

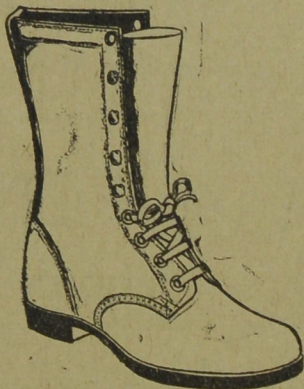
Soldiers Boots Defective

SAYS WAR BOOT REPORT

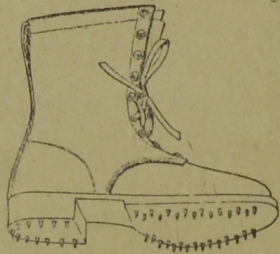
The Boot as generally supplied is defective in following respects (Says Commissioner's Report) (a) unsuitable shape, (b) unsuitable make, (c) Leather Contains No Water Resisting Material or dubbing or dressing.

BUT READ WHAT GENERAL SAM HUGHES

Minister of Militia Declares



"For conditions at Salisbury Plain LARRIGANS would have been best. If I had had my way when I found our soldiers were wading around in mud I would have sent them LARRIGANS."

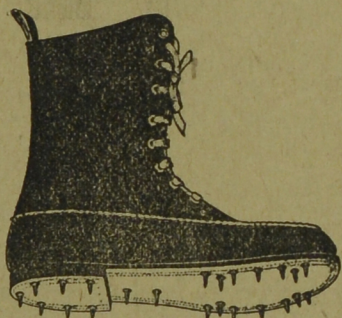


As Canada's Largest Manufacturers of LARRIGANS we are now marketing THESE NEW LINES OF HARDWEAR WORKING BOOTS AND SHOES. They are made from the Same Oil-Tanned Waterproof Leather which made Larrigans famous. NONE WENT TO THE FRONT.

PALMER-McLELLAN

FREDERICTON, N. B.
JOHN PALMER, Manager.

Stream Drivers Purchase Your Footwear By Mail.



PALMER'S SPECIAL OIL TANNED SKOWHEGAN 10in DRAW STRING DRIVING Pack \$5.00

Delivered by Mail or Express, all charges prepaid, made with reinforced counter, and shank with heavy double nailed sole of best quality sole leather that will hold any style of caulk.

Send in your orders at once and be ready when the driving starts. Send us \$5.00 stating size, and your order will be filled by return mail.

Special Prices to Dealers

John Palmer Co., Ltd.
Fredericton, N. B.

Makers of the Famous "Moose Head Brand" and "Palmer Brand"

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Oil Tanned Footwear in Canada

HEART WOULD PALPITATE.

HAD WEAK and DIZZY SPELLS.

Palpitation of the heart is one of the most common of all heart troubles. The heart will beat fast for several seconds, then slow, then start to flutter, and a feeling of utter depression will come over the system accompanied by weak and dizzy spells, making you feel that you are surely going to die. When you feel this way what you require is a real good heart and never tonic; one that will strengthen the weak heart and build up the nerve system. For this purpose we know of nothing that can equal Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, and I would take weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to try your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills so I started at once, and found that I felt much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better within a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble ever since childhood and finds great relief in using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

NERO HAD ELEVATORS

Philadelphia, April 6.—The palace of Nero had three elevators. In the year 6 A. D. an income tax was established in Rome on all incomes in excess of \$4,000. The hobbly skirt was one of dame fashion's decrees in the days of Moses.

These and many other interesting facts going to show that life among the ancient ways not so different from that of today were brought out by Prof. Camden M. who has just returned from a trip to Palestine. He began a series of lectures upon his archaeological discoveries today in the Arch Street Methodist Episcopal Church.

Prof. Coburn pointed out that the Jews had three different systems of shorthand reporting in the first century and that if every Jewish court a shorthand reporter or clerk sat on each side of the judge took "stenographers" with them on their travels.

Other advantages enjoyed by the ancients according to Prof. Coburn, follow:

In St. Paul's time there were seventy labor unions in Rome; hence a struggle between capital and labor must have been waged even then.

There were several great monopolies in the first century, the greatest of all being the oil business. The "trust" dealt in olive oil and the like.

There were also the monopolies. As to homes, Prof. Coburn says he has read in manuscripts dug from ancient tombs and houses of a Roman who spent the equivalent of \$12,000,000 upon decorations for his house. Another plutocrat spent \$90,000,000 in one year. Nero on one occasion spent \$175,000 for roses on his banquet tables. The fates were brought from Egypt.

WHY HE KEPT A SERVANT.

In the days when he was superintendent of the Portsmouth Dockyard in England, Lord Fisher, the present admiral of the British fleet, had the seagull attitude toward the men; he frequently treated them with all the harshness of a whaling captain; they, in turn, treated him with a half-friendly, half-hostile familiarity.

Several years after his Portsmouth days, Fisher visited one of his old associates of the forecastle who was then living on half pay. He found the old man comfortably settled in a cottage, attended by another superannuated seaman.

"Why do you have this other man here?" asked the admiral. "I keep 'im," said the pensioner, "to come into my quarters at five o'clock in the mornin' an' sing out, 'Hi, there! The Admiral wants to see you.' At that I merely roiled over in my bed and says, 'Tell Old Fisher to go to 'ell.'—The World's Work.

A FAIR OFFER.

When Richard Olney was secretary of state he often said that appointees to the consular service should speak the language of the country to which they were appointed.

An enterprising western politician, who desired to serve at a Chinese port, presented his papers to Mr. Olney. The secretary remarked:

"Are you aware, sir, that I never recommend a consul unless he can speak the country's language. Now, I suppose you do not speak Chinese?"

The westerner grinned broadly. "If, Mr. Secretary," said he "you will ask me a question in Chinese I shall be happy to answer it."

He got the job.

FINED FIFTY DOLLARS

Frank Peacock was fined fifty dollars in the police court Tuesday afternoon on the charge of assaulting Fred Hurley of Cross Creek. The charge was originally one of stabbing but was changed to one of common assault by the complainant.

CAN BREAK THROUGH LINES

London, April 13.—A statement from Field Marshal, Sir John French, commander of the British expeditionary force on the continent, which was read at a recruiting meeting held here last night, urged the necessity for munitions and said:—

"I want to pound the enemy and go on pounding them regardless of expenses, regardless of the number of shells I use, because by doing so I am saving the lives of our gallant men. The more ammunition the less danger to our men in making advances."

"I know that when the time comes for the great move, we can break through the Germans"

The Indian Soldiers Are Sports Clear Through

Paris, April 8.—A young blade of a Pathan, with his loose, well-oiled locks hanging down with a stiff upward curl, a cloak flung over his shoulders, and his smart Kula set at a jaunty angle in his turban, swaggered into the receiving room, a cigarette in his mouth, and grinned at the medical officer. He had an air which made the hospital followers yield him place.

"What is the matter with you?" the doctor asked. "I was sick outside."

"Since when," he said, "has it been the custom for a sepoy to speak to an officer smoking a cigarette?"

"I would take it out, sahib," he said, smiling, "but both my arms are broken." The doctor lifted the man's cloak from his shoulder. A machine gun bullet had smashed his left wrist, tearing three tendons, and penetrated his right upper arm. There was a compound fracture in each wound; and he was glad of the excuse to smoke.

He ought to have ejected the cigarette before he came into the room, but it was a touch of impudence that one could forgive.

For a month he slept and smoked and smiled, in spite of an exposed nerve which made the dressing of the wound painful. At the end of it the doctor was sorry to lose him.

EATEN SOME BULLETS

In one of the wards I found another Pathan surrounded with all the comforts of life, a blue dressing gown, red blankets, soft green felt slippers—the gift of the Indian Soldiers Fund—and a table strewn with cigarettes.

"The Sircar is looking after you all right," I said to him. "Ha, sahib," he answered with a smile, pointing to his throat. "Sirkar-ke gola yahan khaia"—"I have (literally 'eaten') a Sircar's bullet here."

I doubt if any Sikh, Dorga, Rajput or Punjabi Mussulman would have been capable of this repartee. The Pathan's humor is subtle, with a hint of irony in it; the Gurkha has an almost childlike bonhomie; he enjoys the same happy relations with his regimental officer as exist between a class of form boys and a popular schoolmaster. When the doctor comes into the ward with the cigarette rations he fixes some Gurkha with a stern eye and says:—

"The Gurkhas save become as Sikhs, I hear, and no longer smoke. Therefore the others will receive a larger portion."

This sahy is greeted with much laughter, and merriments increases with repetition. One seldom hears other Indian soldiers laugh aloud.

The Pathan can vent his humor in a well-conceived practical joke. There was a company of them in some cottages near Hazebroucke at the beginning of the war. They had come up in support and were waiting their turn. The place was being heavily shelled, and one of them was seen to come out of the kitchen where they were cooking their chappatis and stroll into a peat field.

He stood upright for a moment, studying the effect of shrapnel in his immediate neighborhood, and then stooped, unobserved as he thought, tore by a huge beet, and heaved it through the window at his friends. As they came scurrying out thinking that the roof was about their ears he doubled up with laughter.

SPENDS MORE MONEY

"The Pathan is a sportsman," a subaltern in a class-company regiment said to me. "He never saves money but spends more than he earns. He likes a bright waistcoat, and he carries it with a devil-may-care, swashbuckling air." There was much in common between the subaltern and his havalidar.

Though his code is separated by a wide gulf from the Englishman's the Pathan has probably more in common with him than any other Asiatic. Within this code he is to be trusted absolutely. Only a few British and Indian Army officers understand it, but they swear by him. He is capable of certain cold-blooded atrocities in his blood feuds, but these are part of a recognized retributive

BRAIN EXPOSED BUT SMOKED

And he is wonderfully hardy. The young blade who swaggered into the receiving room was a type. That double fracture would have put the average man out of action.

But patience, hardness, endurance are not confined to the Pathan. They are the note of all these wards. A Dogra with a bullet in his back and total paralysis below the hips was smoking a pipe. I asked him how he was, and he said, "Accha, sahib!"—"I am well." A Jat with pneumonia said, "Abram hai!"—"There is relief."

another man with a hole in the back of his head—the doctor told me the brain was exposed and that he could see it throbbing when he dressed the wound—put out his hand for a cigarette. On the table by his side there was a recently smoked pipe and some coarse French tobacco. A Gurkha had a bullet through his chin which had cut down through the throat into the lungs. He gurgled some phrase of gratitude as we passed.

A French army doctor, going round the wards with us, asked whether it was insensibility or self-control. The Indian Medical Service man smiled. He had worked in Indian hospitals for twenty years, but he would not be led into generalizations. So we were left to form our own conclusions out of an impression, that will abide with us, of double rows of beds filled with wounded men, of whom had the same tale, "Abram hai!"—"There is relief," "Accha, sahib!"—"I am well."

OBEDIENT SERVANT.

It was a cheap restaurant and two men had just taken their seats at the same table. A waiter came bustling up.

"Your order, gents?" "Give me a boiled egg," said one of the men.

"And give me one, too," said the other, "and see to it that it's fresh."

"All right, gentlemen, certainly," said the waiter. And then, stepping to the speaking tube, he called out:

"Two boiled eggs—one of them fresh."

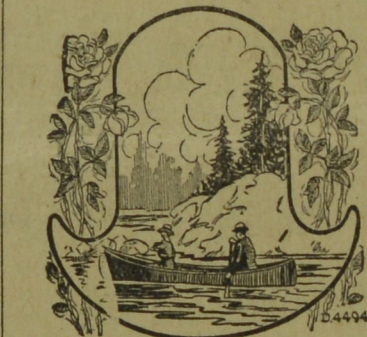
Most women suspect there is some mischief brewing every time their husbands smile.

Vigilance the Price of a Good Complexion

To retain the natural beauty of the skin only proper care and treatment is needed. Our skins are naturally clear and healthy, but the demands of everyday life and unnatural living quickly spoil their freshness and beauty. So necessary is this care that no woman can afford to neglect it. The Nyal people have just issued a new booklet, "Your Complexion," which contains most useful and interesting information on how to care for the complexion in such a way that its beauty and freshness will be preserved for many years. It also includes directions for best methods of massage. The constant use of some good preparation, such as Nyal's Face Cream, is absolutely necessary to keep the skin really clean and healthy. It is a nourishing, oxygenated, greaseless skin-food which leaves no shine. Get a 25c or 50c jar and rub it gently into the skin. See how quickly it is absorbed, leaving the skin pleasantly refreshed and delicately fragrant.

All Nyal preparations are justly famous, and none more so than Nyal's Face Cream, which we unhesitatingly recommend. Call or telephone us for your copy of this book, which contains most valuable information.

Hunt & Macdonald, Druggists, 596 Queen Street, Alonzo Staples, Druggist, 100 York Street, Fredericton.



THERE SHOULD BE PLEASURE and health and beauty in every life. We can help to bring you beauty and enjoyment.

OUR OUT FLOWERS, potted plants, table ferns, hanging baskets, etc., are of the finest quality. Why not treat yourself or your friends?

ADA M. SCHLEYER
Charlotte Street

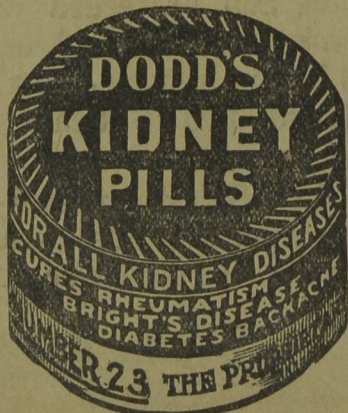
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FREDERICTON Business COLLEGE
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to enlist for training as Book-Keepers, Bank Clerks, Stenographers, etc. We have put hundreds on the road to SUCCESS. Let us do the same for YOU. Write for particulars. Address—

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

Lillian, the little daughter of W. E. C. Seely of Fredericton Junction was operated upon at the Victoria Public Hospital last week for appendicitis by Dr. G. C. Vanwart. The child is aged five years but stood the operation well and is reported to be recovering.



Wood's Phosphorine
The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Depression, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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Now is the time to order your honey labels. We can supply you with colored stock for \$1.75 a thousand or \$1.25 for five hundred. Send in your orders at once.