

**A HAPPY HOLIDAY
ALONG THE RIVER**

A Great Many City Folk
Spent It on Long Reach

Fishermen's Luck — Potatoes
Above Ground — Train
Late as Usual on the Home
Trip Last Night.

Many hundreds of people from the city spent Sunday and Monday on the Long Reach. Every steamer going up river on Saturday had a large passenger list and the Valley Railway train was crowded. At every wharf and station people got off and scattered along the countryside for a pleasant holiday.

The old reliable Oconee had a real summer week-end crowd when she left Indiantown at three o'clock and had also a good freight. A smoky haze prevailed, but the sun was shining, and the rippled surface of Grand Bay was an expanse of flashing diamonds. At Sand Point about thirty people got off on the end of the wharf, some with a portion of their cottage belongings, only to find that because of the extreme high water

If you want the **BEST** tea
Go to the firm that **GROWS** it

LIPTON'S

Thomas Lipton
TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER
CEYLON.

Canadian Chief Offices
24 Front St. West, Toronto

they could not get ashore. From six inches to a foot of water covered the inner portion of the wharf, and it was a case of wading or taking a small boat. To add a touch of humor to the situation an ancient mariner rowed out in a boat, took one lady as passenger and coolly went ashore again, leaving the rest marooned on the end of the wharf. Two boys—they may have been boy scouts—and they certainly were good samaritans, put out in another boat and came to the rescue as the Oconee steamed away toward Westfield. At Crystal Beach, Purdy's Point and

Belyea's the passengers were taken off in boats. At Belyea's a young couple in a canoe, the lady bareheaded, paddled up to the steamer, evidently enjoying the warm air and the calm water. Several motor boats went up from the city during the afternoon. On the Oconee were a number of fishermen, and a group of boy scouts got off at Public Landing, to join others who had gone up earlier in the day. More people left the steamer, there than at any point below.

A week had wrought a wonderful change at the Landing. Leaves were out on the birches and poplars, and the first blossoms were appearing on the Maycherry trees. The bright green of the new foliage contrasted with the darker shade of the evergreens, and with the reddish buds of the maples, not yet in leaf. Young oaks were showing green in some of the fields, and dandelions and strawberry blossoms were out in the meadows. In some places the grass was tall enough to wave in the light breeze, although in many spots the gray of early spring had not yet given way to the new verdure. Swallows were arriving, and in the early evening the clear notes of the robin floated in the quiet air. Over a bit of meadow a small hawk flew low, looking for its prey. Everywhere were the sights and sounds of the country, delightful to the eye and ear accustomed to the dust and noise of the city.

Of course there was a garden to visit, with the thrill of satisfaction in finding that radishes and cucumbers and beets planted a week before were already above ground. But there was a fly in the ointment. A week before, with much toil a large cucumber had been made and planted. During the week a farmer's cows had crossed two farms in order that one of them might make a parade ground of this particular bed before he was advised by the dog to go home.

Then there were adventures in exploration. A little girl wanted violets, blue and white, from a brookside. There were also dog-tooth violets from the meadow, and there were shaded haunts of trilliums, anemones and jack-in-the-pulpit. The boys wanted a tall, slim young fir from a grove to cut and trim and peel for use as a flagstaff. There was another garden bed to be dug up and weeded and made ready for seed, and a row of sweet peas. And at the end of the day there was the crescent moon and a single star, seen from the bedroom window through the branches of a gaunt old pine. This same old pine mourned two great limbs broken by the heavy ice-storm of last winter.

On Sunday morning the river was a perfect mirror, but later a breeze sprang up that ruffled the smooth surface. The sun shone through a faint haze, and the day was altogether delightful. A number of motor boats passed up, and John Frookham's motor canoe to Carter's Point. The first bonfires of the season were seen along the shore late in the evening.

On Monday the first half of the day was overcast, but the afternoon was warm in brilliant sunshine. Crowds of people went up river by steamer and train, and quite a number of motor boats went out. On the hill at the Landing there were potatoes to plant, and beets and onions, and small flower beds to make. In the neighboring groves the robins sang, and from the shore below came the sound of happy voices. Our farmer friend, by the way has potatoes already above ground.

Fishing from the wharf at the Landing has a fascination for many visitors. Many dozens of perch, chub and smelt were taken, with the large trout and a fish which some called a white perch and others a small rock bass. Also there were eels. A gentleman who hails from New York had caught a sample of everything and was glued to the wharf so long that friends had to take him to lunch and finally promise him a fish supper to get him away. The fisherman who whipped the brooks and lakes for trout had good luck in most cases—at least they said so—and nobody would doubt a fisherman's word.

All steamers down river had good passenger lists yesterday afternoon. They would have had many more if anybody had believed the Valley Railway much heralded excursion train would land its passengers in town at one o'clock, to walk home from the depot.

McClary's

Make good stoves and
Cooking utensils.

**MOIR'S
Chocolates**

THOUSANDS of men commenced to eat Moir's Chocolates while in service overseas. They craved the nourishing candy with the distinctive taste and wrote home for more Moir's.

Just as tea is now an afternoon beverage with service men, so have they become attached to the habit of eating Moir's Chocolates whenever that old trench craving for sweets comes upon them. They know Moir's Chocolates have a hundred or more varieties of fillings—and have found those that suit their taste.

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S.

W. J. WETMORE, 91 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
New Brunswick Representative

**House-Cleaning
Time—
Drudgery or Just Fun?**

WITH an O-Cedar Polish Mop and O-Cedar Polish you can clean house in one-half the time it used to take—and obtain results that make you smile with pride over the appearance of every room.

Use it on all furniture and woodwork, and on your motor car. Use it, by means of the O-Cedar Polish Mop, on hard or soft wood floors and on linoleum. You need O-Cedar at all seasons—but you need it most at house-cleaning time—to help you in the "freshening-up" that comes to every home each Spring.

O-Cedar Polish 25c. to \$3.00 sizes. O-Cedar Polish Mop, without handle, \$1.50—the handle, 54 inches long, is 25c. extra. Both Polish and Mop at your Hardware or Grocery Shop.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

**O-Cedar
Polish**

**PREPARING FOR
BIG CLEAN UP**

Tomorrow and Thursday are Clean-Up Days.

The collecting teams will start on their rounds at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning and at the same hour Thursday. They cease work at 5 p.m. Some of the rubbish will be carted to the South End incinerator—the burnable stuff—some will go to the fill-in dump but good gritty dustless ashes will be taken to the Rockwood playground site and other grounds for levelling purposes. Remember this, please—don't mix your good ashes with useless ones.

It is the fond hope of Mayor Schofield that tomorrow morning when he starts out for his office in a motor car, he will see in serried ranks will line the sidewalks, a sort of farewell review of the enemies of health and beauty which every up-to-date city is attacking about this time each year.

THE GIRLS' CAMP.

The Juniors of the Natural History Society have organized a summer camp which is to be held at the Cedars in July for eight days.

The list of officers and leaders for the camp has already been made. Miss Mary Allison, maritime girls' work secretary, is to be the camp director; Miss May Gammell, Presbyterian girls' work secretary and Miss Martha Hamilton, Eastern Student secretary of the Y. W. C. A. are the camp teachers; Mrs. L. Langstroth is the camp mother; Miss Emma Gillet, the business manager; Mrs. J. D. Hunter, the nurse, and group



Friendly Confections

Get closely acquainted with Chiclets. Sealed in the dainty candy-coating is a rich peppermint flavor which will win your constant friendship.

Besides, Chiclets are more than sweetness, more than good company. They keep the teeth clean. Strengthen the gums. Aid digestion. Relax the nerves—especially when you can't smoke.

Sold everywhere. The vest-pocket packet contains ten Chiclets—5c.

—an Adams product, particularly prepared
The Original Candy-Coated Gum

**ADAMS
Chiclets
CANDY COATED GUM**

Pink Chiclets—Adams new, delicious Fruit Flavor—in the pink packet, ten for 5c.

Canadian Chewing Gum Co., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

And the most demanded chewing gum in Canada—white Chiclets, peppermint flavor, in the yellow and gold packet—ten for 5c.

**THE BUSINESS
COLUMN**

EDITED BY MANSFIELD F. HOUSE

Olson Cut Credit, But Held Trade.

Leaving Kansas City, Mo., to get out of politics made a merchant of A. B. Olson.

Olson had \$1,000 when he and his four sons moved on to a Kansas farm. They tilled the soil until they had saved \$6,000. Then they established the Olson Mercantile Co. store at Savonburg, Kan. Today the Olson family owns four stores. All the stock in the company, \$50,000, is owned by the father and his four sons.

It was in 1907 that they started at Savonburg with \$6,000. One competitor with a stock of \$25,000 was doing most of the business. But Olson got that business. He adopted a one-price policy and stuck to it. The other merchant would dickler with his customers on prices and before long his best trade had gone to the new merchant.

Besides, Olson pulled something new in rural merchandising. He extended credit to farmers, but after a few months he told them that if their accounts were not paid up within sixty days he would charge them 10 per cent interest on what they owed. Within eight months Olson cut down his credit accounts from \$2,400 to \$800, and he lost only two customers, intimate friends who objected when he refused to discriminate in their favor.

Olson has printed statements on which it is stated that if accounts run over sixty days interest must be paid. They work. Farmers ask and get credit, but they pay up. It is cheaper for them to go to the bank if necessary and borrow the money and they can't blame Olson for wanting what is coming to him or interest on it if he is loaning it out.

"Don't talk business to your customers when you meet them outside your store," advises Olson. "Don't get too intimate with them."

"I am courteous and friendly to all, but I am careful not to get on too intimate a basis with anybody. You can't do business with your intimate friends. They are the first ones to take advantage of you."

Why the Sudden Demand for Wash Boilers?

Maybe a ouija board could establish some connection between the present dearth of washboilers, tubs and similar receptacles in many stores and the well-known eighteenth amendment. Maybe the spirits couldn't. But the fact remains that hardware and house furnishing stores are facing an unusual demand for metal tanks of various shapes and sizes.

One dealer says the run on washbaths and boilers started more than a month ago, and that now it is almost impossible to buy these articles from the wholesalers or jobbing houses.

"I managed to buy five washboilers from my wholesaler the other day," he

declared. "I had customers for two of these. The other three were sold the day I got them in my store. Tubs are out of the question. I haven't been able to purchase a tub in a month."

A tinsmith declared he had never made so many metal tanks in the history of his business as he had during the last ten weeks.

"Everybody has a particular type of tank he wants constructed," the tinsmith said. "All are particular, however, in having a faucet in the bottom. The demand for these tanks has recently become so great that I have hired all the extra men I could, and it is frequently necessary for them to work overtime to turn out the orders."

"Woman's work is never done"

From morning till night the housewife works and without exercise outdoors and fresh air, her blood becomes thin and her cheeks pale.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

At this time of the year most people feel weak, tired, listless, their blood is thin, they have lived indoors and perhaps expended all their mental and bodily energy and they want to know how to renew their energy and stamina, overcome headaches and backaches, have clear eyes, a smooth, ruddy skin and feel the exhilaration of real good health tingling thru their bodies. Good, pure, rich, red blood is the best insurance against ills of all kinds. You are apt to fall a victim to any disease if your health is run down.

Purify the blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and you can defy many diseases. This is the time to clean house and freshen up a bit.

Drink hot water a half hour before meals, and for a vegetable tonic there's nothing better than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the old-fashioned herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for fifty years. It contains no alcohol or narcotics and is made into tablets and liquid. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package.