

WITHOUT PURE BLOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE

Owing to the faulty action of the kidneys and liver, the blood becomes filled with disease germs that imperil health.

The first warnings are backache, dizziness, headache and lack of energy. Act quickly if you would avoid the terrible ravages of chronic kidney complaint. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today; they cure kidney and liver troubles for all time to come. No medicine relieves so promptly, cures so thoroughly. For good blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, use that grand health-bringing medicine, Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c. box to-day.

Enquiries Answered

(Continued from page 2.)

per ton laid down New Brunswick points, car lots, in bags, \$1.50 per ton extra for barrels.

Q. 3. Has it been sold and if so, to whom, at what price and on what terms?

Answer—Nelles & Clarke, Woodstock, 120 tons; Fraser Lumber Co.,

Plaster Rock, 140 tons; A. J. Jensen, Salmonhurst, 28 tons; C. E. Gallagher, Bath, 25 tons; Porter, Mazer, Ltd., Perth, 200 tons; G. C. Stothart, New-castle, 200 tons; George Suthery, Red Rapids, 55 tons; Jas. Burgess & Sons, Grand Falls, 50 tons; Rev. C. J. Cyrr, Papper Pokemouche, 25 tons; E. A. Schofield, Hampton, 30 tons; C. H. Peters' Sons, Ltd., St. John, 30 tons; A. L. Tracey, Fredericton Junction, 25 tons; Perry E. Wright, Arthurette, 1 ton; C. F. Campbell, Cupid, 5 tons; Geo. Wright, Arthurette, 1½ tons; E. T. Campbell, Arthurette, 8 tons. The last four mentioned paid cash. The others bought under agreement to meet draft with bill of lading attached and all drafts have been met.

Q. 4. If any of this fertilizer has been sold to dealers, was any arrangement made with them as to the price at which it should be resold to a consumer?

Answer—No arrangement was made re price to consumer when the fertilizer was sold to dealers, except this same material was offered to every Agricultural Society in New Brunswick at the same price and on the same terms.

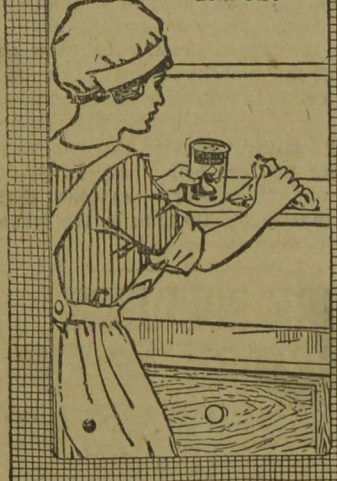
Q. 5. Did the government cause any analysis of the fertilizer to be made before making purchase? If so, by whom, and what was the result of such analysis?

Answer—The government made a careful inquiry through the chemist at the Sugar Company, Chatham, Ont., the Agricultural College, Guelph, and the Fertilizer Division at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, before purchasing. No definite analysis was made. A guarantee of analysis was given by the company and the value of the guarantee was ascertained through the bank. An analysis to ascertain that the guarantee was lived up to has been made. The guarantee was 3 per cent nitrogen and 6 per cent phosphoric acid, both 85c per cent to 95 per cent available; 5 per cent potash, 100 per cent water soluble. The official analysis shows: Nitrogen, 3.15 per cent available, phosphoric acid, 6.77; water soluble potash, 5.87.



Old Dutch

You Will Be Proud of your pantry if you use Old Dutch.
It keeps things clean and bright with very little labor.



"Well, you see, sir, it's this way. Where I got the rum God only knows, and He won't squeal on a pal. So I'm afraid I won't be able to tell you."

SOMEBODY OUGHT TO WIN.

Captain T. F. McMahon of the Irish Guards, tells of meeting a Tommy stuck in the mud up to his waist, and unable to get out. "I spoke to him once," said the captain. "He was on a dark apology of a road, outside a French village, where we were collected. And so he did not answer. I spoke to him again. And still he did not answer. Then I spoke to him the third time and, not answering my question at all, he looked up, uttering weariness in his voice, and asked me: 'Say, sir, but don't you think it is time somebody won this war?'"

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable, regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COCK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Winkler).



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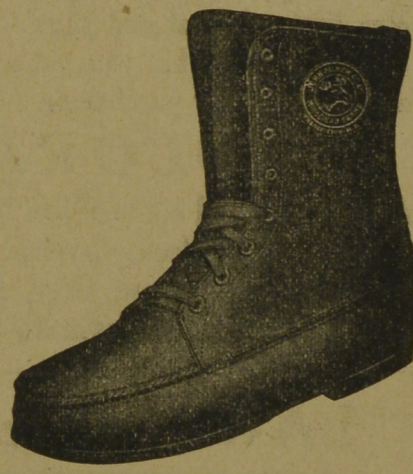
The Mail now has every facility for turning out High Class Job Printing work and there is no longer any reason why manufacturers, merchants and others should send their orders out of town.

Give us a trial order and be convinced.

We have a new office and up-to-date machinery, all run by electric power, and can turn out work promptly and efficiently. If you have a job of printing call up No. 67 and we will do the rest.

The Mail Printing Co

327-329 Queen Street, Up Town



Palmer's Moose Head Brand Shoepacks, Moccasins, Summer Packs, Sporting and Trench Boots.

Our goods are all hand made from genuine Oil-Tanned Waterproof Leather, tanned in our own Tannery.

The enviable reputation our Trench Boots have gained through the Gruelling Tests of War in the Trenches of France and Belgium testify to the high standard of our products.

John Palmer Company, Limited

Fredericton, N. B.

Canada's Largest and Oldest Manufacturers of Oil-Tanned Waterproof Footwear. Free catalogue on request.



ONE DOSE RELIEVES A COLD—NO QUININE

Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until you have taken three doses, then all gripe misery goes and your cold will be broken. It promptly opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of the head; stops nasty discharge or nose running; relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling. Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store.

Real West Canadian Fur

THOSE who have never had the privilege of seeing a wild fox in the full glory of his winter clothing cannot begin to form a conception of the beauty of the dress. In the foothills and mountains of western Canada these animals reach practically the same perfection they do in the bitter cold of the Arctic. Some people claim they possess a more showy coat because they generally fare better.

The ordinary dweller of the cities pictures a fox as an indefinite red creature something like a wolf or a dog, but possessing a big tail. They know a fox is called red generally, but they do not know the shade. Those people who have seen foxes in cages also cannot appreciate the vast difference between the captive and the free.

The true wild fox in winter is a wonderful creature of soft blendings of bright gold, cream, the purest of white, the sharpest of black. Every hair shines with life and vigor, and the brush is a magnificent appendage which would make a true cross-country fox-hunter kill an Irish hunter to obtain.

A splendid type of red fox trotted up the snow-covered ice of the headwaters of the Red Deer River in Alberta. He heard the sound of splintering shell-ice and he paused to listen. Far ahead some Stoney Indians, returning from their big annual game drive to the Clearwater and the Saskatchewan were crossing southward, their ponies laden with the meat of bear and deer and moose. They were bound for their homes in Morley, thirty miles distant, where they would sit in comfort in the warm log cabins for the remainder of the winter, going out perhaps only to feed their saddle horses or to pose in their blankets on the Canadian Pacific Railway platforms for the benefit of any tourists who might be travelling.

The fox took to the brush. It was high noon; clouds had rolled down from the peaks and soft new snow was falling. Crossing another bend of the river he came to a river flat where the body of a dead horse lay. He was as cautious as any fox but he



was confident that no harm lay in the meat of this carcass because on the preceding night he had slunk by while coyotes made the darkness ring with their unpleasant bickering over the feast. So, picking out a choice part of the neck he ate, and then went on.

But sometime during that morning a hunter in the district had "salted" portions of the dead animal. He had heard the coyotes at it and he had been waiting for just that development, knowing that after their caution had been blunted by one feed they would be back again and he would be able to harvest some fur. By and by he came to inspect his "bait." He saw the fox tracks in the

fresh snow and he followed, but not far. In a wooded dell where the spruces and birches gloomed and sparkled, at the foot of an open, snow-filled coulee he spied his catch. It was dead, its toes turned up as is usual with the victims of strychnine. Its shining red and white and black coat, its huge, soft brush, were as striking points of beauty as anything else in that ermine covered, green and silver studded spot of northern beauty. But the hunter was material. He was pleased because he had promised a girl in New York that when he returned home from his holiday in the foothill hunting country he would bring her some real Canadian fur.