

To Soothe & Heal Those CHILBLAINS

Apply ZAM-BUK at night and the pain goes.

Whether your chilblains be on the toes, fingers, nose or ears, nothing else will soothe and heal the itching, inflamed or broken places so quickly as Zam-Buk. Owing to its refined, natural character Zam-Buk soaks through the tiny pores, deep into the tissues. By stimulating healthy activity of the skin Zam-Buk enables it to throw off poisonous secretions that are impeding the functions.

Mrs. A. J. Underhill, of Rutledge, Minn., writes:—"For many winters my chilblains were so bad that I could not wear shoes for days together."

Zam-Buk

"To my great delight Zam-Buk gave the lasting relief which I had previously sought in vain. Whenever my feet feel in the least sore a little Zam-Buk soon puts them right. I have also found it a soothing remedy for chapped hands, cold-cracks, etc." Get a box to-day!

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THE ADVOCATE

Notice to Advertisers

We again respectfully draw to the attention of advertisers, that change of copy MUST be handed into this office on or before noon on Mondays. No copy will be received later.

THE ADVOCATE

DON'T SCRAP

Don't be a namby-pamby, or one of those soft-shelled chaps, afraid of being hit by his own shadow.

Don't be of the opposite genus, the scrapper,—the fellow with a self-placed chip on his shoulder daring small men to knock it off.

The manly men, the truly brave those of real courage, fight, and don't scrap.

The world admires the fighter if he fights for right; but despises the scrapper, who is but a mere semblance of the brave, an imbecile imitation of that which he thinks he is copying.

The scrapper belongs to the scrapheap of business, and there you will find him sooner or later for he is unfit to represent regular goods. He is not a good salesman, a good clerk, or good for much of anything. Nobody wants him as an office boy, or a porter or as a teamster. He is unpopular, even among his fellows, and he never amounts to any thing anywhere.

There are scrappers, however, who don't scrap with their fists or kick with their feet. They are scrappers by mouth only, and they are even more despicable than the hand-fighters, for the latter may have the semblance of courage, while the mouth-warriors have neither bravery, brawn, nor brain.

I have no respect for the fellow afraid to express an opinion,—provided he had one and knows where he got it,—or for the coward of any kind; but I believe that the most despicable man on earth is he who is always hunting for the wrong side of the argument, and firing it piecemeal at those who are unfortunate enough to get in range. He is continually looking for something to talk against or to talk at, and he usually finds it. His words are no more effective than bread crumb bullets. The real powder and fire back of them are not strong enough or hot enough to drive them far enough to hit anything so that what is hit knows it.

Don't be a scrapper. Don't scrap with your mouth, and don't scrap with your hands. Don't kick if you know a thing is right, fight for it with all your might; and if you know that it is wrong, fight against it for all you are worth; but don't make a specialty of manufacturing or dealing in trouble, and don't seek for it, for, if you do, you will injure yourself and those about you, and you will lose all the friends worthy of the name.

There is unavoidable trouble in the world to overcome sufficient to keep you busy.

Don't take on useless work.



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FREE BABY BOOKS
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Be cheerful, even when it's cloudy and there is rain in sight, and you have forgotten your umbrella. Scrapping with the weather won't keep you from getting wet.

Scrapping never accomplished anything. It is a sort of guerrilla warfare, without a flag and without a country.

Nobody likes a scrapper. He's a general "no good"

Mysterious Bird-Bands

Strange bird-bands, without any marks of identification, are being received by officers of the Canadian National Parks Branch, Department of the Interior, in charge of the Bird-Banding Records. Sportsmen and others interested in the investigations being carried on by the branch concerning the migrations of wild fowl frequently send in these odd bands. Recently a plaid band, without discernible inscription, was taken from a Junco killed at Gannet Rock lighthouse and forwarded to the branch. A swan of an unknown species was shot one hundred miles northeast of Good Hope, on the Mackenzie river N. W. T., and a band made of fourteen gauge copper wire removed from its leg. It is hoped that any person having information concerning these birds or any others marked anonymously and bird-bands in general will communicate with this branch. The use of bands of a character which cannot be traced is deprecated as liable to cause confusion in recording migrations. Official bands are available to those who wish to engage in this work and may be had on application to the Commissioner, Canadian National Parks, Ottawa.



"FEEL IT HEAL"

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Mountain-Climbing on Vancouver Island



Cameron Lake showing Mount Arrowsmith in the distance.

Vancouver Island is becoming famous for many things. Among the chief of these is its climate, among the more utilitarian its strawberries; and among the tourist attractions its marvelous scenery, and magnificent drives, its many fascinating trips both by boat and by rail. But, while tens of thousands of visitors holiday in the Island every summer, very few of them are aware of the fact that within less than a day's journey of Victoria there are mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, and massive glaciers, which defy the warmest of the summer sunshine, where those who enjoy that most exhilarating sport, mountain-climbing, may put all of their skill to the test.

The most popular mountain from an Alpinist's point of view is Arrowsmith. It is about six thousand feet high, and to reach it one travels by one of the most magnificent scenic railways on the continent. There is a diversity of country all along the hundred miles from Victoria to Parkesville. Parkesville is on the east coast of the Island, and Victoria, situated at the extreme south of the Island is the starting point for the journey. One of the first summits to be crossed is that of the splendid Malahat, about fifteen hundred feet above the sea. Here, from the "Lookout," one looks down on a wonderful panorama of green-embowered hills, narrow winding waterways, the wide stretch of the sea itself and the Olympian mountains on the Mainland in their dazzling dress of ice and snow. After crossing the Malahat there are miles along the shores of the salt water, quick passages through picturesque villages and towns, journeyings among sweet-scented woods which are always gay with flowers.

At Parkesville the road divides one branch swinging toward the west. And there begins the first trek in the journey which leads to the everlasting hills. As one nears Cameron Lake, whether one travels by rail or highway, one sees the beginning of the vast forest of Douglas fir, than which there is no finer stretch of timber in America.

Just across the lake from the Chalet one begins the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith. The particular day when we made the journey was in early June. It was sweet and cool near the water, the bracken thrusting up branchy and tall, maiden-hair ferns just unfolding, all of the trees and shrubs wearing their new dresses of fresh, young green.

We started at noon, and from the very outset, found the trail fairly steep. With only occasional stops for breath, we pushed on for five hours before we made the Hut, a distance of about 3000 feet up. It was rather early in the year for mountaineering and the trail had not been cleared since the winter storms, which made our going rather more difficult than it would otherwise have been. But every step of the way displayed some

magnificence of scene that called forth exclamations of delight.

The Hut was practically buried, for the snow lay deep on the upper reaches. It took us an hour or more to tunnel into it, for although our packer had gone ahead with the blankets, he could not accomplish much alone. But we finally dug our way in, cleared the snow from the windows, made a fire, and before very long the aroma of boiling coffee and fried ham filled the little cabin, and we sat down to eat with ravenous appetites.

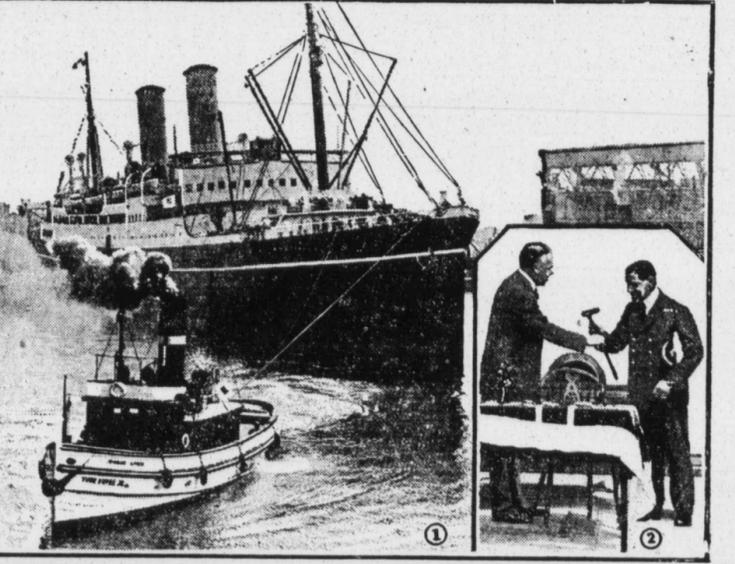
The sleep that comes to one on these high, snowy altitudes, far above the slightest sound of life, is deep, dreamless and infinitely refreshing. We awoke at eight the next morning, full of eagerness to continue the climb, which from there on is a real test of strength and endurance.

The final five hundred feet were very steep, and not without danger for the unwary. We had a few tumbles, and slides, which only added to the enjoyment, and when we had pursued our journey to the end our satisfaction was very great. For it was an objective worth striving for.

The view was grand beyond conception, snow-peaks all about us, dazzlingly splendid in the sunshine, clouds of mist lifting from the valleys, and rolling away to give a glimpse of lakes blue as periwinkle, of bare cliff-sides coloured with the tints of the rainbow, and bright, green valleys, and forests of sturdy little jack-pine, while now and then when the clouds would roll up and melt into the blue of the sky, we could glimpse a farther view, and we said it was the sea and the mountains beyond the sea, but the distance made it almost as vague as a half-forgotten dream.

It is a journey that one can easily make within the day, providing there is no miscalculation, and it is a most joyfully exhilarating climb, while the picture which the summit discloses must always stand out conspicuously in the gallery of one's memories.

Montreal Honors First Skipper in Port



1. C.P.S.S. Montrose bringing first passengers to Montreal, 1923 Season. 2. Captain Edmund Aikman, Commander of the Bolingbroke.

TWENTY years ago Montreal was but a "mere calling place for ships." It had practically no modern cargo-handling devices or equipment, its wharf sheds were just wooden shacks which were actually taken down in winter to prevent them being blown away, and much of the merchandise was stored in the open air at the mercy of the wind and weather. Now Montreal is the greatest port of Canada and it is the best located. From a mere riverside stopping place for ships, it has stepped into the front rank of ocean ports, and has become equipped with facilities for the accommodation of ships and for the handling and storing of freight that are unrivalled on the continent. Despite the fact that Canada has less than 10,000,000 population and that the United States has more than 110,000,000, Montreal now handles a greater volume of business than any port on the American continent with the solitary exception of New York.

The principal reasons for Montreal's supremacy are the facts that it is nearly one thousand miles inland from the ocean, at the head of deep water navigation with direct access to the Atlantic, and that behind it is

a through route right up to the head of the Lakes at the Twin Cities, a thousand miles further inland. Were it an all year port, Montreal would be the chief one of the continent, but for some months winter chokes the beautiful St. Lawrence route, and the vessels fretting at the mouth of the great river must wait until the ice goes out in the spring before they can make their way westward.

About fifty years ago, the Harbor Master originated the idea of presenting a tall silk hat to the captain of the first vessel to arrive in the spring with a transatlantic ship. This custom was observed for about thirty-five years, then, as the top hats lost their popularity, a gold headed cane was presented instead by the Harbor Commission.

This year the cane was presented to Captain Edmund Aikman, of the Canadian Pacific S.S. Bolingbroke who had just completed his first voyage in command. The Bolingbroke left London for Montreal on April 9th, calling at Antwerp en-route, arriving three hours ahead of her nearest competitor on May 3rd. The liner "Montrose" of the same line, the first passenger vessel to reach the port in 1923, arrived two days after.