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FRENCH SNIPER LIKED JOB--- A TRUE TALE OF TRENCHES

Professor J. H. Morgan records his impressions during a recent tour of the French front in "The Nineteenth Century and After." The following is an interesting tale of one sharpshooter's experience. Prof. Morgan met his "pal."

"Is it better to be in billets than in the trenches?" I asked.
"Non," he said doubtfully. "Being in billets gives me the cockroach" (the French soldier's equivalent of "the blues.")

"And why?"
"Because there are no boches here."
"You like the boche?"
"Ah, my fren, yes," he said. "You see it's like this I am an artilleryman and have two trench mortars to my battery. It's a soft job, no fatigue, no sentry-go. You just wait until the boche lobs one over and then you send him two in return. My little toad is very venomous. But here in billet there is nothing to do but drink and play. Yes, I miss the boches."
"I suppose you get used to the boche—that is why you miss him," I said.

He Missed the Boches.
"Perhaps so. I had a pal who has never been the same man since he killed a certain boche."

"Indeed, you astonish me. You mean he regretted it? He had 'cold feet'?"
"The feet cold? What is it that it is that, m'sieu?"

"I mean he had no stomach for fighting?"

"Ah, pardon, you mean what we call the jingles. But no; on the contrary, he had killed more boches than any man in the battalion. He was a perroquet." (Trench vernacular for the sniper.)

"Why, then?"

"Well it was like this. The boches had a perroquet also who sniped our men continually at about 300 metres. You put your head up over the parapet, and pouf! It was time to send for the packet boat. French slang for the ambulance) if you were not dead already."

"We combed out every tree with the 'coffee-grinder' (machine gun) and I blew up a likely looking stump with my little toad, but we never found him."

A Job for Jules.

"So one morning the colonel told my pal—his name was Jules—to go and find a place behind the trenches and to stay there and watch for him."

"Every morning my pal legged up a tree and lay there among the limbs and waited for the boche. He had a soft job and he got to like it. He picked off quite a lot of Boches in their trenches, but he never found the sniper."

"There he was, studying the country every day as if it was one of those children's pictures which say, 'puzzle: find the woodman.' But he never could find him. He was looking for the boche and the boche was looking for him."

Talked of Two Things.
"And when he came back to the trenches he only talked of two things—his wife at home and the boche. Of the two I think he loved the boche most—you know one always loves what one hasn't got—is it not so, m'sieu? And he wanted that boche very badly."

"He used to talk about him to me—oh! interminably. Was he big and fat like most of them, and had he a flat skull at the back? You can always tell a Prussian by the back of his head. Or was he short and dark? And had he a wife and children or was he a youth? And did I think his name Muller, or Schmidt, or Meyer?"

"At last I said: 'Go on, you and your boche!' But all the time he wanted to kill him very much."

"So one morning Jules arranged a little ruse. A soldier was to put an officer's cap on a stake and trot it up and down the trenches, just popping it up above the parapet and down again like a jack-in-the-box; and Jules was to watch from his nest in the tree."

How the Ruse Worked.

"It worked like a charm.
"There was a wind blowing that morning—there surely was—and Jules had to shift his wind gauge half a division."

"I suppose the wind and the bobbing of that cap made the boche a little careless. He put his head out of a tree stump we'd never so much as looked at, it was so bare of leaves. He must have been a small man after all."

"Crack! and he fell flop like a pheasant. And when Jules came back we all slapped him on the back and the captain gave him a franc to get half a pint of pinard."

"He was very pleased with himself at first, was Jules."

"But after a while he began to get very gloomy. He wouldn't take a

PUBLIC MEMORIAL FOR LORD KITCHENER

London, June 21.—In moving a resolution authorizing the erection of a memorial to the late Field Marshal Earl Kitchener out of the public funds, with an inscription expressing admiration of the House for his illustrious career and gratitude for his services to the Empire, Premier Asquith referred to the recent meeting of Lord Kitchener with members of the House, which ended in the Field Marshal and his most persistent and irreconcilable critics parting on terms of mutual respect. When Lord Kitchener said farewell to him, after nearly two years of intercourse through all the strain and stress of the war, continued the Premier, there was no thought of anything more than a temporary parting, no foreshadowing of a separation which neither time nor space could bridge.

"Providence," said the Premier, "was preparing for him a sudden relief from the burden and care and toil and we, who shared his counsels in the greatest emergency of our time, can only bow our heads before the supreme will."

The resolution for the Kitchener memorial was agreed to.

Andrew Bonar Law, Minister of the Colonies, seconded the resolution, emphasizing the fact that Lord Kitchener had the fullest confidence of the country, adding that now that he had fallen it was for those who remained to work with the single purpose of securing that victory in the ultimate attainment of which Lord Kitchener had never failed to believe.

EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE.

"I recently met a young man friend when I was boarding a car, and he insisted upon paying my fare. Should I have allowed him to?" asked Ruth.

"It would have been better to pay your own fare, but if he insisted and paid the conductor, it would have been foolish for you to argue about it," answered Aunt Naomi.

Most men become experts at butting in.

Hand at cards, he did nothing but sit and smoke and never spoke. None of us could tell why, but one day we found it out. He wanted that sniper. He was like a widower."

"Widowers have sometimes found consolation in a new attachment," I remarked, pensively.

"Yes, that was what cured him. The boches put up another sniper. After that he picked up a bit, but you know, m'sieu, one never gets over the first bereavement, is it not so?"

SIR SAM HUGHES STILL DEFIANT

Ottawa, June 20.—Major General Sir Sam Hughes told the Davidson commission this afternoon that he didn't care what the admiralty paid for the condemned Canadian ammunition sold in the fall of 1915 through the instrumentality of Colonel J. Wesley Allison, ostensibly acting as agent for the Canadian Vickers Limited; he hadn't read the evidence, didn't care a hang what the public were saying about it, was only concerned in the fact that Canada got full value for the ammunition sold, had enough to do with running his own show in Canada without bothering about the interests of the British admiralty; did not feel called upon to undertake any investigation now to see whether or not any profits or commissions on the sale should be returned either to Canada or to the admiralty; believed that Colonel J. Wesley Allison was "a cleaner man than Hartley Dewart, K.C., ever was," and that Allison, when acting directly as the agent of the militia department, never made one cent of commission or profits.

It was a decidedly interesting afternoon, and General Sir Sam was in his most characteristic mood of quick retort and assertions as to his own methods of doing militia department business. There was many lively exchanges between the minister and the Liberal cross-examination counsel, Hartley Dewart.

Sir Charles Davidson had to interrupt several times to ask that the examination as conducted with a little less acerbity on both sides.

At the conclusion Sir Sam, who had been decidedly riled at first "Allison memory," smilingly remarked over Mr. Dewart's references to the ed that "If there had been any scrapping it has not been by me."

Mr. Dewart retorted, with the parting thrust:

"I thought one fish-wife at a time was enough. I left it to you."

PALE CHECKED WOMEN TOLD ABOUT RESTORING A ROSY COMPLEXION

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-fool medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out.

Today, it's different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red and healthy. All you have to do is to take two Ferrozone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical.

Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak and anaemic?

FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case—is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor or are you somewhat under the weather?

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FERROZONE is a marvellous remedy, it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anaemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness and loss of weight.

Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it to day, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Catarhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

CONSOLATION.

A young probationer was preaching his trial sermon at a Northern parish church.

After finishing his discourse he leaned over the pulpit and engaged in silent prayer, an act which rather surprised the congregation, who were unaccustomed to such modes of procedure.

But the worthy old Scottish beadle ascending the pulpit steps, began clapping the young preacher on the back, as he said:

"Foot, foot, man, dinna ta'it sae much 'tae heart; ye'll dae better next time."

THE OLD TIMER.

I love to hear him reminisce, I listen with a joy intense, He'll say, "My boy, I recollect When gasoline was thirteen cents."

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We have a very fine assortment of Dainty Hats for the little Miss. You will be interested in the Linen and Muslin Outing Hats, as well as those for dressy wear.

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