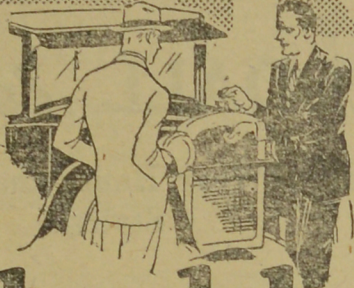


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## OF GREAT IMPORTANCE THAT THE REMNANTS OF OUR WILD LIFE SHOULD BE CONSERVED

by DALLAS LORE SHARP in  
 Our Dumb Animals

Conscious of how far and fast we must go in order to save the remnants of our wild life, we are likely to forget how fast and far we have already gone. We have been fatally slow. We will stop short in education and legislation. Our love is not yet perfect. And when it is made perfect, and all powerful, it is impotent in the presence of extinction, powerless to call back a vanished race. But what I have seen with my own eyes of the growth of light and law and love in our dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and even the fish of the sea, gives me not only hope for the future of all wild life, but fresh hope and confidence in man himself and human-kind.

I came into Conservation, if I may so speak, when the tide of wild life was still at flood. I can remember when the marshes along the river of my boyhood in southern New Jersey were white at times with American egrets and snowy herons. I have seen the sky above those marshes spanned from horizon to horizon with an unbroken band of migrating blackbirds as wide as the Milky Way. And in that rusty swarms, flocks for numbers like the locusts out of Egypt, did the bobolinks in the autumn sweep down the ripened reed-flats of that childhood river!

That happened to be a critical moment in the tragic history of American wild life. As a child I became conscious of this moving scene about me just as the flood tide turned. I was six, or possibly seven years old, when day, out with my step-father gunning, I saw him bring down from the top of a tall dead tree a rather large, long, brownish bird, wonderfully beautiful, which had only one leg. The other one, he told me had been shot off sometime, but the stump was healed, and perfectly feathered over now. I also remember, as he put it into my hand, that he said he thought it was a passenger pigeon.

That was the only live passenger pigeon I ever saw; and I saw that one shot. The year was 1876, or possibly '77, and October.

Today in my reading I came across in the life of John Burroughs a curiously parallel experience. In a letter to his wife dated October, 1876, he writes: "Rose (his dog) and I have been hunting today and got a partridge, a pigeon and a grey squirrel." That was the last wild passenger pigeon he ever saw; and he shot it. Its one-legged mate got away from Burroughs along the Hudson, and as far south as the swamp along the Maurice River, and my step-father killed it there. So perished that once abundant and divinely beautiful race.

"So perished," is spoken figuratively, of course, and yet it is all too literally true. It was the year of 1878 that the last great nesting of these birds was reported from the woods of Michigan, when 300 tons of the nesting birds were killed and shipped to market, and altogether "more than a million birds were destroyed there." That was not the beginning of the end, for the slaughter of passenger pigeons had been going on ever since the white men came to America; but 1878 does mark the realized beginning of the deadly effect of the wholesale slaughter. For fifteen years after that the professional netters followed the flocks wherever they were reported about the country. Then the business failed.

As late as 1881 twenty thousand live passenger pigeons were killed at one trap-shooting tournament on Coney Island, held under the auspices of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The last known passenger pigeon to be killed for market came from St. Louis in a shipment of ducks from Black River, Missouri, in 1906. It was the market netters who turned the mighty tide. Then across the diminishing years it was the millions of shot-guns, in the hands of lovers of wild life like John Burroughs, and my step-father picking off the single stray birds here and there that completed the extermination.

There are still millions of shot-guns, licensed by law, afield in this land every fall. There are still many

"Associations for the Protection of Fish and Game," whose level of protection has not risen far above the live pigeon tournament, where twenty thousand birds of an almost vanished race were killed in cold blood for sport. We must go fast and far if we are to save some of the other vanishing races from the fate of the passenger pigeon.

This Game Protective Association did not realize it was exterminating the passenger pigeon. There had always been plenty of passenger pigeons! John Burroughs did not realize that he was killing the last wild pigeon he should ever see. There had always been so many passenger pigeons! My step-father, a lover of all wild things, did not realize that he was killing the last wild pigeon he should ever see. There had always been so many passenger pigeons! Why, I have heard my mother say there used to be a barrel of salted pigeon breasts in the cellar almost every winter in the years before I was born! And the millions of gunners all over the country didn't realize when they were killing the last wild pigeon they should ever see, that it was the last wild pigeon. There had always been so many passenger pigeons;

How can we be made to realize? How should John Burroughs, or anybody in 1786, have known that the people were swarming into the wild places of the West; that the beech woods, in which the pigeons fed, were falling; that the forests in which they nested were being leveled; that the New York market alone was absorbing 100 barrels of wild pigeons a day for weeks, without a break in the price?

We realize now, but it is too late. The passenger pigeon is gone, and we know where he is gone, and why?

A great awakening is upon the land. A great realization dawns upon the people, but it does not yet reach the sportsman, nor cover the meaning of the million licensed shot-guns in the hands of those who pick off here and there a stray bird. For this extermination, swift, and terrible to realize, and sure. John Burroughs studied birds with a gun. There is hardly a line in all his loving books that speaks for conservation, or shows that he was conscious of the doom impending, or the least concerned. There is hardly a line that I have written which is not darkened by the shadow that falls prophetic from the passenger pigeon's wings. It is not a difference in heart. It is a difference in education. When he was a child wild life was at its flood, and so, for him, remained at flood. The tide was ebbing fast when I was a child, and so, for me, it is still running out strong. The wonder is that the headwaters of wild life still furnish the river with current enough to flow.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* SPECIAL ATTRACTION \*  
 \* AT GAIETY THEATRE \*  
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"Harold Teen" is the photoplay at the Gaiety for Monday and Tuesday. "Harold Teen" is a movie of youth, for youth and by youth. Most of the cast is under 21. Jack Duffy, who plays Grandpop Teen, toothless and senile, is around 30. Arthur Lake, who is Harold, the high-school hero, is in his teens sure enough. Alice White, whose seductions and adventures make her seem adult, is really but 20. Mary Brian may be over 21, but she has never acted it and never will.

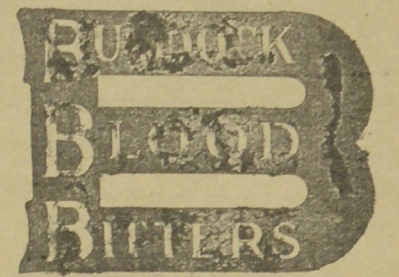
First National has taken the characters of a syndicated comic strip and brought them to life in this comedy of slang, wisecracks, precocious youngsters, necking and exuberance. Harold Teen is light but happy, full of puppy-love and humor, spranglin, sprawling sentimental youth.

### THE MILKY WAY

He hitched his wagon to a star. A wagon used for milk each day. Success was his—he traveled far. His route we call the milky way.

## ELEVEN BOILS ON HER ARM AT ONE TIME

Mrs. S. Poth, Fisher Home, Alta., writes:—"I was troubled with boils and had eleven of them on my arm at one time.  
 "I tried all kinds of medicine, but got no relief.  
 "I took two bottles of



and have never been troubled since."  
 B.B.B. Boils and Blood Bitters, manufactured only by The T. B. B. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## GIVES UP BIG SUM IN CONEY ISLAND LOTS

New York, June 11—A million dollars' worth of beachfront property in Coney Island will be distributed among 1000 property owners through an agreement reached today by the sinking fund commission to relinquish the city's claim to the land.

Litigation involving title to approximately 800 lots formerly under water has extended over a period of years. Decision by the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals upheld the city's claims to land beyond the "high water mark" in Gravesend Bay. The disputed area was gradually filled in, and the question of title arose. The land is assessed at \$1500 a lot. The commission agreed that by payment to the city of \$300 for each lot, owners may obtain clear title.

## FEELS LIKE NEW PERSON

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her So Much

"I had inward troubles and at times my face would look so puffy that it annoyed me. I was so dull and sleepy that I did not feel like doing anything and was not particular whether my work was done or not. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Toronto Globe and my sister told me it was extra good medicine. I found it so too, as I now feel bright and active like another person."  
 —MIRIAM MAURER, R.F.D. No. 1, Elmira, Ontario.

### For Change of Life

"I took the Vegetable Compound to help me pass the Change of Life. For two years I have had hot flushes, run-down feelings and prostration but am getting along fine now. I think the Vegetable Compound is good and you can use my name."—MRS. D. FERRIMAN, 942 Cloverdale Avenue, Victoria, B. C.

## FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen 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 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 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.
- 40 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 46 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 Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lanedowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.