

SOLDIER BOY AND THE LONG DISTANCE CALL

Telephone booths at the station were crowded with hurried customers impatiently waiting for the Woman Who Saw waited her turn. No one waits for telephone service with very good grace and every one was glaring at the others and at the operators almost menacingly.

Timidly a soldier edged his way toward the switchboard. He did not seem cowed by the hostile glances always directed at a new competitor in the waiting line. In fact he did not seem conscious of any one save the operator. His expression told that she held some terrible secret that could make or unmake his soul.

The angry glances of the rest of us gradually changed to kindly curiosity. Few persons in New York, even in the rush of making telephone calls, can resist taking time to "find out."

He was only a boy although a full fledged soldier, not more than 18 years old. His clothes were the rough "issue" clothes of a private and his hat cord was a dusty blue. Perhaps if he had been taller or older he wouldn't have had such an appeal to us impatient waiters.

Gradually those of the crowd nearest the switchboard drew back to let him have his call first. The anxiety in the boy's face could not entirely conceal his homesickness and loneliness.

Now he was face to face with the fate deciding operator. He hesitated, swallowed, and seemed about to turn away. But no, with another swallow he asked:

"How much does it cost to call up Albany?"

"Ninety cents for three minutes,"

replied the girl and she did not snap it.

Another pause and another swallow as if he was going to confide to her something of great importance, and then, gulping to keep back the tears, he was gone so quickly that no one could follow him.

The men and women about the booths stared at one another helplessly, forgetful of their hurry to put in calls. Some one sighed and at that the operator spoke:

"That kid has been hanging around here all day. Just now got up nerve to ask what he wanted to know."

"By George," he exclaimed the cross-looking man, and started to rush out into the waiting room, his hand on his pocket.

"No, you can't do that," said another, "you'd hurt his feelings."

It was true, of course, and we all started again uncomfortably.

The cross-looking man recovered himself and spoke to the operator, somewhat jerkily:

"Here," and he handed her a dollar, "if he should come back again, tell him you made a mistake. Tell him something—tell him there's a special rate for soldiers—or anything."

"Sure thing," said the girl, and the Woman Who Saw knew by the service pin she wore that she would, if she had a chance.

Creosote oil, a product of the distillation of wood, has been found by the Forest Products Laboratories to be an efficient substitute for southern pine oil in the flotation process of separating minerals.

EVEN TOOK UP GOLF IN EFFORT TO GET THIN

"There's no fool like an old fool," Mrs. McGee, said Mrs. Corrigan. "I've since I've gained in flesh me gurruls have been ather me to reduce me weight. I dieted. I would take a light breakfast, such as ham an' eggs, and I gave up cornbeef and cabbage, and would ate pie or cake only want a day. Gloriana wanted me to give up potatoes, but I threw the line at that. But 'twas no use. I grew heavier all the time."

"Thin these gurruls said I should exercise more, and I tried rowlin' over on the flure until the tinants below us was tellin' all over the neighborhood av the terrible fights goin' on bechune me an' Malachy. Ya see, they came up wan time when I was ixercisin' and Malachy had to help me to the feet."

"Last week the gurruls told me that if I would play golf 'twould take off some av me exthra weight. I fought agin the iday, an' axed thim why I should worry about me. weight wid meself bein' in sich good health, wid an appytite that Rockyfeller would give a million dollars for."

"But they kept ather me until, like the old fool that I am, I went out to take me first lesson in golf."

"Shure, 'tis a foolish game. There was tin times as much fun in shinny, as they played it whin we were young. Mrs. McGee, Malachy says shinny is to dangerous a game for those that play golf, so they've substituted a sort av solitaire shinny."

"Well, I bated the ball, an' was walkin' along the meadow whin, lo an' behold ye, a ball goes whizzin' by widin' an' inch av me head!"

"An' old man, dressed up like a tin year old kid, wid short pants on, came runnin' up, his face as pale as death."

"Did the ball hit ye?" he ses. "Did ye knock that ball? I asks him."

"Yis ma'am, but I called out four!" he answers.

"Thin I'll call out tin,' ses I, an' graps hold av me club, an' starts for the old fool, but the gurruls comes up an' pacifies me."

"Thin the old felly—he had a glibe tongue an' was a regular judge on the binch—injures the gurruls an' meself to go over to the rayfactory an' I had a good feed, windin' up wid ice cream an' cake, so that golf, instead of ray-jusin', added a couple av pounds to me weight."

MARYSVILLE HAPPENINGS

Marysville, Sept. 14—The funeral of the late Frank J. Smith took place yesterday afternoon and was largely attended. Services were conducted at the home and grave by Rev. E. J. Barrass, pastor of the Olivette Baptist Church and interment was made in the Methodist Cemetery.

The annual meeting of the young men's Hallett Bible Class of the Main Street Baptist Sunday School was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Tapley last evening, with a good attendance. An election of officers was held which resulted as follows: Teacher and Chairman of Visiting Committee, Mr. G. A. Tapley; President, H. R. Pettigrove; Vice-President, Miles O. White; Secretary, Eldon Daggett; Treasurer, E. S. Pettigrove; Chairman Social Committee, J. McP. Peterson. After the completion of the business of the meeting an enjoyable time was spent socially.

Rev. J. B. Daggett has purchased an Overland Touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Smith of Bangor are here having been called by the death of Mr. Frank Smith.

Mrs. Lowther and daughters and grandchild Master Earl L. Wade have returned to Calais after visiting relatives here.

Mr. J. R. McConnell has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pope left yesterday by auto for St. John.

Considerable excitement was aroused yesterday afternoon by the arrest of two soldiers on a charge of drunkenness. The soldiers proceeded part way to the lock-up quietly, but upon nearing their destination they put up a stiff resistance and the town marshal with the assistance of others finally placed the men behind the bars.

Seager Wheeler, the noted Saskatchewan wheat grower, has developed a variety of wheat that is claimed to mature ten days earlier than the famous Marquis wheat, and is, therefore, practically immune from rust and early frost on the prairies.

The Kaiser's heir has had his rabbit-face sprained two inches out of plumb from looking over his shoulder.

THE GREAT WAR THE ADVENTURE PAR EXCELLENCE

Minneapolis Journal.

If the war in the West is a thing of vast mechanism, with the exception of the war in the air, the war in the East becomes more and more a failure of romantic adventures and extraordinary exploits.

The adventure of the Czecho-Slavs in Siberia and the Urals is one of the marvels. And now we hear of a British force that has made its way to the Caspian Sea and captured Baku, the great oil city, one of the prizes of all Asia.

The British have been the great adventuring race of history. English, Irish, Welsh and Scottish, to what region have they not penetrated, lured by hope of gold or by pure lust of novelty. And now the confusion of the East is such as to invite bold strokes and desperate ones. There may be new Clives and Chinese Gordons, and when the Americans get into the field of the East new Sam Houstons and Fremonts, Bowies and Boones.

The Germans sneered at the first British effort in Mesopotamia which resulted in the surrender at Kut of General Townsend—they called it an application of the sport idea to a serious military problem. But before they have finished in the East the Germans will be laughing out of the other side of their mouths. For the conditions there developing will fit the sport idea perfectly.

The man who will take a long chance with insufficient means, but with tremendous energy and perfect fearlessness, will likely be he who can surmount events and play the dazzling part.

And the patient, painstaking, mass-thinking German is not the man to become the desperate guerilla leader, the hard-riding chief of a band, the successful commander of a forlorn hope. Not a bit of it. The German is either a soldier in line, kicked by his officer into the fight, or a strategist in a quiet place bending over maps. He is good at his kind of warfare. But it is not his kind that is developing in the East from the Ukraine to Lake Balkal, from the Murman Coast to the Caspian.

The Anglo-Saxon, American and British, is out on adventure again. He is a temperamental frontiersman, constitutional gambler with fate. The blood of the Viking is in him, the passion for something new. The leash of convention is off his neck, and he leaps forth to action.

It is going to be a grand story in the East, of desperate chances, hairbreadth escapes, personal achievements, marvel upon marvel. The German has awakened the Anglo-Saxon from a long sleep.

CURING SKIN TROUBLES

So many people, both men and women, suffer from skin troubles, such as eczema, blotches, pimples and irritation that a word of advice is necessary. It is a great mistake for such sufferers and those with bad complexions to smear themselves with greasy ointments. Often they could not do anything worse, for the grease clogs the pores of the troubled skin and their condition actually becomes worse.

When there are pimples or eruptions, or an irritating or itching rash, a soothing boracic solution may help to allay the irritation, but of course that does not cure the trouble. Skin complaints come from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is thoroughly purified. It is well known that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have effected the best results in many forms of skin disorders and blemishes. This is due to the fact that these pills make new, rich blood, and that this new blood attacks the impurities that give rise to skin troubles and disperses them; so that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure skin disorders from within the system—the only sure way.

It should be added that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a beneficial effect upon the general health. They increase the appetite and energy and cure diseases that arise from impure blood.

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

In Washington, according to one newspaper report, "at noon a huge sign summons the people to pause in their work and pray for the victory of America in the war." Fancy being summoned to pray by a siren! They must have reformed since Ulysses' day.

The German is a bad winner and a worse loser. Kultur and sportsmanship are as far apart as Polaris and Canopus.

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