

# GREAT BRITAIN IS NOT A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS

History Has Shown That She is a Nation of Fighters--A Correspondent Writes Entertainingly of the Spirit Displayed by The Men at the Front.

(Chicago News)

With the British Army in France, April 2.—For some time I was in command of the training depot, where we put the men through their final course of field work; as such, it was my duty to render a return at the end of each week showing the number of men I had available and fit for drafting to the various expeditionary forces. If drafts were required the following week, I was generally asked to find the number I had shown on my return.

One week I remember I had shown 75, but on the following Tuesday I received from headquarters an additional 200 men, all trained and ready for the front; thus my numbers available became 275, instead of 75.

On the Thursday afternoon came the order I was to find 75 men. On paper the task looks easy; but my personal theories made my job rather unenviable. I hate to send a married man to the front. I prefer to send a childless married to one who "hath his quiver full." In fact I have many trifling prejudices like that.

There was only one thing for me to do. I ordered the sergeant-major to parade the whole of the availables. This was done, and the 275 appeared.

"Parade—shun! Seventy-five men wanted for expeditionary force. Volunteer! Slope arms!"

The 275 rifles immediately went to the slope!

This was a pincer; it showed fine spirit, but it didn't solve my difficulty. I tried again.

"Married men with children—Dismiss!"

The 275 men stood fast.

For the moment I was nonplused. I grinned. Then tried again to look as severe as I could.

"All married men—Dismiss!"

Still 275 men remained on parade. Though I knew I had many married men, I gave it up, leaving the choice to the sergeant-major.

Two hundred very glum faces showed 200 disappointed men on parade the following morning.

A Briton Spoiling for Fight.

It was a false idea, deliberately made current by an enemy, that Britain was a nation of shopkeepers. History shows that we are a nation of fighters. Take this case.

When war broke out he was a subaltern of a well known infantry regiment whose work in Gallipoli has since added glory to the traditions of the British army. He came with his regiment from India and was straightway drafted to France. This was in the bloody days of 1914.

His visions of glory were cut short, for, irony of ironies, he was bitten by a mad dog, and hydrophobia sent him back to "Blighty."

A short stay put him nearly right, but his enforced idleness during these agonizing days was too much for him.

He persuaded the doctors to pass him fit for general service, and went to Gallipoli, which he reached in time for the landing.

His stay there was short; it was nearly a record; but it was an honorable record.

He was on the peninsula for only 30 minutes. But he performed a wonderful deed in even that short time, got badly hit in the doing of it, and won the coveted military cross.

And so back to England, where I met him.

He was typical, quiet, modest, charming and retiring. Withal he was determined to do his bit to win the war, and win it quickly. He hated being at home while there was trouble in France. He would have been a splendid Frenchman if he had not been an Englishman. Such men cannot be denied. And so, back to France he went.

A bomb burst amid a group of his men, and he deliberately bore the shock to save them. This feat completely riddled him with pieces of bomb casing, but it deservedly won him a bar to his cross.

Now he is back home again, almost recovered from his wounds, but he is equally determined to get back to "see the end of it all." A comfortable billet at home has been offered to him. He will not accept it.

"I can fight yet; and it is my duty to do it. There will be time enough for me to take a billet at home when I am absolutely useless at the front. Until I am useless I must go."

And go he will, for when an Englishman sets his mind to achieving a thing he generally succeeds in doing it.

He Was True to His Word.

It was arranged that the machine gun section should go over the top with the third wave, but the machine gun officer—a keen youngster who left nothing to chance—privately expressed his intention of smuggling himself over with the first wave, his object being, as he explained to his sergeant, to find the best place forward for his beloved guns.

At the appointed moment the first wave went over, machine gun officer with them. There was no waste or hurry in the advance; though bullets and shrapnel were flying, the wave went forward with the steadiness and precision of a company on the parade ground.

The machine gun officer was carrying on a desultory conversation with a young but cheery and confident private as they advanced.

Suddenly he fell; a nasty piece of shrapnel casing had caught him in the leg. The soldier helped him into a shell hole, made him comfortable, and passed on with the cheery words:

"It's all right, sir, don't you worry; I'll send a party to carry you in."

And the officer was not a bit surprised when fifteen minutes later he saw the soldier proudly marching four Germans with a stretcher back toward him from what once had been German trenches.

Not a Coward After All.

It has been said that one man running amuck in an army may cause a whole army to become demoralized. In certain cases it may be true, but here is an example of how it affects Britain's soldiers:

The line was being severely belabored—gas, high explosives and phosphorus shells, bullets, mines, and all the usual preliminaries to a German attack were coming to us.

One boy, part of a new draft, took momentary fright, and bolted along the trench, apparently bent on finding a communication trench, and a way down it to safety. He looked the picture of terror as he stumbled along, fully equipped—rifle, bayonet and all the customary trench paraphernalia.

Quoth a sergeant, good naturedly, and with his best instructor's intonation, as Tommy tore past:

"Say, sonny, drop ta rifle into t trench. Ta'll run a d— sight faster wi'out it."

It was a typical British remark, kindly in feeling though cynical in utterance, and it reached the frantic boy's brain before he had gone another ten yards.

And he stopped, looked round shamefacedly, suddenly braced himself up, obviously recognized he was really a brave man who had made a momentary fool of himself, and quietly took his place on the fire step alongside his fellows ready for any old "boche" who cared to come.

## PERSONNEL OF NEW RUSSIAN CABINET

Petrograd, via London, May 19.—

The government and democratic parties have agreed to distribute the portfolios of the new cabinet as follows:

Premier and minister of the interior, Prince Lvoff.

Minister of foreign affairs, Tereschenko.

Commerce and industry, Konovloff.

State controller, Godneff (socialist).

Labor, Skobeleff.

Justice, Perevezeff.

Food and supplies, Pieschenoff (socialist).

War and marine, Kerensky.

Finance, Shingaroff.

Posts and telegraphs, Tseretelli.

Ways and communications, Kekrasoff.

Education Manuiloff.

Prof. Grimm is appointed minister of affairs concerning the constituent assembly, and Prince Shakhovsky, secretary of the first Duma, is minister of public aid.

## BANANA POPOVERS.

Add to one cupful of milk two well beaten eggs. Sift one cupful of flour with one teaspoonful of salt and beat into the milk. Pour into hot buttered gem pans about half full. Put in the centre of each a thick slice of ripe banana and bake in a hot oven.

## Suffered With Heart For Ten Years

WOULD NEARLY SMOTHER.

There is nothing that brings with it such fear of impending death as to wake up in the night with that awful sense of smothering. The uncertain and irregular heart action causes the greatest distress of both mind and body.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the only remedy that can give prompt relief and effect a complete cure in cases of such severity.

They strengthen and invigorate the heart, so that it beats strong and regular, and tone up the nervous system so that the cause of so much anxiety becomes a thing of the past.

Mrs. M. O. McCready, Wapella, Sask. in medicines, but I feel that it is only right for me to let you know what your wonderful remedy has done for me, and in a very short time, too. I had suffered terribly with my heart for nearly ten years, could scarcely do any work, and would nearly smother at times. I had many remedies, some only relieving me for a time. I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and felt writes: "I am not much of a believer so much better that I kept on using them, and can truthfully say I feel like a new woman."

"I would advise anyone with heart trouble to use 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., Limited.

## AUDITOR DUNLOP'S REPORT SUPPRESSED

Hon. Mr. Foster, in reply to Mr. Michaud's enquiry in the House on Friday, said:

Q. 1—Did William Dunlop, special auditor, make any report upon departmental affairs under the old government?

Ans.—Yes, several reports.

Q. 2—Were his reports on file when this government assumed office?

Ans.—The reports were not on file when this government assumed office.

Q. 3—Has the government any knowledge of the contents of those reports, and if so is it the intention to place them on the tables of House?

Ans.—Yes, the government has secured from Mr. Dunlop copies of his reports, which will be laid upon the tables of the House this session.

Hon. Mr. Foster, in reply to the enquiry of Mr. Jones, in the House on Friday said:

Q.—For what cause was Ralph St. John Freeze removed from the office of Clerk of the County Court, Kings county, as named in the Royal Gazette dated May 9th, 1917, and on whose recommendation?

Ans.—This information was given in answer to inquiry No. 44 on Tuesday last.

## "TIZ" FOR SORE TIRED FEET—AH!

"Tiz" is Grand for Aching, Swollen, Tender, Calloused Feet or Corns.

"Tiz" makes my feet smaller."



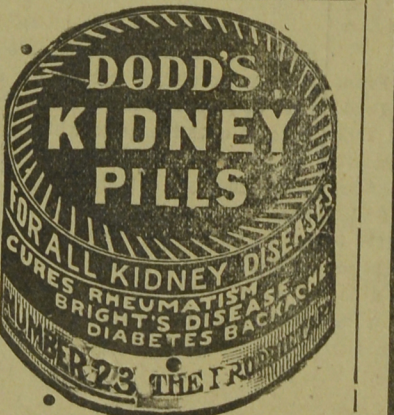
Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, aching, tender, sweaty feet. No more soreness in corns, callouses, bunions.

No matter what ails your feet, or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "Tiz."

"Tiz" is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. "Tiz" cures your foot trouble so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore and swollen.

Think of it, no more foot misery, no more agony from corns, callouses or bunions.

Get a 25 cent box at any drug store or department store and get instant relief. Wear smaller shoes. Just once try "Tiz." Get a whole year's foot comfort for only 25 cents. Think of it.



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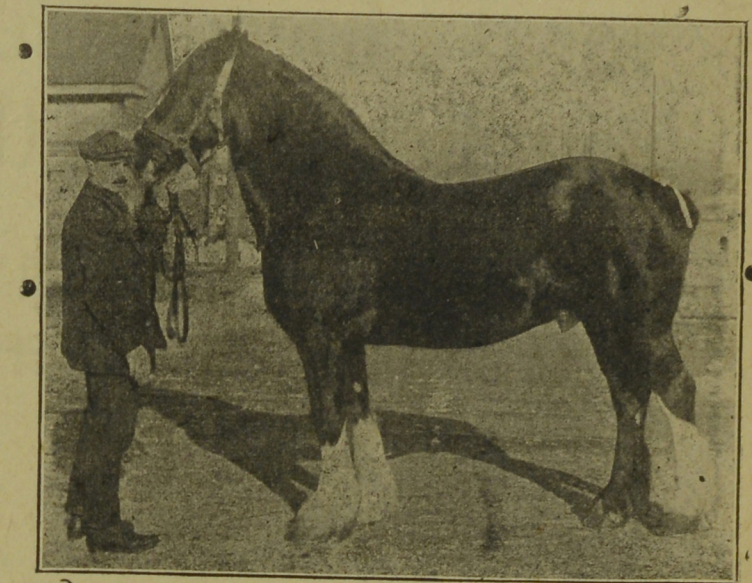
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Also a good big 3-year-old Clyde Stallion for service or for sale.

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Poor, cheap tea looks the same as good tea;  
Damaged tea looks the same as sound tea;  
The tea in the scoop looks all right;

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It is guaranteed to be pure, fresh, fine quality tea—Guaranteed so fully that if you ever should happen to find a package not right up to the standard, and that is a very rare occurrence, your grocer will give you another package free of charge, or refund your money, and we will pay him for it.

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the most modern refinery in the world. So great is the demand for Lantic Sugar that we are now refining three quarters of a million pounds a day. This shows what the people of Canada—and particularly those who want pure food—think of this absolutely pure food product.

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