



**DON'T LET YOUR
SOLDIER LACK
ZAM-BUK**

Scores of men at the front have written home to friends and relations asking for Zam-Buk. They need it to apply to chapped hands, cold cracks, frost bites, chilblains, cold sores, stiff joints, and other similar ailments incidental to trench life. These ailments, although not serious enough to unfit a man for duty, cause him endless pain, and the soldier who is supplied with Zam-Buk will be saved much unnecessary suffering. Nothing stops pain like Zam-Buk: nothing draws out the soreness and heals so quickly.

For hands, sore and blistered after trench-digging, Zam-Buk is splendid, and applications of Zam-Buk to the feet before long marches will prevent the feet from becoming sore and blistered. The letters below illustrate the soldier's need and appreciation of Zam-Buk.

Private J. R. Smith of the "Princess Patricia's" writes: "Tell my friends, if they want to help me, to send Zam-Buk."

Sapper G. T. Webster, 2nd Field Co., Canadian Engineers, writes: "You can have no idea how much we appreciate Zam-Buk out here. It is splendid for sores, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc."

Shoeliner-Smith McIlwraith, of the 2nd Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, writes from France: "I have used Zam-Buk for 14 years in the British Army in South Africa, India and France, and have never found its equal. There is no fear of blood-poisoning from cuts or scratches if Zam-Buk is applied. The trouble is that Zam-Buk is too scarce out here—our friends should send us more of it."

This applies to you, so be sure to include a few boxes of Zam-Buk in your next parcel to the front! All druggists 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25, or direct from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

DISMISSAL OF J. K. SCAMMELL IS AIRE IN PARLIAMENT

(Telegraph.)

The matter of J. K. Scammell's dismissal from the department of public works, while in training for a commission, took a new turn yesterday afternoon when it was brought up in the House by F. B. Carvell, M.P.

The Canadian press last night carried the following despatch dealing with the matter:

"F. B. Carvell told the minister of public works that according to the St. John Telegraph, J. K. Scammell, engineer in Hon. Robert Rogers' department, had in August, 1914, offered himself for overseas service, had been given leave to go to Halifax to qualify and on his return had found himself practically retired from his position. He was told by Mr. Rogers in reply that action had been taken in Mr. Scammell's case because of certain reports he had made to the department."

Mr. Scammell last night when interviewed in the matter, said that the statement of the minister of public works was a great surprise to him. He could connect the statement with no incident during his career in the department and added that it would be incumbent upon Mr. Rogers to make good his allegations, given as the reason for his dismissal from the service.

Later in the evening Mr. Scammell sent the following telegram to Mr. Carvell at Ottawa:

"Thanks for bringing matter up, kindly counsel minister to produce alleged incorrect reports he refers to."

(Sgd.) "J. K. SCAMMELL."

Military men in the city stated yesterday that Mr. Scammell had been temporarily suspended from the service as machine gun officer of the 104th Battalion, C.E.F., and that this action had preceded his resignation of Saturday.

Mr. Scammell has opened an office to carry on his business as consulting engineer.

When a husband and wife are both of one mind, it isn't a difficult task to figure out which originally owned the mind.

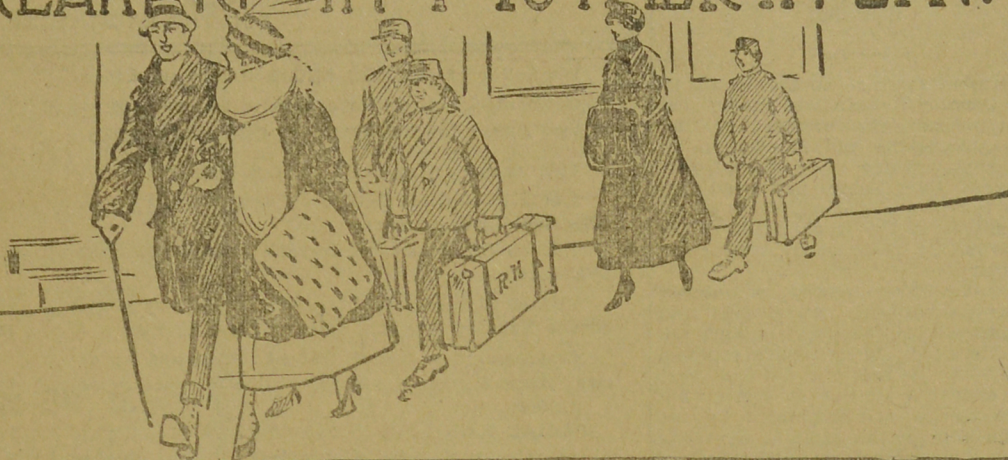
Some men can't even blame cigarettes for their failure to make good. It's awfully hard to give away some of the things you want to get rid of. True love is always able to dispense

with the valuable advice of outsiders. Still, a man never seems anxious to marry a woman who isn't afraid of a mouse. If a man ever becomes civilized it

is through the influence of some good woman.

Somehow an engaged couple usually thinks that all the insane people are in asylums.

BREAKING IN MOTHER-IN-LAW



THE deputy-assistant Society Editor leaned her tired little golden head against the window sash and stared across at Lewis, where a church spire caught the last sun on its cross-tip. She was so done out she couldn't remember her own name except in patches. But she was triumphant past all telling, for she was pulling out the stunt of her career!

"Miss Nevinston," she could hear the City Editor saying, "I wish to heaven you'd had more experience, but I've nobody else I can spare. Jacqueminot's going to Quebec on her honeymoon and you gotta follow her. They're good for a column or two to begin with. Don't wire or they'll get on to you. We'll keep faking till your first stuff comes through."

"Yep, to-night. Eleven-thirty from the Central Station. Here's your ticket and some expense money. Your room's reserved by wire."

The deputy-assistant caught her breath as she remembered it.

Jacqueminot! The thrice or more wedded stage beauty whom she'd seen a miraculous once across the footlights. In the movies times without number, and via the Sunday Supplement pretty nearly every week, had just capped her successful divorce by annexing Dickie Updike, whose mother lived on Michigan Boulevard whenever she designed to come home and run social Chicago.

Jacqueminot's little toes had kicked holes in many a money bag before now, but not even the dancer's heaviest backers would have thought her capable of reaching Mrs. Updike's loggia.

The deputy-assistant—whose name was Lucille Larose on the staff and Mary Imogen at home—packed her suitcase with more grins and groans than gauds and gowns. How she was to remain a week at the Chateau Frontenac with one navy blue serge suit, half a dozen blouses and a black evening gown she didn't know, but the City Ed. was inexorable and besides, twenty-two and blonde—is nervy anyhow.

The train—a perfidious glimpse into the Updike private car—a long, thrill-some, fakesome story reeled off in the lower berth between twelve and two and posted by an obliging porter—the Canadian boundary—Montreal and a spanking drive across town in a gorgeously befringed sleigh—train again—and at last the sunshine of Quebec and the quick cries of "Voiture, voiture, M'selle?" which reminded her that she and her prey had reached a foreign-speaking and most picturesquely different land.

There was a room reserved for her as near the Updikes as possible and they actually went up in the same elevator, so close that Mary leaned out and touched the beauty's silver fox furs, just so she could say she'd done it. Jacqueminot was even perter and prettier in reality than she was in the supplements. Incidentally Mary saw her looking at her new husband under her long lashes in a way that suggested the thought—but it wasn't probable, surely!—that the nimble-toed lady had a heart under her radium-lace blouse. Anyhow the glance would make stunning good copy.

Just as they got out of the elevator—Mary last as befitting blue serge—a man passed through the corridor. He was tall—over six feet. Or at least he had been. Now he was bent a bit and he leaned on another man's arm. Both were in khaki, but the tall man's shoulder strap bore a crown and his face—oh, it was a drawn, white parchment, scribbled with ghastly tales of bombs and wet trenches, wire entanglements and the green mist of deadly gases.

"Poor chap!" said Jacqueminot aloud, "back from the front and all torn up!"

The man raised his eyes but instead of looking at the dancer his gaze somehow leaped straight for Mary. What happened next was hard to understand in retrospect, but at the time it had seemed quite natural. Their eyes had held each other for a full minute, then hers had filled suddenly with big hot rebellious tears and she had run into the shelter of the door that the astonished bell boy held open for her.

The day's work was to follow the Updikes and the deputy-assistant did it thoroughly. They got a sleigh with a coachman furred up like Ursula Major—they drove ten miles out into the sparkling champagne-frothed morning and across the three-foot ice of the St. Lawrence.

(N.B.—They held hands—at least Dickie did, to judge by his face.)

They lunched in their room. They tobogganed in the brisk fashion of afternoon Quebec. Mrs. Updike appeared in the latest of sports costumes which Mary described from the enchanting scarlet cap to the bottom of

the short full white skirt, which came several inches sooner than you'd ever have thought it could. It's owner's laugh shrilled from the King's Bastion of the Citadel straight across Dufrain Terrace. And nobody who heard it could have blamed Dickie a bit.

(N.B.—He told her after the third trip that her cheeks were American Beauties—therefore dutiable—and her lips also must be collected for. Done. Recorded. And despatched to Chicago.)

They teared at the Chateau of course, met the Shillingtons from New York, who introduced—Mary caught her breath at her quiet little corner table—"Major Torrington of the Sixteenth Canadians, wounded at Festubert."



Mrs. Updike appeared in all the latest sports costumes.

The Major bowed, smiled, but didn't join in the badinage directed at the honeymooners. Instead, Mary saw with a jerk of the heart, his eyes wandering restlessly over the tea room as though he were looking for somebody. But whoever it was didn't happen to be there. Or perhaps there was less light in the corners than one would think.

All this in retrospect. Now, her one evening dress donned, the big French rose fastened for sole color in the corsage, her eyes tired but triumphant under the rebellious little curls, Mary leaned against the sash and looked across the river at Lewis. It was lone-some work chronicling the doings of honeymooners in a hotel where you knew nobody. She had heard Jacqueminot say seven-thirty to Marion Shillington. There were two long unoccupied hours before that time.

Suddenly her eyes dropped to the terrace below. Two men went painstakingly along its border. One was intent on his job as steady. But the other raised his eyes to the hotel front and searched the facade restlessly.

Mary was a little late for dinner. The Updike-Shillington party had two tables in the centre and the Major was with them. Mary got the gayety and the gowns verbatim. She also received a few glances that were more interesting to her than either, though they didn't figure in her letter to the City Ed.

But the shattering adventure didn't come till twenty-four hours later. Clad in her black gown, Mary had played variations on the girle and corsage bouquet and had done her hair differently. It was all the re-costuming she could manage. She was painfully conscious of her utter unchancefulness and she slipped unobtrusively elevatorward.

The door of the Updike suite was open and Jacqueminot could be seen perched on a chair arm. From beyond came a shriek of feminine merriment, accompanied by two male guffaws. Jacqueminot was declaiming something to which the shrieks were obligato.

Mary didn't mean to listen but there are some things that haul you up by the heartstrings. And one is the recital of your own production. The little dancer was reading aloud the thrillsome, fakesome narrative that the deputy-assistant had scribbled in the sanctity of the lower berth!

"No, you don't care, you witch," she heard Dickie Updike's voice, when the merriment had died to ripples. "But what about my poor mamma? She'd have that reporter imprisoned for life and both hands cut off if she got hold of him!"

For a galvanized second Mary's heart ceased to beat. Then, somehow she felt that odd sense of eyes behind that tells us we're watched.

It was Major Torrington. For the second time his gaze met hers for a startled heartbeat. Then, precipitately, filled with unreasoning terror, the deputy-assistant turned and ran into her room!

She didn't go to dinner. Her head ached. Her heart pounded. That night she dreamed fitfully. The City Ed. was on one side of her in his shirtsleeves, his pipe gripped in a menacing mouth. On the other side stood Mrs. Updike, Senator, with a look that would glaciate a volcano.

At the entrance to the dining room next morning a man stepped forward, a dapper little man with a smile. "Miss Nevinston?" he breathed, "just a word with you, if you don't mind. Let me show you the view from the west window here in the writing room."

Mary didn't need the card he passed under her startled eyes. In fact she didn't even read the name and address, though she took in subconsciously that it said Chicago. The one word standing out like a nightmare was that menacing horror, "Detective!"

"Now," he said evenly, when he had led her to the farthest window, "no one will disturb us here. You are covering the Updike honeymoon. Not to waste time, I have the honor to represent Mrs. Updike, Senior. You will return to Chicago by this morning's train."

Mary opened her mouth and shut it again. She could fairly hear the click of handcuffs.

"If you go without making any trouble no one need know," he went on, "if not—"

"Pardon me," said a voice at his elbow. It was so cold, so incisive and withal so unexpected that the little man jumped as much as Mary did.

"Pardon me," the Major repeated, "but I fear you are annoying my cousin. If you have any business to discuss you can do it with me. She leaves everything of the sort in my hands."

The man looked at the Major. The Major looked back. It was the sort of look that went with the D. S. O. that he had won and the newcomer knew it. There would be no trenches abandoned in this war.

Mary looked at them both and her number brain fell into action with a click. He couldn't prove anything since all her stuff had been posted not wired. But if she could only play up to this heaven-sent Major—

"Come, Mary," said the latter imperterbably. "If this—or gentleman—wishes to speak to me, can do it later."



Pardon me. I fear you are annoying my cousin.

"You'll breakfast with me, Miss Nevinston?" he said, as soon as they were out of earshot. "It's absolutely necessary. And in the meantime for heaven's sake give me your arm. This is the first walk I've had alone since Festubert!"

"Lie?" he queried later, over the toasted crumpets, "but I don't honestly believe it is. Wasn't your mother Selma Norton and didn't she come from Dublin? Then we are cousins—oh very distant ones I assure you, but still cousins. I recognized the family resemblance to my mother's people as soon as I saw you."

When it came near dinner time Mary had an impulsive phone call from Jacqueminot.

"My dear!" gurgled that irrepressible, "our darling Major's so hard hit that he had to tell me all about it! And I think you're positively the cleverest thing that ever happened. I've had reams of press notices but never such a scream as yours. I could eat every word of it! And he says you've done a column every day!"

"Say, dearie, he told me—oh pshaw, you know—about that darn fool who gave you such a scare and how you said you'd no doubt it was 'cause you had no clothes. Well, I've got six trunks—or I guess eight. And the dullest things too, straight from Paris. Come on up and take your choice. Dickie's a dear, you know, but—gee, I needed somebody to help me break in my mother-in-law!"

-SEEDS-

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