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**HOUSEHOLD**  
**Spring Salads.**

**SALMON SALAD.**  
One can of salmon, one tea-  
cup of walnuts, one cup cut cel-  
ery, three apples pared and  
chopped. Salt. Serve with a  
good mayonnaise on lettuce.

**MASHED POTATO SALAD.**  
Boil the potatoes, and while  
they are still warm mash them,  
working in at the same time  
plenty of butter, some finely  
chopped celery, and the neces-  
sary seasoning of salt and pep-  
per. No oil is added, but at  
the last moment a little vinegar  
is mixed in thoroughly. In the  
meantime a salad bowl is rubbed  
with cloves of garlic, and when  
the lettuce has been arranged  
around the sides the potato mix-  
ture is placed in the centre, and  
the salad is garnished with hard  
boiled eggs. If desired, the  
eggs may be colored with beet  
juice and other vegetable colors.  
Although not necessary, this  
adds to the attractiveness of the  
dish.

**TOMATO JELLY SALAD**  
Cook together for 20 minutes  
two cups of canned tomatoes,  
one slice of onion, one level tea-  
spoon of salt, and a salt spoon  
of pepper. Strain while hot in-  
to two level tablespoons of gel-  
atine soaked in one-quarter cup  
of cold water for half an hour.  
Heat and stir well to dissolve  
the gelatine and strain again in-  
to molds or into a border mold.  
If border mold is used the cen-  
tre may be filled after unmold-  
ing with celery curls or lettuce  
ribbons.

**COLD SLAW WITH CREAM  
DRESSING.**

This is one of May Irwin's  
excellent recipes. Ingredients  
needed are one head of cabbage,  
half a cup of milk and the same  
of cream (or one cup of rich  
milk), four tablespoonfuls of  
vinegar, three eggs, butter the  
size of an egg, red pepper and  
dry mustard to taste. Cut the  
cabbage fine and put it into a  
bowl. Beat the eggs and com-  
bine them with the milk and  
cream. Then add gradually to  
the hot vinegar in which the  
mustard and salt have been dis-  
solved. Stir in slowly in order  
that curdling will not take place.  
When this sauce is creamy, pour  
it over the cabbage; serve cold.

**FISH SALAD.**  
Take any cold white fish that  
has been fried with egg and  
bread crumbs. Cut into small  
slices and lay on top of a pile of  
shredded lettuce. Make a dress-  
ing with a teaspoonful of made  
mustard, salt and pepper to  
taste, two tablespoonfuls of  
white vinegar, and the same of  
oil. Mix well and carefully, ad-  
ding the oil drop by drop to pre-  
vent curdling. Pour this over  
the salad. Place over the fish  
a couple of tablespoonfuls of  
mayonnaise sauce made very  
thick, decorate with finely  
minced tarragon.

The coal mines of Sweden do not  
produce enough fuel for that coun-  
try's needs and scientists are try-  
ing many experiments with peat,  
of which there is a vast supply  
available.

**Sacrifice Sale**

OF  
**Suits**  
**Coats and**  
**Furs**

All Up To Date Goods  
are going  
**VERY CHEAP**  
**CALL and LOOK**  
them over

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**Flame Thrower**  
**Turned On Foe**

The despatches a few days ago re-  
ported the use of liquid flame by  
the French. It appears by the  
following article that the flame  
thrower had been captured from  
the Germans:

LONDON, April 11.—A des-  
patch from a hamlet near Verdun,  
dated April 7, via Paris, April 10,  
says: The past few days have seen  
no great battle, our fighting has  
been bloody or furious continuous  
east and west of Verdun, especially  
near the slopes of Douaumont,  
where despite their sacrifices, the  
Germans cannot enlarge their  
narrow peninsula in the midst of  
the French sea. Rather they are  
losing ground, and the price of  
ceaseless efforts and heroism beyond  
imagination the French advance,  
literally foot by foot.

The words "we progressed in  
the Boyaux southwest of Douaumont"  
have already appeared in  
the official communication, and will  
appear again, for the French gains  
are constant, even if slow. What  
this phrase means I will try to  
show by an account of one such  
local success won by a portion of a  
famous regiment in the course of  
last night. Their trench on the  
Douaumont Heights was barely  
sixty yards from the German  
trench opposite, and, despite the  
French cannonade, it was death to  
raise a head from shelter. The up-  
road was so terrific that only shout-  
ing could convey orders from man  
to man, and at intervals huge  
howitzer shells overwhelmed twen-  
ty feet of trench with the defend-  
ers.

Yet, as an occasional glance  
showed, the trench line opposite  
smothered along its full length by  
smoke clouds and bursts of flame,  
they knew that the Germans were  
suffering worse, which doubled the  
feeling of superiority.

As evening fell change came in  
the fire of the seventy-fives, and  
the mathematical precision of that  
wonderful weapon was demon-  
strated, or the shells fell in  
three distinct rows, one some five  
yards in front of the German  
trench, the next on the trench it-  
self, and the third fifty yards back  
to cut off all communication with  
the reserves. This was the ter-  
rible curtain of fire that bars ad-  
vance or retreat with its walls of  
thunderbolts.

Meanwhile the French troops,  
holding the point in question, were

assembled, and volunteers for an as-  
sault were demanded, so many offer-  
ed that a choice was made, and  
soon the 150 selected men began  
crawling swiftly toward the Ger-  
man positions.

The French shell fire had torn  
into harmless fragments a sea of  
barbed wire covering the interme-  
diate sixty yards, and the advancing  
men were hidden from the trench  
sentinels by the curtain of fire fall-  
ing just before it, while the second  
wave of shells compelled the mass  
of defenders to take refuge in their  
deep under-ground shelters.

So the assailants progressed  
quickly, soon passing right on the  
edge of the first shell curtain and  
so close as to pay unconscious trib-  
ute to the gunners' accuracy. Be-  
hind them an artillery Lieutenant  
(corresponding to the British and  
Canadian forward observation  
flier) regulated the fire through  
a portable telephone, while to the  
right and left similar bands of at-  
tackers lay, waiting an identical  
signal.

Suddenly the cannonade ceased,  
and with a wild cheer the whole  
French line sprang forward, a good  
moment on the top of the trench-  
flooding grenades and then leaped  
upon the foe.

Though superior in numbers, the  
Germans made poor resistance.  
Deafened and half stunned by the  
grenades and shell fire, they were  
not heeding their officers' com-  
mands, and ran along the parallel  
communications toward the main  
position. But the fire barrier a  
once forestalled them and like cor-  
nered rats, they turned on the re-  
assailants.

Then in the narrow boyaux be-  
gins a strange struggle. Men  
fight with grenades like boys with  
snowballs, save that each missile  
that bursts inflicts horrible mutila-  
tions. Suddenly Lieutenant D—  
commanding the band first men-  
tioned, perceives in the abandoned  
trenches a curious cistern like ob-  
ject, from the top of which pro-  
jects a nozzle toward the  
French position. It is a German  
flame thrower. An idea strikes him.

He calls two men. It is the  
work of a moment to turn against  
the inventors their hideous chem-  
istry.

By the light of an electric torch  
they examine the mechanism. It  
is a simple machine; is charged  
and ready for work. Just the  
pump requires pushing, like an  
automatic fire extinguisher.

The cistern is dragged to the  
mouth of the boyaux. At a swift  
command the French fall back.  
Then comes a spark and the sinis-  
ter glare of a flame jet cleaves the  
darkness. The group of Germans

is enveloped in a torrent of green  
and red flames.

What follows is a picture of dam-  
ned souls in hell, and setting is  
worthy of the picture. Dense bil-  
lows of smoke eddy amid the dis-  
torted trees and river of earth  
Mephitic vapors writhe in many  
colored wisps. Masked soldiers  
play the part of demons.

Under the fiery torment an in-  
human wailing, like the cries of  
wounded hares, rises from the  
men in the boyaux. They roll on  
the ground or try to scale steep  
walls welcoming death from shells.  
But fight is impossible; their  
seared limbs crumble beneath them.  
Soon there is nothing in the boy-  
aux save a formless heap of black-  
ened ashes, from which all vestige  
of humanity has departed.

In silence the French set about  
consolidating their gains. Such is  
"progress in the boyaux south of  
Douaumont."

**Britain The Protector.**

(Philadelphia "Ledger.")  
The bare possibility of an extension of  
the area of belligerency is serious  
enough, but so long as Great Britain  
maintains the mastery of the seas there  
would be no greater danger of an actual  
extension of hostilities to this hemi-  
sphere than already exists by reason of  
Canada's participation in this war.

**British Ship Sunk Without  
Warning**

LONDON, April 19.—British liner  
Zent, which was sunk with a loss of 43  
lives, was torpedoed without warning, an  
admiralty investigation disclosed to-day.  
The Dutch steamer Ejdijk, beached on  
the coast of England, was also the vic-  
tim of an enemy submarine. The  
Dutch steamer was most conspicuously  
marked. She carried the Dutch colors  
painted on her side in four places, and a  
rigid ensign on the foremast and main-  
mast. Her name and port of registry  
were painted in large letters on her side.  
Fragments of steel and brass found in  
her hull leave no room for doubt that  
she was torpedoed, the investigation  
disclosed.

**A Daily Thought**

"The chief thing to be done  
for those who are in trouble is  
to enable them to stand upon  
their own feet, to be brave and  
strong, to see the sun shining  
through the clouds, and thus to  
receive the education which such  
experiences are able to give.  
True friendship in calamity will  
spare no pains and leave no  
mean untried to further these  
results."

**SAND SOAP IN YOUR FOOD  
CHOPPER.**

If the knives of your chopper  
become black and dull, run a piece  
of sand soap through the chopper  
as you would a potato. It bright-  
ens and sharpens the knives and  
they cut like new.