



Keep a Can in The Garage

It keeps old cars looking like this year's models. Brightens Nickel and Brass. Polishes Glass. Even cleans the tires.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Chases Dirt

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR

(Boston Record.)

Four years ago the proudness that was Prussia set afire a torch to consume the world. Today the scion of the royal house shudders before the threat of defeat, and the House of Hohenzollern sees its golden castle swaying in the winds of wrath. Four years ago a mailed fist reached for the wealth of the world. Today that fist grasps the sharp blade of the sword whose hilt it has lost, and feels it twist and turn amid the torn and bleeding sinews of a stricken hand.

Four years ago the world thought of Germany as a land of romance, of castles where love was made and of rivers whereon the songs of sentiment and the passions of honor were echoed through dim-vistaed memories. Four years ago the world saw the wonder of German achievement, and harkened to the voices of beauty which marked modern civilization and illumined the promise of progress.

Today the world faces the Germany it has had to know—not the Germany it wished to believe, but the Germany which has forced upon a shocked and long incredulous humanity a bitter-truth picture of hatred and of horror.

Memories which in happier times had been built up have been struck away by the foul blow of the German. The storied romance of the Rhine has become a mockery, and a buried corpse of memory. It has taken these four years finally to disabuse the rest of the world of the sham of the modern Germany, to open the reluctant eyes of free peoples to the deceit and the brutality which lay hidden under the mask and false-decked raiment of the modern German.

CELLAR PARTIES IN PARIS AS SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

Said to be Becoming Very Popular---Those Who are Fortunate Enough to Own Large Vaulted Cellars Invite Friends When Hun Airmen Approach---Regular Costumes for the Occasion.

(Chicago News)

The anti-air-raid cellar parties of France are by way of becoming social functions. The fortunate possessor of a large vaulted cellar invites his friends. Every one has his or her regular costume for the occasion. One plays cards. One takes down eatables. One indulges in long metaphysical discussions. The technique of the occasion is already highly developed.

During the last five clear moonlight nights Paris has had six alarms, six gettings-up in the dark to the accompaniment of wailing sirens, six processions downward, six interminable occupations of hard chairs brought down for the purpose and six sleepy returns to bed while the church bells ring. The Parisians, I think, really enjoy them. The one thing a denizen of Paris cannot stand is dullness, and certainly life in Paris is not dull now.

The most amusing of these cellar parties are the Latin quarter gatherings. "Bohemia under the bombs," they might be entitled, and if Murger were only alive today Manon would have a scene in the cellar. I live now in a little studio, one of a row of twenty similar niches, whose roof is three quarters skylight. As a protection against bombs it is a minus quantity. So our cellar parties are well attended.

The "cave" where we foregather was in the middle ages the cellar of a monastery, though now an apartment house stands above it, and it has vaulted passageways and damp cells and capacious wine bins. I measure the ghost of a cowed monk sits unseen at the party, counting his beads and mumbling in Latin of the transiency of human medieval life.

Once I thought I saw him, but when I looked more closely in the flickering light of the tiny lamp it was only the sculptor next door wrapped in a piece of bronze colored tapestry which he had pulled over his head to keep out the dampness.

We are a motley lot. There are two sculptors—one in a velvet Rembrandt cap and the bronze drapery, and one in the uniform of a French poilu. He is a prix de Rome man and now he works as stretcher bearer at a hospital near by. On nights when on guard duty he isn't with us, for then he is carrying down the stretchers of wounded to the hospital cellar, where they lie suffering in patient rows. We miss him then, for he is very amusing.

There is a painter who has locomotor axia and drags his legs by means of two canes, one of which sprouts at the bottom into a rubber sod tripod. He as to sit down and slide when he comes to the stairs, but he is irrepressibly gay and full of quips.

There is a pale young musician with the "little woman" who shares his

fortunes with him. Her lips are very red and her hair very bushy and she is Magnon to the life, even to the cough, which she says is due to the dampness of the cellar.

There is a young, light colored negro from Morocco, who in spite of his color gives an impression of paleness and who brings down Beaudelaire with him and sits reading "Flowers of Evil" by the tiny night light or the candle of Manon.

There is the janitor's wife, who always wears a white shawl mysteriously knitted like a mantilla over her head and is very loquacious and agreeable.

There is a mother with a baby who sleeps, wrapped in innumerable swaddling things, or wails disconsolately.

There are two women with dogs and various other nondescript persons who make dark spots against the massive masonry.

And there is this American newspaper woman whom they can't quite place yet.

When the barrage fire is only grumbling in the distance and there is no immediate danger, we talk. The painter with the dragging legs is a great admirer of Edgar Allen Poe, whom he calls Edgar Po-ay, and he regrets regularly that Poe is not alive today to write a tale of horror about a cellar.

The little Manon talks about the horrible price of things to eat now and the janitor's wife tells us where the bombs fell last night and of the man who stopped in the street to light a cigarette and of the piece of anti-aircraft shell that fell and wrought various and unpleasant havoc.

But when the barrage fire grows very loud and we can hear, even from the cellar, the boche motor humming like a great wasp, and the flat crack of bombs falling close by, then we fall silent. It is then that the ghost of the monk mumbles in Latin and tells his beads.

So far we have been spared, though there is hardly a studio of the lot whose skylight has not been pierced with falling shell splinters. And on the whole I believe we enjoy our cellar parties. But there are moments when, above the disconsolate wailing of the baby and the gentle coughing of Manon, I seem to hear the beating of other wings than those of the waspish boche, the wings of the angel of retribution.

EUNICE TIETJENS.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A reliable regulating medicine. Sold in various degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1 No. 2, 50¢ No. 3, 25¢ per bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CAN. (Formerly Shaker's)

NOTICE OF SALE.

Pursuant to a decree of the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, made in an action between Jane Armour McKee, Plaintiff, and Hamilton McKee, Defendant, for the partition of the lands and premises in the Plaintiff's statement of claim and in the said Decree mentioned and fully described and being the land and premises hereinafter referred to, there will be offered for sale at public auction, with the approbation of Harris G. Fenety, Esquire, a Master of the Supreme Court, in front of the Post Office in the City of Fredericton, in the Province of New Brunswick, at 12 o'clock noon, on SATURDAY, the Tenth day of August 1918—

"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate and being in Fredericton, known as part of Lot Number fifty-four, fronting on King street, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the southerly corner of Lot Number Fifty-six, thence along the northeast side of King street fifty feet, southeasterly, thence at right angles seventy-eight feet, thence northwesterly fifty feet to Lot Number fifty-six aforesaid, and thence southwesterly along the south-east side of the same lot seventy-eight feet to the place of beginning." Being the same lands and premises conveyed by Robert Williams and wife and Lucy Whitney to Samuel H. McKee, Senior, by Indenture bearing date the 8th day of May, A. D. 1856, and duly recorded in York County Records in Book 37, pages 332 to 334, under official number 13355, the 26th day of May, A. D. 1856.

The above sale is made pursuant to the provisions of the Judicature Act, 1909, and amendments thereof.

Further particulars may be had from the Plaintiff's Solicitors, Messrs. Slipp & Hanson, whose place of business and address is Chestnut Building, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

HARRIS G. FENETY,
Master of the Supreme Court.

Province of New Brunswick

SALE OF TIMBER LIMITS.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT
The Crown Land Office,
Fredericton,
on

THURSDAY, the 5th of SEPT.,

1918, at 12 o'clock noon, the right to cut out and carry away all classes of merchantable lumber on

400 SQUARE MILES.

Licenses to run to 1st August, 1933, subject to annual renewal, fire protection tax, payment of stumpage and the Timber Regulations.

Among the tracts offered is the "Training Ground Reserve," containing 106 square miles, on the line of the Transcontinental Railway east of McGivney Junction. On this block there is an estimated stand of merchantable lumber made by Forest Engineers of:

Spruce 8 millions s.f.
Fir 3 millions s.f.
Other Soft Woods 4 millions s.f.
Hardwoods 9 millions s.f.

24 millions s.f.
Undersized soft wood 30 millions s.f.

Total 54 millions s.f.

The remainder of the 400 sq. miles is situate in the Counties of Northumberland, Kent, Westmorland, Charlotte, Kings, Queens, Sunbury, York, Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska.

Berths are sold in ten square mile blocks and less.

For further information as to quantity of lumber, upset prices, plans, etc. apply to the Deputy Minister, Department of Lands and Mines, Fredericton, N. B.

E. A. SMITH,
Minister of Lands and Mines.
Fredericton, N. B., July 22, 1918.

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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

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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. 4 Shore Street.

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