



### This Lassie Has Her Colds "Rubbed Away"

The mother of this attractive little girl, Mrs. E. E. Emmans, of 517 Seventh Ave., N. E., Portage La Prairie, Man., is one of the many Canadian mothers who are enthusiastic about the vaporizing salve, Vicks VapoRub, for treating children's colds. Mrs. Emmans writes: "My little girl had croup at night pretty badly and Vicks did her a lot of good. I have also used it with very satisfactory results for head and chest colds."

Vicks is just "rubbed on" for sore throat, tonsillitis, bronchitis, croup or deep chest colds. When so applied, Vicks has a double direct action: internally medicated vapors are inhaled while, at the same time, externally, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin.

### CLOTHING PROPOSITION

The advertiser is open to negotiate with practical men for the sale of SPECIAL ORDER CLOTHES (Made-to-Measure) in their respective localities. This is an exceptional opportunity for men of good character, and therefore requires reciprocal co-operation. Full particulars necessary to insure reply. Write in first instance to—MONTREAL P. O. BOX 105.

### 50c Per Hour

For limited number of men, while learning to operate and repair autos and tractors, battery work, oxy-acetylene welding, tire vulcanizing, taxi and truck driving. Special terms now on. If you want big pay, and a successful future, apply at once, to Hemphill's Employment Service, 163 King Street West, Toronto.

### Your Telephone Orders



for ice will receive immediate and courteous attention. If you run short of ice at any time, just give us a call.

In our twenty-five years in the ice business, we have always had an adequate supply for all our customers. Our ice is pure, made from pure spring water.

RATES FOR 1925  
Private Delivery \$2.25 per month  
Ice delivered by ton \$3.25 per ton  
Ice at ice house \$2.00 per ton

**Thos. Ellsworth**

PHONE 322 ROSEBERRY ST.

## FARMING IMPLEMENTS

The Having Season with the prospect of bumper crops makes it necessary that every farmer have a good Mower and Rake.

We handle the celebrated Deering Harvesting Machines and with Prices reduced this year it is the right time to put in new equipment

We can give you prompt service on Machines and Repairs.

CALL AND GET OUR PRICES AND TERMS

We also carry a good stock of

Track and Hay Fork Equipment

Wire Fencing Driving Wagons

Cultivators and Power Potato Sprayers

featuring the new method of Dry Dust Potato Spraying

THE

**Lounsbury Co. Ltd.**

Water St. Campbellton, N. B.

## The Disaster of 1910

Continued from Page 3

selves. In every part of the town red flames were bursting. Dense clouds of smoke rolled towards the sky and settled like a pall over the town. The roaring of the flames sounded like a low rumbling thunder accented every now and then by the sharp crack of some explosion. The heat was intense. As the fire spread it gained momentum, smaller fires merged into the larger, until Campbellton was an immense seething furnace. During the night the fire burned itself out leaving waste and desolation in its track.

Although the fire brigade fought valiantly they soon realized that they were totally unable to cope with the situation. The town was constructed almost entirely of wood and was consequently highly inflammable. So, when aided by a gale it can readily be conceived how doubly easy was the work of destruction. To add to the difficulties the water pressure was low on account of the quantities of water being used all over the town. Fifteen minutes after the second alarm blew it was apparent that the whole town was threatened. Men on horse back galloped through the streets, warning people of the danger and calling out every available man to the assistance of the fire brigade.

In half an hour the fire fighters were forced to abandon the fight, driven back by the immense walls of flame, blinding smoke and scorching heat. An attempt to stop the advance of the flames by dynamiting failed. By four thirty in the afternoon assistance had arrived from Dalhousie and by that time the fire was beyond human control.

As soon as the people realized that their town was destined to complete destruction, and that all efforts to save their homes were useless, they bent all their energies in saving what little of their possessions it was possible to carry. The sick and feeble were taken to places of safety. People living near the water front were rescued by boats and steamers in the harbor. A train carried some of them as far as Dalhousie Junction. Others fled to the hills beyond the town. From the

which a group of girls were gathered listening to a tall, slim girl, their Physical Director, whom I at once recognized as Helen Marquis, she was advising them not to use powder before they went in the water for fear the fish might be attracted.

Slowly the flames die and another scene appears. A large grocery store comes into view, I look inside and see Olive Sullivan behind the counter and in the office sits Edna Hume, trying to get her debits and credits to equal one another. Rumor hath it that the profits of the business are considerably lessened owing to these girls' devotion to the candy counter.

In the winding columns of smoke that curl upwards another scene meets my eye, it is of a hospital ward and in it I see May Boyle the white-robed nurse taking George McMillan's temperature, just then the doctor, Harold Jamieson, comes along and asks May what the patient's temperature is, she very innocently answers that she forgot to take it and put it back into the thermometer again.

Deep into the heart of the fire I gazed and saw a stately man—in the orchard walked Edward McLean, a solemn-faced minister. By his attitude I easily surmised that he was thinking about his Sunday sermon.

My gaze wandered to the man, I saw his wife (nee Vera Marquis) busily engaged in cooking. I think she must be still testing that old saying that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

My next scene is evidently a foreign land, I see mountain peaks glimmering cascades and terraced plains, in this island which discoverers called the "Beautiful Isle" I see a crowd of slant eyed Celestial children and in their midst Bessie Young their missionary teacher.

The flames again take shape, I see a court house and hear a deep, rumbling voice, inside sits Mac MacCallum, Judge of a juvenile court. His eye is stern as he passes his sentence upon each of the young offenders, but who is that fair-haired lady, pleading for her little boy? It is Mrs. Harold Jamieson, formerly Mary Murphy. The judge tries to steel his heart against her but her pleading has touched him, he lets her lead off, but gives Mary a long lecture on how to bring him up to be a nice, quiet boy.

The rapidly shifting scenes reveal an apartment in which lives three ladies, Emma Shannon, the great lecturer on "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," her secretary, Mildred Smith and Lila Sansom, the editor of a city newspaper, the special attraction of this paper to women, at least, is her weekly items on "Beauty and how to preserve it."

The fire dies down, I hardly put more fuel on it and it burns again more brightly, I see a little bungalow, the kind you dream about with roses and vines climbing up over the porch, I look in at the door and see Muriel Sears, the young housewife, but she is not busy with household duties, she is—horror of horrors, she is reading a novel. And hark, what was that droning noise? It is an aeroplane, it lights outside, the aviator walks in removes his goggles and I recognized it as hungry, hand the features of Peck Ferguson. Poor fellow he seems to be accustomed to the sight which meets his eye for, after a sad look at Muriel, he begins to prepare his own meal.

The flames leap up again and in their midst I see a garden gate going on, the hostesses, Mary Andrew and Tillie Goldenberg, living lives of luxury, apart from the trials of this weary world. By their side helping them entertain is "Syd" Mackay, M. D. "Syd" is a great comfort to the girls, for when their guests begin talking about their ills they send them to "Syd" who always prescribes something and invites them to call at her office for treatment.

Next I see a shabby road, in the distance I can discern a two-wheeled vehicle, drawn by a pony. As it approaches I see two figures—who could they be? Why nobody else but Hazel Robertson and Susie Macdonald, comfortably touring the countryside, giving concerts. Hazel you know is a famed elocutionist and her companion, Susie has made her mark in the musical world. Strange they do not travel by motor! But Hazel could never give up the renowned "pony" she prized so highly during school days.

A veil of smoke hides the fire for an instant but when it lifts I see a green sward sloping down to a lake, at the top of the slope were numbers of girls in camp costume, while the central figure addressing them had the dark hair and laughing eyes of Christine Taylor, Girls' Work Secretary.

The next vision that the flames portray is of a little red school house but this was like no I had ever seen, school house, for the three teachers, Margaret Ward, Lillian Hamilton and Hectorine Guidry, were of the very modern type for they really believe, mind you, "that the heart is the seat of the soul" and not the liver as the old writers would have us believe.

In the flames I see a Post Office, inside stands Frank Steeves, busily sorting the mail. It may be said that he was reading all the post cards, this is why he is such a good letter writer, himself, for he gets all the latest phrases from the incoming mail.

Another scene unfolds before me it

is of a beautiful theatre, and on the stage a wonderful play is being acted, one could see that the success of it was assured for Beatrice Byrnes is the leading lady. Meanwhile the curtain rings down and then there arises the cry for "author" and indeed I was not surprised when I saw Marie Dorwood appear on the stage to receive her congratulations for had she not displayed her literary skill in class during Composition periods?

The fire dies down, I eagerly stir it up and the din outlines of a college appear, upon closer vision the door swings open and in the Domestic Science room I see the figures of two of my old class mates Winnifred Sansom and Mildred Brooks, instructing their students in the mysteries of making tasty dishes which are supposed to appeal to the palate. Contrary to Vera they believe that the way to a man's stomach is thru his heart.

And now the fire has died down, a few sparks remain, will I see at least a glimpse of my own future? But no, the sparks flare up brightly, flicker and then die, so that all that remains now is a few charred fragments of what once had held such fair visions to me—a student of the class of '25.

Written by EVELYN DOBSON.

### "MOUNTAIN BROOK SCHOOL" Examination for June

Honors Standard V—Adeline Landry, 88.5.  
Standard IV—Stella Laviolette, 80.2; Yvonne McIntyre, 87.2; Elizabeth McIntyre, 76.8; Elizabeth Gault, 81; Hubert McIntyre, 58.5.  
Standard III—Arthur Landry, 76.8; Geraldine Salese, 80; Henriette McIntyre, 81.8.  
Standard II—Elmina McIntyre, 79; Claudia Salese, 70; Omar McIntyre, 72; Arthur Laviolette, 76; Eugene Leclair, 68.  
Standard I—George McIntyre, 92; Mabel McIntyre, 94.1; Beatrice Doucet, 88.6; Albert Levesque, 79.1.

### CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS EARNINGS.

The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways for the week ending June 21, 1925 were \$4,190,930.00 being a decrease of \$44,056.00 or 10 per cent over the corresponding week of 1924.

The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways from Jan. 1 to June 21, 1925 have been \$99,608.00 being a decrease of \$9,221,600 as compared with the corresponding period of 1924.

### TO YOU

It isn't the man who smiles that counts, When everything goes dead wrong, Nor is it the man who meets defeat, Singing a ray little song; The song and the smile are well worth while. Provided they aren't a bluff, But here's to the man who smiles and sings, And then—Produces the Stuff.

### SOCIETY BRAVES' COLD WIND AT RACES



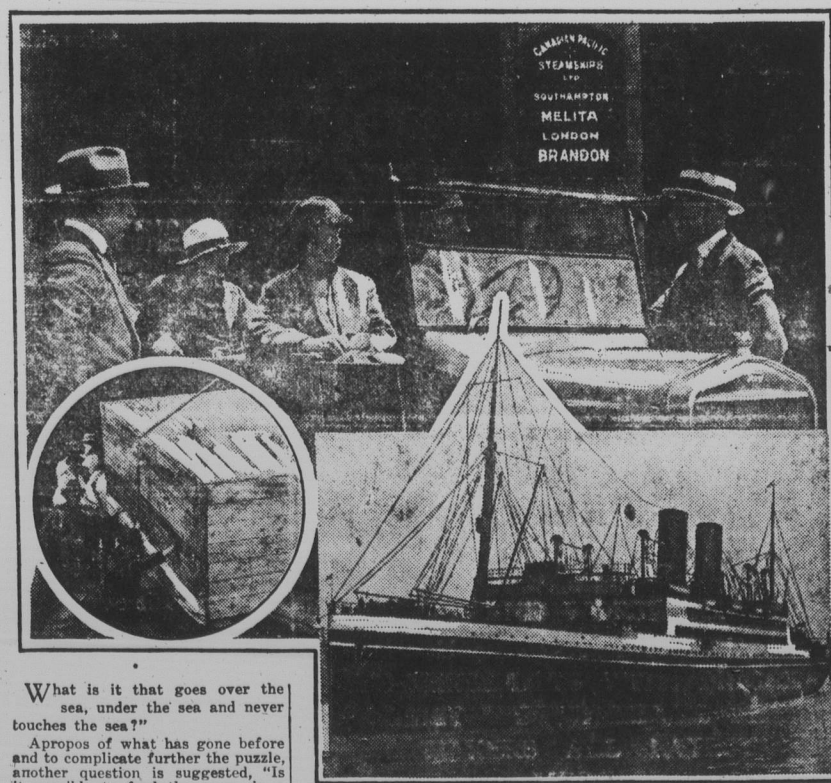
Handsome full length coats of squirrel, and dyed ermine, were worn with small felt hats with flat ribbon trimming. A square shoulder-cape of ermine accompanies the cream-colored corded silk which is pictured above. A soft hat of the same silk, a brilliant French scarf knotted around the neck, and shoes and stockings of cream color, complete this smart costume. A short skirted ensemble of Jap blue kasha has with it a sand-shade straw with trimming of blue silk, a fox fur, sunburn stockings and pumps of the sand shade.



### PRINCESS MARY'S SON

Master Harry Lascelles, elder son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, enjoying the sunshine in Hyde Park.

## To Ford The Ocean In A Ford



What is it that goes over the sea, under the sea and never touches the sea?

Appropos of what has gone before and to complicate further the puzzle, another question is suggested, "Is it possible to ford the ocean in a Ford?"

The correct answer to the second question is—No.

And now, "Let there be light!"

The thing that goes over the sea, under the sea and never touches the sea, is a Ford car in the hold of the S.S. "Melita."

So that, in a way, it is possible to ford the ocean in a Ford, and the principals concerned in the performance of this unusual feat are the family Fox, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. and small daughter, Miss Josephine, the

family are from Parkstone, England; the S.S. "Melita" is a Canadian Pacific liner plying between Antwerp, Southampton, Cherbourg and Montreal; and the Atlantic is, of course, where everyone suspects it is.

It seems that the Foxes, after motoring all over the British Isles, not once but several times, since they covered 17,000 miles all told, and we are all told that Great

(1) Ford car reaching ship on first leg of trip. (2) The crated car being swung aboard ship. (3) Canadian Pacific liner Melita which carried the car.

Britain and Ireland could be fitted across continent from Montreal to London.

Somehow, though we find it impossible to believe, all in the same way, the Foxes did it. We know the family are from Parkstone, Dorset, and we know the "Melita" is a Canadian Pacific liner plying between Antwerp, Southampton, Cherbourg and Montreal; and the Atlantic is, of course, where everyone suspects it is.

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Their advance will be considerably facilitated by the fact that the car company, letters to Ford direct, clear across the continent have been given them. Repairs and incidentals will be supplied gratuitously and detailed directions thrust on them. All because they happen to be the first party from across the water to bring their own Ford to tour in. We were on hand to meet the invaders. A small army of Ford mechanics quickly assembled the car, the customers were dealt with, a license procured and the 5,000 mile trek

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