

NOTHING GOES TO WASTE ON MODERN BATTLEFIELD

Cleaning up Battlefields Has Become Part of the Highly Organized Auxiliary Service of French Army--Aged Territorials Employed for This Class of Work--Large Quantities of Metal are Salvaged.

With the American Armies, April 24.—Cleaning up the battlefields has now become one of the highly organized and perfected auxiliary services of the French army. The amount of material saved in this way for the future use of the army amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. It is one of the most effective "efficiencies" that the present war has produced.

Paradoxical as it may seem there is nothing, aside from the waste of human life, that produces a more painful impression on the occasional person who is allowed to wander over a battlefield just after an attack than the great quantities of highly perfected war material that lie scattered about with seemingly a reckless waste and profusion. All this material was made through long hours of sweat and labor

and toil to be used in saving the country, and here it all is lying in great quantities unused about a dead battlefield, having fulfilled its purpose.

Nothing Goes to Waste. It is the thought of this great waste of human genius, of human skill, of human toil that produces the painful impression—or rather that did produce it in the early days of the war.

Nothing Goes to Waste. Now nothing goes to waste on the battlefield. With the great cost and difficulty of manufacturing war material, with the steady decrease in the world's supply of material from which these things are made, France at least sees to it that nothing falls short of serving the purpose for which it is made.

Hardly have the troops passed forward in an attack than a second army, usually of aged territorials, follows it on to the battlefield, and begins the cleaning up process. Sometimes their companions call them the "rag pickers of the army" and sometimes the "divers for spoils," but in the present official organization of the French army they rank as a very important corps.

Their work too, is often as dangerous as that the troops who dash to

HEART BEAT SO FAST

**Could Not Sleep.
HAD TO SIT UP IN BED.**

Heart trouble has of late years become very prevalent. Sometimes a pain catches you in the region of the heart, now and then your heart skips beats, palpitates, throbs, or beats with it will burst. You have weak and dizzy spells, are nervous, irritable and depressed, and if you attempt to walk upstairs or any distance you get all out of breath.

There is no other remedy will do you so much good, restore your heart to a natural condition, build up your strength and give you back vigor and vitality as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. A. Russell, Niagara Falls, Ont., writes: "At nights I could not sleep, and had to sit up in bed, my heart would beat so fast."

"When I went to walk very far I would get all out of breath, and would have to sit down and rest before I could go any farther. I was advised to get Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and before I had used two boxes I could sleep and walk as far as I liked without any trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

the assault, as not only have they to handle abandoned explosives of the most perilous kind to touch, but often enough their work has to be carried on under a terrific bombardment.

Salvaging Metal. But they do it as heroically, as stoically and as methodically as do their brother territorials who carry the hot soup up to the fighting line.

CORNS ARE LIKE KNOTS.

Year by year they grow harder and incidentally more painful. Why suffer when you can be cured for 25c. spent on Putnam's Corn Extractor? Fifty years in use and guaranteed to cure. Use Putnam's Extractor, 25c. at all dealers.

through a barrage of machine gun fire, shrapnel and high explosives.

First there are the unused French shells which the batteries and trench mortars had to abandon as they dashed forward. Sometimes they lie in piles of half a dozen or more and sometimes scattered singly about. But every one is exceedingly valuable for the metal of which it is made, for the high explosives it contains, for the skill and genius that has gone into the construction of its highly perfected fuse and mechanism. Less delicately made trench bombs and aerial torpedoes are likewise gathered up.

More dangerous are the unexploded German shells which lie scattered about. They may explode at the first human touch, but nevertheless they must be gathered up both for the removal of such a menace and for the value of the material they contain.

Then come the hand grenades. These may have been abandoned, or dropped by the "poilu" as he dashed forward to the assault. Or again they may be unexploded ones, either French or German, which may still go off at the first touch. But they must be gathered up.

And Leather, Too.

In another pile are heaped up the steel helmets gathered from the field. They again may have fallen from the head of a soldier in the heat of a charge or may have fallen to the ground as the wearer himself fell pierced with a bullet. Even when the helmets themselves are riddled with bullets and shell splinters the steel they contain is still too valuable to leave behind.

On every battlefield hundreds of thousands of rifle cartridges, both exploded and unexploded, lie scattered about. These must be gathered up one at a time, often under a heavy artillery fire.

Then there are the bayonets or rifles that the soldier may have been forced to abandon or that fell from his nerveless hands as his life ebbed away. But no matter how they came to be there they must be saved.

After this come the knapsacks, the canteens, the straps, the old shoes, the caps, the coats, the overcoats, the thousand and one different things that lie in the trail of thousands of men who have dashed forward in a hell where no attention can be paid to anything except to attain the object assigned and still live if possible.

WRONG LABEL ON THE LADY FROM BOSTON

(Chicago News.)

"That Mrs. Bayou," said the pretty little lady to her big, brawny better half, "is getting my goat. I mean she disturbs me."

"You must not let her," counseled the big, brawny better half. "How does she manage it?"

"She has such dreadfully disconcerting things to say about history and science and things like that, and she knows all about them because she's from Boston."

"What does she say?" "Why, she doesn't believe in any of the things we believe in, but she has faith in all the things we don't trust at all. She doesn't believe in the English and prohibition, and she does believe in bunkology. And she must know what she's talking about, being from Boston."

"You are arguing from a wrong premise," said the wise husband, enthusiastically. "I used to make that mistake myself. We all get the idea that because Boston is the seat of culture in this country every street sweeper in the town wears a cap and gown!"

"But now I know better. We have janitor from Boston. He never heard of Israel Putnam or Emerson—though he knows a lot about John L. Sullivan. He is neither a blue stocking nor a red sock. He thinks the letters c. o. d. mean cash on delivery, and he doesn't know beans. I always apply the same rule to Boston people that I do to every one else, and that is not to believe half what they show you, nor anything they tell you."

"So don't worry. Go right on believing in the English and in prohibition. Lots of Bostonians do, and as for bunkology, lots of Boston people haven't taken it up yet, and never will."

"If Mrs. Bayou tells you that the English let the other fellows do their fighting, take it from me she is altogether wrong. A Britisher might let the other fellow do his praying, or even his paying, but when it comes to fighting he looks after that personally."

"And," continued the little lady, who was still a bit disconcerted, "Mrs. Bayou says she was in a dry town and there was more drinking than when the town was wet."

"Don't worry until the wets begin to work for prohibition," advised the wise husband.

And a look of satisfaction spread over the little lady's pretty face.

Holiday Races

**FREDERICTON TROTTING
PARK**

Friday, May 24

Five Classes in all. See the great race between ROY VOLO and THOMAS EARLE, 2.05 1/4—the Grand Circuit Star.

Races start at 2 p.m.
Admission 25 cents, including Grand Stand.



Save that spoonful

Four and often five spoonfuls of ordinary tea do not go any further than three of Red Rose Tea. Less Red Rose is required because it consists chiefly of rich, strong, full-flavored Assam teas. Use Red Rose Tea and save that extra spoonful. Kept Good by the Sealed Package



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DETROIT BIDS FAREWELL TO JOHN BARLEYCORN

The Muse is Wooed to Lend Proper Spirit to the Sad Occasion---Some of the Parodies on Well Known Verse.

The Literary Digest for May contains a farewell to John Barleycorn's reign in Detroit. That city went dry on May 1st. A list of parodies is quoted which are from the pen of Mr. A. L. Weeks of the Detroit News, and are as follows:

By Our Own Thomas Moore.

'Tis the last stein of summer,
Left bubbling alone;
All her high-proof companions
Are gargled and gone.
No cup of her kindred,
No seidel is near,
To reflect back her amber,
Or give cheer for beer.

By Our Own Allan Poe.

Once as in a drug store dreary, as I wished that I were beery,
Over chocolate ice-cream soda I had never tried before—
While to like it I was trying, softly then there came a sighing
As of someone gently crying, crying up above the door.
Then I saw a crimson raven, weeping up above the door;
Quoth Red Raven: "Nevermore!"

By Our Own William Blake.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In my bedroom when I'm tight,
What immortal rock and rye
Framed thee for my staring eye?
By Our Own Robert Louis Stevenson.
Chicago's so near with a number of drinks,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kil.ks.

By Our Own Robert Browning.

The near beer's the thing;
And dark is the morn;
Bedtime's at seven;
The stein is dew-peared;
The gin's on the wing;
And so is the corn;
Is there a heaven?
All's wrong with the world.

By Our Own William Cullen Bryant.
To him who in the love of liquor holds
Communion with her vinous forms,
she speaks
A various language; for his gayest nights
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And disregard of duty, and she drips
Into his morning after with a jolt,
A potent pick-me-up that steals away
Its headache ere he is aware.

By Our Own Robert Burns.

John Barleycorn, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
My locks were like the raven,
I wasn't even bent.
But now that I am broken, John,
My bean is white as snow,
And you have left me in the lurch,
John Barleycorn, my jo.

By Our Own Thomas Gray.

The ballot tells the knell of parting
booze,
The thirsty herd walks slowly up
the ave.
The clubman homeward plods; he
cannot choose;
There is no one to say, "What will
you have?"

By Our Own Ralph Waldo Emerson.

If the red flicker thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They known of well the crooked ways
When voters vote and vote again.

By Our Own Dante Gabriel Rossetti

The lonely bartender looked out
From the bar of mahogany;
His thoughts were blacker than the
depth
Of the justly famed Black Sea;
A quart of brandy in his hand,
And the stars on the bottle were
three.

By Our Own Lewis Carroll.

'Twas Bourbon and the pol roget
Did pabst and goebel in the Stroh.
All absinthe was the dubonnet,
And the cilquot curacao.

By Our Own Robert Herrick.

I dare not ask a sip,
I dare not beg a snort,
Lest, having that, or this,
I might consume a quart.
No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss the girl
That lately swallowed thee.

By Our Own Ben Jonson.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will likewise drink;
Or slip a buck across the slab
And give the clerk a wink.

By Our Own Rudyard Kipling.

"What are the voters votin' for?" said
Nose-a-Ruby Red.
"To turn you out, to turn you out,"
the Colored Porter said.
"What makes you look so sad, so sad?"
said Nose-a-Ruby Red.
"Ah'm dreadin' what Ah've got to
watch," the Colored Porter said.

For they're hangin' Scotch-and-seltzer,
hear the soda-fountains play,
The regulars in every square are
mournin' him today;
They've taken of his chaser off an' cut
green stripes away.
An' they're hangin' Scotch-an'-seltzer
in the mornin'.

By Our Own John G. Whittier.

Blessings on thee, little man,
For you used to rush the can.

By Our Own John Howard Payne.

'Mid serveselfs and restaurants though
we may roam,
Whenever we're thirsty, there's no
place like home.
A cellar of stuff we have hidden out
there,
Which, seek through Detroit, is no'er
met with elsewhere.

By Our Own Alfred Tennyson.

You must wake and call me bevo, call
me bevo, mother, dear;
Tomorrow will be the driest time of
all the sad New Year;
Of all the sad New Year, mother, the
bonest driest day;
For I'm to be queen of the May, moth-
er, I'm to be queen of the May.



Any Way You Turn

you will find WRIGLEY'S. Everybody thinks of WRIGLEY'S when chewing gum is mentioned. This is the result of years of effort to give mankind the benefits and enjoyment of this low-cost sweetmeat.

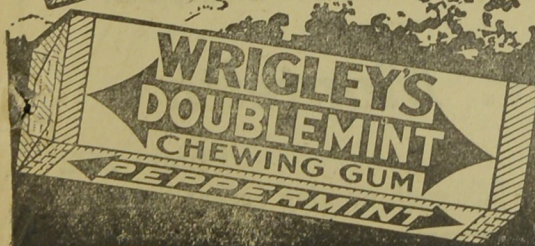
WRIGLEY'S helps appetite and digestion—allays thirst—renews vigour.

MADE IN CANADA

Sealed tight—
Kept right



The Flavour Lasts!



"After
every
meal"