



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 25th June, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Canterbury Station Rural Route No. 4, 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 Canterbury Station and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,

Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., May 14, 1920.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 16th July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Fredericton Rural Route No. 3, from 1st October next.

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 Fredericton 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 4, 1920.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 16th July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, as required, between the Fredericton, N. B., Post Office and Parcel Post Delivery, on and 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 Office of Fredericton, N. B.

G. C. ANDERSON,

Supt. of Mail Service Branch.
Post Office Department,
Ottawa, May 27th, 1920.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Try a reliable remedy in all cases of skin trouble. Said to cure dandruff, itching, and all skin diseases. No. 1, \$1. No. 2, \$2. No. 3, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont.

The Electric Lights

Illuminate your home with it and ask for particulars

THE MARITIME ELECTRIC CO.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Picnic and Outing Supplies

THERMOS BOTTLES, LIME JUICE, STRAWBERRY VINEGAR, GRAPE JUICE, PAPER PICNIC PLATES.

WILEY'S PHARMACY

York Street

DEERING MOWER

"CUTS CLEAN, REGARDLESS OF CONDITIONS."

You buy a Mower to cut grass and you expect it to do so under all ordinary conditions without wasting the grass, clogging the Mower or putting excessive strain upon the horses. There are reasons why the Deering Mower will cut grass even when conditions are bad, without danger of encountering any of these difficulties.

DEERING REPAIR SERVICE

We carry a good supply of repairs for the Deering Mower and can supply any repair part quickly.

Now is the time to place your order for your Harvesting Machinery for this summer, and we solicit your business.

J. CLARK & SON, Limited

FREDERICTON, N. B., and BRANCHES.

Questions of the Day?

ARE you thinking of installing heat in your home before cold winter is here?

ARE you going to let freezing weather overtake you before you put in those plumbing fixtures you have long been depriving yourself of?

DO you fully realize the comforts of an all modern method of living?

DO you want a right price on all the best there is in

HEATING and PLUMBING

ASK

D. J. SHEA



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 2nd July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Prince William 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 offices of Prince William and 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., May 17, 1920.

\$5 PER DAY—Men send me your address and I will start you in a business of your own earning \$5 to \$10 daily the year around. Sample case and plans free. Address H. V. Martin, Windsor, Ont.

THE BEAUTIFUL, SOUTH SHORE OF NOVA SCOTIA

(By Irene Todd)

Who that dwells amid the noisy rush of the busy marts of commerce but has felt the warning winds of the work-a-day world breaking in upon the soul with a fierceness that at times has become well nigh unbearable?

Who, pushed along in the ceaseless march of civilization ever increasing in its velocity, but has longed to step out of the current for a time and let the world rush by?

Have we not, during odd reflective moments all asked ourselves: if, after all, modern civilization, with its wolfish grapple for gold, its rush and hurry and worry and its so-called high standards of efficiency, measured up to our ordinary idea of its worth?

And we all have frequently come to the conclusion that it does not, and that our grandmothers lived a saner, healthier, and happier life than the majority of the people of today. Were we right or were we wrong?

While travelling along the Halifax and South-western Division of Canadian National Railways, along the southern shores of Nova Scotia, I came a little while ago, upon a quaint fishing village—whichever, I afterward learned, had been founded about 1650 by Major Philippe Muis D'Entremont, Baron de Pouboncoup, a scion of the royal house of Bourbon and where his descendants and many other Acadians still dwell and spend their days in much the same manner as their forefathers of a century ago—a spot that modern civilization seems to have left almost untouched—a little place apart. It is called Pubnico, a name evolved from that of the founder, and, because the life there is so unique, so old-time so utterly removed from the average present-day mode of existence, it brings us much—it seems like a quiet island in the swirling restless sea of modern life.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of it as I stood on the little station platform in the spring twilight, watching my train speed away and curve around the harbour like a great black snake dotted with golden spots. Dusk approached from the east, spreading her arms about the sleepy hamlet, and only in the west remained the soft rosy light of the afterglow that fell with magic touch on the gleaming waters of the quiet safe little harbor where five or six brown-sailed fishing smacks rested, swaying gently with the motion of the water. Far out on the point, tall and straight in dark relief against the western sky, stood the Pubnico lighthouse. At the far end of the harbour, high above the houses, a church spire with a glittering golden cross stood out darkly in the pale light of evening. The dusty road winding in and out by the sea like a white ribbon, was peculiarly alluring. Never can I remember being in such an atmosphere of brooding peace and quiet—all sounds seemed to have hushed and only a few twinkling lights from the neat, unpretentious little white houses broke the darkness—they might have been fireflies in the still purple twilight.

But the darkness was gathering fast and I had not decided where to spend the night. There was an inn a few miles down the road, but, longing to know the Acadians as one only can by dwelling under the same roof, I chose the humble home of an old fisherman and his wife. It was a little frame house, painted white, standing on a hill next door to the schoolhouse. Within, the furnishings were of the plainest, but everything was spotlessly clean, and the simple graciousness and kindly hospitality of my new-found friends was almost touching. Indeed, they showered me with kindness. The hardy old fishermen who was over seventy years of age, with wavy silvery hair and beard and clear blue eyes, told me that he had given up the sea only a year before and he regaled me with stories of life on the deep, while his wife prepared my evening meal and such a delicious simple meal it was! There was tasty home cured fried ham and eggs, ample slices of white, fresh home-made bread, the sweetest of butter which my Ac-

adian hostess had churned the day before, and a glass of cold creamy milk. And for desert, a dish of preserved blue berries and a thick piece of yellow sponge cake.

"Where do you get your blueberries?" I asked, whereupon the little woman sitting in a low rocker with her hands folded on her big, snowy apron, and rocking herself to and fro, smiled serenely and replied, "O they grew in the pasture—Yes and I did up one hundred quarts last year."

At that moment a fine-looking sturdy youth of about nineteen, wearing blue overalls, entered. He was Henri, the youngest of their eleven children and a fisherman like his father; but, to quote the old gentleman "Henri played the fiddle pretty good" and, during the evening, sitting with his chair propped back against the wall, one leg thrown over the other, Henri played selection after selection on the old fiddle that had been handed down from his great grandfather and was thought to have originally come from France. He had never had a lesson in his life, but that was quite ordinary, as it seemed that a great many boys in the village played the fiddle, and the girls the organ by ear.

Suddenly I spied an old-fashioned spinning wheel in the corner, and I asked my hostess if she spun. O yes! she replied "everybody spins", while the old gentleman with the utmost incredulity asked, "and don't anybody spin where you come from?" as if it could scarcely be possible. In Pubnico every house had its spinning wheel and the women spun the wool into yarn, dyed it, and then knit it into socks, mittens, sweaters and underwear.

But it was growing late, and as my friends were accustomed to retiring early and rising at 5.30 in order that the fishermen could be out with the tide, I repaired to my neat little sleeping room. There, later, as I lay sunk in the feather bed between snowy sheets, I could see the moon, cradled in soft clouds, shining on the water, and, afar, gleamed the flashes from the lighthouse, warning "the mariners of the deep" but there was no sound save the sea crooning, like a mother to her weary children. O, I fell into dreams.

I woke with the first flush of dawn and from my window I could see the fishermen in their oilskins, making ready to put out to sea. I watched them, one by one, sail out of the harbor, past the lighthouse into the green rolling sea. Down the white road an ox was plodding along drawing a bright blue ox-cart and I hastened to get out into the "freshness" of the morning.

The days that followed were peaceful and quiet, yet brimful of interest and I almost envied my friends their simple joys and emotions so devoid of all artificiality. I could not but feel that these people had an advantage over the modern city-bred folk, in playing the great game of life, and getting the best out of it.

After school the children, instead of crowding into a stuffy "movie", straining their eyes and for hours afterwards trying to puzzle out life as they saw it depicted on the screen, made their way down to the white beach to gather shells or build castles in the sand. They learned the secrets of the sea and knew it in all its moods and often the old fishermen would tell them wonderful stories of that outer world. They also made many trips to the woods to gather flowers or pick berries, and when love came into the lives of these Acadian youths and maidens, it was natural and beautiful as the unfolding of a flower. Never have I had a peep into more beautiful "hope boxes" than some which were shown me down here. They contained the nest of hand-embroidered and hemstitched linens, crocheted laces and beautiful quilts not to speak of a number of heavy velvety hooked mats the girl and her mother had made. One particularly attractive one had a design of autumn leaves on a shell gray background—really a work of art.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE

From ST. JOHN, N. B.

Effective May 2nd

Daily except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.
EASTERN TIME.

DEPARTURES—

5.45 A. M. EXPRESS FROM BOSTON, connecting at Fredericton Jct. for Fredericton, and at McAdam Jct. for North and South.
8.20 A. M. From W. St. John for St. Stephen.
8.20 A. M. Daily After May 8th—MONTREAL EXPRESS connecting for Fredericton and Branch Lines North and South of McAdam, except on Sunday.
4.10 P. M. LOCAL EXPRESS for Fredericton.
5.00 P. M. BOSTON EXPRESS, connecting for Fredericton.
6.45 P. M. MONTREAL EXPRESS, connecting for Fredericton.

ARRIVALS—

5.30 A. M. Daily—EXPRESS FROM MONTREAL.
7.55 A. M. EXPRESS FROM FREDERICTON.
11.45 A. M. EXPRESS FROM BOSTON, Portland, Bangor, etc.
12.00 N. MONTREAL EXPRESS.
4.40 P. M. At W. St. John FROM ST. STEPHEN.
10.10 P. M. EXPRESS FROM BOSTON, Portland, Bangor, etc.
N. R. DesBRISAY, District Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.

After being caught by some 90-degree weather with 'em on yet a man begins to feel that there is some danger in being too conservative and cautious.

Hopeful Hank wants to know "What has become of the old-fashioned barber who used to spend five minutes picking a wild hair out of your neck for nothing?"

A woman never seems to feel too tired or too sick to listen to a bit of the latest gossip.

A New York shoe salesman has been fined \$25 for kissing a woman customer. He was probably trying to get her mind off the price of the shoes.

FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH

We Have Just Received a Shipment of

CLEVELAND BICYCLES

Now is the opportunity to get one. Absolutely guaranteed.

WILLIAM MINTO, 306 Queen Street

FEEDS

FEED OATS

CRUSHED OATS

CORNMEAL

SCRATCH HEN FEED

CRACKED CORN

WHOLE CORN

FEED FLOUR

AT LOWEST MARKET RATES

G. W. HODGE

Custom Tailoring

The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for LITARY CLOTHING at reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS
QUEEN STREET, WEST END



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, 16th July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, 3 and 3 times per week, on the Hoyt Station 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 Hoyt Station and route offices, 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 4, 1920.

DO YOU USE

Counter Check Books

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We can supply you with any quantity from 1 to 5,000 at LOWEST PRICES.

The MAIL OFFICE
FREDERICTON, N. B.