



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.

How the other half of the world lives is no longer a problem. Observe the empty cans in the alley back of any home.

Opinions of those persons who insist on continually airing their views in public places in loud and strident voices are never worth hearing.

NOTICE

ARREARS TAXES.

All delinquent taxes due and owing the City of Fredericton, if not paid on or before the 15th day of June, 1920, executions will issue without further notice.

J. S. SCOTT,
Acting City Treasurer.



MAIL CONTRACT.

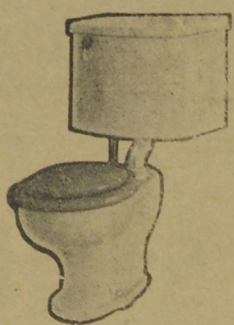
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 16th July, 1920, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, as required, between the Fredericton, N. B., Post Office and Parcel Post Delivery, on and from the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

A pure, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, 50¢; No. 3, 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Mackay).



The Aristocrat of Closet Construction

This closet combination is made entirely of snow white, easily cleaned, non-absorbent, vitreous china, which will give years of service without chipping, cracking or brazing.

Having a heavy rim and large water surface, this fixture is more sanitary and provides a greater degree of non-soiling insurance than any other closet.

Upon request we will gladly estimate the cost of installing this Aristocrat of closet construction in your home. Asking for this information will not obligate you in any way.

SHEA'S PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT

Carleton Street.



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 your business of your own earning \$5 to \$10 daily the year around. Sample case and plans free. Address H. V. Martin, Windsor, Ont.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF PEACOCK ALLEY DESCRIBED

The Rotunda of the Chateau Laurier a Good Place to Watch the Passing Show When the Session is On—The Place to See Nearly Everybody Who is Worth While in Canadian Public Life.

(H. F. Gadsby in Saturday Night)

It is the after-dinner glow in Peacock Alley—beauty's eyes electric lights and Angus Gordon's face all shining. Business is very good. The Chateau Laurier has to turn 'em away.

"Here will be sit" said I, leading the Vamp to a sofa, "and let the sounds of jazz music creep into our ears, flicking our cigarette ashes, the while on the Donegal rugs."

"Yes," smiled the Vamp, settling herself like a bird of Paradise on the nest. "It's a good place to watch the show go by. They tell me that if you wait long enough here you see everybody that's worth while in Canada."

"Just so," I remarked. "And quite a few that are not."

However, there is nothing human that is uninteresting to the Vamp—even the obscure ones if they are good looking and males. Of women she makes no account save as possible contenders, and then her views are pungent. Her gown is more than the last cry—it is the ultimate whisper. Only two or three straps stand between her opulent charms and disaster. I am quite sure that the men are as much interested in the Vamp as she is in them. They eye her cupidiously.

The Vamp has midnight hair, grey eyes of mystery, a mouth like a moist rose, and a nose—oh, such a delectable nose—a match for her disposition which, changed times and morals considered, must be not unlike Cleopatra's. As a journalist, I derive great deal of benefit from the Vamp, who is a veritable treasure house of unpublished—and sometimes unpublished—information about the great ones of this part of the earth. They turn the inside of their nature to her—telling her the things which do not get into print until they are accomplished.

Thought He Was a Duck.

The guests emerge from the dining room, full fed with potatoes and other costly viands. Comes a tall figure, whose martial stride is at odds with his benevolent countenance. He looks more like a jolly bishop than the great soldier he is.

"Ah," said the Vamp, nodding to the big man's bow, "General Bugle-cheat. A great flirt! He told me the other night—what didn't he tell me? He came very near telling me the real names of some of his gallant associates. For instance, there was General Redtab—awfully funny about Redtab. Got shell shock at Ypres and fancied he was a duck. Hid in a pond only his tail above the surface—for months afterward could say nothing but 'Quack! Quack!'

"Yes," said the Vamp reminiscently "they're great flirts and so gossipy. Why do they flirt so much? Lord Nelson did it, so did the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon and Alexander the Great and Mark Antony—it's a way they have of following up the war—always in arms—somebody's arms."

Vamp's Little Joke.

The Vamp chuckled at her little joke and went on. "Nex week," she announced, "General Pennib, General Duckboard and General Sawbones are to be demobilized. I have it on the highest authority. They can't find any more excuses to remain on the payroll, and will be given a chance to earn an honest living."

In passing, let me note that Generals Pennib, Duckboard and Sawbones were released as the Vamp had predicted, thus verifying her sources of information and increasing my esteem for an angel so well posted. If I were in the news-vending business, I would certainly take the Vamp on my staff permanently.

"Glimpse his pair"—the Vamp nudged my arm. A little fair man, obviously timid, and a thin, acid female, with a twist to her mouth that hinted at public speaking, were coming down the long aisle.

"Mr. and Mrs. Uplift," explained the Vamp. "They're making a good thing out of it. He's re-establishing in one Government department, and she in another. Trust the righteous to make both ends more than meet."

"He had his salary raised last week," I remarked pensively.

"Yes"—the Vamp's sly smile traveled over the little man's face. "That's their way of letting him down easy. They're going to fire him next month."

And no doubt the little man's fate is sealed, for has not the Vamp said it?

"Speaking of railways," smiled the Vamp, "here's Dr. Reid." The great

man nodded in his hale and hearty way.

"Why," asked the Vamp, "do they have a doctor as Minister of Railways?"

"Because," I replied, "our national railways are in a delicate condition. In fact, they are very sick. For years now they haven't been able to keep anything on their stomachs."

"But," objected the Vamp, "isn't his bedside manner just a little too robust for a sick railway?"

"Not at all. What our railways need is cheerfulness and an annual infusion of cash. It's a sort of gold cure the doctor has on his hands."

"What's the disease?" the Vamp asked. "Pernicious anaemia?"

"Something like ha," I admitted, "but they call it public ownership."

"Humph!" The Vamp blew a thoughtful smoke-ring. "My trunk went astray on the dear old Intercolonial the other day. I suppose it's not lost—just publicly owned, eh?"

The Vamp's fickle attention was drawn at this moment to a little group of our future rulers busily engaged in picking their teeth. No food hoarding there.

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"Those are the men you pointed out to me," the Vamp said. "You said it was Dutch treat."

"Yes," I said, "they were spending two bushels of wheat each on a real tuck-in. They will complain of course, that they didn't get enough for their money. That's why they're so strong on the toothpicks. They don't cost anything."

"The tubby little man, with the bald head and the twinkling eye—looks rather like a beetle on the spree—who is he?" The Vamp can't know everybody, you see, although she does her best. She had seen the little man sword-swallowing in the dining room, and the performance had a deadly fascination for her. The method, too, he had of getting his soup half-way to his mouth and then whistling for it aroused her keenest interest.

"That," I said, following up her thoughts, "is the United Farmer of the whole darn lot. If he cuts his mouth with his knife it will merely enable him to speak with greater freedom. The Department of Agriculture is always at work to minimize the danger by developing a square pea which will not fall off the blade when the angle is forty-five degrees or less."

"The stout man with the chestnut hair with glints of red in it—who is he?" The Vamp does pursue wisdom.

"Like hair like speeches," I muttered, "chestnut and red platitude and heresy. He's a member of the Grain Growers Association who has a grudge against the English language. He seen his duty and he done it."

"And might he belong to the Liberal party sometime?" the Vamp quizzed.

"Perhaps," I replied. "Stranger things have happened than the worm swallowing the bird. The boa constrictors do it right along."

"Oh," said the Vamp thoughtfully, then added, "God save the King. Mac kenzie King, I mean—I know him, and I'd like to see him do well."

"The third member of the little group," I explained, "is not chewing gum but tobacco. He always does it after dinner. He does it for two reasons, because it aids digestion and because it aids eloquence. Tobacco is much more palatable than the pebbles Demosthenes used to employ for a similar purpose. Foreseeing the rapid growth of the Grasshoppers' Movement, Angus Gordon has doubled his next year's order for large brass spittoons. When Agrarian Government strikes the Chateau Laurier, it is going to find itself right at home."

"How interesting!" murmured the Vamp. "Who is the important gentleman with the spotlight walk?"

"That," I replied, "is one of our leading Western legislators. They are all a little cheery from the West, but our friend easily takes the palm for assured pulchritude. You have heard that their natural resources are to be handed back to the Prairie Provinces after they've all been given away—well he's one that can't be handed back. He's so unnatural."

Not a Drunkard

The Vamp put me right on several points, explaining from her larger knowledge of affairs that the man with the red nose was not a drunkard but a prohibitionist who suffered from dyspepsia; that the young god with

the long hair was not a literary man, albeit one of the six best eclairiers in Ottawa; that the Dickensian person did not write novels, but sold short shirt tails for a Montreal firm; that the sad-eyed man was not an undertaker, but a satirist who was said to be losing his punch because he had written two kindly articles in succession; that the map the young architect had under his arm was not the original plan of the universe, but the blueprint of a drain; that there is Friday in hell because the devil likes fried souls.

The Vamp, as I said before, cleared up these little points and others of equal importance, and engendered in me a great regard for her wisdom and intuition. But she fell down at last—became a real Vamp again, and catty at that.

"Look!" she said. "Senator Blink-insop with a crutch and his own wife. He must be going to die or else he's had a change of heart. It's always a bad sign when they bring the family to Ottawa. Darling, aim growing old, so I'm going to swear off—you know the sort of thing."

I disclaimed any such knowledge, but the amVp would have her say. "Oh Plato!" she exclaimed, "what crimes

STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

Once the liver fails to filter the poisonous bile from the blood, there is a clogging up and poisoning of the whole system which causes many troubles to arise. Therefore, upon the liver, more than any other organ of the body depends the general health.

Carelessness and neglect, and oftentimes wilful disregard of nature's laws will put the system out of sort. The bowels become constipated, the liver inactive and the stomach upset.

To bring the system back to its normal state, you should take Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They lighten up the liver, get the bowels back to their proper condition and tone up the stomach.

Mrs. G. L. Cackett, Enchant, Alta. writes: "I have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and have found them good for both stomach and liver troubles. I have told others about your valuable medicine and they have used them with good results."

"They are also good for headache," Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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are committee in thy name! An affair begins that way and it may end that way, but it never flourishes that way. It's better or it's worse or it doesn't exist at all."

The Vamp, lost in her memories, had become cryptic. I failed to take her meaning.

She eyed the disappearing crutch with disdain. "To think!" she said, "to think!"

"To think what?" I asked.

"To think—well, to think what he thought—that one can regulate Vesuvius with a thermostat!"

Again the Vamp had plunged in where man fears to tread. I could not follow her—perhaps it is as well that I didn't.

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PRICES RISE WITH PAY

To The Sun and New York Herald: I write you as a plain, ordinary citizen, giving you my conception of the present conditions and how in my mind they can be remedied. I am not a economist.

First we will take living conditions as they were thirty-five years ago. Then the average man earned \$6 to \$8 a week, paid \$8 a month rent, paid for chicken 10 cents to 15 cents a pound, and things were comfortable.

In 1914 or several years prior to that the average man earned \$18 to \$20 a week, paid \$18 rent, 35 cents a pound for chicken. This new plane was also satisfactory.

Now as to the present conditions. The ones that are the sufferers are the bookkeeper, the stenographer, the clerk. These are in the minority in almost every business. I believe that by raising the pay of these people another plane would be reached and conditions would be normal.

S. BEJUR.

New York, June 1.

PERSONAL.

A. P. Masters of St. John is at the Barker House.

R. T. Haines and wife of New York are at the Barker House.

H. W. Parlee and family of St. John motored to Fredericton Saturday. They are at the Queen.

A. D. Alward of St. John is registered at the Barker House.

C. W. Stackhouse of St. John is in the city.

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The Electric Lights

Illuminate your home with it and ask for particulars

THE MARITIME ELECTRIC CO.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Gem Safety Razor, \$1.50

Also GILLETTE'S AUTO STROP, EVER READY, All Kinds of Razors and Shaving Goods.

WILEY'S PHARMACY, York St.

HORSE HOES

Will you need a Horse Hoe this Spring? We handle the following makes of Horse Hoes and would be pleased to have you inspect them.

Canadian Horse Hoe

A splendid implement of sturdy construction, manufactured by the Tudhope-Anderson Co. The Best quality of materials are used in this Hoe and it sells at a very moderate price.

American Horse Hoe

This Horse Hoe is manufactured by the John Deere Co., and like other products of this company is a first class implement. The wings are made of the best quality steel and easily adjusted to suit the various conditions.

J CLARK & SON, Limited