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FROM HALIFAX, N.S. TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON

ORCA, OCT. 18
OHIO, NOV. 1
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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
HALIFAX, N.S.

FRISCO STREET CALLED LANE OF MISSING HEELS

San Francisco, Oct. 5—Some day this city may have the most unique street in the world and it may be named "The Street of Heels." It depends on the weather.

At the intersection of Fifth and Market streets, downtown the asphalt pavement on hot days melts to the sticky consistency of flypaper. Pedestrians leave the impress of their shoes on it and sometimes emerge with a missing heel or two.

Trucks and autos imbed those heels deeper and so Officer Larry O'Connell who holds sway there, boasts of as fine a collection of heels as can be found. Here and there may be seen a dainty French heel, alongside perhaps an extraordinarily large one that could only belong to some fellow officer. Colors vary and some are badly worn, some new and others just partly worn.

"This heel here" said Officer O'Connell pointing to a dainty dot of a heel was worn by a flapper. I remember her for she wouldn't stop just hurried on blushing and limping. "Some day the street will be solidly enforced, if the warm weather pre-calls," said Officer O'Connell reflectively and then with a broad smile "they'll probably name it 'The Street of Missing Soles.'"

WILLINGDONS WELCOMED AT THE CAPITAL

Ottawa, Oct. 4—Rideau Hall, vacated just a week ago by the retiring governor-general, Baron Byng of Vimy, tonight has a new master.

Viscount Willingdon took up his residence there today. Accompanied by Lady Willingdon, he came to the capital today and was welcomed in traditional pomp and circumstance. His official installation took place at Quebec City on Saturday, but the city added its welcome here today, and backing the civic officials in their cordiality were Premier King, all the members of the cabinet and parliamentarians present in Ottawa. The opposition-elect in the new parliament was represented by Hon. R. B. Bennett.

PROSPECTOR AT AGE OF SEVENTY-TWO STILL HUNTING FOR GOLD; RECENTLY MADE A GOOD FIND

Midas of the desert and bad lands, at whose touch barren stone has appeared to turn to gold. "Death Valley Scotty," whose exploits are epics in Western mining history, recently was in Vancouver. He had permanently retired to his Rancho Inferno, near Death Valley, Cal., says A. J. McKelvie in the Vancouver Province.

"As long as Old Lady Nature hides pots of gold at the foot of the rain-bows, Death Valley Scotty will chase them," said the prospector, who admits being 72 years young.

"Scotty" has again "struck it rich," he declared. This time in the Cariboo country, and in evidence of this brought out with him a small shipment of tungsten and platinum ore that netted him \$15,000.

"Not bad for a little development work done since last spring," he said. There has never been a better proposition than the Cariboo country, he said, but added that it needs capital to properly develop it.

Airs His Views.

"First, though, the government should appoint a 'fool killer,' furnish him with a Gatlin' gun and turn him loose on the near and would-be promoters who are giving the country a bad name," he asserted. "The stuff is there, but it takes money to get it out, and all some of these promoters seem to want is to get the money out of the investor."

The claims operated by "Scotty" are twenty-two miles from Barkerville on Cunningham Creek. In 1874 he was lured to the Cariboo country and located in these same claims. There was tungsten in abundance but at that time it was worth no more than waste rock. The country was so remote that he soon abandoned the claims and sought richer fields elsewhere.

With the reopening of the Cariboo district a few years ago, Scotty's mind was brought back to his abandoned claims, and last spring he "hit the trail" for the old stamping ground with the hope of relocating them. They still were free and he at once filed on them and started development work.

Robert Pitt is "Scotty's" real name, but he says:

"It is seldom that I have heard it in the last fifty years that I think the person that uses it is speaking to someone else. I was born in Renfrew county, Ontario, and when a youth of-fended my people.

Fled From Home.

"I ran away from home and took the name of a favorite uncle, Walter Scott. This name soon became 'Scotty' and when I made my first big strike in Death Valley it became 'Death Valley Scotty.'"

Regarding his retirement, he said: "I have the ranch near Grapevine on the edge of Death Valley, but it is just a resting place. I have seven acres in fruit, three in vineyard and the rest of the place is turned over to raising alfalfa for the jennets, a species of mule I raise. I have some folks on it now looking after things. To a man like me the quiet routine of the ranch would never appeal as a permanent proposition. The hunt for the yellow stuff gets its hold on you and it is hard to give up the game. I don't suppose I ever will."

Says He Has Spent Four Millions

"Scotty" asserts that since he made his first "big strike" he has obtained and spent nearly four million dollars. "Money to me means nothing but spending," he said. "It is worth just what it buys. It can buy a good time for my friends and me, and I ask no more. Some get pleasure in getting it and piling it into showy homes and hunting. Others get pleasure by simply hanging on to it when they get it. Every man has his own ideas. I have been called a fool for spending it, but I am satisfied and ask no favors. Every man to his own ideas."

"Scotty" does not look a day more than 50 years old. He is the true desert type. A little under the average height, he is lean of feature and hardy, walks with a swinging gait of the kind that eats up mileage and his

His favorite story is one of a faithful burro (donkey) which refused to leave the grave of its dead owner.

Scotty is a Poet.

"Here's something I wrote on it," he said, shyly, as he handed over a piece of paper. The "something" proved to be a verse with the swing of Robert Service's pen:

In the heart of the Black Hill's forest,
Near the top of the Great Divide,
By a wornout trail is a lonely grave
On the sombre mountainside,
Where a one-eyed man was murdered
And a bob-tailed burro died.

It was during the golden fever

He descended upon the camp
With his bob-tailed donk and a pack
of junk
And the general air of a tramp,
With his tattered rags and his grizzled
hair
And a limp and an absent lamp.

Well, we snickered at his packin'
And we watched him with a grin,
And we plumb forgot in a day or two
Till we see him staggerin' in
After seven weeks with a load of dirt
That would waller a saint in sin

Well, he cashes his dust and beats it
For the rest of his pile, it's said;
But he don't come back so we go and
look
And we find him cold and dead,
With a couple of holes in his gizzard
And the top blown off his head.

So we planted him there in the forest
And we know it's a howling shame,
But we couldn't put a thing on his
grave,
For none of us knew his name,
Nor a thing of his friends or relations
Or the country whence he came.

But a sober-eyed, bob-tailed burro
Hung round with a mournful air
While we finished our work, but when
all was done
Still the donk wouldn't budge a hair,
So at last we unbuckled his trappin's
And left him a-standing there.

Well, maybe it's six years or longer
When I happened to pass the spot
And I gave a look and my hat comes
off
And I'm all choked up and hot,
For the grave at last has a marker
Of the kind that ain't made or
bought.

Yes—it's only a bony carcass
And maybe I'm a danged old fool,
But to me there was never a tomb-
stone
That was built by hand or tool
That could half compare with the
bleached-out bones
Of that bob-tailed burro mule.

And I think I could go plumb peaceful
And be happy and satisfied
With a stone that means as much as
them bones
When a one-eyed man was murdered
And a bob-tailed burro died.

SNOW FLURRY AT DIGBY, N. S.

Digby, Oct. 4—A snow squall lasting about five minutes, swirled about the mountain tops in Culloden, Digby county, in mid-afternoon Saturday, the first day of October. The sight of snow at so early a date is very unusual and the people fear an early winter, but Sunday was a very warm day with no trace of frost through the day. One of the old-timers prophesied a long stretch of fine weather. He said that the presence of so many "Yellow Hammer" birds, were a sure sign of a very late fall, which will be good news for the moose hunters.

WOOLY UNDERWEAR.

Summer's gone—
It seems to me
I feel the breeze
Upon my knee.

And when I stand
And shiver so
I think of days
Of long ago

When flannel undies
Were the rage
From heel 't toe
For any age.
How fleecy soft
They musta been
About the limbs
Of fat 'nd thin!

But gosh! oh! gee!
I'd rather be
A shiv'rin mass
From nine 't three

That wear long
Undies all th' day
'Nd look a sight
Until nex' May!
—MADGE BEVERLY in New York
Sun.

Physsis—Don't be silly, my dear.
The days of miracles are over.
Pamela—I don't know about that.
I read an article the other day that
set me thinking.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

6 Argyle and York Sts.
7 Victoria Hospital.
8 Children's Aid Home.
12 Westmorland and Aber'een Sts.
13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
16 George and Northumberland Sts.
17 King and Northumberland Sts.
21 Queen and York Sts.
22 York and George Sts.
24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
27 King and York Sts.
28 Saunders and York Sts.
31 Queen and Regent Sts.
32 Needham and Regent Sts.
34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
37 George and Regent Sts.
38 King and Regent Sts.
42 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
44 Queen and St. John Sts.
45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
51 King and Church Sts.
52 George and Church Sts.
53 Union and Church Sts.
54 Shore St. and University Ave.
55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
57 Grey St. and University Ave.
112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.

"You look positively beautiful to-night."
"Oh, you flatterer!"
"No—it's true. I had to look twice before I recognized you."

Canadian National Railways

TENDERS FOR HARDWOOD TIES

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hardwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Beech, Oak, Hard Maple, Chestnut and Yellow Birch Timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and August 1st, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1, 2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Number 2 Square sawn Hardwood ties.

Tender forms can be obtained at the office of the Tie Agent at Moncton, and Toronto, or General Tie and Timber Agent at Montreal.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,
General Tie and Timber Agent,
Montreal, Que.
Sept. 28th, 1926.

Canadian National Railways

TENDERS FOR SOFTWOOD TIES

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Softwood Ties" will be received at the office of the General Tie and Timber Agent, Room 802, Canadian National Express Building, McGill Street, Montreal, until 12 noon, Tuesday, October 19th, 1926, for Railway ties to be manufactured from Fir, Hemlock, Jack Pine, Princess Pine, Tamarack and Cedar timber, cut between October 1st, 1926, and May 1st, 1927, and delivered between January 1st, 1927, and September 30th, 1927. F. O. B. Cars, Canadian National Railways, in accordance with specification S 3 W 1, 2, revised July 15th, 1926, for Softwood ties.

Ties of each grade to be loaded separately.

Tender forms can be obtained at the office of the Tie Agent at Moncton, Toronto or Winnipeg, or General Tie and Timber Agent, Montreal.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on form supplied by the Railway Company.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. MacLAREN,
General Tie and Timber Agent,
Montreal, Que.
Sept. 28th, 1926.

A. H. PARSONS

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