourish where the antelope and the mule-deer used fearlessly to slake their thirst.

Mountains, having the broader perspective, see the greatest changes, and the mountains of Banff could tell much if they would talk. Forty years ago they looked down on the primeval forests of their lower slopes and valleys, traversed sometimes by red men, sometimes by pioneer whites. Thirty-five years ago they saw the C. P. R. gangs stretching the first steel threads which binds the Pacific to the Atlantic and have opened the land for the coming millions. The white men lived in the open, in tents, in dug-outs and log cabins, they ate of the rudest fare, and they heaved a way for the following herds who brought with them a very new continent, new comforts and new developments. Up on the slopes of Sulphur Moun-

tain the sulphur springs ha- rippled, and smoked and steamed for centuries, known only to the wild animals and natives, but when the railway steel was put down white men came and saw the commercial possibilities of the medicinal waters. One of these earliest pioneers decided to be forenanded and obtain a possession. On the northeast side of Sulphur Mountain, where the sulphur bubbles and a wondrous cove of gleamy pools and stalactites promised attractions for future tourists he erected a small log hut and placarded it with a roughly planed board branded "hotel" in letters of charcol. Consequently, while waiting for the rush of tourists he fed and bathed stray railroaders, trappers, gules and prospectors. He was a free and easy landlord, if there was room on his floor they could sleep under his roof, if there was flour in the sack and bacon on the nail they could eat. They paid what they thought was right. This was the first hotel in Banff park.

The government, realizing for the first time the great possibilities of the mountains, streams, and medicinal springs of Banff decided that it should be reserved as a national playground and health resort for all Canada and the world. The scout who had hoped to retain the medicinal springs for his own profit, was consequently bitterly disappointed. He took up other work and the "hotel" drooned in decay. Wood live ants, mountain cats, bears, and moun-

tain storms soon wiped out the structure.

To-day there is modern housing in the big Canadian resort for three or four thousand transients. The peoples of the world visit the springs, the caves, the fishing and hunting grounds. They live in the hotels and go away satisfied with the comforts provided. In the early days four walls and a roof were comfort, today bellboys, elevators, waitresses, servants, fine linen, baths, architectural marvels are necessities. Roman baths, foodstuffs from the distant parts of the earth take the place of the muddy pools and the flour and bacon of pioneer days. The first boniface of Banff built his hostelry from timbers which grew on the mountains, the great C. P. R. hotel in Banff went deeper and builded from the very stones that underlaid the soil which fed those timbers. Tall, and grey as the very cliffs themselves the big structure looms up in castellated grandeur, not ever seemingly pigmatized by contrast with the mighty precipices.

Eight guests would have strained the accommodations of the first log hotel, eight hundred is not too many for this one great building which now stands and overlooks the valley of the Bow. As one will admit changes come with the years, though the mountains still stand as they stood when Rome burned and Nero played.—L. V. K.