



The British Navy Has Stood The Test

That Great Navy Has Kept the German Flag out of London.

It Has Kept the German Flag off the American Continent.

It Has Prevented the Invasion of Our Shores by the Hun Murderer.

It Has Earned Sustenance and Help to Our Boys Fighting Liberty's Battle.

We Are Dependent Upon the Heroes of the Forecastle.

CAN THEY DEPEND UPON US ?

Thursday September, 12th is the Date Set to Show Our Gratitude to the Heroes of the Forecastle.

Four years they have faced whatever fate has befallen them.

15000 of them sleep beneath the waste of waters, and thousands of families suffer the deprivation of poverty because of the murder upon the High Seas of Bread-winners:

The Navy League of Canada made an appeal for the dependents of sailors, those who have gone down, and those who still brave mine and U-boat for our sakes.

Fredericton has set aside Sept. 12th. to raise funds for the League.

GIVE UNTIL IT HURTS

Help to swell the Pension Fund for the Dependents of Merchant Marine Seamen.

YANKEE DOUGHBOY TAKES UNKINDLY TO THE CENSOR

The Stars and Stripes, Official Organ Publishes an Acid Appreciation of the Censor's Activity---Military Stuff is Clipped Out of the Letter---How the Trick is Done by Different Officers

The free and breezy Yankee doughboy takes unkindly to the censor; it appears from a sarcastic script recently prepared by one of his number for the doughboy's official newspaper The Stars and Stripes. It is an acid appreciation of the gentlest activity called forth by the great war. Here it is:

"This pamphlet was prepared by an unreserved buck who joined the colors to make the w. s. for d., but remained to have his innermost thoughts cut to hellangone by a lot of Reserve Shave-tails—such as the one that wrote in here not long ago about the correspondents of the A. F. E.

"1. Lieut. Ogleburg is stricter than a Sunday school superintendent with a lot of young folks out on an annual picnic. He learned the censorship regulations by heart when they were first issued, and they have grown on him. The way he wants you to write letters, he doesn't want to have your family or your girls know you're in the army at all or that there's a war going on. If you write about going on guard he says you mustn't say that you do two hours on and four hours off. He probably figures it out that if the Germans knew that they'd lam over a lot of shells from an airplane just the time the relief was going around.

"2. Lieut. Plattsidan is even worse. Besides clipping the military stuff out of your letters—thus raising hoo with the stuff on the other side—he takes it into his hands to correct your grammar to dot your i's and cross your t's for you. That might come in handy if you were writing to a professor or somebody that was educated, but if you're writing to a girl, what good does it do you? Besides, the only chance a soldier has got to be sloppy, to give his mind a rest and not bother about being correct, is when he's writing letters, so why not let him go the limit?

"3. Lieut. Uphank has a trick of refusing to cut things out, but calling you into his billet, showing you what's wrong or what he thinks is wrong, and then asking you to rewrite it with

the hush stuff left out. He says that's by far the better way, because then the folks when they get your letters don't think they're being cheated out of any inside dope on the war, but believe they're getting all there is to be got. But the result is that you never get around to rewriting the letter.

"4. Lieut. Yap-Devons has one man hip on censoring—the criticism of superior officers. To give an illustration Bill Bromley in my shack, was rushing the same girl I was back in the States, and I didn't know how to come back at him. Finally I wrote to the girl's married sister and said that Bill was a big cheese. The first thing I knew the idiot had me on the carpet.

"What for? says I. 'Criticism of superior officers, says he. It seems I'd forgot all along that Bill was a first class private.

"5. Lieut. Dix is a suspicious son of a gun. If you throw in any French phrases—even innocent ones like cognac—into a letter, just to let the girl know your making progress with the languages and customs of the country he calls you in and wants to know where you got it He says that all mail matter written in a foreign language can't be handled by him, but has got to go down to the base censor.

"6. But Lieut. Lee-Meade is the best one of the bunch. I'm his orderly, so he knows me well enough to know I don't know anything, much less any military information, and couldn't spell the name of the town we're in much less pronounce it. So when I hand him a letter of mine he says: 'Sure there isn't any rough stuff in this?' 'Sure, Lieutenant,' says I. 'Sure now' he says, 'because if there is they'll be coming back on me.' There isn't a thing I wouldn't tell my mother,' says I (the letter being written to her). So he says, 'Awri,' and puts his John Hancock on the last page and on the envelope and off she goes in time to catch the afternoon mail load. If there were more Loots like him there'd be a lot more letters written in the A. E. F."

AN EGG LAYING CONTEST IN P.E.I.

Prince Edward Island is going to produce more eggs to the square foot than any other province in the Dominion. Already eggs are one of the big exports, and the Island is bound to make it bigger.

To further this patriotic ambition, an egg-laying contest is being staged at the Experimental Farm, Charlottetown. It is conducted by the Experimental Farm System Poultry Division. It starts November 1st and will continue for eleven months.

The contest will be open to birds from anywhere in America, but accommodation is made for only 20 pens of eight birds, or 160 birds in all. The first 20 applications will be the ones accepted.

There will be two classes, Class No. 1, light breeds, and Class No. 2, heavy breeds.

Full information, including rules and regulations, application form, etc., may be secured by applying to Superintendent, Experimental Farm, Charlottetown, where the contest is being held, or to the Dominion Poultry Husbandman, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

PRIVATE DANNY DESCRIBES THE WAR IN FRANCE

(Chicago News.)

War is a funny thing after all. And sometimes when you're in it you never think about it at all except that soldiering is more like being on a great camping out party than anything else.

People back home I guess have got the idea that just as soon as a soldier lands in France he jumps right into a trench and he lasts about four days there before he gets bumped off.

Shooting a gun and letting somebody take a shot at you is only a small part of running a war. It takes about five men to keep a fighting man going, but even the fighting men themselves are right up in the front line only a small part of the time.

Then too, it takes an awful lot of shooting and shells to kill a man. Unless you just happen to be where there is a big push or a bad battle on, there ain't more'n one-tenth of the killing that people think there is. Most of the boys here are going to get back home all right, so people don't need to worry quite so much as they been doing.

Last night I got thinking about this whole business. Here we was in reserve, about six or seven miles from the fighting front line, and the moon was out and crickets and bull frogs was singing along the little river that runs through this town. And up on the hill there was a lot of fellows gathered singing old songs and down the other way a dozen or so soldiers was following a ukelalay that some soldier was playing.

Once in a while you would pass a soldier walking with some French girl—and she might just as easy as not be a girl from home.

Over by the hospital a regimental band was giving a concert in the moon light, and there on a doorstep a boy

WANTED

WANTED—First or second class female teacher, apply stating salary expected to C. L. Grant Secretary School Trustees, Grand View, York Co.

WANTED—Experienced accountant for our St. John plant; an excellent chance for advancement with large concern having numerous branches throughout Canada and United States. Apply by letter, giving age, experience and salary desired. Address R. T. Purdy, Booth Fisheries Co., Eastport, Me. 7-8 61

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.

AGENTS WANTED—\$1,000. You can make it in your county with our fast selling Combination Cooker. One salesman banks \$388.55 the first month. Another agent sells 20 in two hours. Others cleaning up \$10 daily. No capital necessary. Goods shipped to reliable men on time. Territory going fast. Write quick to secure your field. Combination Products Co., Foster, Que.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Pure-bred and grade Holstein cows and calves, horses, pigs, poultry, turkeys, bees, also incubator and brooder. Apply to Mrs. E. W. Darcus, Fredericton. Phone 3300-62.

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.

LOST—From an auto, between Fredericton and Hawshaw, a spring overcoat, dark in color. Finder will please leave at the Mail Office.

PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

To the next of kin and creditors of Helenora Hanson, late of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, widow, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

THE Administrator of the above deceased intestate, having filed his accounts in this Court, and asked to have the same passed and allowed and an order for distribution made,

You are hereby cited to attend, if you so desire, at the passing of same at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York, at my office, in the said City of Fredericton, on Wednesday, the eighteenth day of September, A. D. 1918, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when the said accounts will be passed upon and an order for distribution made.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of August, A. D. 1918.

(Sgd.) F. H. PETERS,
Judge of Probate, pro hac vice.
(Sgd.) JAMES HOLLAND,
Registrar of Probates.
(Sgd.) McLELLAN & HUGHES,
Proctors.

PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK.

To the devisees, legatees and creditors of Margaret Ryan, late of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, widow, deceased, and all others whom it may concern:

THE executors of the last will of the above named deceased, having filed their accounts in this court, and asked to have the same passed and allowed and order for distribution made:

You are hereby cited to attend if you so desire, at the passing of same at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of York, at my office in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on FRIDAY, the Sixth Day of September next, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the said accounts will be passed and order for distribution made.

Given under my hand this thirty-first day of July, A. D. 1918.

(L.S.) (Sgd.) PETER J. HUGHES,
Judge of Probate for the County of York.
(Sgd.) JAMES HOLLAND,
Registrar of Probates for the County of York.

from home was sitting talking to an old French grandmother—and even if it was kinda dark she was sewing a button on his blouse. Just as I strolled by a little kiddie come out and sat in his lap just as natural as if she had been his own little sister.

Then from away off came the echo of a bugle calling men back to their quarters. The day's work was done and it was time to go home to bed.

You could see the moonlight on the river as you crossed the bridge—almost as old as the hills around this town. And the river and the moon reflected in it looked just like rivers and moons do way off in the States.

And yet all this was a part of war—the part that people back home don't seem to understand about.

Frazier Hunt.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A reliable regulating medicine. Each 12 large doses of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$3 per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Walker.)

