

NOTICE TO RETURNED MEN

Any returned men wishing to subscribe for the "Veteran" may do so by applying to Secretary E. H. Coy of the local G. W. V. A. at the G. W. V. A. rooms. The subscriptions have been taken out of the hands of the agents and in future will be subscribed to through the G. W. V. A. branches.

FOR SALE—An Eastman folding camera, 4x5, in good condition; will be sold at a bargain. Apply at the Mail Office.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

No one can properly enjoy eating corn off the cob unless he can stretch an octave with his mouth.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Maugeville Rural Route No. 1, 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 Maugeville and Sheffield, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector,
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 6th, 1919.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week, on the Chipman Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

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

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector,
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7th, 1919.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE FROM FREDERICTON
Effective November 30th, 1919.

Daily Except Sunday.

Eastern Time.

DEPARTURES.

6.55 a. m.—For McAdam and North and South.
9.25 a. m.—For St. John and East.
3.35 p. m.—For Montreal and West.
6.00 p. m.—For Boston, St. John and East.
7.00 a. m.—For Woodstock via Newburg.
2.15 p. m.—For Millville, etc.

ARRIVALS.

9.00 a. m.—From St. John, etc.
11.50 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, etc.
5.35 p. m.—From St. John.
8.25 p. m.—From St. John and East.
11.30 a. m.—From Millville via Gibson.
7.05 p. m.—From Woodstock via Gibson.

N. R. DesBRISAY, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

Through the garden of New Brunswick

QUEBEC—ST. JOHN
Through Buffet, Sleeping, Parlor Car Service.
Quebec Bridge and St. John River Valley

Southbound (Read Down)	Northeast (Read Up)
Dep. 3.45 p.m. Quebec (Fallon Station)	Arr. 11.40 a.m. St. John
Arr. 1.40 a.m. Edmundston	Dep. 12.45 a.m. St. John
Dep. 2.50 a.m. Edmundston	Arr. 1.35 a.m. St. John
Arr. 3.42 a.m. St. Leonard	Dep. 12.37 a.m. St. John
Arr. 4.05 a.m. Grand Falls	Dep. 12.10 a.m. St. John
Dep. 5.04 a.m. Plaster Rock	Arr. 11.25 p.m. St. John
Dep. 7.45 a.m. McCreary	Arr. 8.10 p.m. St. John
Dep. 11.15 a.m. Fredericton	Arr. 6.25 p.m. St. John
Dep. 10.30 a.m. Fredericton	Arr. 4.30 p.m. St. John
Arr. 2.05 p.m. St. John	Dep. 12.55 noon St. John

Canadian National Railways

We Are Coming Home Again

Choose Your Plan and Stick to It

In Other Words---SERVE THE INVESTOR

We decided We could do this Best by Specializing in the

Investment or Bond Business

—as Margin Trading is in itself a separate and distinct feature in any financial business—essential. We decided further that no matter at what cost "Strict Honesty" must prevail in all our transactions. We have endeavored to make it so during the past twelve years we have been identified with financial matters in the cities of St. John and Halifax. Granted Honest and Proper Service, the Best Merchant and his Client are mutually dependent and indispensable to each other, our foundation is just Common Sense Honesty.

Now the firm of **W. F. MAHON & CO.** will continue as established in Halifax, under the personal supervision of Arthur S. Mahon as Resident Manager. While in the Province of New Brunswick we will have a new company known as **THE MAHON BOND CORPORATION, LIMITED**, under the personal supervision of W. F. Mahon, formerly Managing Director, founder and Controlling Shareholder of Eastern Securities Co., Limited.

A. G. Shafford, formerly of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, St. John and Halifax will be manager.

Our offices will be at No. 101 Prince William Street, St. John, where we will confine ourselves to High Grade Investment Securities and trust our old clients will give us an opportunity of serving them as in the past.

Mahon Bond Corporation, Ltd.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

POOR THIN BLOOD BRINGS INDIGESTION

Make the Blood Rich and Red by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Thin-blooded people generally have stomach trouble. They seldom recognize the fact that thin blood is the cause of indigestion, but it is. Thin blood, weak, watery blood, is one of the most common causes of stomach trouble. The glands that furnish the digestive fluids are diminished in their activity, the stomach muscles are weakened and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state nothing will more quickly restore appetite, digestion and a normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles and awakens to normal activity the glands that supply the digestive fluids. The first sign of returning health is an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood improving pills is felt throughout the whole system. You find that what you eat does not distress you and that you are daily growing stronger and more vigorous. Mr. J. J. Murray, Regent Street, Toronto, bears testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. He says:—"During the latter part of 1918 I was a sick man. My stomach seemed simply down and out. I had no desire for food, and when I ate it distressed me. I was pale, did not sleep well, naturally got up in the morning feeling grouchy. My wife was worried over my condition and urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, reminding me of the good they had done our eldest daughter when she was in a somewhat similar condition. I decided to follow her advice and got a supply and here I sit the story in a nutshell: I have got my appetite back, sleep soundly at night, enjoy my meals and am so gratified with what the pills have done for me that I strongly advise their use for all pale, sick people."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN AMERICAN PICKWICK IN OLD LONDON

(Bullalo News).

"Pussyfoot" Johnson did more for the cause he is urging in Great Britain by the sporting spirit in which he accepted the hazing at the hands of college men in London than he could have in a month of pleading. From being a figure, of reproach among those who desert from his view on the liquor question, he has come to be accepted as a pretty good sort after all.

"Cultivating none of the arts of oratory, Mr. Johnson nevertheless is an agreeable speaker," says the London Times in describing his platform manner. "He has, strangely enough, in repose the look of a Mr. Pickwick—blandly interrogative, genially credulous, and touched with a certain air of negative benevolence. If this is the man who is credited with such wonder-working in America, one can only revolve the question of whether he was renamed 'Pussyfoot' for the stealthiness of his step or for the keen and ready weapons which a velvety manner conceals."

The same college men that ragged Mr. Johnson now are making plans for a dinner in his behalf. From being the butt of their wit, which happened to be unusually heavy on the occasion they rode him through London town on a plank, Mr. Johnson is going to be their guest of honor. From now on he will get a full and fair hearing in Britain, and, who knows he may finally make of the tight little isle a dry little isle.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS QUICKLY CURED

It is very hard to keep the children from taking cold. They will run out of doors not properly wrapped—play too hard and become overheated—get their feet wet—kick the bed clothes off at night.

There is nothing so good for children's coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough or bronchitis as Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup. It is so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness in loosening the phlegm, and healing the lungs and bronchial tubes and such that the cough is checked before any serious trouble can possibly develop. Mrs. Harold Acker, Lake Pleasant, N. S., writes: "I have three children, the eldest eight years and the baby ten months old. They all had a bad cough. I knew of quite a few persons who had used Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup with good results so I got three bottles. I am glad I did so as it is a sure cure for coughs and colds. A home where there are children should never be without it. I highly recommend it to those who need a quick cure."

Manufactured only by The T. M. M. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

LETTERS FROM ELIENE.

I opened the envelope eagerly. It was a letter from Eliene. She told of course of the murder and the sensation it made at home. Then she said: "Do you know, dear, some way I have a premonition that something terrible is going to happen. Last night I dreamed that George Mordyke came back and told me he had sent my husband one of the letters I had written him. In my dreams I was terror-stricken, and when I awakened my pillow was wet with tears."

"Margot, I am going to tell the Major everything. I really have done nothing bad. I was only a poor little girl who was blindly in love and in my letters, not knowing what I was doing, I told that cad that I would be willing to run away with him. Dear, I am going to tell. I simply must. Suppose, some time in the future, I again have a dream like that one of last night, and by some possibility I should talk in my sleep. What explanation could I give? I am going to tell the Major tonight."

"I went over to the Saunders house yesterday. Saw Chad's wife. She looks like a ghost of her former self. She asked me particularly about you and Theo. Told me to tell you that Sallie talked very frequently about you. 'I am afraid Mrs. Lafferty is going to make Mrs. Symone trouble,' she said."

"I read this paragraph to Theo and he groaned and then he straightened up and said: 'Let's go, Margot. The more I think about it the surer I am that I should return at once.'

He came over to me and putting his arms about me, said: "Dear, do you think you are strong enough to go with me?"

"I am strong enough to go anywhere with you," I answered. "And I want you to understand and keep in your heart the knowledge that I will always go anywhere with you."

"Margot—sweetheart—I can't tell you how much I love you—how I regret my misdeeds. Now we will go home."

"I cannot get ready to go until the day after tomorrow," I told Theo, for I was determined to give Donald at least forty-eight hours' time to start his investigations.

It was wonderful to see the transformation in careworn Theo when his decision was made to go home. His winning smile—the smile I had not seen since we started on this mad trip—came out of its hiding place and curled up the corners of his lips.

"I am just thinking of what Robert will say when he sees us walking in. He thinks I am safely on the sea, and he will probably write you an elaborate letter telling you that I, on his advice, had done the best thing possible. I am going down now dear to get shaved and when I come back we will go out for a little spin." Theo left with a springy step and when the door closed behind him I wrote a telegram to Donald. It read: "We will both be home day after tomorrow."

The boy who came for the telegram brought me another letter from Eliene, and after reading it I was very glad indeed that Theo was not there.

"Yesterday, just after I had left Sallie Saunders' home," she said, "Chad's wife sent over to the house asking me to come back. I went immediately and when she came down I was never more shocked in my life. In my last letter, I believe I told you how worn she was looking, Margot. Her face was as white and waxy as though she were dead, and that scar in her cheek that Chad thinks is a dimple was purple. She looked almost uncanny. 'Do you know, Eliene,' she said, 'that my patient, as soon as she is able, is going to accuse your brother of the murder of her father.' I felt my knees give way and sat down suddenly, but she told me a most peculiar story in which she said Sallie declares that Theo's voice was the one the maid heard. Margot, I am nearly mad. What will we do? Of course I do not believe it, but I am sure that Robert knew something about it, for he left suddenly to go and see you. Among other things Chad's wife asked me if I knew Emil Baur. I said that I did. 'I think he was the man that murdered Mrs. Lafferty's father,' she said, 'and Mrs. Lafferty is so in love with him that she will sacrifice anything for him. If she cannot clear him any other way she will accuse your brother of the crime.'

"Why do you think Baur was in town that night?" I asked.

"I know it from what Mrs. Lafferty has said," she answered. "Your brother also knows Baur was in town at that time and there was one other man also in the Saunders home or garden, but I have not yet been able to get his name."

"Margot, we were in the sun room of the Saunders house and just as it was growing dusk a storm suddenly came up. It became quite dark and Chad's wife started across the floor to turn on the electric light, when a brilliant flash of lightning flooded the house with light. I thought she was going to scream. She drew in her breath quickly and I remember that I expected her to send out a terror-stricken shriek. I rushed over to her and she said: 'Did you see him?'

"See who?" I asked.

"Instead of answering, she said, as she clung to me: 'He was there—there at that window. Has he come to life again?'

"Of course I couldn't understand what she meant, but I thought that perhaps she imagined she saw poor Mr. Saunders. I tried to reassure her, and when she could talk coherently she said it was not Mr. Saunders' spirit, but the ghost of one she thought she had long since forgotten. 'What shall I do if he has come back?' she said brokenly. 'He will ruin my life and it will kill Chad.'

"I am sure, dear, that you did not see anyone; it was just your imagination," I said soothingly.

"I hope so," she whispered. "But why should my imagination play a trick like that after all these years?"

"Can it be possible, Margot, that in some way, long ago, Emil Baur was connected with Chad's wife? In no other way can I account for her great agitation and I'll tell you what I did not tell her, I too saw a man in that bright light—but I did not see his face. His figure looked very familiar, however."

"Margot, do you think I am going mad? The figure of that man was the figure of George Mordyke."

(Monday—"Living a Detective Story.")

HE KNEW HIS MAN.

THE LAST AND OTHERS.

"What do you mean, young man," asked the merchant, "by counting the change so carefully. Are you afraid I would cheat you?"

"I don't know," replied the boy. "I'm just making sure—I used to caddy for you at the golf club."

"I presume that your wife generally has the last word."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Also the first word and most of those in between."

Many a loser makes good by making a bluff at winning.