

**Quickly Cuts
Burnt-in Grease**
from the range and all
cooking utensils.

That means your labor
will be lessened and
your kitchen
brightened.

Never
harms
your
hands.

**Old Dutch
Cleanser**


Wearever Aluminum Ware

COOKING UTENSILS are HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES.

They are light in weight, bright as silver, absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no enamel plating to flake or wear off. They will not burn or scorch food as readily as other utensils. There are no joints, seams or solder to leak and give trouble. The Wearever trade mark means safety, saving, service. Let your next utensil be a wearever.

LAWLOR & CAIN

USE OUR HARDWARE—IT STANDS HARD WEAR.



OUR FALL STOCK OF
Boots and Shoes
FOR MEN AND WOMEN IS
ARRIVING DAILY.

Also a complete line of MACKIN-AWS, FALL CAPS, HEAVY WORK PANTS, STANFIELD'S UNDER-WEAR and BOYS' SCHOOL BOOTS.

Our Store closes at 6.30 every evening except Saturday.

James Monteith
St. Mary's Street - - - North Devon.
Across the river from Fredericton.

Electric Wiring

For Light and Power

Telephones, Bells, Watchmen's Clocks, Annunciators, Burglar Alarm Systems, etc.

Lighting Plants Installed in Isolated Places. We carry a large as-

sortment of Electric Fix-

tures and Heating

Appliances.

Estimates submitted without charge.

W. Allen Staples

634 Queen St. Opp. Court House

Advertise in the Mail

and get results

A SENTRY'S DUTY VERY DANGEROUS

A war experience never forgotten is that of the sentry on duty for the first time. James Hodson in the London Daily Mail describes it as follows:

"Are ye coming up?" asked Robin. I nodded. "Gie us your hand, then laddie. It's slippy." I took his hand, leaned my rifle and bayonet in the corner of the frestep and scrambled up. I was facing the enemy for the first time.

The night was dark. I could not make out the dim things, sticks or trees or men—impossible to tell which—ten yards away. There were the same popping Verrey lights making the same arcs of gold, the same venomous cracks of snipers rifles, the same rattle of machine guns that have been described so often.

"Man said Robin, 'but y're tall.' I looked down at his face. 'The taller ye are the more chance ye ha' o' bein' hit.' I almost smiled. A bullet cracked near us and bits of dirt stung our faces. That's a richt, laddie," said Robin. "As Baden-Powell once said to me, 'if ye hear 'em y're a richt. If ye don't hear 'em—then ye maun begin to feel where y're hit.'

"If ye hear the crack of the bullet, you mean, you are safe?" I said. "Just so," said Robin, "ye'll ne'er hear the one that kills ye."

We were quiet for a long time. Then, "As I was saying," continued Robin, "the taller ye are—" "Yes," I said, "I understand that." "Though, mind ye," added Robin, thoughtfully "ye ha' a chance o' bein' hit through the shoulder. A little devil like me whose head just pops over the top would be sure to be hit if the head,

and wounds if the head"—he wagged his head—"mean no poo—fini."

Bullets Crack Past

Another bullet or two cracked past. We could see the flash of the rifle. Three hundred yards away it was, Robin whispered. "Have a go back," said Robin, laying his rifle along the parapet and taking aim on the spot where the flash came from. I followed suit. "Wait till he fires agen," said Robin. "and then gie him five rapid." We did. The sniping ceased for a time. "Does anybody ever get hit?" I questioned. "That a joke?" asked Robin, and then, "Not so many on sentry go. All the way from the sea to Switzerland our lads are standin' up to be shot at. So is Fritz. It's just luck laddie."

And then as if to mock us, came the cry "stretcher bearers! Stretcher bearers!" from the right. No cry of pain though. We passed the message on, and soon shadowy figures hurried past. All quiet again. In ten minutes my pal "Billywit" came. "It's Spencer he said, 'two bays down. Right thorough the head. Only been up half an hour.'"

"It's all luck, laddie," said Robin. "I'll've been doin' this job six months Spencer's first half hour. Blast ye!" he said softly, looking straight to his front.

"Feel jumpy?" asked Robin when we were relieved. "Not exactly," I said "but I was glad to get down. Spencer—you know—" He nodded, and then in a moment, "It's a funny game. Like aimin' at coco-nuts; 'cept if ye score a hit ye don't know—an if ye get hit maybe ye don't know either."

DON'T NEED FIELD GLASSES TO SPOT 'EM

(New York Herald)

Among the spoils of war recovered by the American soldiers in their victorious fighting through the Chateau Thierry region are numerous pairs of fine binoculars hastily discarded by German officers. In some sections where the Yankees had made a sudden attack and Fritz had been obliged to move "tout de suite" it seemed to have been raining field glasses when the victors reached the scene.

A canteen worker attached to one of the Y.M.C.A. huts near the front was talking with a "hard guy" in olive drab. The "hard guy" was from East St. Louis, and judging from his conversation, he had been one of the social leaders of the town.

"Why is it," said the Red Triangle man, "that the Germans throw away so many pairs of binoculars when they get ready to beat it? The glasses weigh practically nothing, and as they are attached to a strap hung around the neck they wouldn't be any trouble to carry. I can understand a soldier shedding his overcoat, knapsack, rifle or tin hat if he was in a hurry to get thither from hither, but why unload an article that is expensive and hard to get at any price when it is as small and light as a pair of field glasses?"

"Listen bo," replied the East St. Louis soldier. "Them Huns ain't taking no sucker play when they cans them field cheaters. They know something, does them Heinies. After going against us Yanks a couple of times they savvy that they ain't goin to need no glasses to see us 'cause we're goin to be right on topa 'em. No, sir; when they was chasin' them Roosians all over the map over on the east front

MUCH DISTRESS AND UNREST IN GERMANY

(Boston Record)

There is an epidemic of stories of increasing unrest in Germany. They come from the Hague, from Amsterdam, from many places. Newspapers print them because they come through accredited news channels, and they are news. But very soon we shall hear the sly whisper: "Germany is going to break up! There won't be much need for a big American army—there won't be any German government to fight much longer. Germany is at the end of its rope."

Germany is not breaking up, and it is not at the end of its rope. Every bit of reliable evidence is to the contrary. Germany is in too deep to give up. Until Germany is beaten.

There is distress in Germany. There are evils abroad in that land, and there is tragedy walking side by side with youth and age. The babies of Germany are drinking bitter milk and the tongues of maidens are not lisp-ing those things that spring to the lips of youth when love is king. Youth itself is a crabbed and wining thing in Germany, and pers into dark by-ways. Old age shifts uneasily from its chimney corner, and the beard of the grandfather is not whiter than the face beside. The moon in Germany sheds no silver romance across linden shaded walks, nor does the sunshine sing of the beauty of God. There is distress in Germany.

But in the heart of the German government there is a stone of hate, and about it flows an icy flood. There is a wall about Germany higher and thicker than that which the soldier's eyes see day by day; and there are trenches across the Fatherland more perilous than those in Picardy. The ramparts of German hatred for humanity are the bastions which isolate that land of tragedy wherein stalks distress and whence come whispers of despair.

Against the towers of the Hun the shafts of a free world must yet be levelled, and this until they fall and the place thereof shall be cleansed by the march of the legions of liberty.

MEDICAL ADVICE

"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

"I went there to collect a bill."

Middle aged men who say they feel as young as they ever did, usually have forgotten how young they used to feel.

they had to have glasses to see their prey, but they ain't no guy in the Boche army that is so near sighted he won't see us Americans if he just sticks around. What them birds figures they need is speed, not glasses. And take it from me, that ain't bad figuring either."

A large shipment of records
just arrived
Grafonolas on easy terms

E. O. MacDonald
Music Store 560 Queen Street

Palm-Olive Goods

Soap, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Face Powder, Talcum Powder. Just received.

—AT—

WILEY'S PHARMACY, York St.

BEANS

Yellow Eye Beans, Hand Picked Pea

Beans, Quebec Yellow Beans, at

Lowest Market Rates.

G. W. HODGE

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. 1 Shore Street.

MARITIME ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Daily Mail

Will be sent to any address in
New Brunswick,
For One Year
for

Two Dollars

Payable in advance

No Advance in Price



**MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT**

The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Best Liniment Made
MR. A. E. LAUNDY, EDMONTON, writes:—
"I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."

Minard's Liniment always gives satisfaction. For any ache or pain, it gives instant relief.

Minard's Liniment
Co., Limited
Yarmouth, - - N.S.