

Sudden Demands



on your purse may be more easily met if you have formed the habit of saving regularly.

A weekly deposit in a Savings Account will assist you when confronted with sudden emergencies.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital Paid Up \$20,000,000
Reserve Fund \$20,000,000

FREDERICTON BRANCH: W. T. Gerald, Manager
Devon Branch: E. W. Spurr, Manager
Stanley Branch: C. J. Loughlin, Manager

Rev. I. A. Corbett Addressed the Municipal Council on Confidence in County

Acting Chaplain Stressed Need of Optimism and Hard Work—Warden Cowperthwaite Welcomed the Councillors—Standing Committees Named.

The Municipal Council of York County opened its July session Tuesday afternoon with the customary formalities. The duties of chaplain were performed by Rev. I. A. Corbett of the George Street Baptist Church who also addressed the Council emphasizing the necessity for confidence in our native country and hard work for her future welfare.

There also was an address of welcome by Warden John Cowperthwaite the naming of standing committees and the presentation of the auditors report.

Welcomed Councillors.

Warden Cowperthwaite in a brief address welcomed the councillors to their labor mentioning particularly Coun. A. Williams of Devon who made his first appearance as a member.

Rev. Mr. Corbett's Address.

Rev. Mr. Corbett addressing the Council at the request of Warden Cowperthwaite, struck a patriotic

note. He emphasized the wonderful expansion of the Dominion of Canada since Confederation in 1867. He said that the Dominion was in need of men with vision for without vision leadership would perish. Men who could see were needed, men who could dream dreams and put their dreams into practice. Only to men of that type did success in life fall. Industry and persistence were the keystones. It was true "there always is room at the top" but he who would reach the top must start at the bottom and his ascent must be produced by concentrated effort.

There were many who could not see the silver lining. In fact too great pessimism was the feature of the times.

True Patriotism.

The true patriot was not the man who would throw his hat in the air but who believing in country, would

stick by it and work out its problems. There were many who had crossed into the United States who had fared worse than if they had stayed home.

Canada's population had increased more than three-fold since 1867 and the value of agricultural products had increased more than twelve fold in the same time, and wheat production had increased twenty-fold.

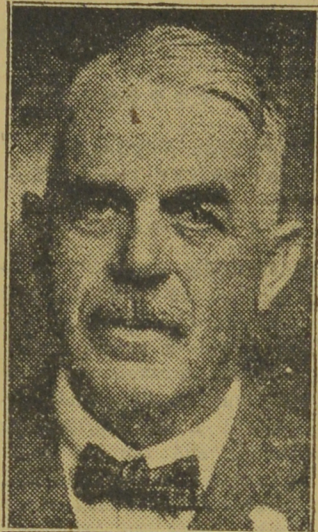
The national wealth per capita was \$2,500. His concluding remarks were "Let us stick to Canada, talk Canada and work for Canada."

Standing Committees.

Standing Committees were named as follows by the warden:

Secretary Treasurer's Accounts—Manuel, McIntosh, Saunders, Sanford Pond, Christie, Nason, Kirk, Whipple, Douglass, Wetmore, Williams Clarkson, Seymour, McMullin, Lister, Dorcus.

Public Accounts—C. W. Pond, Ebbett, Tilley Bird, Lister, Hinchey. Bylaws—Gaynor, Gilman, Fisher, W. G. Bird, Morrison, Smith, Grant.



WOULD CREATE A FUND FOR MOTORISTS' VICTIMS

Mayor T. S. Annandale of New Westminister, B.C., advocates a higher license fee for automobiles and the creation of a fund therefrom to take care of citizens injured in motor car mishaps. Failing this, he suggests compulsory accident insurance for motorists to protect the public.

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle it on a hot, wet cloth, rub the face briskly—every blackhead will be gone.

TRAMPS DID NOT RIDE IN AUTOS OR BORROW THEIR GAS IN THE OLDEN DAYS

(Tom Williams in Toledo Blade.)

"In theme days tramps didn't ride 'round in autos and not one was known to borrow gasoline as one of the means of livin' off the enemy's country," assured the Old Timer as he drove another brad into the trelis he was putting up at the southeast corner of the railroad shanty where the morning glory vines were beginning to go astray for the want of an objective skyward.

"Never say a tramp prior to the crime of '73 that we used to hear so much about, and which everybody seems to have now forgotten in the mad rush for other crimes. Once in a while one of them would have a dog, but never a one carried a gas can or asked for old tires—anything to carry him to the next town.

"They wouldn't dash up in front of your house in a gas gig as if they owned the earth, toot the horn for you to come out, and then ask for a donation of a dozen eggs to feed a sick member of the party that was being rushed out to Arizona before the breath left the body, or something as fishy.

Not a Hobo.

"The old-time tramp was mostly a man out of work—not a hobo or a bum and he was mostly gentleman. He'd come around to the back door, tip his hat, look you in the eye and talk straight for a handout which he generally got, and you wasn't afraid he'd poison your dog, steal a chicken or lift a garment off the clothesline on his way out. And he'd eat what you gave him, for he had come to satisfy his appetite and not to get an eyefull of the premises for a return visit. Neither did he leave a cryptic chalk mark on your gatepost, advertising you to the world as a benefactor of itinerant wanderers."

As the crossing watchman stood inspecting his handiwork after driving the last nail he "allowed" he had the trelis sections all square and a pretty good job of morticing on the diamond design that ornamented the center.

"You're inquiring about Hank, eh? Well, that lad's been considerable of a chore to me lately, but he's improvin'. He's quit broodin' like an old chicken and shunted his mind off'n what he thinks is the matter with him—decided his diagnosis was wrong, and that what he needed was more rest and sunshine, less food, less moaning and more meanderin' 'round."

"When a fellow retires to live on what's supposed to be the matter with him, he sure is on his way out."

The Old Timer fell into a mood of period for a spell as he kept disinterestedly whittling at a smooth piece of cork pine, the long shavings falling into a pile between his feet.

Longs For Parlors.

"I wonder," he began after a pause, "if there's any of those old-fashioned parlors left? God drattit I'd like to see one once more. There was a hornet's nest as large as a three-peck basket that hung above the mantel over the fireplace. I can see it yet, as perfect in its form as an egg a wonderful piece of workmanship."

"And I can see the darnin' needles stickin' into it with the remnants of grey, black and red threads hanging to them and reminding of the many late hours that the women folks had kept, darnin' and mendin' while the recipients of their skill, patience and industry slept. A great pinchusion was a hornet's nest—and I have felt the sting of hornets that made me think they was using those long darnin' needles to prod me with."

"We always knew when we were going to get cold winters or hot summers in the old days before science, with all its frills, got into the weather forecastin' business. There was old Dave Thomas, the ditcher, who seemed to be in direct contact with the Almighty in the matter of weather—although this couldn't be said of all things that old Dave did."

"He could step out and look at a bumble bee's nest and take a few puffs of his Wigwam tobacco while studying it to chloroform the bees and tell you by the size of the nest as compared to the colony, the quality of the wax and the amount of honey stored whether the next winter was going to be hard or mild. And he could take a certain bone—which I'm not mentioning—out of a coon and by scraping it with his knife give you authentic expectations for the coming summer, if the coon was caught in February."

Trying Time For Youth.

"Th' fruit drying season was a tryin' time for us youngsters. Fruit was all dried nature's way in the sun. The cut pieces of apples and peaches were spread out on tables or boards and we had to stand with a fly brush hour after hour and ply the brush to

keep the flies from roostin' on the fruit.

"Sometimes the pieces of fruit were strung on a thread by passing it through with a needle. They were made up into long chains and made fast at either end, like a clothes line. One day while I was on guard—my principal duty bein' to spread alarm if it began raining—a gust of wind broke down the weighted strings of dryin' fruit."

"Our flock of ducks pounced in gallant assault upon the strung fruit on the ground. In three seconds that was the most perfect mass attack I ever saw. It took the whole family to untangle those ducks, they were that united in their single purpose. Of course they couldn't swallow the stringed fruit, but in their greed for victory they couldn't let go either."

"No; I don't think we used that fruit, what was redeemed of it. I remember my Dad saying something about keepin' the hogs away from water after feedin' them all those dried apples."

Leaders of Society.

"In the days when charcoal burning was the principal industry around here and the source of about all the ready cash, except trapping, I recall that the charcoal burners were a hard lot. They was the leaders of society."

"Nobody ever tried to get a burner's girl away from him or jolted him in the dances. There was great tales of carousals at the burnings and parents watched their daughters' but like most such tales I 'low they was badly colored."

"Yes, things is changing, but that doesn't mean they're changing for the worse. Although most shy folks think that every time they hear of a change the world has had another greased skid slipped under it in its way to the demitition bow-wow."

"It's all in Nature's war—the never-ending battle between the old and the new. Maybe it keeps us busy and from fighting about other and more trivial things."

"Anyway, I've never heard the most stationary standpatter that wouldn't admit that he'd rather live in these days than back in that 'im period of time when man took his life in his hands every time he went out with a club to hunt a member of another tribe so he and his mate might have a meal before retirin' to their twin beds."

GET RID OF LICE AND MITES ON POULTRY

(Experimental Farms Note.)

At this period of the year, vermin, unless controlled, multiply very rapidly.

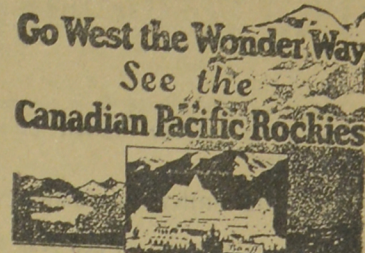
The fowls at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, are treated periodically for lice. Blue ointment to which two parts of lard have been added, is used to kill the lice and mites. The addition of a little tallow will give more base. This ointment is applied to the skin below the vent and under the wings. Fowls treated in this cheap and effective manner will remain free from lice for several months unless exposed to further infestation. Blue ointment should not be used on sitting hens until after the hatch. The fumes from the ointment will kill the germ in the egg.

Unsanitary poultry houses encourage the most troublesome of vermin, the red mite. These mites get their fill of blood at night and leave the fowl before dawn, to hide in cracks and crevices. The blood reddens the mite, hence the name, red mite. The houses at the plant are thoroughly cleaned, and sprayed each spring, summer and fall with a spray composed of one part of carbolic and four parts of coal oil. The roosts are painted twice each month during warm weather, with common crank case oil. The above treatment is very penetrating and plays havoc with the mites.

The cleaning and spraying is done during a sunny forenoon, which allows time for the house to dry thoroughly before evening.

Fresh air and sunlight are wonderful disinfectants for the poultry house and combined with cleanliness are preventives against most of the poultry yard ills. (Exhibition circular, No. 85 'How to rid the hen house of mites' may be had free of charge from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A good spray pump should be part of every poultry keeper's equipment.



Go West the Wonder Way See the Canadian Pacific Rockies

SUMMER TOURIST-RATES NOW IN EFFECT

From Fredericton

to VANCOUVER \$166.05
VICTORIA
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G. BRUCE BURPEE,
District Passenger Agent,
Saint John, N.B.

Mr. Newlywed—What's wrong with this pie crust? It doesn't half cover the pie!"

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping)—Why, dearest, that's the way your mother told me to make it. She said to make the crust very short.

ENDORSED BY THE PRESS AND PUBLIC OF NEW BRUNSWICK AS THE BEST AND CLEANEST CIRCUS EVER TO VISIT CANADA.

FREDERICTON

TENTS LOCATED AT THE RACE TRACK

SAT., JULY 10

SPARKS CIRCUS
NOW THE
WORLDS LARGEST
CIRCUS
STILL GIVING A

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STREET PARADE
800 PEOPLE 500 HORSES

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LENGTH CARS, NOTABLE
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STREET PARADE DAILY 11 A.M.

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Children 35c.
(Under 10 years of age)
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SEATS ON SALE CIRCUS DAY
at THE GOODY CANDY SHOP
Same Price as at Show Grounds

NOTICE

On or before the first day of June in each and every year without notice or demand to that effect, every Corporation incorporated under the laws of New Brunswick and every other Corporation having its head or other office or doing business or any part thereof, in the Province of New Brunswick except Banks, Railway or Foreign Steamship Companies, shall make out and deliver to the Provincial Secretary-Treasurer, a detailed statement or return, correctly stated and duly verified by the Affidavit of an Officer of the Corporation as required by Sub-section 1 of Section 117 of Chapter 20 of the Acts of Assembly 1926, being amendment to "The New Brunswick Companies' Act, 1916", under a penalty of failure so to do, of Twenty Dollars for every day during which the default continues.

Forms supplied on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary-Treasurer at Fredericton.

ANTOINETTE J. LEGER,
Provincial Secretary-Treasurer.
Fredericton May 25th, 1926.

Customs Sale By Tender

Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received at his office at Fredericton, N. B., until Monday, the twenty-sixth day of July, 1926, at noon, or the following property forfeited under the Customs laws, viz:

One Automobile—Hudson Brougham Model of 1925, in good condition, and having been run less than 3000 miles.

Terms—Cash on acceptance of Tender.

The highest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.
L. C. MACNUTT,
Collector of Customs and Excise.
Dated at Fredericton,
26th day of June, 1926.

"\$41⁹⁸ as Advertised"

HOW do you spell 'financially'?" asked a college student of his roommate.

"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," said the room-mate, spelling out the word slowly. As an afterthought, he added: "And 'embarrassed' has two r's and two s's."

How often have you said to a salesman, "That's more than I care to pay"? If you had known the price in advance you would have been spared this little embarrassment. That's one of the great services rendered by newspaper advertising.

By reading the newspaper advertisements before going to the stores, you know what you will have to pay for an article. You need not reveal your financial status to a salesman. You perhaps do not like to ask the price of goods anyhow. If the merchant has told you the price in his newspaper advertisement, you do not have to ask.

Any way you figure it out, IT PAYS YOU TO READ THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. REGULARLY! The one advertisement you skip may contain just the news you would have welcomed. READ ALL THE NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS. KEEP INFORMED.

The intelligent way to shop is to read the newspaper advertisements and then go to the stores that offer the best values. Make notes beforehand of the articles that interest you. That's the way to get the most for your money. That's the way to save time.

When You Know the Price in Advance, You Can
Ask to be Shown the Goods—
"as Advertised"