

Old Dutch

Makes scrubbing quick and easy. Don't wear out your back and your temper. Just let Old Dutch clean your

Tile,
Oil Cloth,
Linoleum,
Wood Floors



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Insurance, Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds.
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Deering Drills and Seeders, Bissell Disc Harrow
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Reversible and Walking Plows, Robbins and
Aspinwall Potato Planters.

DeLaval Cream Separators.

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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. TAILORS
QUEEN STREET, WEST END

HAVE YOU A MODERN BATH ROOM IN
YOUR HOME?
If Not, Why Not?

We can equip your farm, home and buildings with every city convenience. Heating, Lighting, Sewage disposal System, Bath Room, Hot and Cold Water at the Tap. Pneumatic Water System and Efficient Fire Protection.

HOW TO GET FULL INFORMATION.

Call at our establishment and we will show you, or drop us a postcard and we will call upon you at your convenience.

D J. SHEA

PALMER'S

SUMMER PACKS
and PLOW SHOES

The Ideal Work Boot for
the farmer and the man who
works out of doors.

COMFORTABLE, WATERPROOF, DURABLE
Get a pair from your local dealer.

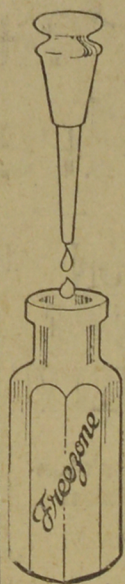


Be sure they are stamped
Moose Head Brand
Manufactured by the

JOHN PALMER COMPANY LIMITED
Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

Women! Here Is A Dandy Thing

Few drops stop corns hurting
then they lift right out
with fingers



Your high heels have put
corns on your toes and cal-
luses on the bottom of your
feet, but why care now?

This tiny bottle holds an
almost magic fluid. A ge-
nius in Cincinnati dis-
covered this ether compound
and named it Eucalypti.
Small bottles of Eucalypti
can be had at any drug
store for a few cents. Ap-
ply a few drops on your
tender, aching corn or cal-
lus. Instantly the soreness
disappears and shortly you
will find the corn or callus
so shriveled and loose that
you can lift it off with the
fingers.

Just think! You get rid
of a hard corn, soft corn or
a corn between the toes,
as well as hardened cal-
luses, without suffering
one particle. Millions of
women keep a tiny bottle

on the dresser and never let the corns
ache twice.

TENSE DRAMA, TENSE TIMES, AT DUBLIN

(Ruth Russell in Chicago News.)

Sinn Fein canes click-clacked on
the floor.

"S-sh!" hissed those who had come
for the sake of the play only. In the
dim light of the sixpenny dip I could
see their breath vaporize in the cold
air of the Abbey Theatre.

In the hut interior on the stage Ma-
riette Shieublaigh was impersonating
Ireland in W. B. Yeats' "Cathleen no
Houlihan." It was a tense play for
Lady Gregory to present in tense
times.

Cathleen let her black shawl fall
back. The eyes in her thin white face
burned into the eyes of the boy kneel-
ing at her feet.

"Many have died for me in the past,"
she slowly intoned, "and many will
die—tomorrow."

"Aye—the volunteers!" muttered a
thin youth near by, and the cane bar-
rage went off again.

"Will you hush?" protested the
drama lovers.

Cathleen left the door of the hut.
The boy to whom she brought her mes-
sage pushed aside mother, father and
the girl with the \$500 in gold, and fol-
lowed. Cathleen's voice floated back,
chanting:

"Many that are red cheeked today
will be pale cheeked tomorrow. But
they—they shall be remembered for-
ever."

The play lovers laughed. "Forever"
was shrieked at too high a pitch.

"For shame!" came the swift rebuke
of the Sinn Feiners. Meanwhile, I
resolved to stamp at the first oppor-
tunity for the leather bench was un-
warmable, my turned-up cravenette
collar stuck with something of the
comfort of sheet meal into my cheeks
and my feet were like ice.

Up on the stage the boy had dis-
appeared, and the father asked an enter-
ing younger son:

"Did you see the ould woman Mike
followed down the road?"

"I did not. But I saw a young girl,
and her walking the world with the
air of a queen."

In one burst of applause, Sinn Fein-
ers and play lovers united. It was an
ending that satisfied both eager fac-
tions. Outside in the lobby was a tea-
room where a big black teakettle was
steaming on a gas stove. But few
went out. Men and women replaced
their hats and stayed to argue dra-
matic technique or politics. And be-
fore the curtain went up on "The Min-
eral Workers," benignant Lady Greg-
ory, with her black mantilla over her
white hair, expressed to me her regret
that few new Irish plays had been
written and that she did not expect to
go to America again.

"We have been barely able to keep
our heads above water during the war;
but the Dubliners' interest in art and

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

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

THE ROAD THAT LEADS HOME FROM THE OCEAN OF WAR

(New York Sun)

When that one particular boy you
love comes marching back, it's safe to
say where his heart is. His eyes, fixed
upon the row of broad, brown should-
ers in front of him, can still glimpse
waving flags and a sea of faces, smil-
ing or tearful. His ears, trained to
listen for command, are throbbing to
the roaring cheers. His feet move with
martial precision. But in fancy his
eyes are strained for the first look at
one little group of faces, his ears are
strained for the sound of familiar
voices, his feet are maintaining any-
thing but military discipline. They are
running wildly, those feet, up the
path to his own door. The path may be
a dark hallway in a little New York
flat, a brilliant entrance to a great
hotel, a short strip of ground clam-
shells before a tiny suburban house,
or a broad avenue winding among
terraced lawns above the Hudson. But
it all leads to the same door, the door
of home.

It is this very pathway which forms
the theme of one of the "welcome
songs" dedicated to the return of the
165th. It was just after peace had been
declared last fall that May Stan-
ley, song writer, and wife of Capt.
Merle Crowell, now on the other side
was walking in Staten Island one day
and chanced on a little cottage set in
a clump of woods. It was a shabby
cottage, unpainted and rather forlorn.
The path winding up to the doorway
was a tangle of grass. But in the win-
dow was a service star.

"I thought of all the thousands of
little paths scattered over America
waiting for the lad—brother or son
or sweetheart or husband—who would
come along it some day," said Mrs.
Crowell. "There's a little pathway
waiting for the coming of your feet";
that line just swung into my mind.
That night I finished the song and
named it 'Little Road of Dreams.'"

But the finish was only the begin-
ning. The song lay for some weeks
on Mrs. Crowell's office desk until one
day it happened to catch the eye of
Walter Kramer. The composer asked
to read it. "I'd like to do the music for
that," said he as he laid it down. A
few days later he was drumming at
the piano in a publishing house.
"What's that your playing?" demanded
the publisher. "Chorus for a song—
haven't done the music for the verses
yet," said the composer. "Hurry up and
do them, then," answered the publish-
er. "I'll bring that song out." While it
was still in manuscript, John McCor-
mack heard the composer play it in
the publishing house. "I want that
song," said the great tenor, who is one
of the best friends of the 165th, and
promptly put it on his recital program-
mes. Since then it has been sung on
recital programmes in practically
every part of the country. Talking
machine records have been made by
Colin O'Moore, the new Irish tenor
of the Metropolitan, Percy Hemus and
a dozen others. Vaudeville singers and
recitallists on the Chautauqua and
Lyceum stage have followed. And there
isn't a demobilization camp in the
country where this song has not wel-
comed the returning heroes.

"What is the trick in writing a popu-
lar hit?" Mrs. Crowell was asked.

"There aren't many rules in writing
lyrics but these three are fundamen-
tal, answered she. "Have something to
say, say it in as few words as pos-
sible, and use words of one syllable
if you can."

"There isn't any way in which one
can reach the heart of the people so
quickly as by a song. Who was it
wrote 'And one with a new song's
down?' I have wondered why the
people who are so concerned about
better citizenship do not give more
emphasis to song. The most deli-
cious music too often has banal,
silly, often vulgar words. Our Ameri-
can folk music—call it rag if you like
—is pure melody, but so often we
spoil it through the lyric to which
it is set. I wait to see some of our
fine poets—men and women who have
proved they can write simple, lovely
things that stir the heart of us—turn
to song making."

At last here is a champion of that
much reviled, little understood, hazy

politics makes them come to the the-
atre even during hard times. It is fill-
ed from the 4 shilling to the 6 penny
seats. I have known Irish work-
men to go without lunch to buy six-
penny chairs. Here and now you find
tremendous spiritual heat."

Then who minds the absence of
furnace or steam heat? Dublin has
found one great substitute for coal—
and it is not peat.

thing, the popular hit, for, says Mrs.
Crowell vigorously and fearlessly:

"We need more, not less, songs like
'I Hear You Calling Me,' 'Little
Mother o' Mine,' 'Little Gray Home
in the West.' Simple? Of course,
they are simple. So are all the other
worth while things in life."

"Since the war every one is singing
Petrole who never before in their lives
sang are now warbling 'Over There,'
'It's a Long Way to Berlin,' 'The
Long Long Trail.' And that's the very
reason we should give some thought
to the kind of words in our songs—be-
cause more people are singing them.
People who are writing words to the
simple little songs—yes, those despised
songs of home and love and mother—
have a bigger audience than they ever
had before."

"Did you ever hear one of your own
songs given by a big crowd?" Mrs.
Crowell was asked.

"Oh, yes. At the Hampton Roads
Naval Base Theatre the glee sang
'Spring Will Return With You,' an-
other of my 'welcome homes ongs,'
which was set to music by Geoffrey
O'Hara, who wrote the famous 'Kae-
ey.' Emma Roberts, the New York
contralto, sang the verse, the Glee
Club sang the chorus, and finally the
audience of naval officers and 'gobs'
came in too. When you hear for the
first time one of your own songs given
by several thousand men and realize
that there are enjoying it—well, it's a
thrill that won't come often."

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A pure, reliable, regulating
medicine. Sold in three de-
grees of strength—No. 1, \$1;
No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$3 per bot-
tle. Sold by all druggists, or sent
postpaid on receipt of price.
Free pamphlet. Address:
THE COCK MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

Not even a school teacher will not-
ice the incorrect grammar in a com-
pliment.

NAVIGABLE WATERS PRO- TECTION ACT.

R. S. C., CHAPTER 115.
The N. B. Provincial Department of
Public Works hereby gives notice that
it has, under section 7 of the said Act,
deposited with the Minister of Public
Works at Ottawa and in the District
Registrar of the Land Registry Dis-
trict of Sunbury County, New Brun-
swick, at Oromocto, Sunbury County,
N. B., a description of the site and the
plans for the proposed new

HARRIS BRIDGE,
Over Oromocto River, Parishes of Lin-
coln and Burton, Sunbury
County, N. B.

And take notice that after the ex-
piration of one month from the date
of the first publication of this notice,
the New Brunswick Provincial Depart-
ment of Public Works will, under sec-
tion 7 of the said Act, apply to the
Minister of Public Works at his office
in the City of Ottawa, for approval
of the said site and plans, and for
leave to construct the said bridge.

Dated at Fredericton, N. B., this 14th
day of April, 1919.

P. J. VENIOT,
Minister of Public Works,
Province of New Brunswick.

HAVE YOU HEARD ANY CRITICISMS OF Overseas Y. M. C. A. Work?

CAPT. (REV.) A. J. MACDONALD, formerly Pastor of the
First Presbyterian Church, Truro, N. S., who has been over-
seas for nearly four years, will answer these criticisms at the

**Opera House, Tuesday Evening
May, 6th.**

Capt. MacDonald speaks from actual experience gained at
the front. He is one of the most eloquent and effective speak-
ers in Nova Scotia.

All are invited to attend. The chair will be taken at eight
o'clock.

The Red Triangle Drive will begin on WEDNESDAY, May
7th. Be ready with your subscriptions.

'New Brunswick Grown'

Orders should now be placed for early May delivery. We
make a specialty of **Apple Trees, Shrubs, Hedging, Roses and
Strawberry Plants.** Experts have pronounced our apple trees
excellent, comprising the leading varieties, including Mackin-
tosh Red, Fameuse, Wealthy, Dudley and Bethel. This sea-
son's stock will soon be exhausted. Write for terms. Discount
for cash with order. Mail orders solicited.

ST. JOHN VALLEY NURSERY BURTON,
N. B.

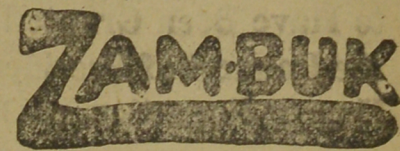
\$4 Saved Two Fingers

The fingers were those of Mr.
J. W. Besnard, of 539 Craig St.
E., Montreal. He says,—"A fall-
ing beam badly smashed my hand.
Two fingers were so severely
crushed that the doctors said they
would have to be amputated. Natu-
rally I didn't want this, so de-
cided to try Zam-Buk first. I ap-
plied Zam-Buk daily, and by the
time I had used \$4 worth, the in-
jury was completely healed. My
fingers were saved!"

Just another illustration of the
healing power of Zam-Buk. Acci-
dents will happen. It may be your
turn next. Better get a box and
keep it handy. Accidents are less
frequent than skin diseases, and
remember this—

Zam-Buk is just as good for
eczema, ulcers, skin diseases, and
piles, as for cuts, burns, bruises.

All druggists and stores 50c. box,
or 3 for \$1.25. Refuse substitutes.



SANITATION ON THE FARM.

A wag who recently discussed pre-
sent day attention to sanitation evi-
dently believes that we may go to ex-
tremes even in the prosecution of a
good thing. He waxes rhyminly thus:

We've bathed bossie's tootsies, we
have cleaned the rooster's ears.

We've trimmed the turkey's wattles
with antiseptic shears.

With talcum all the guinea-hens are
beautiful and bright,

And Dobbin's wreath of gleaming
teeth we've burnished snowy
white.

With pungent sachet powder we've
glorified the dog.

And when we have the leisure, we'll
manicure the hog.

We've done all in our power to have
a barn de luxe;

We've soured the sheep in kresco
dip; we've sterilized the ducks.

The little chicks are daily fed on
sanitized worms,

The calves and colts are always
boiled to keep them free from
germs.

And thoroughly to carry out our pro-
phylactic plan,

Next week with germicidal soap
we'll wash the hired man.