

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

PURSUANT to the requirements of the Canada Highways Act, sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Road near Chatham to Loggieville," or "Tender for Road from St. John to Westfield," or "Tender for Road near Spruce Lake," or "Tender for Road New River to Pennfield," will be received up to noon of the 14th day of May.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque payable to the Hon. Provincial Secretary-Treasurer. The amount of such cheque to be as follows:

Road Chatham to Newcastle...\$3,000.00  
Road St. John to Westfield...1,500.00  
Road near Spruce Lake...1,000.00  
Road New River to Pennfield...2,000.00

Such certified cheque will be forfeited in case the tenderer fails to carry out his obligation.

Profiles and specifications may be seen at the Office of the Chief Engineer at Fredericton and at the Provincial Government Rooms, St. John. Blank tender forms may be had on application to the office of the Chief Engineer.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

P. J. VENIOT,  
Minister of Public Works,  
Department of Public Works,  
Fredericton, April 21, 1920.

## NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

PURSUANT to the requirements of the Canada Highways Act, sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Road near Pokiok," or "Tender for Road near Queenstown, Queens County," or "Tender for Road North of Andover," or "Tender for Road near Woodstock," will be received up to noon of the 21st day of May.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque payable to the Honorable Provincial Secretary-Treasurer. The amount of such cheques to be as follows:

Road near Pokiok...\$2,000  
Road near Queenstown, Queens County...2,000  
Road North of Andover...2,000  
Road near Woodstock...4,000

Such certified cheque will be forfeited in case the tenderer fails to carry out his obligations.

Profiles and specifications may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer at Fredericton, and at the Provincial Government Rooms, St. John. Blank tender forms may be had on application to the office of the Chief Engineer.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

P. J. VENIOT,  
Minister of Public Works,  
Department of Public Works,  
Fredericton, N. B., April 26, 1920.

## POTAT ES WASHINGTON'S

Two thousand barrels of potatoes. State price willing to pay f. o. b. Gloucester Junction. Apply to

J. G. ROBICHAUD,  
Shippegan.

FOR SALE—1 organ, 1 self-feeder, 1 coal stove and a Kootenay range. 175 Brunswick street.

TO LET—Large furnished room, suitable for two gentlemen. Good location. Telephone 342-11.

## NOTICE TO WATER CONSUMERS

WATER CONSUMERS will please take notice that the Water Rates are now due and payable at City Treasurer's Office, City Hall.

G. R. PERKINS,  
City Treasurer.

# FLOUR

FIVE ROSES BREAD FLOUR—Barrels, half-barrels, 98 and 24 lb. bags.

PURITY BREAD FLOUR—Barrels, half-barrels, 98 and 24 lb. bags.

GOLDIES' STAR BLENDED FLOUR—Barrels, 98 and 24 lb. bags.

LILY PASTRY FLOUR—Barrels, 98 and 24 lb. bags.

AT LOWEST MARKET RATE

G. W. HODGE

# THE CAVE MAN GOES OUT TO PURCHASE SOME THINGS

His Conversation With the Coal Dealer is Related—Price Has Gone Up But Profits Have Not Declined—Was Told That Tailors Did Not Make Overalls to Order—Not Much Show for the Poor Consumer.

(Canadian Courier)

Kakootch reincarnated comes back to find civilization reverting to overalls and a boycott on potatoes. He goes on a pilgrimage to buy the necessities. Considering himself a genius in economics because he once ate raw meat before the discovery of fire, made his own clothes out of skins and lived in a dugout, he has trouble with dealers and clerks and tells 'em just as set down.

My first call was on a coal dealer.

"What's the price today, best you've got?" I asked briskly, between phone calls, of a popinjay of a clerk who seemed to be the sole masculine occupant of the office.

"Fourteen—going up," he yawned.

"Excuse me, I don't want my coal delivered in an elevator. I want it in, dray loads—in my cellar."

"Oh, you're talking to hear yourself," he reminds me. "You don't need coal. You used to eat raw meat and sleep in a dinosaur skin."

"I want coal!" shouted I. "C-o-a-l. Quick about it." With that tone of voice, pounding the counter so, I have scared coal kings. This foppish little foundling says smoothly,

"Excuse me a moment—" goes to the telephone and joshes some powdery little flapper in her boudoir about where she was last evening and where she got that \$400 coat and the seven pairs of silk hose for \$50; me glaring down at the four little glass slots full of coal under the counter, labelled, Egg, Stove, Nut, Pea. He thought I'd be gone.

"I'll have five tons of egg, three of stove, one of nut and one of pea," says I planting a finger on each glass eye in turn and flaunting him with a flap of \$20 bills.

"In the millenium," he asks cutely. "In my cellar," I whispered in a Bob Mantell way. "497 Forgetmenot Boulevard. This week."

"Not on your \$25 fuzzy-wuzzy new-style photo," he chirped. "We'll deliver you one ton mixed egg and acorn nut at \$14. to get you over the April snows."

"A devil of a mixture, egg and acorn nut," I sang to him sweetly. "But I'll take that. Six dollars back from my twenty please. Quick about it. And please take my order for the balance of what I intimated at the up price, I don't care a dam what it is."

"Sorry," he said, whistlingly. "We're not taking orders now for next winter's deliveries because we don't know what the up will be."

Whereupon we get into an argument in which he told of bituminous strikes that sent up the price—

"Of anthracite! How—?"

"Soft pedal!" he murmured. "When coal is scarce all coal is just coal. You'll notice also," he added adroitly, "that the railroad strike and the shortage of cars in the United States has played the deuce with transportation; that whereas most other staple commodities known to civilization

have trebled in price since pre-war days, coal has only doubled."

"Ah," I countered. "And why? Because coal, sir, of all staple commodities requires the minimum of labor for the finished product. There are no man-made ingredients in coal. The 100 per cent. advance goes to labor, in the mine on the railway, in the yards, to the teamsters, to non-producing whipper snapper clerks—"

"Cut it!" he snapped. "My salary's gone up 10 per cent. in four years." "Poor thing! Well, the profits to your firm are, anyhow, not less than they were, are they?"

"Not if we know it," snipped he, scribbling a girl's head on a pad.

"Therefore the higher the price we pay, the less goods you have to sell to get the same profit in cash, therefore less labor and less wages and—"

"Excuse me!" he implored. "The phone is ringing. My head aches. You better bear in mind that we'll all be dead lucky to get any coal at all next winter if the railroad strikers keep up and Canada gets cocky about exporting pulp—Hello! that you, Phoebe?"

Next to a tailor who looks at me as though I were a tax collector and says "We don't make overalls to order." "I don't want overalls. I want clothes."

He waves his hand over the counters.

"There's the lot. Take your pick." "Oh, Or leave it if I don't want it." All he had I could have carried away. "You don't seem to enjoy selling clothes."

"It's a bore. Prices are scandalous."

"My dear sir, if not talking about prices I want clothes. This is not an age of competitive selling but of competitive buying. How much is that suit?"

"Eighty-seven dollars," he said with a yawn. "It'll be a hundred next fall. And the extra pair of trousers."

"Eighteen, if you get 'em. But you don't. That bolt just makes the suit. I ordered six of these from Scotland. They sent me one."

"Ah!" I said in a fit of wit. "When the Scotchman makes the cloth and the Jew makes the clothes, what chance has the common consumer? There is but one answer. In the language of the sheep—Ba-ah!"

"What's the sheep got to do with it?"

"Just this. Wool is now selling at 16 cents a pound less than it was in 1918. Wool declines 25 per cent, while clothes go up 40 per cent. The actual wool in a good average suit such as you ask me \$87 for costs about \$5.50. Now, how do we get \$87 from \$5.50?"

"Simple as Simon," he said sibilantly. "It's—wages."

"Right! Clothes, sir, represent the maximum of profitable labor. The spinner and the weaver come first. As they work with very expensive high-power machinery they must have high wages. By the old hand-loom the process of converting wool into enough cloth for a suit was a matter of days. On the modern high-speed loom it is a matter of minutes. There is no lack of wool. The looms are running to capacity. There is an abnormal demand for the cloth. The cloth maker must make a profit on all the labor he employs. The more the labor costs the higher his profit. Dyes are expensive—"

"Oh, the high cost of dying," murmured the clerk stroking a bolt as though it were a pet Angora.

"Transportation high, owing to wages again," I kept on. "Your \$5.50 worth of wool is running a blockade. Everyone gets a whack at it in transit from sheep to man. By the time you get the cloth the poor sheep wouldn't know it."

"You're happy right!" he chuckled. "The more cloth costs the more you make—on the cloth." "Do I?" he chuckled. "Well."

"Item one: You soak me at a higher percentage on everything that spread the \$5.50 wool to the whatever-it-is cloth. Item two, your charges for sartorial art services. Item three—the garment-maker."

"Now you're talking!" he said. "I pay \$14 to get one coat made, labor alone. A suit costs me \$25. Girls who sew on buttons get a minimum \$35 a week. A pant presser working overtime gets \$75 a week."

"Very good," I said in a subdued but tense voice. "Item three, then, is the

## FOSTER GAINS FAVOR AS THE MAN FOR BORDEN'S PLACE

Ottawa, May 6—Sir George Foster is expected by a large proportion of Unionist members to be the Leader chosen to carry on if Sir Robert Borden declares, as predicted, at the first caucus called after his return on May 15, that he does not feel well enough to assume again the onerous duties of Premier.

This tendency towards Foster is

garment-makers' charge plus your profit on that labor."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Already he was measuring me.

"Boycott," I told him. "It's the common consumer's only weapon against the strike. People must wear less clothes, wear them longer, turn them offener."

"Readymades will cost you more next fall than tailormades now," he said seductively. "The garment workers are organized—and they've got all kinds of money to live on when they strike."

"Ah!" I said hastily. "I'll take that other suit there—the winter one. What price—a hundred? Better than money in the bank. I can't wear money."

very patent among those who believe that the choice of either Sir Thomas White or Hon. Arthur Meighen would mean the break-up of Union Government at once, as it would demonstrate the ascendancy of the old pre-Union Conservative element, and alienate the Liberals, thus entailing an early election, with a slim chance for most of the members now here of the Government side ever returning to Ottawa. Most of them say that they do not want to return, and that they are 'fed up' with Ottawa, but at the same time, they do not want the present experience to end too soon.

There are other possibilities, such as Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne and Sir Henry Drayton, but those members who are in favor of office until 1923, or as long as possible, are for Sir George Foster. If the choice of a Leader is made the first care of the caucus then it is easiest to slide along the old grooves, and Sir George's position as Acting Premier would be made permanent.

Nine times out of ten when a fellow wakes up in a cold perspiration he's dreamed that his wife has found out how much salary he gets.

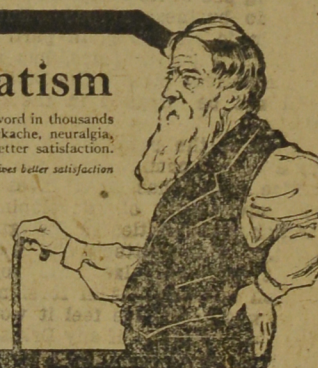
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For over 50 years Minard's Liniment has been a household word in thousands of homes all over Canada. It quickly relieves rheumatism, backache, neuralgia, sciatica, sprains or bruises and pain of any kind. None give better satisfaction.

Mrs. J. D. MORIN, LANQUAR, ALBERTA—There is no liniment that gives better satisfaction than Minard's in bad cases of backache, rheumatism, and sore throat.

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King of Pain  
Liniment  
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## CANADIAN PACIFIC

## PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE

From ST. JOHN, N. B.

Effective May 2nd

Daily except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.

EASTERN TIME.

### DEPARTURES—

5.15 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. 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.

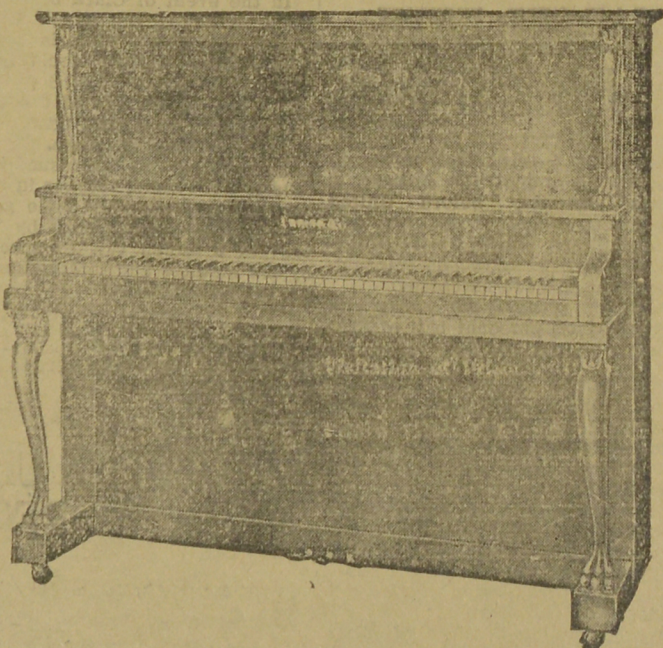
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