

WANTED

WANTED—At once, an experienced waitress at "Ye Mecca Tea Rooms." Apply to Miss G. A. Young, York st.

WANTED—Books and magazines for distribution to returned soldiers en route home, in the Military Hospitals or going overseas. Telephone Mr. A. Murray, care of A. Murray & Co. Tel. No. 159, or leave at store for Military Y. M. C. A.

WANTED—An experienced and capable girl for general housework; good wages. Mrs. W. H. Irvine, 86 Carleton street.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—A quantity of useful household articles, including a large ruffled rug, some curtains, a baby's sleigh robe, a child's blackboard, several camp stools, etc., all in good condition. Will be sold at a bargain. Enquire at the Mail Office.

FOR SALE—Rhode Island Red cockerels, six months old. Strong, well developed birds, excellent for breeding purposes. Apply to C. A. MacVey, 219 George street, city.

NEW APARTMENTS TO LET—Four desirable apartments to rent from Nov. 1st in Hobson block, corner York and King streets; central location. The second and third flats of this brick building have been renovated. Nice quarters are here available. Inspection can be made on Tuesday and Wednesday, 30th and 31st, 4 to 6 p.m. For terms apply to Slipp & Hanson.

BOARD OF HEALTH NOTICE.

To All Merchants.
By order of the Fredericton Board of Health you are herewith notified that no merchandise, until further advised, is to be sent out of your store for approval or return.

JOHN M. WILEY,
Chairman F'ron Board of Health.
GEORGE Y. DIBBLEE,
Secretary.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William Cruikshank, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and Louise W. Cruikshank, his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of April, 1909, and made between the aforesaid William Cruikshank and Louise W. Cruikshank, of the first part, and the undersigned, Mary Jane Moore, of the second part, and recorded in Book 139, page 426, of the York County Records, under official number 58153, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof be sold at public auction in front of the Post Office, in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on THURSDAY, the Thirty-first Day of October, 1918, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage, and described as:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton, aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the southeasterly side of Church street, 123 feet 6 inches from the corner of Church and George streets, thence along Church street northeasterly fifty feet; thence at right angles from Church street southeasterly 132 feet 9 inches, and parallel with George street, or until it strikes the northeasterly and westerly line of lands owned by George E. Fenety; thence at right angles along said Fenety line southeasterly 50 feet; and thence northerly on a line parallel with George street to Church street aforesaid, at the place of beginning."

Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Dated this 27th day of September, A. D. 1918.

(Sgd.) MARY JANE MOORE,
Mortgagee.
McLELLAN & HUGHES,
Solicitors for the Mortgagee.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 1st November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Lower Hainesville Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lower Hainesville and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., 14th Sept., 1918.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 25th of October, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Ripples Rural Route No. 2, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post office of Ripples and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Sept. 10, 1918.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 1st November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Prince William Rural Route No. 2, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Prince William and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., September 16, 1918.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 1st November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed contract for four years, 3 times per week on the Minto Rural Route No. 2, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the post offices of Minto and Newcastle Creek, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Sept. 18, 1918.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 8th November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the route Nictau and Plaster Rock, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Nictau and Plaster Rock, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Sept. 23, 1918.

BURTT & CATERER

Wagons and Sleds Made and Repaired.

T. J. BURTT. H. CATERER
All Kinds of Jobbing Repairs.
281 KING STREET

It Works! Try It

Tells how to loosen a sore, tender corn so it lifts out without pain.

Good news spreads rapidly and druggists here are kept busy dispensing freezone, the ther discovery of a Cincinnati man, which is said to loosen any corn so it lifts out with the fingers.

Ask at any pharmacy for a quarter ounce of freezone, which will cost very little, but it said to be sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callous.

You apply just a few drops on the tender, aching corn, and instantly the soreness is relieved, and soon the corn is so shriveled that it lifts out without pain. It is a sticky substance which dries when applied and never inflames or even irritates the adjoining tissue.

This discovery will prevent thousands of deaths annually from lockjaw and infection heretofore resulting from the suicidal habit of cutting corns.

NURSE HAD NICKNAMED HIM DIMPLES

Paris, Oct. 22.—He had been wounded at Cantigny. A shell had burst beside him and for seven days and nights he had lain—or wandered, he doesn't know which—in "no man's land."

Now he was nearly well. I looked at him curiously as he sat, fully dressed, on the edge of a bed, swinging his legs and smiling boyishly at the nurse. He was a well built, dark-haired, blue-eyed youngster, handsome and unusually attractive. Somehow just to see him smile one's heart went out to him. He wore a corporal's chevrons on his sleeve.

I could not forbear engaging him in conversation to learn who he was and what I could of his story.

"What part of the States are you from?" I asked.

"Louisville, Kentucky."

He turned the back of his head toward me. There was a triangular scar as big as a dollar just under his crown.

"What did that?"

"High explosive. Knocked my helmet right in. If it hadn't been for the helmet, though, I reckon I'd stayed right there." He was still smiling that dimpled smile of his.

"Well, you're all right now," I ventured.

"I suppose so." He jerked his handsome head dubiously. "It seems a long time, though. I sure would like to get back with the boys in the regiment."

We shook hands, and I strolled on through the ward.

"Skull broken?" I asked the nurse, as soon as we were out of the patient's hearing.

"Yes, there is a small hole. For a while you could see the pulsations of the brain. But he's getting on now. A remarkable case!" The nurse hesitated a moment. "I've nicknamed him 'Dimples,' but he doesn't like it very much. He prefers to be called 'Corporal.' But you see he's not very old. He ran away from home and joined the army nearly two years ago. In years he is only a boy, but physically he is a man. He lied to them and they took him for the army. When he first came here he thought he was going to die, and he confessed. Beyond a doubt he told us the truth. He is just 15."

TAKE THE LOAN!

(Written in May, 1861.)
Come, freemen of the land,
Come, meet the great demand,
True heart and open and—
Take the loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the sword's your brother's draw.
Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the loan!
Who would bring them what she could
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brother's blood
Take the loan!

All who saw her hosts pass by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the loan!
As ye wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze as men,
Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal
Of our ranks of serried steel,
Put your shoulder to the wheel,
Take the loan!
That our prayers in truth may rise,
Which we press with streaming eyes,
On the Lord of earth and skies,
Take the loan!
—Edward Everett Hale.

Handles resembling those on scissors operate through gearing the sharpening disk of a new household knife sharpener.

THE STRUGGLE AT BELLEAU WOOD WAS A FIERCE ONE

Paris, Oct. 22.—Belleau wood!

No spot on all the soil of France, sacred now forever, washed with the blood of sacrifice and bearing in its brown bosom the dream of imperishable glory, can be nearer to the heart of America than Belleau wood.

For in this strip of woods, at the second battle of the Marne, a handful of American youths stopped the victorious march of the Germans toward Paris and built the first pier of that human dike which was to hold and then sweep back the invading tide which had poured over France.

Have you seen after a night of storm the line of wreckage left by the receding sea? Like that line was Belleau wood after the battle had passed and like that line it is still, though the dead had been buried and the heavier material had been salvaged.

It is so little a spot to have been chosen to shine forever. I don't know the exact size of it, but it cannot be more than a mile or two long and much narrower than that. It has several strips of dense woods, with wide open glades between them, and the whole lies on gently rolling country that is most beautiful to behold.

The woods themselves are curiously untouched by the drama that was played there. I have seen woods in the north of France of which only a few stark and splintered trunks and a wash of rotting branches remain. But Belleau wood stands up, thick and green in its summer foliage, hiding in its shadows the wreckage of the tide. Here and there a tree trunk hangs broken and on the ground are smaller branches, stripped by machine gun bullets. But there was too little artillery work to do more than suggest destruction to the woods.

When the Americans first met the enemy the Germans had advanced beyond the woods and were enfilading up the little bed of a brook which is cut deeply into the soil, overhung in places with bushes and forms a natural trench. The bed is now dry, but in June it must have held water. The Americans cleared this of Germans, forcing them out of the open spaces beside it also, until they fell back to

the edge of the wood itself and stood

Just here there is an open space between a scattered group of trees and the main body of the wood. The Americans attacked in two sections, one going across the open space and losing a number of men by the vicious machine gun fire, the other going around to the right under the shelter and striking through the woods.

In the green twilight of the woods now filled with the deep humming silence of summer forests, the traces of the bitter struggle are still to be seen. The ground is littered with a strange array of articles that tell the story more plainly than words. Most of the objects are American, since Americans were left in possession at the last.

There is the usual litter where men have camped tin cans, cigarette boxes biscuit tins, odds and ends of various sorts. This forms a background for the more significant details, which are plenty in spite of the fact that the guns, helmets and larger material have already been salvaged.

There are papers everywhere, many of them German. I looked at several. One was a German postal blank to be filled with a valuable package—some boche intended to send home his loot. One was a German soldier's pay book—he had been in the war three years. One was an invitation to a Mason's picnic in a town in Iowa; one was a large scale map of the neighborhood with elevations marked in spidery lines. There are broken gas masks, torn and scattered clothing and caps, clips of cartridges for machine guns, an occasional bayonet. And through these things and around them, like a leitmotif that gains in meaning by being endlessly repeated, are yards and yards of gauze bandages. They lie in white snaky lengths on the ground, they festoon the bushes and they litter the dugouts.

At the edges of the wood, beside the paths that lead through it and on the sides of the little hillocks are burrows like enormous rabbit warrens or awkward woodchuck holes. They were dug to house more precious quarry. Our soldiers lived in them. Now the rains have washed dirt down on the littered floors. From many of them goes up the odor of decay and clouds of flies rise buzzing as one approaches them.

There are, too, the graves. Sometimes singly, sometimes in little groups, they lie in green glades and grassy hollows. The dead have been buried where they fell friend and foe together, each in his six feet of earth and each grave surmounted by a wooden cross. No king in his cathedral could have a prouder sepulcher.

Such is Belleau wood today.

Extravagance on your part helps the Germans and harms Canada. It hinders our victory and heartens the foe. It must be ended now.

SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

"For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe Headaches and Indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised 'Fruit-a-tives'. I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will get well."

ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

CARRY ON DIFFERENTLY NOW.

(October Atlantic.)

These army women don't complain, says an officer's wife. I have yet to meet one who is not a thoroughly good sport. They know well enough why they are in the struggle, and the knowledge is a kind of wholesome and sustaining spiritual food. They stiffen to their heroic best. One mother—and she hates sewing—makes all the clothes for herself and her little girl. The Southerner, too, has risen to the occasion and taken half a house for the summer, and plans to do all the work for herself and her family. We never knew her to do anything but dress herself prettily, read novels and take the children to the movies.

ALMOST LYNCHED.

It happened to a local druggist that sold a cheap acid corn salve instead of the reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor. Substitutes burn the flesh—Putnam's cures the corn. Use only the best—"Putnam's" 25c. at all dealers.

REAL WEALTH.

How does wealth begin? Real, not false wealth—the kind that spells success and happiness. The secret of a man's success has never been in the amount of money he makes; but in the ratio of income to outgo. If you fix your outgo below your income, then new and steady streams of income begin to flow. Be the margin never so small, it is added to your income, and wealth begins.

Anyone who sets out to reform the world need never find himself out of work for the next 100 years.

It is never well to take the resignations or deaths of Von Hindenburg seriously. They are often exaggerated.

It is believed that in a few days the cowardly influenza germ will be throwing up its hands and saying "Kam-erad!" Be sure it is both hands.

Critical Tastes are both pleased and satisfied with the aroma and flavor of Postum.

It goes without saying that its healthful and nourishing qualities far outclass those of coffee and tea.

Postum comes in two forms; Postum Cereal, which must be boiled, and Instant Postum, made in the cup in a moment. They are equally delicious and the cost per cup is about the same

Decidedly—

"There's a Reason" for

POSTUM