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25 Miles to Gallon Gasoline.
Have You See the NEW CHALMERS ENGINE with the "Hot Spot?"
The car that holds the world's records. Come in and look
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FREDERICTON MOTOR SALES CO.,
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Wholesale Dry Goods and Woolens

House Furnishings For Everybody

Lace Curtains
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Our Motto: Promptness, Accuracy, Courtesy, Care.

Electric Wiring

For Light and Power

Telephones, Bells, Watchmen's Clocks, An-
nunciators, 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

SUFFERING FROM WAR MACARONI

It is the Staff of Life in Italy
and the People Bravely
Endured Some Poor
Substitutes.

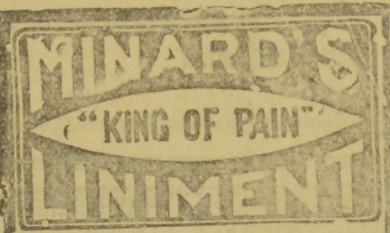
Among the tragedies that must be counted, among the sufferings that Italy so bravely endured, must be reckoned the atrocities inflicted upon macaroni. Nothing less than an adulteration of the sacred paste was the sacrifice made to War. We learn from the United States Commercial Reports:

"Macaroni is composed of ground wheat and water and nothing else. I say 'ground wheat' and not flour," because in normal times macaroni was not made of soft or rolled flour, but of wheat cut very fine by rollers so as to resemble a very high quality of corn meal or grits. This is called "semolina."

Prior to the war only the true semolina was used for making macaroni. The difference in the quality of war macaroni is that a portion of flour separated from the semolina by milling was by Government order again mixed with the semolina. This addition of a flour which would be excellent for bread tends to make an inferior grade of macaroni. The macaroni so made dissolves more readily in cooking but the addition gives about one-third more available macaroni as a food supply, though it correspondingly diminishes the material available for bread. However, macaroni can be sold at a lower price than bread, and in Southern Italy macaroni, and not bread, is the staff of life.

At Bologna there are certain variations of the paste itself made which are seldom shipped to America, as they do not keep well. There macaroni is also found in colors of yellow, green and red. The yellow is made by the addition of eggs for flat cut pastes known as "Bologna tagliatelli." An admixture of spinach gives the green paste, and the blood of the beet furnishes the red color.

It's a waste of time to advertise for lost friendship or lost umbrellas.
Some men actually know a few of the things they believe.



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

Best Liniment Made

Dr. A. E. LAUNDY, EDMONTON, writes:—
"I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me to rest, not walk on it for two 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.

WORLD FULL OF ROMANCE AT THE PRESENT MOMENT

Talk of Industrial Struggle Between the Sexes is Nonsense—
The Returned Soldier a Hero to the Girls at Home—Never
So Much Young Love in the World as Now—Women to
be the Steadying Element in the World.

"A renaissance of romance is coming—has come—for women. That is an important part of the aftermath of war. Any talk of an industrial struggle between the sexes is nonsense. To the girl at home, job or no job, the returned soldier is a hero. For four years she has been thinking of him in that way, and she will keep right on for a time, at any rate. There will be more marriages than ever, particularly marriages between young persons. And of course that will be a fine thing for the nations."

Kathleen Burke, war girl, is speaking; Kathleen Burke, descendant of Edmund, and the first woman to enter the fortress of Verdun; the "thousand dollar a day girl" who raised that sum every twenty-four hours over a period of months for the Scottish Women's Hospitals for the wearers of five medals for distinguished service on four fronts, including the cross of a Commander of the British Empire; the Honorary Colonel of our own 138th Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Born, blue-eyed and breezy, Miss Burke is now paying us one of her periodical visits after nearly being one of the last casualties of the war. She was gassed badly at Valenciennes, just beyond Cambrai, on Nov. 2nd last.

"Gen. Byng," she explained smilingly, "had called me up and said: 'Don't you want to see my battle?' Of course I did. They took me out to an observation post in No Man's Land. Perfectly safe of course, except from a direct hit. The Tommies, by the way, took me for Princess Mary, because no woman ever had been taken up so far, and they thought if anybody got permission it must be a member of the royal family. Either there was a hole in my gas mask or I got into some gas lying close to the ground. For a month or so afterward I was coughing my lungs up."

Being gassed, however, did not keep Miss Burke from celebrating the armistice. On that day she was in Verdun with the Americans. "Sixteen of us were together," she recalled, "and we had a big washbasin, two lemons and a tiny flask. I don't think the most earnest prohibitionist could have objected to that celebration. Only in the middle of it, I went outside the door and began to cry all by myself. For the first time I began to count up my friends who had died in the war. Before that I had just thought of them as part of the British Army."

"I scolded myself for being morbid," she added, with a brave smile, "but when I got back to England I found so many persons I knew had behaved in just the same fashion. Celebrating the armistice would have been a very sad affair, if it had not been for you Americans. The British and French, you see, had almost forgotten how to be happy—they had been through so much."

"It is that condition of frayed nerves," Miss Burke continued earnestly, "which is at least partly responsible for the unrest and confusion of these last few months. I think the world is going to work out of it. And you have asked me what part women will play in the world. I think they will be the steady element, a most important part."

"The mood of the woman abroad, especially if her son or husband has returned to her, is something like this: 'Now the war is over and we did our part, let us have peace! Let us stand behind Lloyd George for a peace that will last, that will not separate us again. Let us be glad we are together in our home, with work and children and all the same, happy peace conditions about us. And they are not men, she cried; 'they are France.'"

"Oh, its heroes that men are to women today, and there is a special tenderness for the maimed and crippled. Women love self-sacrifice, you know; they were born loving it. I do not believe there is a maimed soldier among the Allies who will not have a chance to marry at least three women."

"But do you think women are going to give up the new usefulness they have learned during the last few years, and just be home women again?" I asked Miss Burke.

"I fancy most of the married women will be glad to go back to their homes when the men come home," she replied, "but I think all women from now on will be useful will be taught even if it takes a little longer than ten minutes to adjust working condi-

tions to our liking let us not fuss!"
"The soldiers Miss Burke added, in parenthesis are not to any great extent in sympathy with the unreasonable element among labor. During the war, you know the soldier said rather bitterly to the workman You get paid five pounds a day for making shells and I get paid five cents a day for stopping them."

Then I asked Miss Burke if the industrial situation was being complicated by women workers, and she spoke enthusiastically of the new romance war has woven among men and women.

"On a London bus," she illustrated "a rather testy man was complaining about the manners of a young soldier who had stepped on the testy one's feet. The girl bus conductor turned on him. 'If there was any manners around here,' she observed sharply 'your feet wouldn't be stepped on because you'd be standing on 'em and that soldier would have your seat'."

"Again, in Paris a long queue of people were waiting for a certain tram car. The girl conductor motioned to two pupils to get aboard first. When some of the others protested saying they had been waiting longer than the men, but the girl conductor did not pay any attention to them."

Every girl will have a trade, whatever her income or position. The idle girls at the beginning of this war were so infuriated when to their eager question 'What can I do?' there came the coldly analytical answer, 'What CAN you do?'

Girls who have been nursing and cooking for soldiers during the last few years will find others who need nurses and will not be helpless when confronted by the servant problem. The younger girls all of them must be taught first aid and food preparation and other useful things just as boys will be given compulsory military training."

She paused a moment, then smiled her twinkling smile. "The war has proved one other thing about women," she ended. "It has proved that a woman can keep a secret. Lloyd George's private secretary is a woman, and what she hasn't known about things was not worth knowing. Yet she never told."

PREFERABLY THE LATTER.

"Better not ask papa yet, dear. He has the gout in one foot."

"All right, I'll wait till he gets well or gets the gout in both feet."—Boston Transcript.

Cooks, dressmakers and steam laundries have ruined more sweet dispositions than heaven ever created.

WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP?

Thousands of people all over the country ask this question, but still continue to toss night after night on a sleepless bed, and it is impossible for them to get a full night's refreshing sleep.

Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quietened except by the pernicious use of opiates or narcotics. Or again, you have heart palpitation and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die, or perhaps you wake up in your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and the only way you can get relief is to sit up in bed.

To all who suffer in this way, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer an inestimable boon. They bring back the much needed night's rest by improving the tone of the nerves, strengthening the heart, enriching the blood and making the whole organization act in harmony—then you sleep as peacefully as a child.

Mrs. Jas. Latimer, 39 Leinster St., St. John, N. B. writes:—"At night I could not sleep. I had to sit up in bed my heart beat so fast, and when I walked up stairs I would get all out of breath. A friend recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after using two boxes, I can sleep all night and am not out of breath after walking."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

TIT FOR TAT

Capt. A. H. Rostron of the Maur-etania entertained the 34,000 American fighters he brought home last month with many a story.

"Speaking of specialists," he said one day. "I'll tell you a story boys, about a famous New York stomach specialist who once sailed with me. The specialist the second day out, was taking a constitutional on the promenade deck when a jovial looking stranger held him up."

"Dr. Blank, I believe?"

"Yes."

"The great Dr. Blank?"

"Well, er—I—well, yes. I have been called—er—by that name."

"The Dr. Blank who treats stomachs 'Precisely.'"

"Then, Dr. Blank, as it's the luncheon hour and the restaurant on this boat is celebrated, I wish you'd treat mine!"

"Dr. Blank's veins run rich with generous sporting blood, and he treated the stranger—a western millionaire, as it turned out—to a good and costly luncheon. But he got his revenge. Later on in the afternoon a roll of bills in his hand, he accosted a group of men playing shuffle board."

"Has anybody here," he asked 'got a twenty'?

"The western joker promptly produced a twenty-dollar note and handed it to Blank. Blank thanked him, thrust the note in his pocket and turned away."

"Look here," said the westerner. "What did you want that bill for?"

"What did I want it for?" said Blank blandly. "Why for treating your stomach, of course. It's my usual fee."

LIGHTER VEIN.

Mae—She is always gossiping.
Bess—Yes, and the aggravating part is that it is about people you don't know.—Judge.

A busy man is about as sociable as a woman with the toothache.

"THAT'S ME ALL OVER, MABLE"

Here's the immortal Bill and "Still the Same Old Bill." It is
even more humorous than 'Dere Mable' and it will without
a doubt be the best selling book for the year! Over
150,000 copies sold in the first month.

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distinction be-
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corn flakes
and "The Best"

That's why wise
ones call for the
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