

Old Dutch

Makes scrubbing quick and easy. Don't wear out your back and your temper. Just let Old Dutch clean your

Tile,
Oil Cloth,
Linoleum,
Wood Floors



DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS, CANADA.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to J. W. Pugsley, Secretary Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont., marked on the outside "Tender for Stores Building—Campbellton," will be received up to and including twelve o'clock noon, Tuesday, October 8, 1918, for the construction of a wooden Stores Building at Campbellton, N.B.

Plans, specifications and blank form of contract may be seen at the office of Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont., at the office of the Chief Engineer, Canadian Government Railways, Moncton, N.B., and at the office of the resident engineer, Campbellton, N.B.

All the conditions of the specifications and contract forms must be complied with.

Tenders must be put in on the blank form of tender, which may be obtained from any of the offices at which plans are on exhibition.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque payable to the Honourable the Minister of Railways and Canals for an amount equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order,

J. W. PUGSLEY,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Sept. 26, 1918.

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 any-wise 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 Thirtieth 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 northerly 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.

Health note—Not one of the Kaiser's six sons is suffering from shell shock.

YE MECCA, TEA ROOM

Orders taken for

HOME COOKING

GERTRUDE A. YOUNG Prop

'Phone - 219-21

SOME INFORMATION ABOUT THE ENGLISH OYSTER

Provide Plenty of Nourishment for the Brain --- The English Oyster Has Been Famous for More Than Two Thousand Years -- The War Has Interfered With the Oyster Industry

Now that the months with an "r" in their names are come round again I shall softly subsist on oysters and snap my fingers at Food Controllers, writes "E. B. O." in the London Morning Post. There is more nourishment for the brain in half a dozen Whitstable 'Royals' than in a beef-steak which would cost you two coupons. And you might double the enjoyment of the little feast by eating them in front of a looking-glass, like the gentlewoman in a very old number of Punch who wished to feel opulent. Surgit amari aliquid none the less—at such moments I regretfully remember that a British Columbian sea captain once offered to sell me a populous oyster-bed somewhere up "the Sound" (the land-locked channel, eight hundred miles long, from Vancouver to Skagway, which offers you so many glimpses into the dark-blue chaos of inland mountains) for the nominal consideration of five hundred dollars in cash. He painted an alluring picture of the periodical arrival of my oyster-schooner at Vancouver and the wharves thronged with citizens waiting to buy the cargo at one cent (½d.) a shell. It would have been no doubt, a companion piece to the arrival of a similar vessel similarly laden at the little havens along the St. Lawrence which is described by Drummond:

Wats all dem bell a-ringin' for, can hear dem ev'rywhere?

Wat's bring de peop' togeder on de w'arf at Trois Rivieres?

Dat happy crowd is look so glad, w'y are dey comin' dere?

O! de reason dey're so happy w'ile dey're waitin' dere to-day

Is becous de oyster schooner she's sailin' up de bay.

An' de caraquette an' malpeque will quickly melt away

After she was t'row de anchor on Tree Reever.

The French Canadians, inheriting the Latin genius for eating as a fine art, prefer the oyster in himself and lap him off his shell without insulting him with vinegar and pepper and brown bread and butter as a gastronomical background. It is a sin against him and your palate thus to destroy his inexpressive flavor (is he not an epitome of all the edible creatures of the Seven Seas?) and a degree worse than our criminal blunder of putting sugar and milk (milk!) into China tea.

It is surprising how the products of this little rainy island—where you cannot live the simple life, but only the sample one — are superior in flavor to those of all other countries. France not excepted. Let American epicures say what they will—there is nothing to equal English oysters for their melting and mellifluous flavor which creates a symphony of ineffable emotions on the palate. A Whitstable "Royal" arouses in one an ecstasy of the soul equal to that which I feel at the Queen's Hall when

thanks to these old ancient fellows, the industry is still in being and we shall get plenty of oysters from Whitstable now the "r" months have come round again. It is a fair oyster harvest this year. What a pity, however, that oysters are still regarded as a luxury, not an everyday diet for any honest man! It was not so in the "Merrie England" that was (that may yet be again), when you could buy Kentish oysters for 8d. a bushel (1388), though what you got then was probably as inferior to the best modern "natives" as a tea-rose is to the frayed wild blossom in a hedge-row. The English oyster has been famous for its virtuosity for at least two thousand years. Sallust said there was some good in the poor Britons after all—they could produce an oyster! And Agricola sent oysters from Regulium (Reculver), from the same flats that are so carefully cultivated today, to his friends at Rome, who must have quoted Sallust's saying with approval—adding to it, perhaps, some message from Agricola to the effect that the Britons made very good legionaries, when well trained and handled. Whitstable is on one of the main thoroughfares of the world-history, as you say, and is likely to remain world-famous as long as the Whitstable Royal comes to table in his hard, symmetrical, pearly shell which distinguishes him from the plebeian with a rim of chalk on the inside, and a scribble of patriotic red in the pearliness—as though he wished to let us know he is helping to win the war.

WEAK BOYS AND GIRLS

It is a mistake to think that anaemia is only a girl's complaint. Girls probably show the effect of weak, watery blood more plainly than boys. Delayed development, pale faces, headaches, palpitation, and a feeling of listlessness, call attention to weak blood in the case of girls. But many boys in their teens grow thin and "weedy" and have pimples on the face, showing that they have not enough blood. The anaemic boy is just as likely to become a victim of consumption as the pale, breathless girl with her headaches and worn-out look. Let the boy in this condition catch cold and he will lose his strength and his health becomes precarious.

To prevent serious disaster to those of the rising generation, let both boys and girls be given the new rich blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are famous the world over for making.

When giving these pills watch how soon the appetite returns and how the languid girl or the weak boy becomes full of activity and high spirits. Remember that the boy has to develop, too, if he is to make a strong hearty man. Give both the boys and girls a fair chance to develop strongly through the new, rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. You will then see active boys and girls, instead of weakly children around you. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be obtained by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sir Henry Wood is conducting a piece he really and truly adores. And I prefer to absorb him at Whitstable so that there may be a psychological sauce of the right local coloring. Yes I like to sit on the shore at Whitstable and receive an oyster with the respectivity due to his incomparable merits, while gazing out to sea at the fleet of oyster yawls with their white and russet sails outlined gracefully against a clear grey-blue sky and their subtle concerted movements, to unheard slow music which no landsman can possibly comprehend. Faute de mieux I'd eat him in a coal mine and still feel as happy as Aphrodite, whose melting love-lorn look was attributed to oysters by some classical authority—there's nothing better for a honeymoon than oysters.

The war, by taking all able-bodied fishermen for the Auxiliary Navy, has made rather a mess of the Whitstable oyster-fishing. The authorities not knowing that oysters are an admirable food, did see that they were destroying an industry that was vital though small and little known outside its local sphere—trust permanent officials for knowing nothing or less than nothing about such matters. But, thanks to the hale old white-bearded veterans who used to sit on the Dutch front and look out to sea and wonder when they would sail for the safe anchorage of Kingdom Come, where:

The winds is never nothin' more than est light airs.

'N' no-one gets belayin'-pinned, 'n no-one never swears.

Yer free to loaf an' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,

Lollin' on the fo'c'sle, sonny, look-in' at the ships.

For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world

Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furled.

All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died,

They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide.

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THE GLAMOR OF NIGHT FLYING AT THE FRONT

Scouting Aviators Fascinated by Their Experiences as They Hover Over German Lines.

London, Oct. 4.—The life of a night flying airman is strangely appealing and has wonderful fascination. The first shadows of evening usher in his day and with the faint silver light of the morning his tour of duty is over.

One by one, as the glow of the sunset fades out, the night bombing machines rush away across the grass into the night, the rough music of their engines rising to the stars.

High over a dim world soar the warmly clad airmen. Before them glow the phosphorescent dials of their instruments. On either side the motors roar. Every little light conveys a message to them, whether it be the white star shells of the line, the scattered lights of the towns, the red and green star clusters of the rockets, the twinkling lighthouses of the coast, the restless searchlights, the flash of gunfire, the little moving glare of a railway engine, the tiny white eyes of lorries, the red flare of a bursting bomb or the green and glowing ball of the "flaming onions."

Each machine is independent and works out its own destiny. Each finds its own way and weaves winding paths through the barrage and the searchlights of the enemy. The friendly moon reveals to the airmen the shining silver of the river and the deep shadows of the woods. For them the cold north star shines as a changeless guide.

They do no more than their duty.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. H. H. H.

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Women Everywhere Use Lemon Juice To Beautify Skin

The beauty lotion which is becoming whole quarter pint of it doesn't cost so popular throughout the country is easily prepared by anyone, and a any more than a small jar of the common, ordinary cold creams.

Add the juice of two fresh lemons to three ounces of orchard white and shake well in a bottle. Strain the lemon juice two or three times through a fine cloth so no pulp gets into the lotion, then it will keep fresh for months. Regardless of what price you pay or how highly advertised, there is nothing else really more meritorious in beautifying, softening and clearing the skin. As a tan and blemish remover, also to remove oiliness and sallowness, lemon juice has no rival. Massage it into the face, neck, and arms once or twice each day, and just see if it doesn't bring out the roses and hidden beauty!

Lemons have always been used to bleach the skin, but pure lemon juice is too highly acid, therefore should never be used except in this manner. If properly prepared, this sweetly fragrant lotion will speak for itself. Ounces of orchard white at very little. Any drug store will supply the three cost, and the grocer will supply the lemons.

perhaps, these British night hawks, but they do it with grim thoroughness and zest. They grow to like the night and its dark skies. The noise of their throbbing engines may send hundreds of Germans to their guns, and thousands to the dugouts and ditches.

At their call the traffic of great and hard worked railway systems ceases abruptly to rumble along the gleaming rails. The clamor of great munition works and German poison gas factories dwindles into sudden apprehensive silence.

They are the disturbers of the German night. Though a thousand brains and a thousand bodies strive to encompass their destruction, they fly on undaunted into the heart of searchlights and shell fire, and return singing homeward across the ceaseless blossoming of the star shells at the lines, to exchange records of their doings over impromptu supper parties in the small hours.

A large shipment of records just arrived

Grafonolas on easy terms

E. O. MacDonald

Music Store

560 Queen Street

Remarkable Results are Obtained by the Use of

Phillips Heave and Cough Cure.

FOR HORSES. Relieves Heaves and Cough quickly and in many cases cures permanently. Horses otherwise valueless made serviceable for years. For sale at WILEY'S PHARMACY, York St.

Custom Tailoring

The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at a reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS

QUEEN STREET, WEST END

MARITIME ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

Fredericton, N. B., July 19, 1918.

On account of staff shortage due to military enlistments, the Royal Bank of Canada find it impossible to continue the collection of this Company's Light Bills.

For the convenience of our customers we have engaged an office at No. 88 York Street, in the premises occupied by Harry C. Moore, Electrical Engineer, where bills may be paid from the first to the tenth of each month from 9.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Those making payment later in the month must do so at the Company's Main Office, No. 4 Shore Street.

MARITIME ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

RAVAGES OF INFLUENZA

Boston, Mass., Oct. 3.—Spanish Influenza and pneumonia claimed 191 lives in this city during the 24 hours ending at ten o'clock tonight. Among these who died from influenza today was Edward F. Martin, baseball writer of the Boston Globe, and secretary of the Boston chapter, baseball writers association of America. His wife died yesterday from the same disease.