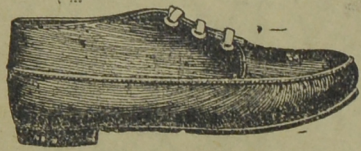


PALMER'S MOOSEHEAD BRAND



Summer Packs or Plow and Harvest Shoes

No more tired, aching or burning feet. Get a pair of these light weight easy fitting Summer Shoes, made on comfortable right and left lasts, from our **Famous Scowhegan Waterproof Leather**, with waterproofed sole leather outsoles and solid insoles, fit well, wear well, and don't get hard or crack. Though only introduced three years ago they are now in great demand from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



THE GREATEST SUMMER WORKING SHOE YET PRODUCED. Specially adapted for; Farmers, Section Men, Millmen, Laborers, Brick Yardmen, Men on the Booms, in fact all men who work, and want to work in Comfort.

Sold by the leading dealers everywhere. If you are unable to procure them from yours, write us and we will see that they are placed within your reach. Made 4-6 and 9 inches high.

Manufactured Only By

John Palmer Company, Ltd.
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Canada's Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Oil Tanned Footwear.

Attention!

Palmer - McLellan's

SOLID LEATHER LIGHT DURABLE WATERPROOF BOOTS and SHOES

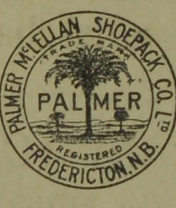
Better Boots
FOR

Farmers,
Dairymen,
Working-
men

AND

BOYS

For
SPRING



SUMMER
USE

**JOHN
PALMER**

OUR MANAGER
Originated and
Made

**SHOEPACKS
FAMOUS**

SEND FOR FREE CAT-
ALOGUE

of his complete new line
of Waterproof Boots and
Shoes.

There's a copy for you.

The thousands of Workingmen, Farmers, Lumbermen, etc., who have worn our Oil Tanned Footwear, will vouch for our superiority as Shoe-pack Manufacturers and read with pleasure the announcement that we are now making an Oil-Tanned Waterproof Spring and Summer Work Boot.

Not until recently has our Celebrated Oil Tanned Leather been used in the construction of ordinary Boots and Shoes.

The immense success with which these new lines are meeting is assurance of their excellence.

PALMER-McLELLAN FREDERICTON, N. B.
JOHN PALMER, Manager

**ADVERTISE IN
THE "DAILY MAIL"**

SAND BAGS ARE NEEDED FOR SOLDIERS

ACONNA,
Province of Quebec,
June 22, 1915.

Dear Mr. Editor,
Will you be good enough to publish the enclosed, as the Minister of Militia wishes it to be made as public as possible as we are in great need of funds for our Canadian soldiers at the front.

Sincerely yours,
ETHEL M. HALE.

President, Toronto Amalgamated.

MINISTER'S OFFICE,
Ottawa, June 11th, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Hale,

It affords me great pleasure indeed to learn of your splendid work regarding your Sand Bag Fund. I understand this has been started by friends in England, under the leadership of Miss Grand of Folkestone, sister of Mrs. Joseph Kilgour, whose husband is a prominent figure in Toronto and Canadian life. The cause is a good one. I wish you and all the ladies associated in this splendid work every success.

Faithfully,

SAM HUGHES.

To Mrs. E. Russell Hale,
Caconna, Province of Quebec.

SAND BAGS FOR SOLDIERS

The following letter received by Mrs. Kilgour from her sister, Miss Grand, who is engaged in work for the soldiers at Folkestone, England, makes an appeal to which surely every one of us should respond.

As we explained here a few weeks ago, when we made a plea for sand bags in response to Miss Grand's cable, the bags are used to protect the soldiers from the bullets after the men have left the trenches and are advancing in the open. Carrying these bags with them, they drop them and take shelter behind them. We can help so easily to save our men from German bullets. Here is the letter:

"I cabled to you this morning asking if you could collect some funds for sand bags. We want MILLIONS for our dear soldiers. So much depends upon the next six weeks. We are working at them day and night, and need money.

"Will you have the appeal put in the Toronto papers at once? We must send all we can, and every one has to be made by hand. Do try to get the appeal in quickly, and cable funds. Surely all the concerts that have been given in Toronto could spare us some money.

"It is no use Toronto people making them as they take too long to get here, and the great battle may be fought in the meantime. One sand bag may save a precious life. Do ask everyone to help in the great cause."

The accompanying extract from a letter from Mr. Hugh Brewer, of the 24th Battalion, (Royal Montreal Regiment), speaks of the use of these sand bags:

"General Alderson also addressed all ranks, thanking the men for the splendid work they had done, and their splendid behaviour under fire. He said that the commanders of the two British brigades which relieved the Canadians, had gone out of their way to tell him that they had never been in such well-cared for trenches. 'Perhaps you are not aware of it,' said the General, 'but it's a fact that the divisions used more than fifteen thousand sand bags during their occupation of the trenches. The work which the Canadians did in strengthening parapets, constructing dug outs etc., has come in for the highest praise from experienced British soldiers.'"

The following extract from a letter written by Capt. Agar Adamson, to Mrs. Adamson before he was wounded would make all doubts vanish. Capt. Adamson says:

"We cannot get more than three hundred sand bags a company, or one thousand a regiment per day, which handicaps us very much, as we could see one thousand a day per company.

Contributions for bags should be sent either to Mrs. Russell Hale, 307 Russell Hill Road, now at Caconna, Que., or to Joseph Kilgour, 21 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

A sand bag may sound very romantic, but it saves a Canadian's life. Could we ask more? And they need THOUSANDS.

There are some dainty embroidered collars of mull or batiste in the shops, and transfer patterns for them may be bought. They are scalloped, often in points, and decorated with fine needlework. In shape they flare at the back sometimes, and sometimes lie flat in sailor collar fashion white or color can be used in embroidering them.

Over in Kent county a fourteen-year-old boy acted as foreman on a bridge job and a ten-year-old boy got his name on the pay roll. That's going some for a business-like government.

HON. J. E. WILSON TO BEAT IT WHILE THE GOING IS GOOD

Will Take the Job of Savings Bank Manager--Has Been a Great Promiser While in Public Life--Friends Sorry He is Not to Manage a Bank With Money to Loan

St. John, June 26--So my old friend John E. has said "Good bye" to his friends in the department, which means "Good bye" to politics. Somebody must have passed the word to Johnny to "beat it while the going is good." Lucky Wilson! He has had a rabbit foot with him ever since he went into politics. He came in on a wave and he is leaving before the deluge. Maxwell, deceased, went into the Savings Bank and Wilson stepped into his shoes. Wetmore, deceased, went out of the Savings Bank and Wilson takes his chair. I don't think anybody envies him his job. Johnnie is popular and harmless. His popularity is waning, perhaps because even the United States government wouldn't have jobs enough to fill all of John's promises. He made them without thinking beforehand or afterward. They were surely like pie crust to be broken. But there were some people who took Hon. John E. seriously and they are disappointed. Many of them are sorry it is not a real bank he is going to manage. If they could discount notes at the Savings Bank what a picnic they would have for John is too good natured to say "no." I'm almost afraid that simply signing checks and counting gold will be too heavy a job for him; but if so he can always call on Joe Noble to help him out of his trouble.

I see the opposition had a chat with their leader, Mr. C. W. Robinson, one day this week. There are plenty of opposition folk to whom that will be good news. What people want is action and plenty of it. There has been a lot of laughter over the French foreman's frank talk before Chandler, the commissioner, when he said, "Col. Sheridan, he good to me. He made me foreman, so I had to be good to him." But you mark my words, that won't jar the colonel who represents Kent. He won't resign and New Brunswick is the only place on this continent where such actions on the part of a representative would not send him to the tall timbers. If public sentiment was right, neither Sheridan nor A. J. H. Stewart nor Martin Robichaud would or could sit in their seats in the House of Assembly again. But there isn't any public conscience in this part of Canada. If there is it isn't on its job. Political ethics are on the bum; the people have stood and will stand for anything the grafters say and the grafters are right--so far. Even our provincial patriotic gift of \$150,000 was not safe from the vandals of graft. The men who would steal from the Belgian orphans would lift the coppers from a dead man's eyes. Yet the purchase of the patriotic potatoes was nothing but a plain steal. Mucray, the minister of agriculture, tried to cover it up but all his evasions, his excuses and his equivocations could not hide the fact that the generous gift of the people of New Brunswick, to provide potatoes for the starving Belgians was largely lost squandered and wasted by unscrupulous men.

INVESTIGATION REFUSED.

Ans when Organizer E. S. Carter asked through J. L. Stewart, a member of the public accounts committee, that witnesses be summoned to give evidence showing the graft, the docile chairman refused his permission. What a power, a servile majority has to prevent investigation of such a scandalous transaction! But what could you expect from men who whitewashed a man whom the federal premier says must resign his candidature in Carleton-Victoria because he was condemned by the royal commission who inquired into his conduct.

Even the men who sat in the House and voted for this resolution of J. L. White's and George B. Jones' are ashamed of themselves today. Some of them have said so. Why, then did they vote against their conscience? Because they were afraid of the man who had taken \$100,000 of Gould's money and helped elect them with the most of it. Each and every one of them, from the premier down, owed their seats in the House to the Gould boodle fund. How then, could they condemn the man who had made it possible for them to but their way to power? They couldn't. They knew Fleming was watching their action. So was Teed, his treasurer. The story of the complete elections of 1912 hung over them. Fleming had paid the price and he called on them to deliver the goods--a whitewash. And they gave him his putty coat.

WHITWASH SCARCE.

A lot of bright young ladies had a minstrel show in St. John not long ago. They had a number of good jokes and the minstrel circle was a joyful half hour. Fred McNeill, the secretary of the Tory machine, was interloper. One of the Cork beauties said to him:

"Mr. McNeill, I've got to leave town. My Phil's got no more stuff for his whitewash."

"Why, Mandy, how is that. Why can't your Philip make his whitewash as usual?"

"Good reason why, Mr. McNeill, those men in Fredericton use all that stuff in the legislature."

McNeill didn't like the joke but the audience did and that's all the girls wanted.

I wish I was a cartoonist. I would send you a picture of "Bobby" Baxter in swimming--just off those fore-shores. SO LONG.

Food Values

depend upon what the food supplies to the body.

Body and brain--particularly the latter--need certain elements often lacking in one's every day diet.

Among these Elements is the brain and nerve building phosphate of potash, not the kind that you buy at the drug store, but the true organic form as grown in the field grains, wheat and barley.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is scientifically processed to supply all the nutrition of the grain, combining delicious flavour and those important mineral values which are absolutely necessary for the upbuilding of well-balanced physical and mental strength.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

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