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**LEGISLATURE
 OPENED THURSDAY**

The third session of the Eighth Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick opened Thursday afternoon with the usual ceremonial. The occasion was marked by the first appearance of a new Lieut. Governor, Hon. W. F. Todd of St. Stephen and of a new premier, Hon. P. J. Veniot of Bathurst. It also was marked by most disagreeable weather, the great snowstorm of Wednesday having made conditions disagreeable and seriously interfered with the military display outside the building. The attendance of members of the House also was interfered with by the storm as train-service was demoralized and many members did not reach Fredericton in time for the opening. The storm also affected the attendance of persons from outside points who wished to attend the opening as a social event. The schedule of many was seriously interrupted by the failure of trains to make connections and by cancellation of trains in many cases.

CONCLUDED HIS WORK

After nearly four years of faithful service, during which he produced annual surpluses of an average of \$5000, with the lowest tax rate per \$100 in the Maritime Provinces, R. F. Armstrong, town manager of Woodstock, N. B., concluded his work on Saturday.

FOUND IN MAILS

Many Things Are Forwarded Besides Correspondence.

Superintendent of Philadelphia Post-office Tells of Some Amusing Experiences He Had Had.

Every one who has watched the crowd collect in front of the parcel post window at holiday time knows that the mail has a more or less humorous side, remarks the Philadelphia Record. How humorous it can be you do not realize till you begin to find out about it.

Mr. Johnson, the superintendent of mails at the central postoffice, knows. He has 27 years' experience.

"Did the crying baby ever go through the mails?" the reporter questioned him.

Mr. Johnson shook his head. "No, the only live things allowed are live chicks and bulbs. Everything else under the sun does go. Sometimes very humorous and pathetic incidents occur."

"An old Virginia mammy wanted to ship herself home-parcel post. Every Christmas she had received a nice fat package through the mail. It meant direct communication with her own people. She pictured Christmas down on the plantation in all the rosy glow of her far-off childhood. She craved to go back and she didn't know how to go. She had just enough brains to know that she was too ignorant to take the long journey by herself. So she came to her mistress.

"'Couldn't I just be labeled an' stamped an' weighed,' she demanded, 'and sent along back to Virginia with the postman? I'd like to give myself as a Christmas present to my folks this year.'

"Humorous, but pathetic as well isn't it?"

Mr. Johnson talks like a Virginian and has a true gift of telling a story.

"A negro said there were three kinds of pies, the civered, the uncivered and the barred. We have to do with the barred variety. In a country district some one made the most beautiful barred apple pie. They decided to send it through the mails to a friend in Philadelphia. Great was their trust. They put a string through one of the bars. Tied on a label with the name and address and the proper amount of postage. Put the pie in a pieplate and sent it off on its journey.

"That pie arrived in perfect condition. It had appealed to the humorous sense of the clerks and had been handed from one man to the next with the greatest care."

Mr. Johnson also had amusing experiences when he worked in the railway mails. Bags collected at the rural stations often contain queer guests.

"I have seen a clerk open a bag and a small snake come out," continued Mr. Johnson merrily; "whenever that happens they look as if they had been struck by green lightning."

"The bag had been put down somewhere and somehow the snake had managed to creep in."

"At places too small for the express to stop, the mail bag is hung out on an iron crane. The postal clerk grabs it and throws out another as the train goes by. I had just taken off a pouch and opened it when out stepped a chicken. Not a day-old chicken, but a good-sized bird. You could have knocked me over with a feather when I saw that owl."

Suffers for Hereism.

Sergt. Willie Sandlin of Devil's Jumo Branch, Leslie county, is suffering a serious lung affection as the result of gas inhaled while in the Argonne forest, he was told when he visited Richmond, Ky., for examination by government physicians.

Sergeant Sandlin, advancing in command of a platoon at Bois de Forger, France, September 28, 1918, kept on when discovery of a machine-gun nest brought a command to halt. In one day he destroyed three machine-gun nests, killed 24 Germans, captured six machine guns and a hospital group, killing the German lieutenant with his own gun.

Sergeant Sandlin was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with palm, the Medal Militaire and citations from General Pershing and Marshal Foch.

Natural Colored Silk.

Experiments made in France, it is reported, show that the yellow and green colors possessed by the silk spun by certain caterpillars are due to coloring matter derived from the food and passed through the blood of the spinners.

By impregnating leaves with artificial colors, the experimenters caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange-yellow and fine rose hues.

By the aid of the spectroscopic presence and nature of colored pigments in the blood of the little creatures were established.—Washington Star.

Birthday Cake Candles.

The custom of placing candles on a birthday cake—one for each year—comes from Germany. The Germans placed a thick one in the center, called Lebenslicht, the light of life.

Only he or she who declares his or her birthday may put out the light of life; it is unlucky if done by any other member of the family.

The lights are symbols of life and its portions the years. For persons advanced in years one candle must do duty, as otherwise too many would be required.

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During a trip across Canada last summer, members of the Montreal Board of Trade gained many new and striking impressions of their own country. They expressed varying views on these; discussed, criticized, or commended them. These exchanges began to crystallize into a dominant but unspoken thought in every heart. Finally it was given voice in the words: "There is no East, and no West: THERE IS JUST CANADA."

It is not merely a bit of fine phrasing. The sentiment has an appeal to every one who has caught a vision of what Canada is to be. Before the splendor of that vision selfish local interests wither and die and provincialism fades into nothingness. What is of benefit to the farmer of the West or the fisherman on the Atlantic coast, should be a matter of concern to every citizen of the Dominion. "There is no East, and no West: THERE IS JUST CANADA."

In the roll of centuries since the world began, the history of Canada occupies but a modest measure. Within the memory of people still in the vigor of life, new areas of this country have been opened to settlement, as large as some countries in Europe; vast resources of timber and mineral lands have been revealed, and great water powers have been harnessed to do the will of man. The once unexplored and the long unknown have been tamed, until this Empire within an Empire begins to know itself as a land of possibilities beyond the dreams of all the pioneers who laid its foundation in faith and hope. "There is no East, and no West: THERE IS JUST CANADA."

Most potent of all the factors in awakening Canadians to the truth about their own country has been the railway. Its slender ropes of steel are everywhere harbingers of still greater days to come. Crossing the wide-fung prairies, spanning rivers, passing by means of tunnels, through the mountains that barred the progress of man in days gone by, or wandering through the meadows and orchards of the earlier settlers portions of the country, they are a visible embodiment of the sentiment, "There is no East, and no West: THERE IS JUST CANADA."

The railway has made it possible for increasing thousands of Canadians to widen their education by travel in their own country. And their own Canadian National Railways has played an amazing part in this education of its owners. Since its humble beginnings in Confederation days, it has expanded into the greatest railway system on this continent. Its contribution to the development of Canada in the past was incalculable. Its part in the progress of the future cannot be measured by the mind of man. More than anything else in the Dominion to-day it emphasizes the truth of the words "There is no East, and no West: THERE IS JUST CANADA."