

Ripe Cherries

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Sugar

"Pure and Uncolored"

make delicious and
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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE LEFT-OVER QUESTION.

There was once a housewife who prided herself very much on the fact that in her household there never were any left-overs. She always bought exactly what she needed. She knew how much her family would eat, she assured her friends, and she planned to an atom.

There didn't even have to be any ice for the greater part of the year, for except for milk and butter and possi-

WOMEN'S AILMENTS
Come From the Heart and Nerves.

Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills build them up.

Women between the ages of 40 and 50, who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, smothering feeling, shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tired over this trying time of their life by the use of this remedy.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bringing color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

The old, worn out, tired out, languid feelings, give place to strength and vitality, and life again seems like living.

Mrs. Alfred Winter, Castor, Alta., writes: "I would like every woman who is suffering from nerves or heart trouble to know how much Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have helped me. For two years I kept a hired girl, and was doctoring all the time. After having taken four boxes of your pills I am able to do all my own work. I would especially recommend them to women between 40 and 50, as at that time they are more liable to be far from well. One of my neighbors knows how they helped me, and she is now using them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c., or three boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

bly eggs there was nothing to keep cool.

But then there were disadvantages. If she bought three chops for three persons and then an unexpected guest arrived, there was a strange lack of lavishness in the hospitality—or else a hurried trip to the butcher for one more chop.

There are occasions when this sort of management has its advantages—but they are not cases of real housekeeping at all. If you live in kitchenette fashion with no place to keep left-overs, of course there should be none, and then by careful planning one can even have diners in without having a surplus of food to dispose of after the meal.

But in most cases there is just the opposite of economy in not having left-overs. The wise housewife can very well make up one whole meal of the day from what is left over from the heartiest meal of the day. Luncheon or supper would be an expensive consideration were it not for the fact that it may be put together from odds and ends left from dinner. A few leaves of lettuce may be made the garnish for a nice luncheon salad. Perhaps too much bread was cut for dinner—well, then, it may be made into a scalloped dish for luncheon.

The roast from dinner may be sliced temptingly for cold meat for luncheon. Whereas, if you had to buy the slices of cold meat or fresh bread for the scalloped dish, or a new head of lettuce for the salad, you would have to count off quite a lot more money for the luncheon or supper than you would with the left-overs to fall back on.

TOMATO CHEESE TOAST.

Left over slices of tomatoes may be

THE SWAGGER STICK IN GREAT
DEMAND ACROSS THE BORDERMars Said to Have Mixed up the Fashions
---The Whiz-Bang of His Thunderbolt
Effects Queer Revolutions in Masculine
Styles.

(New York Sun.)

The cane—that tassel to any man's sense of prosperity—is a thing for times of peace alone. It is judged inappropriate now when Narcissi go into shoulder bars and puttees and levee the habiliments of civilian life far in the rear. The cane shortens to but half its former length, becomes a little thinner, a little gayer—becomes, in brief, a swagger stick.

There has been much selling of these ornaments to promenade. The cane shops along Broadway—especially in the theatre district—report a constant necessity of re-ordering the stock. At first, they say, it was only ladies who carried them, but now the right has reverted to men. There is no need of imputing anything effeminate about the swagger stick. English "Tommys" have carried it from time immemorial. No doubt it is an adaptation of the riding crop of cavalry. At any rate, it seems to be admirably suited to the strut and erectness of a Hyde Park sergeant. Rotten Row used to be lined, ante bellum days, with swagger sticks and little red cheesebox caps. The "swig," as Londoners call it, is the surest sign of its own and elect soldiery.

Show 'Em in Missouri.

Nor is it only in New York centre of the effete East, that the swagger stick is come into so great a vogue. Reports from Plattsburg are to the effect that such spare hours as the candidates enjoy are spent in cutting and peeling short, straight examples of birch and ash. The Canadian officers who have drifted into their camp now and then have taught them the trick.

And, queerest of all, one manufacturer of swagger sticks reports that his sale of them is larger by far in Western cities. Kansas City, he says, has given the largest order for swagger sticks in the United States. The sight of hundreds of large and Gothic Missourians marching up and down with these elongated toothpicks under their arms is something not to be laughed at!

Then there is the wrist watch. London tried to introduce it to us years ago—but we scorned it as the high tide of effeminacy. Gentlemen of the chorus took to it, just as readily as they took to wearing their handkerchiefs in their sleeves, and so, of course, did jewelry salesmen—out of a sense of duty. But the vast and unimaginative common herd declined the innovation with little thanks and went on hauling their extra thin models from upper right hand vest pockets.

The Modern Watchfire.

Enter War, the great masculinator, and lo! the wrist watch is a custom,

utilized by placing one slice each on nicely browned and buttered toast circles. Season well with salt, pepper and dots of butter. Cover with grated cheese and heat in oven until cheese is melted.

TO REPOSE IN
A MUSEUM

Copenhagen, July 4.—According to a press despatch from Helsingfors, the Finnish throne of the late Russian dynasty has been placed in the national museum there.

explained and established. Henceforth, every member of every corps must gird his pulse with a pigskin or suede band capped by a dial the numerals of which are tipped with radium guaranteed to gleam faithfully, hopefully throughout whatever battle. This is the modern watchfire.

Another variation of the wrist watch is an armored affair, sheathed in nickel plate, not exactly bomb proof, but bristling with suggestions of hand to hand conflict. Of this sort a large Connecticut watch manufacturing firm reports some 3,500 sold within the last two weeks. Go into any wholesale jewelry establishment, for that matter, and they will tell you that their last consignment of wrist watches was swallowed up long since in a sea of unfilled orders.

Again, there is the submarine sweater. Maybe you have not heard of it—but young ladies are busy knitting them with both amateur and professional intent. Department stores are selling them. They are the latest requisite, according to military outfitters.

It is nothing more than what the young ladies used to call a "hug-me-tight" or "monkey jacket," this submarine sweater. The only difference is in the change from womanly to manly sizes. It is to be worn under the military blouse, just as its feminine counterpart was worn beneath the embroidered or fur trimmed coat.

Mirror of a Man.

Young ladies—and old, for that matter—have long carried little mirrors in their purses as aids to repair the weather's damages at odd moments—and men have laughed at them for the vanity. But now, with war's departures, the most popular commodities which are being given to men about to sail are small pocket mirrors. "Camp mirrors," they are called, and most of them are made of an unbreakable metal, so that they may be tucked up at will to further the morning shave. But mirrors they are, mirrors unmistakably, with the same vanity lurking in their shining faces.

They go into "camp kits" which in size and makeup resemble immensely the little arrangements which young ladies are wont to carry with them on informal week ends. They are just another touch in the feminizing of the most masculine business. When men want really practical clothes and appurtenances they borrow them from their ornamental sisters. Pardonable but true, the girls they are leaving behind them are with them all the closer now.

Slants of Humor

GETTING EVEN.

Mrs. Wilson wanted to get Mrs. Johnson's cook away from her so badly that she actually went to Mrs. Johnson's house when she was away and offered the cook more money. The next time they met at a big dinner Mrs. Johnson did not notice her.

"Mrs. Johnson, you know Mrs. Wilson, do you not?" asked the lady who sat between them.

"No, I believe not," said Mrs. Johnson, "but I understand that she calls on my cook."

BOSTONESE.

"What on earth did that fellow mean when he said he was a peregrinating pedestrian, castigating his itinerary from the classic Athens of America?" "He meant he was a tramp beating his way from Boston."

WHY HE DIDN'T.

He was about to propose but before doing so he wished to make sure she was a competent girl. So he asked her: "Can you wash dishes?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. "Can you wipe them?"

He didn't propose.

SNAPPY STUFF.

Sir: Friend husband said he wanted to go to war. "Don't you get enough fighting at home?" I asked.

"Yes, but I want to be on the winning side," said he. —P. D. Q.

WE'LL TAKE THE SAME.

Sir: A druggist in Covington, Ky., advertises "Hot weather necessities." I'll take a bath. What'll you have? P. V. H.

CASTORIA

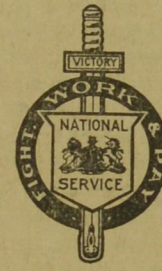
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the
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LET them feel that they are Canada's partners—that they have each a definite share in the stern struggle—the certain victory—and the free and glorious future.

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The National Service Board of Canada,
OTTAWA.

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When you are tired, fatigued or over-nervous, IMPERIAL BEEF, IRON AND WINE is the best tonic. It will quiet your nerves, strengthen you physically and give you the vivacity that comes of perfect health. IMPERIAL BEEF, IRON AND WINE is a nerve food and a body builder. There is nothing "just as good." Price 75c.

C. Fred Chestnut -
572 QUEEN STREET.The Quality
Drug Store

AN IDEAL TONIC

When your head is dull and heavy, your tongue furred, and you feel done-up and good for nothing, without knowing what is really the matter with you, probably all that is needed to restore you to health and vigour is a few doses of a reliable digestive tonic and stomachic remedy such as Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it after each meal for a few days and note how beneficial is its action upon the stomach, liver and bowels—how it restores tone and healthy activity to these important organs, and by so doing enables you to gain new stores of vigour, vitality and health.

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The new 1.00 size contains three times as much as the trial size sold at 50c per bottle.

5015

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For a CLYDE, "NOBLE MAJESTIC," the greatest 3-year-old Clyde ever brought to New Brunswick.

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