

## COCKERELS FOR SALE

I am offering for sale twenty five pure bred Barred Plymouth Cockerels of high laying strain. These birds were imported as baby chicks from one of the largest poultry farms in the New England States. All are from trap-nested stock, having an egg record of from 230 to 250 eggs per year. One of these birds is just what is wanted to grade up a flock of indifferent layers. Will be sold for immediate delivery or kept until September. Book your orders at once as they are going fast. Price \$4 each and upwards.

## WEST END POULTRY YARDS

Fred H. Ferguson, Prop.  
Fredericton, August 2, 1920

FOR SALE—A large three-storey building on King street, between Regent and St. John. For particulars apply to 710 King street.

TO LET—Nicely furnished front room in good locality. All modern conveniences. Apply at Mail Office.

FOR SALE—A quantity of old newspapers, suitable for wrapping paper. Apply at this office.

TO LET—Nicely furnished front room in pleasant locality. All modern conveniences. Apply at the Mail Office.

WANTED—Partner with capital, for produce business; good proposition for retired man. Apply "Partner," Mail Office.

# MAN WITH JAG ASLEEP ACROSS TELEPHONE WIRES

New York, Aug. 10.—Policeman Bush of the Newark Police Department, heard a hearty snore shortly before dawn yesterday at Fleming avenue and Providence Street, Newark. He pinched himself to make certain he hadn't fallen asleep, and then he heard it again, gathering volume as it proceeded and winding up in a tremendous, ear-shattering snort.

The policeman looked in all the alleyways, in all the doorways, behind the lampposts and searched carefully all over the sidewalk. He even pried up a manhole cover, but every time he would tell himself there was no one around who could possibly snore the snore came again and always louder than before.

"Spooks!" said the cop to himself. He looked around, somewhat fearfully, and finally his gaze turned upward. And there, forty feet from the ground, he saw a man stretched across the telephone wires, a few feet away from one of the poles sound asleep. The cop was afraid to wake him, so he sent for the reserves and they came

with a life net.

Several of the cops held the net under the wires and Bush climbed the pole and poked the sleeper with his club. The man stirred uneasily, and muttered something about taking another of the same. Bush prodded him again and the sleeper turned an uncertain eye upon him.

"How'd you get up there?" demanded the policeman.

"Darned if I know," said the sleeper. "Got a drink?"

The man refused to come down, but Bush prodded him long and vigorously with the end of his night stick, and at length the sleeper lost his hold on the wires and fell with a roar into the net. He was then transferred to an ambulance and taken to the Newark hospital, where he gave his name as William Merkel, but refused to give his address. He had no idea of the circumstances under which he climbed the pole and went to sleep across the wires. He didn't care to discuss it, in fact, he would only say he had been out "with the boys" and he felt rotten.

## MANITOBA IS BOOMING

Winnipeg, Aug. 12.—Every sort of business in Manitoba is on the increase and there has been greater activity during the last eight months than during the whole of 1919, according to the books kept in the Provincial Secretary's office showing new capitalization of old firms. During the last eight months licenses were issued for companies having an aggregate capitalization of \$60,000,000. The total for the whole of last year was \$57,000,000.

## UNIONIST WON THIS ELECTION

London, Aug. 11.—The result of the Woodbridge-Suffolk election held in consequence of the appointment of Col. Peel to a colonial governorship is as follows:

Sr A. Churchman, coalition 12356123  
Sir A. Churchman, coalition, coalition unionist, 9,898; H. M. Harden, Labor, 8,707.

Sixty per cent of the votes on the register were cast. The new member has strong local connections and had three times previously tried for a seat in Parliament, once as a Conservative and twice as a Liberal.

### MY AUTO 'TIS OF THEE

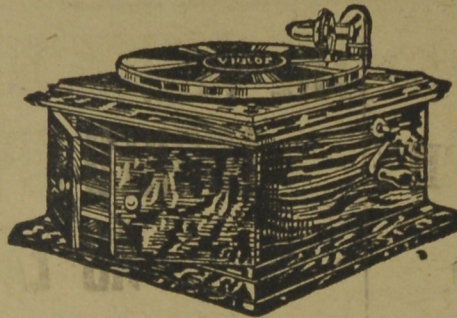
My auto 'tis of thee,  
Short road to poverty,  
Of thee I chant.  
I blew a pile of dough  
On thee three years ago,  
Now you refuse to go,  
Or won'tor can't.  
Through town and country-side  
You were my joy and pride.  
A happy day.  
I loved the gaudy hue,  
The nice white tires new,  
But you're down and out for true,  
In every way.  
To thee, old rattle-box,  
Came many bumps and knocks,  
Lor thee I grieve.  
Badly the top is torn,  
Layed are the seats and worn,  
The whooping cough affects the horn.  
I do believe.  
Thy perfume swells the breeze,  
While good folks choke and wheeze  
As we pass by.  
I paid for thee a price  
'Twould buy a mansion twice,  
Now everybody's yelling "Ice"—  
I wonder why?  
Thy motor has the gripper  
Thy spark plug has the pip  
And woe is thine.  
I, too, have suffered chills,  
Fatigue and kindred ills,  
Endeavoring to pay my bills  
Since thou wert mine.  
Gone is my bank roll now  
No more 'twould choke the cow  
As once before.  
Yet, if I had the mon,  
So help me John—Amen  
I'd buy a car again and speed some more.  
—Auto Links.

### HIS WISH

"Is your husband fond of golf?"  
"I'll say so. I'll wish he paid as much attention to me as he does to that old game."

FAMOUS WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN  
Where's my collar button?

# Get a VICTROLA



## For Your Boat

Boats of every description, from the modest canoe to the palatial steam yacht, carry a Victrola oowadays. Delightful music, particularly beautiful on the water.

If you have a boat, you'll want a Victrola. And you can get one easily and on easy terms if desired.

## THE McMURRAY BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY, LTD. SNAPSHOTS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED

Sometimes a man imagines he is making love to a widow.  
Increased railroad fare is destined to make walking cheap.

Before the big war, the little wars that are now going on in Europe would have attracted fifty per cent more attention in the daily news.

In this weather some women put on hot clothes and go down town, while some go about home wrapped in a smile.

# HEN FEED

FUL-O-PEP LAYING MASH—This Mash is put on the market after most exhaustive tests, and wherever it has been used it has given the best of results. A hen that eats this mash must produce eggs.

Price \$5.60 Bag.

SCRATCH FEED, Price \$5.00 bag.

## G. W. HODGE

## The Electric Lights

Illuminate your home with it and ask for particulars

THE MARITIME ELECTRIC CO.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Wholesale Dry Goods and Woolens

## House Furnishings For Everybody

Lace Curtains, Screen Curtains, Curtain Muslins and Draperies of all kinds.

Crotonnes and Casement Cloths.

White Bedspreads. Towels, Napkins and Table Linens.  
OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS,  
CARPETS, RUGS AND SQUARES

Prices Lowest Possible. Goods Sold to the Trade Only.

## VASSIE & COMPANY, LIMITED

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

Our Motto: Promptness, Accuracy, Courtesy.

## SAINT JOHN EXHIBITION

Sept. 4 to 11 1920

BIG AGRICULTURAL FEATURES  
SPLENDID DISPLAY OF INDUSTRIES  
INCREASED SCOPE IN WOMAN'S WORK  
SPECIAL ART & PUBLIC WELFARE EXHIBITS

Great Program of Free Attractions

CHARLES ROBINSON, MANAGER

PLAN TO BE PRESENT

## Vancouver Island's Famous Gardens



A View of Part of the Famous Bouchard Gardens 12 Miles From Victoria, B.C.

Some few years ago at the head of Tod Inlet on Southern Vancouver Island there yawned an enormous excavation—like a gigantic wound on the face of nature. The cement works nearby had removed from this spot thousands of tons of sand and shale for utilization in the manufacture of cement, and it would be hard to conceive of a more desolate spot than these dry, grey acres which looked dead beyond resurrection. Not a blade of grass grew there, not a trickle of water laved the gaping thirstiness of it, not a bird sent its note across its waste, even the unfastidious crows disdainfully ignored it. A hundred feet above it the woods were green enough, and forest flowers thrived in fragrant profusion, but no wind-wafted seeds could take root in the dry sand and clay of the monstrous grave; they withered and died for want of sustenance, and because of the charm of the wooded glades above, the excavation looked all the more incongruous and unsightly.

Today that same incongruity has become one of the most lovely garden spots in the whole length and breadth of America, not excluding the famous gardens of southern California. It is the Mecca of thousands of tourists every year, and as there is no real winter weather on favoured south Vancouver Island, the garden blooms practically the whole year round.

How was this miracle accomplished? Man's ingenuity aided by ever-gracious Nature, is the answer. Black loam by tons was carried into the excavation, packed up against the clay-banks, and around the rocks, placed in thick layers all over the levels, and in the very heart of the huge hole, water was fed from a lake. Far above the banks in the woods themselves, a stream was di-

verted to toss down over the side of the thirsty clay in a clean bright fall that splashed into the lake. A huge pinnacle of rock that stood in the centre of the barren acres was banked with rich soil, while the same soil was placed in all of its holes and crannies. Rock stairways were built from the rim of excavation down into the place itself, a hundred walks, and by-paths and stretches of lawn were mapped out, and great beds made. Rustic bridges were built across the lake, and the stream itself, and then the seeding and planting began. Scores of men were employed in the first stages of the work, and expert landscape gardeners, for not only was the excavation to be made into a great sunken garden, but the ground above, which had been cleared, was to be laid out in lawns, a rose-garden, a tea-garden, and a combination of Japanese and fairy garden. More little streams from the woods were moved into this upper garden and nourished from underground pipes to send up rainbow fountains here and there. Avenues of hawthorns and other ornamental trees were planted and a thousand feet or more of pergolas built. A large tea-house and a half a score of other little summer-houses, all of the most artistically rustic design, were scattered throughout the different gardens, and every flower and shrub that grows found its home there. The pergolas were hung with climbing roses, the tea-house graced in clematis and wistaria, and each little summer-house had its own individual garment of colour.

This upper garden is the first one to be traversed by the visitor, and having seen all of its loveliness, the curious charms of the Japanese gar-

dens, with their dwarf trees and shrubs, their iris-crowned banks, their flower-bung pagodas, the elves, the dragons, the tiny fairy forests of elfland, and the bewildering beauty of the rose-gardens, one's senses seem almost satiated, until by a secret path one emerges suddenly upon the rim of the sunken gardens. Then indeed, one marvels at one's own senseless resources, for one's whole being is stirred to unimagined ecstasy at what lies before one! Colour!—Every colour and tint from the glowing gorgeousness of the poppy, rhododendron, and larkspur, to palest pastel shades of old-fashioned lavender, forget-me-nots and sweet peas are there! Perfumes!—Lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, wall-flower, honey-suckle, and every known blossom, except those which thrive only in tropical climes, lend their quota to the splendid argosy which floats on the placid air! Music! Surely the little birds must think they have reached their heaven, for never are their songs sweeter than here. Fountains send their rainbow sprays among the flowers, water-falls tinkle down the cliffsides where ferns and vines of every hue riot in gay profusion; and the great gaunt rock which once marked the place like a tombstone, is crowned with rock plants, shrubs, masses of delphinium, lupin, foxglove, and every sort of new and old-fashioned flower till it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic nosegay. The lake is stocked with trout that come in crowds for the crumbs you may drop them, velvety cat-tails rise out of the shallows, and water-lilies bask on the bosom of the water, while butterflies of every size and variety weave a loom of colour from flower to flower.

N. de B. L.