

Spots on painted walls come off—easily—when you use

Old Dutch



140TH BATTALION GIVEN WARM PRAISE AT VALCARTIER CAMP

The New Brunswick Corps Did Excellent Work on The Rifle Ranges--Particularly Complimented by Staff Officers--News of Camp.

Private Claude T. Olmstead, No. 817,5-1, Tenth Platoon, C Company, 140th Battalion, writes a very interesting letter from Valcartier concerning the training and doings of the 140th. Private Olmstead belongs to Fredericton. Extracts from his letter are as follows:

I thought it might be of some interest to hear something of what the 140th is doing up here at Valcartier. Before I speak of the 140th perhaps I might tell you something of Valcartier as a camp for the Canadian Expeditionary Forces stationed here.

When a stranger approaches the station, he runs through about a mile of dense woods after leaving the village, which is about five miles from the main camp. When he gets off the train at the camp station he looks around him in amazement at the tents. He agrees that whoever named it named it well—The White City.

He then walks up "Front street"—it really is a street—and looks at the decorations in front of the headquarters of each battalion, with the same interest, if not more, as he would the exhibits of a grand exhibition. I tell you it is magnificent just to walk up the street.

The different battalions try their best to "out-decorate" their next neighbor. I think the 140th (naturally) has the best in camp. We have a large

140 crest on a very tastily decorated mound, built by a corporal in D Company. All that is used in the decoration beside the wooden frame, is earth, sods, small and large stones, and whitewash, so you see it is simple. It does not look simple though.

There are between twenty and thirty thousand troops here, with more to come. The 105th left last week amid the cheers and band playing of the other battalions in camp. They were very popular—a fine bunch of P. E. Island fellows.

A Field Day.

Yesterday we had a field day, out about five miles from camp, where we were put through some battalion drill and battle manoeuvres by our popular commander, Lieut. Col. L. H. Beer.

When we returned to camp just before we were dismissed, our orders for the day were read and we were told we were to go to the rifle range for the first time.

This morning, according to the orders of the previous day, we were aroused by the sounding of reveille at 4 o'clock, had breakfast at 4.45, fell in for the range, wearing our overseas equipment at 5.45, and on arriving at the range at 7 were detailed off into sections of 100 each and given our respective sets of targets.

The 145th tended the targets for

us, and it was long before we received our first instructions regarding sighting, scoring, aiming, firing, etc. Instructions, over, we received our final order to "prepare," then to "load" and "carry on firing." We were given two kinds of fire, grouping and application.

In group fire we were expected to put five rounds of ammunition in a two, three or four inch ring; while application fire is that which is scored after each round has been fired. We had group fire at both 30 and 100 yards, and application only at 100 yards.

I have not reached the climax yet. We ate our dinners on the range and at about three o'clock we started for home, arriving about four.

Warm Words of Praise.

Before we were dismissed tonight—quite different from last—our Colonel made a short speech, in which he told us in plain English how the staff officers who examined us were so surprised at, or rather pleased with, us. He, Colonel Beer, spoke in the greatest praise of all ranks. He told us how we managed ourselves so well, how we did so well. Last, but by no means least, he told us that he had been told by higher officials of our excellent work, and that we had accomplished great things. We split the record of any of the other battalions of this year's camp and any, since 1914.

After he had finished, a civilian just passing along would almost declare that peace had been declared, as the shouting, cheering and rejoicing was something similar to such an occasion.

I tell you that is a great thing! Our first day, too! And it surely put the vim into us. If we had been with the French advancing towards Peronne, we could not have been more in earnest regarding our work. You see, therefore, that the 140th Battalion is no sham.

Today's work is one step—and a high step too—towards our departure for overseas, and the sooner we get over the better, as we want to "ring in" on the great drive of the Allies.

C Company Also.

I tell you that C Company is "in it" too. Major Good as well as the other officers, is very popular with the men, and they are proving themselves well worthy of their positions.

We have had great successes on our two reviews and various other events, but nothing compared to the success on the range. The 140th is surely looked up to by the whole camp with the highest respect.

I believe this is as much as I had better write this time, so had better ring off for awhile and get on my roost.

They named those things you drink sundae because they're so good.

"Give Melody by 'Phone." Especially when the operator answers that the line's busy.

When the war news is good we don't care a Rotterdam if it does come first from Holland.

GOOD RICH BLOOD MEANS GOOD HEALTH

Just a Little More Rich, Red Blood Cures Most Ailments.

The lack of sufficient rich, red blood does not end merely in a pale complexion. It is much more serious. Bloodless people are tired, languid, run-down folk who do not enjoy life. Food does not nourish; there's indigestion, heart palpitation, headache, backache and nearly always nervousness. If this bloodlessness is neglected too long, a decline is sure to follow. Just a little more rich, red blood cures all these troubles. Then you have new health, new vitality and pleasure in life. To get more rich, red blood the remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine increases and enriches the blood so quickly or so surely. This is not a mere claim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done this over and over again throughout why thousands of people always have a good word to say for this medicine. Miss Gertrude Haffner, Kingston, Ont., says:

"About two years ago I was suffering greatly with anaemia, so much so that I had to give up my situation. I became so weak that I could scarcely walk without help. I had no ambition, no color, no appetite, and was constantly troubled with headaches and dizzy spells. I was taking medicine from the doctor, but it did not do me a particle of good. One day a friend asked me if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though as the result of my condition I was greatly discouraged, I began the use of the pills, and thanks to that good friend's advice, after using a few boxes I began to feel much better. Under the continued use of the pills I gained in weight, my color came back and I grew gradually stronger. I looked so much better that people would ask me what I was taking and I had no hesitation in giving the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am so grateful for what this medicine has done for me that I will do all I can to extend its use."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Slants Of Humor

WHERE TO ADVERTISE

Space might be cheap as things befall Upon that famous Chinese wall.

A man could paint a sign we know Upon a rock in Borneo.

But why indulge in futile fad? Newspaper space is the best for ads.

EVER HOPEFUL

In looking out for summer board You never spy Exactly what you can afford But still you try.

UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE

How is it the ants always know where the picnic is going to be?

POOR BUYER

I never bought a dear gazelle Or cow or sheep, But what I had to later sell The critter cheap.

CHANCE LOST

Opportunity has been known to call up on the telephone and ring off on account of getting a grouchy answer.

COMPLETE CENSUS

"Whats on the carpet to-day?" asked the head of the house. "Six cigar stumps, four broken chips seven corks, and about a thousand burnt matches," responded his angry spouse. "The next poker party you give I'll attend myself."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Some folks inclined to careful be Pronounce the word "calliope" But some stick to the good old dope And boldly call it "callioe."

SMART CHAP

"I'll be your sister" Murmured she, Ann then he kissed her, Brotherly.

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

"Strategic reasons" as an explanation covers a multitude of retrets.

Anybody had their ears frozen lately—or toes frosted? Well, anyway, this hot weather gives us an excuse for kidding the fat folks.

Mid-Summer Sale

DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST we will present to you a varied assortment of DRESS and OUTING HATS at VERY SPECIAL PRICES.

OUR COLLECTION OF MILLINERY at this period is most remarkable for value at such low prices.

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KODAKS

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