

## WANTED

WANTED—Furnished rooms for the accommodation of the Chin-Chin Co., on Monday, Oct. 14th. Leave name and address at the Safety Theatre box office.

WANTED—Fifty men to work in the lumber woods. Apply to Mr. Cameron at Howard Rogers Co. store, King st., for particulars.

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

WANTED—Second class female teacher for school district No. 3. Apply, stating salary, to Charles E. Connors, Secretary, Cork Station, York Co., N. B.

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.

## FOR SALE

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

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

## IN THE PROBATE COURT, COUNTY OF YORK,

In the matter of the Estate of Richard Billings, late of Central Hainesville, in the County of York, Farmer, deceased.

THERE will be sold at public auction at Fredericton, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1913, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to an order of the Probate Court in and for the County of York, in the Province of New Brunswick aforesaid, issued the 31st day of July, A. D. 1913, licensing the sale of the Real Estate of the said Richard Billings, deceased, the same being in the petition therefor bounded and described as follows:

"All those certain tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Hainesville Settlement, in the County of York, the first tract beginning at a stake placed on the south-easterly side of the Settlement Road in the westerly angle of land heretofore allocated to Alexander Dunn by the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company; and thence running by the magnet south 41 degrees east one hundred chains of four poles each; thence south 70 degrees west twenty-six chains and seventy links; thence north 41 degrees west one hundred chains to the Settlement Road above mentioned; and thence 70 degrees east twenty six chains and seventy links to the place of beginning, containing two hundred and fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lots 21, 22 and the southwesterly half of lot 23, southeast range Upper Hainesville; save and except out of the above described lands and premises, a certain portion thereof being half of lots 22 and 23, conveyed by the said Richard Billings to David Billings by deed dated the 25th day of December, A. D. 1822, recorded in Book G-4 of the York County Records, pages 169 and 170. Save and except also a lot containing fifty acres deeded by said Richard Billings to Peleg Billings by deed dated April 6th, A. D. 1883, recorded in Book L-4, pages 407 and 408, being half of lot number 'twenty-one'."

Also "a one-half interest in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land and premises described as follows: One hundred acres of land situated, lying and being in the Parish of Douglas, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake placed in the south angle of a lot of land agreed to be sold to one John Harrington; thence running by the magnet of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven south forty-one degrees fifty minutes east one hundred chains of four poles each; thence south sixty-nine degrees twenty minutes west ten chains; thence north forty-one degrees forty minutes west one hundred chains; thence north sixty-nine degrees twenty minutes east ten chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and known as being a moiety or half part of the lots numbered respectively twenty-five and twenty-six on the north side of the Hanwell Settlement Road, being land granted to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company conveyed to said Leonard and Inch by one Hamilton Stewart and wife (see Book O, No. 2, pages 689 and 690.)"

For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to the undersigned Administrator or his Solicitor.

Dated this 9th day of October, A. D. 1913.

DOW BILLING,  
Administrator.  
E. ALLISON MACKAY,  
Solicitor for the said  
Administrator.

## EARTHQUAKE AT PORTO RICO

Havana, Oct. 12.—Widespread damage has been caused by an earthquake in Porto Rico, according to an unconfirmed report received here from Santiago. Many buildings are said to have been destroyed. The report fixes no definite locality and no loss of life is mentioned. Cable communication between Cuba and Porto Rico is badly hampered.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

To William Cruikshank, of the City of Fredericton, in the County of York and Province of New Brunswick, and Louise W. Cruikshank, his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirtieth day of April, 1909, and made between the aforesaid William Cruikshank and Louise W. Cruikshank, of the first part, and the undersigned, Mary Jane Moore, of the second part, and recorded in Book 139, page 426, of the York County Records, under official number 58153, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof be sold at public auction in front of the Post Office, in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on THURSDAY, the Thirty-first Day of October, 1913, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage, and described as:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the City of Fredericton aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the southeasterly side of Church street, 123 feet 6 inches from the corner of Church and George streets, thence along Church street northeasterly fifty feet; thence at right angles from Church street southeasterly 132 feet 9 inches, and parallel with George street, or until it strikes the northerly and westerly line of lands owned by George E. Fenety; thence at right angles along said Fenety line southeasterly 50 feet; and thence northerly on a line parallel with George street to Church street aforesaid, at the place of beginning."

Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Dated this 27th day of September, A. D. 1913.

(Sgd.) MARY JANE MOORE,  
Mortgagee.  
McLELLAN & HUGHES,  
Solicitors for the Mortgagee.

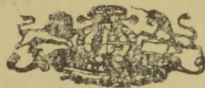


## MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 8th November, 1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the route Nictau and Plaster Rock, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of Nictau and Plaster Rock, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,  
Post Office Inspector.  
Post Office Inspector's Office,  
St. John, N. B., Sept. 23, 1913.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Vocational Building and alterations, etc., Military Hospitals, Fredericton, N. B." will be received until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, October 22, 1913, for the construction of Vocational Building, Boiler House, Disinfecting Plant, alterations to Old Government House and Ward, Unit "B," Military Hospital Buildings, Fredericton, N. B.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the offices of the Chief Architect, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, the Superintendent of Dominion Buildings, St. John, N. B., and the Superintendent of Military Hospitals, Fredericton, N. B.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with the conditions set forth therein. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 p.c. of the amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or war bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

By order,  
R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, October 9, 1913.

## TOO MUCH OPTIMISM.

This war will accomplish good; but the harm that war accomplishes is always greater than the good by far, and they who praise war seem to me too optimistic. They are as bad as the old beggar woman who said:

"I've a great deal to be thankful for, I've no teeth left, but then I have nothing to eat."

## BURTT &amp; CATERER

Wagons and Sleds Made and Repaired.

T. J. BURTT. H. CATERER  
All kinds of Jobbing Repairs.  
281 KING STREET

## EARLIER CLOSING OF THE RAILWAY FREIGHT SHEDS

## CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

Effective October 15.

In order to meet the demand of labor for an eight hour day, the Canadian Railway War Board has directed that, effective Oct. 15th, 1913, all railway freight sheds shall be opened for the receipt and delivery of freight on week days at 7.30 a.m. daily and closed at 5.00 p.m. daily except on Saturday, on which day the sheds shall be closed at 1 p.m.

The attention of the public is called to the above regulations which will become effective at Canadian Government Railways' stations on the date mentioned above.

## DANGERS OF THE NIGHT IN NO MAN'S LAND

By the time it grew dark our officers decided that something must have happened to the patrol. There came a call for volunteers to go out and search for them, says Tommy Kehoe, a 16-year-old British veteran in Boy's Life.

The party was composed of Bonesey and I and eight others. It was dangerous work, because the sky was clear; there was no fog and the moon was due in less than an hour. It was dark enough to hide us from the German trenches, but if the moon should come up in a clear sky we should have to come back in a hurry and more than likely the boches would drop us on the way.

It was rough going, because almost every square yard of the ground had been churned up by shells. Sometimes we sank to our ankles and as the earth was sticky it was hard to pull our feet out. Whenever the Germans sent up a light we dropped flat on the ground and lay there till it grew dark again.

Suddenly Bonesey dropped to the ground and pulled me down beside him.

"Boches," he whispered. The beggar's ears were as sharp as a bird dog's.

"I can't hear anything," I said. The rest of the patrol had followed our example, and were lying flat, too. We lay still for a full minute. I heard voices. The next moment I saw them. They were coming straight toward us.

Another moment and they were upon us—or rather we were upon them, for though they outnumbered us they were taken more by surprise. So that time we were winners, for there was no firing from trenches on either side for fear of hitting friend as well as foe. We all got in safely—and with a boche prisoner or two.

## 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 was not to 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.

## RUTHLESSNESS.

Ex-Ambassador Gerard was discussing Germans. "When a German," he said, "gets to talking about German supremacy, there's no reasoning with him. He's as unreasonable and pig-headed as the drug clerk."

A customer asked this drug clerk one hot day for a plain seltzer.

"Vot flavor?" asked the clerk, "vanilla, jogleate or vot?"

"No flavor," said the customer. "A plain one; without flavor—don't you understand?"

"Yah, I understand," said the clerk. "But vat flavor you vant him mitout mitout vanilla or mitout jogleate."

## THE HISTORIC CITY OF YPRES NOW A MASS OF RUINS

Once Had a Population of Hundreds of Thousands and Reckoned It's Wealth in Millions--Ruthless Work of Brutal Huns --Great Sacrifice Made in the Cause of Freedom.

"The City of Ghosts!" so Philip Gibbs, one of the best descriptive writers of the great war, has termed the ruins of Ypres. But the phrase is not his most felicitous. More aptly would the phrase have fitted the Ypres that I knew of old, or Bruges—"Bruges the Dead" of Rodenbach's uncanny symbolism.

There is nothing so dead as certain things wherein life still lingers. Bruges in those dear days before the Teuton flooded into Flanders was a beautiful dead thing; its glorious old life of the age of the merchant princes had long since vanished; its antique palaces and churches spoke only of the greatness that had passed forever; and so, too, Ypres.

That there were streets in Ypres where thriving tradesmen lived in happy plenty, that the causeways were noisy with the chatter of horses' hoofs and many motor cars gave raucous warning of their passing, mattered not a jot. Ypres was then a city of ghosts.

Some 17,000 worthy citizens found it good to stay there, but time had been when Ypres folk were numbered by the hundred thousand. The ghosts of the princely merchants, the traders from far lands, the artists, the priests, the learned men who made up the aristocracy of that great medieval community, thronged about you in the vast and dusty salons of that Cloth hall which might well have roofed over the whole population any day before the first shell burst upon its majestic mass of masonry. Alas! "the city of ghosts" is not. In its place is mere desolation without form, void even of memories!

## Every House a Ruin

As I approached this place of doom my mind was busy with the Ypres that I knew in the happy days of my wayfaring. How often in old years before I first came to the historic city that evening of misty sunset, and beheld the great pinnacled belfry of les Halles and St. Martin's unfinished spire luminous in the soft light of gloaming had I looked with eyes of wonder upon engravings and etchings and photographs of that very scene? The reality before me had been unmistakable, even if I had first beheld it after being brought blindfolded to Ypres. But—and I must say it—the Cloth Hall, when I came to examine it, gave me the impression of airiness.

As "his youthful hose, well saved," are to "lean and slipped Pantaloons"—"a world too wide for his shrunken shanks"—so did I feel that the Cloth hall was to Ypres, a constant reminder of its shrunken state. The splendid architecture of the building its perfectly proportioned immensity the beautiful little arched Hotel de Ville, tucked so prettily under its northern wing, with the noble Gothic pile of St. Martin's cathedral standing hard by to the west—the whole forming as remarkable a group of beautiful buildings as any city of Europe ever possessed—of these I need attempt no description; it is enough that I was deeply conscious of their individual beauties. But I do aver that the Cloth hall stays in my memory as a palace of ghosts, for no great use was made of it by the living. It spoke only of the Ypres that had been.

As we passed along the outer western streets of the town recently, where every house was a shapeless ruin, and many a one grotesquely patched with sandbags to shelter the soldiers billeted in its cellars, the fantastic ruins of the cathedral came into view on the right. A large notice board declared the way thither barred, and courteous soldier-policemen explained that some recent shells had brought down another section of its crazy walls, the little that still stood now threatening to collapse.

## Many Cellar Forts

Where was my little auberge of the hearty dinners? Where are the houses of Ypres but cluttering the ground like so many abandoned brick kilns? The roads that threaded the waste—well kept, noisy with continuous traffic of the army holding this most historic



## Wood's Phosphodine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mail in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New phosphodine made free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly, Canada.)

## What are Peps

Peps are the new treatment for coughs, colds and lung troubles. They are little tablets made up from Pine extracts and medicinal essences. When put into the mouth these medicinal ingredients turn into healing vapors, which are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes. The Peps treatment is direct. Swallowing cough mixtures into the stomach, to cure ailments and disorders in throat and lungs, is indirect. Peps are revolutionizing the treatment of colds and their price is within the reach of all. All dealers, 50c. box. Send 1c. stamp for FREE TRIAL PACKAGE.

## THE FIGHTING ORDER WAS CARRIED OUT

(L. S. Kirtland in Leslie's)

On the day when we first started the Yankee rough stuff at Chateau Thierry and threw a monkey wrench into the German gear box, a captain of marines was sitting on a stump of a road sou-sou-west of Chateau Thierry. In peace days there were no stumps in economical France. This stump had had a German "155" as its lumberjack. The road was none other than that shady thoroughfare which Jerry had marked on his maps of Parish for a July tour. The captain was wrapping a bandage around a scratch on his left forearm. His left hand held a cigarette. The directions to his men were incisive, but his accent had something of the soft drawl of Virginia.

"Say," was his greeting, as he blinked up into the sun from under his helmet, "do you know the kind of orders we're getting? Huh! Proceed on the road till you find a war, then fight." He and his men followed up that road and found their war. The boche did not remain in proximity, or near proximity. If we had that road in America we might be tempted to preserve its shell-swept destruction as a memorial. (Not alone through our usual habit of preserving all holes in all roads). Within the day shovelvuls of gravel were patching up those craters and camions and motors were moving along in pursuit of the receding foe.

Once upon a time—four years ago—our idea of France was hardly more real than that it was a map in which we stuck blue pins to represent the French lines and red pins to represent the British and yellow to show the boche. Today there are American graves at Chateau Thierry. In our hearts that road is not a line across a map—it is sacred ground.

## Men Swear, Women Complain

Just because their corns ache—easy to cure them with Putnam's Corn Extractor; it acts painlessly in twenty-four hours. For corns, warts and callouses the only thing is "Putnam's"; try it, 25c. at all dealers.

## LITTLE STORIES OF WAR TOLD ON THE AMERICAN BATTLEFRONT

(From "Stars and Stripes," the trench newspaper.)

"Say, said an infantryman, 'do you want to hear about the worst piece of out-of-luck that ever happened in the A. E. F.? A pal of mine went into the fight with 2,000 francs in his pocket—you know."

"Now he's reported missing."

Don't carry anything in your gas mask bag that doesn't belong there. That isn't a general order, but the fruit of at least one man's experience. He had gone over the top on a patrol. Somebody smelled gas; on went the masks. He bit into it, clamped his nose on tight and started to breathe. That is, he tried to. For several agonizing minutes he struggled to get wind through it. And then found it was a false alarm.

Thanking his stars that it hadn't been a real attack to be endured with a safety appliance that was as dangerous as the German pizen itself, he went to his lieutenant at the first opportunity and told him that the thing didn't work.

The lieutenant looked at it.

"What's this?" he asked.

From the slot at the base of the respirator he drew a postcard that had stuck there.

"Now try it," he said.

It worked. That man isn't using his mask bag as a mail pouch any more.

The top sergeant of a field hospital was tenderly straightening out the

papers—clippings letters, photographs—that had been found in the pockets of a marine from Philadelphia who had died from his wounds on his way to an evacuation hospital. "I see he got his man first," said the top, and showed among the papers there a muddy 2 mark note.

"Major, er—I mean Colonel—no, pardon me Major!"

(Continued on page 7.)

## LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.