

GIVE US ARMY OF PAT KELLYS!

(New York Sun.)

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tom y that.

An' "Tommy 'ow's yer soul?" But it's "Thin red lines o' heroes" When the drums begin to roll.

The above is the lay that Padraic Aloysius Kelley, late of His Majesty's Royal Irish Fusiliers, sang as he swaggered down the gangplank of the Cunard liner Orduna when she reached her dock today from Liverpool. Padraic wore a neat suit of civilian's clothes, a Tommy Atkins cap, a swagger stick and a broad, expansive smile.

"Ah, me hearties," he said to the newspaper men as they gathered around him, "the cap and the stick are tender reminders, me smile is a reflection of the happiness that's mine again on feeling the soil of free, peaceful America beneath me number tens."

"You will notice," said Madraic as he pointed one end of his stick to his chest, "that it's more than ordinary robust. There's a reason. Major C. E. Evans, who commanded my battalion, the 17th, has recommended me for the D.S.O. medal and I am preparing myself for its reception. It will arrive in a few weeks."

And in proof of his claim Padraic displayed a letter, dated Salonica, and bearing the major's signature. It stated that the bearer, Sergeant Kelley, had been honorably discharged after distinguishing himself on the field.

"It's quite a story," Padraic continued. "I'm a native of Dublin, but I came here with my parents when I was a boy and me father's naturalization papers made me an American citizen. That's the main reason why I'm here."

"Me home is in Jefferson Square, San Francisco, when I'm not busy laying tackle on the decks of California coastwise vessels. When the war broke out, that line of Kipling's, 'The thin red line of heroes,' kept running through me head and I decided to be one."

"So I shipped before the mast on a square rigger bound for Dublin round the Horn and after three months I reached the city of my nativity. Within thirty minutes of my arrival I was enrolled as a member of His Majesty's Fusiliers and after three months of drilling me battalion was embarked for an unknown destination on one of the big Cunard transatlantic liners converted into a troop ship."

"Weeks later we dropped anchor off Gallipoli peninsula and after the work of disembarking under the protection of the guns of the allied fleet we began the advance that ended so disastrously. I fought in the trenches as Kipling would have a Tommy do, and begob, if me performance wasn't rewarded with promotion! I killed so many Turks that before we had been fighting a month I was made a corporal."

"Then came me chance to be a hero, and I grabbed it. My battalion was suddenly transferred to the expedition sent to relieve Serbia. I may as well tell you right now that if the other Tommies had been as brave as meself Serbia would have been relieved."

Kelley paused as a reminiscent smile flitted over his face.

"Come a day when our advance reached Koprilli, where our retreat began. What at first had been a skirmish developed into a battle and our advance guard was being beaten in because of lack of ammunition. I was assigned to escort a load of precious stuff. We were crossing a pontoon bridge when an enemy shell blew up two of the pontoons and the ammunition wagon fell into the water."

"The lieutenant commanding thought all was lost. But I saved the day. Natural like, I plunged into the water and although the shells fell all around me for twenty-five minutes, I dived and rescued fifteen cases of the ammunition. They were rushed to the front and the advance guard saved. Then began our orderly retreat."

"Back at Saloniki I got me sergeantcy and recommendation. Being a full fledged hero, I decided to quit. I told the major I was an American citizen and not yet twenty-one. He told him I wanted to go home and here I am."

ARTIE AND DICK, THE BEAUTIFUL POLITICAL BABES

Were Adopted by the Borden Government Soon After It Came Into Power Four Years Ago.

LITTLE DICK WAS A BAD ACTOR BUT ARTIE WAS A REAL PET

The Latter Was Given a High Chair and Allowed to Sit With the Big Folks--Dick is Being Groomed For a Cabinet Job.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Feb. 21.—When this middle-aged government started housekeeping it gave itself an interest in life by adopting two beautiful babes named Arthur and Richard. These two dimpled darlings have been such a delight to their parents that the Government now seeks to extend its life a year to watch them grow.

So true is it that we live in our children, Artie and Dick—for that is the way they are known around the house—are as different in disposition as sun and rain. Artie is a mild-mannered little fellow, quiet as a lamb, not a whimper out of him, always sitting on the floor and playing with his toes; but Dick is inclined to be naughty. Artie has never cost his parents a pang, but Dick keeps them guessing. Artie is a good boy and is pleased when his papa gives him a silver cup, but Dick sets up a howl if he doesn't get the whole dinner service. Paregoric, peppermint water, rattles, teething rings, have no effect on Dick. He cries because he likes it and when he doesn't get what he wants the whole neighborhood knows it.

Many Sleepless Nights.

Many's the night the Borden Government has sat up with little Dick. Artie, on the other hand, goes to sleep when other people do, takes his food at regular hours, and never cries except when a pin is sticking in him, or when he has a pain in his little tummy. Nobody ever had to walk the floor with Artie—he's a real blessing, so he is. But Dick—well, Dick is another story. His parents love him for the trouble he makes.

Artie and Dick have both been brought up pets; but if I were drawing any distinction I should say that Artie was the white-headed boy and Dick the spoiled child. From the first time Artie put his little hand in Premier Borden's he has been father's joy—always obedient, trustful, affectionate; but Dick has been a real care—he has such a temper. When Dick doesn't like what is handed out to him he bites and kicks and gets red in the face, and to save the dear child's life they often give him things that are not good for him.

Be that as it may, both babes have thrived famously. Their methods may differ, but they get there just the same. In Artie's case we see that virtue is considerably more than its own reward, and if there is any moral to Dick's career it is that the kicker gets his too.

Most parents are careful to remove stumbling blocks from baby's path, but from the time he was old enough to creep Artie was given stumbling blocks to play with—the British North America Act, the Imperial Privy Council decisions, and things like that. "He would play with them all day and all night and never get tired. How well he played with them you will find in that dear old story book, Hansard, which gives up a lot of space to little Artie's doings. Artie was always a wonderful child, wise beyond his years and ingenious. Why he would take those great big awkward stumbling blocks and build up the cleverest of houses with them, and then spill them over on the wicked Grits, whereat he would laugh and clap his hands with glee."

Many Playthings.

As he got older and stronger they gave him other things to play with. One of them was a man named Miller, a state prisoner, and Artie played with him in such purpose that he landed him in jail for three months. A cute little player is Artie.

Shortly after this Artie began to make moans about rural credits and duty on farm machinery and such, and as his political parents knew that Artie never cried unless he was hurt they concluded that he wasn't well and that something must be done for him. So they got him a high chair and let him sit at the table with the big folks.

After that there was not a peep out of Artie except the merriest prattle about the C. N. R. and high tariffs. In fact he was given these as toys, told

to play soldier with them, but not to lick the paint off. Far from licking the paint off, he made them look even prettier with the sweet words he used. When he was through with them they were almost good enough to eat.

To Play With Closure.

One game followed another, and presently Artie was asked to play that closure was a good thing for Parliament, which he did, and got away with it. Being now quite strong on his legs, Artie was lifted out of the kindergarten sports and put at real work. His elderly parents have given him all the chores to do and he is fond of the job. He runs his legs off for them. Naturally they are proud of him and keep a record of his smart sayings. Artie is a smart sayer, if ever there was one, being about the only one of the family who is in that line of business.

His latest budget of smart sayings had to do with the Shell Committee, which was violently attacked by Dr. Pugsley. Artie is supposed to have given him his answer. This is a matter of opinion—some say he did, others say he didn't. Only lately Artie was presented with that silver cup I mentioned a few paragraphs ago. This gift is awarded for deportment and Artie's deportment has always been up to sample. In this case the silver cup is the Solicitor Generalship with the post of Privy Councillor on the side. Although this does not entitle him to full Cabinet rank and salary, it indicates that Hon. Arthur Meighen, if he has not fully arrived, is at least rapidly approaching.

Dick a Bad Actor.

Meanwhile what about Dick? Dick was a bad actor from the start. When Dick first saw the light of Ottawa, some four years ago, he let out a yell that could be heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He became known for his squalls. In fact, squalls were bound to occur whenever Dick opened his mouth. He didn't like the color of the Government's hair, and said so. Dick was born talking. He talked much and often, and his talk, let me tell you, wasn't always nursery rhyme. Dick wasn't saying "patty-cake, patty-cake," for any man. In addition to doing his own talking, Dick did his own thinking. He was a precocious infant and some of his thoughts were not fit to print. At least the Borden Government tried to put the lid on him from time to time.

Threatened With the Rod.

Such treatment drove little Dick into bad courses. Cruelty was not actually used, but the rod was threatened and Dick, being high-spirited, naturally talked harder than ever. His talk, which was a strange mixture of Chinook, tumbleweed and snowslides, was at first mistaken for wind on the stomach, but later on, being qualified with parliamentary experience and common sense, was recognized as Calgary eloquence. As nobody paid him the attention he thought he deserved, Dick drifted into bad company. He chummed up with another naughty boy named Jam Atkins, and together they plotted to visit the cellar and blow up the gas meter.

When this plot was discovered, Dick broke out in another spot. He deliberately kicked the C. N. R. in the face, although the C. N. R. was willing to be a kind uncle if he would say nothing more about the money. However, Dick, having been handed by the C. P. R., went on clawing the air and was presently joined by seven other naughty boys, who also proved themselves hefty kickers. It sounded so much like a riot that the Borden government decided to intervene and to adopt Dick then and there. This was done accordingly.

Dick and Jam.

The Borden Government did better than that. Realizing that evil communications corrupt good manners, they separated Dick from his partner in crime, Jam Atkins, who was indicted to try Manitoba for what ailed him. Jam tried all right, but as the

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MARYSVILLE NOTES

Marysville, Feb. 21.—Mrs. John McCrea is seriously ill at her home with pneumonia and very little hopes are entertained for her recovery.

Mr. Frank Pettigrove, who has been confined to his home with pneumonia, is reported better today.

A driving party composed of the primary classes of the Main Street Baptist Sunday School thoroughly enjoyed a drive to Fredericton Friday evening last.

Major C. G. Pincombe spent Sunday at his home here.

Alfred, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nichols, is ill at his home with pneumonia. He is being attended by Dr. Ross.

The A.D.S. Class propose having a driving party next week, providing the willing workers are willing.

A good looking young man but rather a transmutable character, who has grown tired awaiting the ultimatum of his intended father-in-law, grew desperate and approached the old man on the matter, using considerable scurrility in his manner. The old fellow being equal to the occasion promptly informed him that when he became self-sustaining the hand he sought might be his. This proved a stunning blow to the young fellow, as there is no near prospects of such being the case.

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courts tried four ex-Cabinet Ministers shortly afterwards, it cannot be said that he succeeded any too well.

Jam is now in a poorer position than the prodigal son—he wants to come back and can't. But Dick—oh Dick's getting along all right. Once clear of Jam, Dick shoots up like a morning glory. Patience and loving kindness, that's the way the government handles Dick now.

Only lately Premier Borden took him over to England to see the King on his golden throne and other fine sights, and Dick came back a changed boy. No longer is he the red-hot infant terror of the Conservative party. His views underwent a sea change and where he scorched before he now radiates only a pleasant heat.

Although Dick saw nobody in England that he fancied more than himself, he formed a higher opinion of the Borden government by comparing it with British statesmanship. At all events he is satisfied to have the Borden government lead him by the hand.

Something in the Future.

Dick's adopted parents intend great things for him. The other day when the Premier received the cold water people in his private room in the East Block, there was Dick on the big red sofa beside four Cabinet Ministers, quite one of the family. From which I infer that R. B. Bennett—that is Dick's full name—is being groomed for a Cabinet job, Minister of Munitions, or something just as good. He is all dressed up and has some place to go. I don't know just where he is going, but he is on the way.

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