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D. J. SHEA

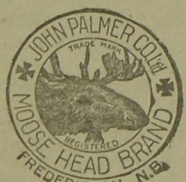
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The Ideal Work Boot for
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COMFORTABLE, WATERPROOF, DURABLE
Get a pair from your local dealer.



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Manufactured by the

JOHN PALMER COMPANY LIMITED

Fredericton, N. B., Canada.



NEW YORK DESCRIBED AS CITY OF RESTLESS FEET

The Big City a Scene of Bustling Activity at the Present Moment — Hotels Crowded to Their Capacity — Phenomenal Mild Weather One of the Causes of the Big Rush — All Mankind Seeking a Place Where Happiness Dwells.

"Never," observes Richard Burton in "The Bellman," "never in its history did New York City present such a spectacle as it does at the present moment." For one thing—"the hotels, large and small, are so crowded that not only are you unable to secure a room at all, or in the near future, but in some cases you find it difficult to elbow your way to the desk to make inquiry. The stereotyped reply by the desk clerk is: 'Sorry we are turning them away' (he doesn't mean he is sorry to turn them away); 'we will put your name down; you are 721.' Whereupon you probably tell him to make it 700, and go sadly forth for further seeking of a place to lay your weary head—to say nothing about your baggage.

"Who are all these wandering Americans now pouring into the nation's chief city? Where do they come from, and whither are they going? What are they after, and why do they subject themselves to this homeless, sleepless discomfort? Really, it is a question for the student of life. You ask it while the wanderers flow past, and no one of them all heeds your cry, nor stops for an answer to so foolish an inquiry.

"I, for one humble observer, am by no means sure of the reason for this curious congestion of humans on the hunt—for something. It is but intelligent guessing at the best. Still one or two contributory causes can perhaps be named. The phenomenal mild weather is one such; it makes travel and outdoor circulation so easy and delightful that shoppers and sight-seers and amusement mongers are lured from the adjacent towns, or from further afield into the metropolis. At this time of year, too, the buyers from countless firms come on for their spring purchases. Again and obviously the return of the soldiers may be cited as a main reason for this glut of humans seeking bed and board, avid for contact with their fellows. The way the Yankees—to say nothing of the uniforms that signify France, or Italy or Australia—flock through the streets is proof positive how much they add to the floating population. Moreover the presence of the soldier boys brings to town their kinsfolk and friends in numbers innumerable and impressive. This certainly is to be reckoned with when we try for an explanation.

"But when this much is said, I have an uneasy feeling that the root of the matter has not been reached. At the risk of being accused of mysticism, I go on to say that to me, somehow, this unparalleled roundup of wandering human beings in New York City seems to bespeak a kind of unrest bred by the war, and a logical sequence to it. War is an uneasy state, and so is the time directly after war, with a hundred vital questions, pending, debated and the whole world in a seethe of uncertainty, anxiety and shattered nerves. These wandering multitudes that storm the hotels, fill the theatres to overflowing (by common consent this is a phenomenally successful theatrical season, and even bad plays prosper), and make the street look like a state fair rather than an orderly progression of urban men and women going about their daily business, have more than outward significance. The crowd becomes, to this view, a sort of symbol of state of mind, a psychological phenomenon, almost a St. Vitus dance of the perturbed spirit of humanity! Whatever else it means, it means that at present people find great difficulty in settling down—as well as settling up.

"I would I were possessed of telepathic powers which would enable me to look within and learn the secret of this mass of souls in their restless, unceasing going up and down! I wish I might get the key that unlocks the door of the mystery or even a clew following which I might be led out of a labyrinth into a place of understanding and revelation. But such is not for the likes of me. All I can do is to look on in a dazed way and, by the contagion of contact, develop a like feeling of unrest, an itch for perpetual motion.

"To get right down to business and attend to a regular job seems of all things the most difficult just now. To concentrate is almost as hard as to feel kindly toward a German. You strive your best to fix your brain on the problem in hand, the piece of work to do and calling to be done, but, lo, your eye goes out of the window, your thought is in France or on the far isles of the sea; for pretty soon your feet

begin to beat time to the pitter-patter along the million-footed way, until in despair you clap on your hat and rush forth to join the mobile vulgus we now call the mob, for short; an etymological fact I trust one or two of my readers old fashioned enough to remember their Latin, may recognize.

"Then as you merge in the multitudinous heterogeneity of mankind hurrying by, you are seized not only with a feeling of its mystery, but of its poetry. Bacon speaks of the intense lonesomeness that one suffers in the crowd; the solitariness of a single soul in such an experience. But there is a strange deep music in it, too, and if the rhythm is not plain to make out it has the lure of the unknown, and a kind of voice not without its strong seduction. Nor is pathos lacking. All mankind wants to come at contentment, seeks a place where happiness dwells. And all mankind is on that quest, now and forever. Especially now, with the wander fever beating in the blood, and certain great ideals of social freedom and equality a glittering goal, desecrated not too far away—a mirage, a miracle, yet an article of faith.

"Not only Americans go awandering but all men. To wander, to return and to lie down for rest; it is an epitome of Life, of human fate."

KAISER'S SON IN SWITZERLAND

Geneva, April 26.—The Swiss newspapers say that Prince Joachim, youngest son of the former German Emperor is one among German and Austrian aristocrats most of them without passports, who have fled to the new Italian "Monte Carlo" at Campione, facing Lake Ingamo.

These New-Fangled Names.

"I have a heck of a time trying to get the hang of these new names," says Farmer Hornhand, who has two daughters in college. "I can't never tell whether you cook stuff in a camisole or wear a casserole for a corset kiver."

Going fishing early in the spring may not insure a string of fish three feet long, but it may insure a cold three weeks long.

NAVIGABLE WATERS PROTECTION ACT.

R. S. C., CHAPTER 115.

The N. B. Provincial Department of Public Works hereby gives notice that it has, under section 7 of the said Act, deposited with the Minister of Public Works at Ottawa and in the District Registrar of the Land Registry District of Sunbury County, New Brunswick, at Oromocto, Sunbury County, N. B., a description of the site and the plans for the proposed new

HARRIS BRIDGE,

Over Oromocto River, Parishes of Lincoln and Burton, Sunbury County, N. B.

And take notice that after the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication of this notice, the New Brunswick Provincial Department of Public Works will, under section 7 of the said Act, apply to the Minister of Public Works at his office in the City of Ottawa, for approval of the said site and plans, and for leave to construct the said bridge.

Dated at Fredericton, N. B., this 14th day of April, 1919.

P. J. VENIOT,

Minister of Public Works,

Province of New Brunswick.

PREMIER ORLANDO IS WARMLY GREETED IN ROME

Met at the Railway Station by an Immense Crowd of People—Business Suspended in His Honor—Greeted With Cheers and Cries of "Long Live America! Down With Wilson."—Premier Tells the People Italy Must be Firm.

Rome, April 26.—Vittorio Orlando, the Italian premier, arrived in Rome this morning from Paris.

Rome was beflagged in greeting the returning Premier. The offices and shops were closed, and the members of some two hundred associations, clubs and patriotic leagues, bearing banners with the legend "Italy, Fiume, Dalmatia," went to the railway station or lined themselves along the thoroughfare which Premier Orlando would have to pass on his way from the station to the Ministry of the Interior. All the cabinet ministers in Rome, high officials of state, the prefects, Prince Colonna, the Mayor of Rome, and deputies, gathered inside the station to receive the prime minister.

Banners were displayed bearing the inscription "Fiume, Dalmatia or death." Airplanes hovered above, among them a gigantic bombing machine.

For more than an hour the automobile containing Premier Orlando, Gen. Diaz and Signor Parzilai, was so surrounded by the immense crowd outside the station that it could not move.

The Premier, addressing the crowd, said:

Delegates Supported.

"It is not the time for language. In the face of the world, which is judging us, we must have firmness and a calm, serene conscience.

There are two questions. The first is whether the government and the Italian delegates have faithfully interpreted the thoughts and will of the Italian people."

The Premier was answered by thunderous cries of "Yes!"

"I never doubted," continued the Premier, "for I knew the soul of my people. But confirmation was required. The first question is answered. Rome is concretely our work.

"The second question is to estimate the gravity of the situation; but I do not ask you for an immediate reply. Let us not now consider what best or most desirable thing can happen to our Italy, whose just and praiseworthy attitude has provoked the admiration of two worlds." (Cheers and cries of "Long live America! Down with Wilson!")

Serious Situation.

"We must show that we have taken the worst into consideration. After four years of unspeakable privations and sacrifices, we may find ourselves faced with fresh sacrifices and privations. At this moment Italy is ready and greater than ever—greater than

in May, 1915.

"The decision must be a well considered one. Food supplies are failing us, but Italy, which has known hunger, has never known dishonor. I do not conceal from you the danger of this very critical hour." (Cries of "We will face anything.")

A Brother Among Brothers.

"I am with you," continued the Premier, "a brother among brothers, and also a chief who ask to obey and follow the will of the people. It may be that we shall find ourselves alone, but Italy must be united and have a single will. Italy will not perish."

At the conclusion of his address, the Premier was given an ovation.

General Diaz then spoke and was cheered by the soldiers and sailors.

Premier Orlando, General Diaz, Prince Colonna and Signor Barzalala entered motor cars and a procession was formed which proceeded to the Royal Palace in Quirinal Square.

At the palace the party joined the King, Queen and Crown Prince on the balcony, and the entire group was acclaimed with enthusiasm by the assemblage below.

Domestic note: Son's favorite pie appears on the table oftener than father's favorite.

If a shoe is going to squeak at all it will squeak in church on Sunday morning.

Germany may hold out until the last hour of the last day, but she'll sign on the dotted line.

There are men who never hurry except when on the way to their favorite loafing place.

Even Frank H. Simonds has days in the week when he feels optimistic over world affairs.



MAIL CONTRACT

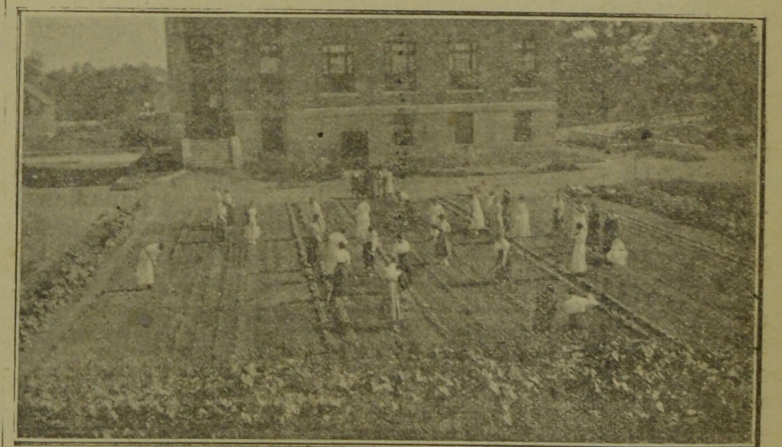
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 16th May, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Kingsclear Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

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.

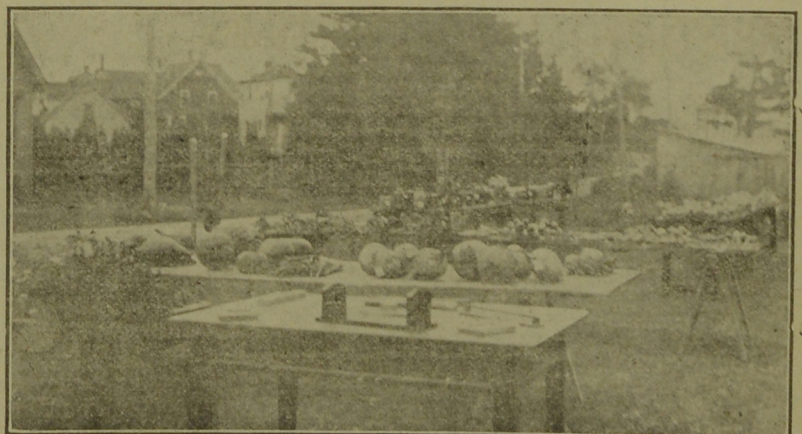
H. W. WOODS,

Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., April 1, 1919.



GARDEN WORK AT RURAL SCIENCE SCHOOL, SUSSEX, 1918.



PART OF SCHOOL FAIR AT ROTHERSAY, N. B.