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"The house is dry &
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"We are proud of our Building"
"The whole transaction with you
has been a most satisfactory one"
"The Blocks are easy to handle,
and we had no trouble with the
erection." "The house is eas-
ily heated." "We found the con-
crete Blocks just as represen-
ted"

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Concrete Builders Limited, Fredericton, N. B.

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— Booklets illustrating Hollow Blocks — Price List of Concrete Hollow Blocks
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ASPINWALL SINGLE and DOUBLE CYLINDER SPRAY-
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We stock repairs for machinery sold and can give you
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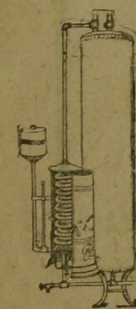
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The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on
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Just the same in its heating principle as the
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Steady, even, powerful blue flame; no wick,
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The Ideal Work Boot for
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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

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JULY 15 1918 HUN ARMY WAS LURED TO DESTRUCTION

Paris Newspaper Recalls the Anxious Moments of a Year Ago
and Tells How Marshal Foch Had the Matter in Hand from
Start to Finish—French, English, Americans and Italians
were Heart to Heart, Shoulder to Shoulder.

Paris, July 26.—The Matin prints a story of the battle situation of July 14 last year as it appeared to the eyes of Foch and his staff. The Marshal himself says:

"The battle of July was our battle of the nations. The French, English, Americans and Italians all were heart to heart, shoulder to shoulder. All did their duty. All I did was to do mine. The battle of July 18 was only the beginning of the good work. When would the end come? That I did not know. But I knew well what that end would be. Never for one day or one hour did I have any doubt as to the result. In war he who doubts is lost. One should never doubt."

From the Marshal's staff, Stephen Luzanne, to whom Foch made the above statement, I received the following:

"On July 14 Foch and his staff were staying at the Chateau Bourbon, near the little town of Mormont. They had their eyes fixed alternately on a map and on the clock, for they knew almost to a second when and where Hindenburg was going to attack. The information garnered from prisoners and airplanes had been exact and detailed. Since the 15th the Marshal had known the day, the place, the arrangements and the extent of the attack. All that he needed was the exact moment which the attack would be launched and that he learned on the evening of the 14th.

A local attack carried out by Gouraud's outposts captured 27 Germans, who admitted that the first wave of the assault would leave the enemy's lines at 3 a. m. on the 15th. The artillery preparation was to begin at midnight.

"Foch knew that the Germans intended to strike their final blow by cutting the right wing of the Allied army in half, that they hoped to carry in a single stroke Rheims, Eperney, Chalons and even Verdun; that they expected to envelop Paris from the east and thus strike a death blow at public opinion. But what the Germans did not know was that from Chateau-Thierry to the Argonne they would meet a formidable defensive in which troops at least as numerous as their own had been accumulated. They had no idea that between Prunety and Main re Massiges they would find a void before them and then suddenly, in the second line facing them or in reserve, fourteen divisions of infantry. They did not know that on the Rheims front they would meet 11 infantry divisions in the first line with three infantry divisions and one cavalry corps in reserve, or that at Chateau-Thierry they would come up against a most complete artillery preparation. The Allied troops went to the assault behind a rolling barrage preceded only by tanks. They pierced deep into the enemy's lines and threw him into confusion.

"From the morning of the 18th disorder reigned throughout the German forces. From that evening, threatened on his front and with flank pierced between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry, he was compelled to begin a retreat across the Marne and the evacuation of the whole salient. By August 6th there not not a single German soldier south of the river Vesle. Thirty thousand prisoners had been taken, 600 guns, 200 mienenwerfer, 3,000 machine guns, and the front had been shortened by 45 kilometers. A terrible blow had been struck at the morale of the German army and people, while that of the Allies had been inflamed by victory."

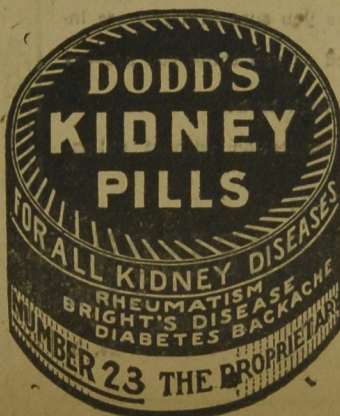
TOO MUCH LIKE KAISER BILL

Ex-Sheriff James Merritt, whose mustache grows as a sheriff's mustache should, has established a mustache censorship and outlawed the Potsdam points, according to a Port Chester correspondent of the New York Tribune.

Until a few days ago scarcely an hour went by that the argus-eyed former sheriff patrolling the streets did not find at least one sky-pointing mustache of the kind made notorious by Wild Bill' Hohenzollern. The tactics of the former sheriff upon spotting such a one were as tactful and as unvarying as those of a collecting agency.

Placing himself in front of the wearer, he would fix a pale and unappreciative eye upon the offending mustache and stare and stare. Either the stares wilted or became curious or belligerent. Former Sheriff Merritt was ready for either result.

At the first evidence of embarrassment he would nod mutely toward the nearest barber shop, follow his victim until he entered and remained on post



HANDBAGS OF LINEN

Perhaps as a remnant of the craze and necessity for knitting bags, there are now linen handbags—they are obviously inspired by some of the lovely crash and linen knitting bags that we carried last summer. They are embroidered in color and decorated with beads and little puff tassels of some soft stuff like chenille. One, for instance, in heavy cream gray linen—oyster gray, really—is embroidered with soft old blue. The handle is a string of big black jet beads and at each of the three corners of the bag—the bottom is cut in a triangle, so that there are three corners—hangs a big blue puff suspended from a big jet bead.

Civilization has done a great deal for man, but it hasn't been able to prevent his stopping to look at a dog fight.

Nowadays one-half of the world wonders how the other half manages to live, being itself scarcely able to make both ends meet.

Not even a coat of tan is cheap if secured at a summer resort.

Evidently the Huns were foolish enough to expect the peace treaty to be written in gentle words, like a parental letter to an erring son.

If a woman refuses to go away for a week's visit, it isn't because she's afraid her husband will be lonesome—but because she is afraid he won't be.

outside until he emerged without his mustache. If the mustached one inquired civilly what was wrong, the former sheriff would start as if awakened from a daze and explain that he thought he was confronting his old friend, "Pewter Cup Bill," the yachtsman. If the recipient of his stare wanted to know what was biting the former sheriff, Merritt went just as far with the inquisitive one as was necessary to persuade him into a neat coat of lather.

PIG'S PLACE IN MYTHOLOGY

(Manchester Guardian)

If we add an Irish "bull" to the story of the Roscommon pig, the vision of the small girl Beirne might be described as an echo of certain events that occurred more than sixty centuries ago, when mankind was laying the foundations of civilization and its beliefs for all time. It carries our minds back to the mythical sow that is reputed to have suckled King Minos of Crete and the infant god Zeus-Dionysus; to the sacrificial pigs which the initiates into the Eleusinian mysteries washed in the waters of the Aegean; to the evil swine that determined the fate of Osiris, Adonis, Tammuz and Diarmid; and to a still earlier phase in the gropings after light and consolation when the sow was identified with the Great Mother, the creator of all, who, in her capacity as the moon and the sky, regulated the universe and controlled the destinies of mankind. Hence the pig was fate, and the black pig was evil because it was identified with the black clouds which obscured the light, at first in the purely literal and physical sense, but afterward in the thical and moral acceptance of the phrase.

HOW SALLOW SKIN CAN BE CHANGED TO ROSY COMPLEXION

Every woman with pale cheeks and poor complexion needs medicine—needs a potent tonic to regulate her system.

To touch up the stomach—to insure good digestion—to give new life and vitality to the whole system—where is there a remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Dr. Hamilton's Pills enable you to eat what you like—they correct constipation—make nourishing blood—in still force and vim into a run-down system.

If nervous and can't sleep your remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they search out the cause of your condition and you rise in the morning refreshed, strong, vigorous, ready for the day's work.

Dr. Hamilton asks every weak and debilitated person to use his mandrake and Butternut Pills. They make old folks feel young, and weak folks feel strong. Their effects upon insomnia and languor is marvellous. Hundreds declare they soothe and quiet the nerves so that a good night's rest always follows their use.

To look well, to feel well, to keep well, to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, cleansing, strengthening—good for the young or old. Sold by all dealers in 25c boxes.

Love realizes it blindness shortly after the marriage ceremony.

The first and last years of a man's life are not very strenuous.

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Fifty Laborers Wanted
by the

City of Fredericton

PUBLIC WORKS DEPT.

Apply to City Treasurer's Office or City
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Highest Wages Paid

MISS DORETHEA FITCH



"ANGIE" IN "THE FORTUNE HUNTER"

Miss Dorethea Fitch, shown in the cut above, will take the part of "Angie" in the play, "The Fortune Hunter," to be given this year on Chautauqua. For a time Miss Fitch was Executive Secretary of the Drama League. She is a graduate of the Public Speaking Department of Swarthmore College and has had extensive dramatic experience. She has been one of the leading members of the "College Players" which organization is known throughout the Chautauqua circuits for its excellent presentations of "Twelfth Night" and "The Man From Home."

"The Fortune Hunter" is a popular comedy play by Winchell Smith. Mr. Smith's comedies are famous for their clean humor and dramatic interest. "Turn to the Right," another one of Mr. Smith's plays, is now enjoying an extensive run in Philadelphia.

"The Fortune Hunter" will be given on Chautauqua on the third evening. It will be entirely up to the standard of the Chautauqua Plays in past years. Many like it even better than "The Old Homestead." Plan to see it.