

Razor

a clasp razor or
a you prefer. It
le that the cost
ned can use it
lly; yet it offers
advantages to the
w to stop and

\$2.50
\$3.50
\$5.00

la on receipt of

NS, E

WATCH

personal adorn-
long felt want,
ures, V. A. D.
is particularly

bracelet Watches
solid gold, solid
reliable move-

carefully.

PAGE

hardware
Saws,
Covering
e and Oil

to Tires, and

53 Union Street

St. John, N. B.

ce Now

ze

VALUE

Manufactured

By

Limited

702, St. John, N. B.

PES

s and Rods

St. John

Works, Ltd.

TINGS

Phone West 15

er.

le

comfortable

gle your barns

extra No. 1 Shingles

dry stock only

\$2.30

Christie Wood-

erking Co., Ltd.

6 Erin Street.

WELLING PRESS

3 Water St.

SENDING INVITATIONS

Correct Style

graved or Printed

MOIR'S
Chocolates

I'm so glad you came. I've such a
treat for you. Moir's Chocolates—
my favorites. There's nothing quite so
delicious or just like Moir's in flavor.
Moir's Limited, Halifax



"CANADIAN FOOD CONTROL LICENSE NOS. 5-776 11-887."
W. J. WETMORE, 61 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN
New Brunswick Representative.

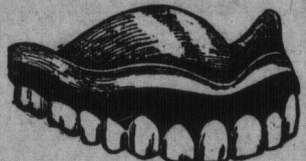
MARITIME DENTAL PARLORS

Enjoy life while it lasts. If you must wear a plate, do not be con-
tent with one that is a continual source of annoyance to you, but
come to us and your mouth will experience all the comforts of child-
hood and your face will have the charm of youth.

PEERLESS VULCO DENTURE

FULL SET

\$8.00



PAINLESS EXTRACTION ONLY 25 CENTS

Guaranteed Crown and Bridge Work \$4.00 and \$5.00.

BROKEN PLATES REPAIRED IN 3 HOURS

*Fillings of all kinds. Free consultation. Trained Nurse in at-
tendance.

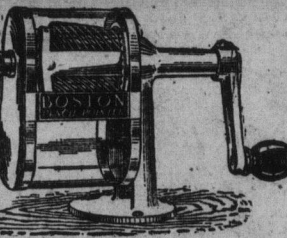
PHONE M. 2789-21.

Hours 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

DR. A. J. MCKNIGHT, Proprietor.

38 Charlotte Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The "Boston"
Pencil Sharpener

The last word in Pencil
Sharpeners and the lowest
priced one made for sharpen-
ing all sizes of pencils, includ-
ing the large hexagon colored
kind.
Stops cutting when point has
been made.

BARNE & CO., Ltd., 84 Prince Wm. St.

CHIEF RECRUITING OFFICE

103 Prince Wm. Street

MILITARY DISTRICTS 6 AND 7

Enlisting Men For

ROYAL CANADIAN ENGINEERS

Railway Construction and Skilled Railway

Employees Corps.

Tradesmen urgently required.

G. H. Curry, Lieut., C. E.

ESTABLISHED 1870

GILBERT G. MURDOCH

A. M. Can. Soc. C. E.

Civil Engineer and Crown Land Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, Estimates, Superintendence, Blue Prints, Black Line

Prints. Maps of St. John and Surroundings. 74 Carmarthen St., St. John

Trusses Crutches Canes

Knee Caps Elastic Stockings Bandages

THE ROYAL PHARMACY, 47 King Street.

THE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

Corona Portable Typewriters, Re-built Typewriters of all makes.

Machines Repaired and Rented. Supplies for all Typewriters.

UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LTD.

66 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Electric Grills for Light

Housekeeping

Come in and Let Us Show You

HIRAM WEBB & SON, Electrical Contractors

91 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. Phone M. 2579-11

SOME LAUGHABLE SITUATIONS
ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONTNight Operations, Perhaps More Than Any Other
Part of the Training Undergone At Home, Give
Ample Scope To the Sense of Humor of the
Men.

(By Lieut. J. F. Morton.)

Night operations, perhaps more than

any other part of the training under-

gone at home, give ample scope to the

sense of humor of the men. There

are always laughable situations. Some-

body challenges a colonel in a rather

strong language; somebody else gets

lost and walks into the enemy, some-

body else falls into a stream; and the

platoon leader throws ridicule over the

whole proceeding. It is, in fact, some

little time before men begin to realize

that behind all the marching and coun-

ter-marching, the frenzied digging, the

weary hours of outpost work, there lies

a definite purpose; that there is really

a necessity to take all the make-

believe seriously; to enter into the

spirit of the thing; to forget the

sham manoeuvre, and that one is

only under fire from blank ammuni-

tion while digging in. The words of

many an old sergeant spring into the

light of a vivid meaning.

"What you do in a rough-house, my

lad, or in any tight corner, is only

what you've made a habit of doing at

home in your training."

Constant practice, that is to make

a certain action and a certain method

of thought second nature, applies to

every branch of home-training equally.

The man who is accustomed to doing

the right thing at the right moment

will not lose his head in a crisis.

"If you lose your 'ead, you'll ruddy

well lose your 'ead," was the condensed

wisdom of an old Corporal I knew.

I have a vivid recollection of a night

of rain and wind. We sat over a stove

in our hut, enjoying a last few min-

utes of warmth. At eight-thirty we

were to fall in. We were wishing the

rain would stop, when the sergeant put

his head in at the door.

"On parade!"

At the same time a bugle sounded.

We took a last lingering puff at our

cigarettes and pipes, and scrambled in

to our equipment. It was a wild night

outside. Driving rain, and very cold.

We formed up, and the roll was called.

Then the company commander explained

that it was an ideal night for tak-

ing the thing seriously. Somebody mut-

tered that we did that all right.

"Bloody seriously," he whispered, and

was pulled up for talking on parade.

We were to march to a certain place

on the map, dig in under fire, send out

patrols, to get in touch with another

company, and all that kind of thing.

The N. C. O.'s were called out, and

shown one or two details. The scheme

was explained to them, and they came

back and did their best to explain it to

us. They said that we had failed if we

didn't understand after that. We ad-

mitted that it probably was.

"What's it all about?"

"South of the third 'd' in Daddon.

Now you know," said a man in the rear

rank.

"Daddon. Why that's miles away."

There was, of course, no smoking,

and no talking, as the precise position

of the enemy was unknown.

We marched off in silence, thinking

of the hot cocoa when we got back.

because the ground was all roots and

brambles.

On our right there was a small copse,

and towards that a reconnoitring patrol

was sent. We dug on in silence, some

digging, and some lying on in front

with their rifles in case of a surprise.

Presently there was the sound of firing

from the wood, our patrol was in

touch with the enemy. It must have

been about that time that the extra-

ordinary thing happened. It may have

been the misery of the wet and cold;

it may have been the sound of the

ding; it may have been the general

idea of being stuck out here on a "blast

ed health," as one of us called it, while

everyone else was in bed. At any

rate, about this time we all began to

take a different view. We'd done this

sort of thing often before, and always

made fun of it. But now we suddenly

saw it in a different light. After all,

what was happening really hap-

pened soon, when we got to France. It

didn't require much stretch of imagina-

tion to see that all this could happen

in real earnest, only there would be

real bullets and real artillery, and no

huts and no cocoa to go back to. Real

bullets. . . . One got a kind of shock

at the idea of ever having played a

fool over this training.

We dug desperately hard. The officers

were surprised, and presently,

when firing broke out in front of us,

we bent low and dug harder, and the

screen out in front fired away all the

time to protect us. We wanted to get

those trenches deeper. We wanted to

be able to get into them, just to satisfy

our curiosity, and we did it if there

were real bullets in the air.

When we marched back we were

soaked to the skin, and amazingly tir-

ed, but we were still in the first plan-

of our discovery. We saw the

truth of it now; all those apparently

objectless night marches, and the in-

terminable sentry go on lonely com-

mons. They all built up discipline and

habit. They were all immensely valu-

able. How on earth could you dig a

trench under fire if you'd never trou-

bled to imagine yourself doing it? How

could you "keep going" during that

cold dawn hour, that finds vitality at

such a low ebb unless you had experi-

enced what it feels like?

We were to march to a certain place

on the map, dig in under fire, send out

patrols, to get in touch with another

company, and all that kind of thing.

The N. C. O.'s were called out, and

shown one or two details. The scheme

was explained to them, and they came

back and did their best to explain it to

us. They said that we had failed if we

didn't understand after that. We ad-

mitted that it probably was.

"What's it all about?"

"South of the third 'd' in Daddon.

Now you know," said a man in the rear

rank.

"Daddon. Why that's miles away."

There was, of course, no smoking,

and no talking, as the precise position

of the enemy was unknown.

We marched off in silence, thinking

of the hot cocoa when we got back.

LARGE CROWDS
DELIGHTED WITH
OPERA HOUSE ACTS

A Little of Everything and
Every Act a Top Liner Is
the Vaudeville Menu This
Week.

With an old fashioned minstrel first
part, in blackface—a good comedy
singing trio—a splendid team of com-
edy gymnastics on the bars, two good
dancers who click and clog as one,
and an attractive sister act, the Opera
House vaudeville programme for this
week has plenty of variety and novel-
ty. The usual large houses were in
attendance Saturday, and if one can
judge by the applause everybody
liked the show.

The Elite Duo opened the proceed-
ings as a minstrel first part, tambo
and banjo, and played trombone solo.
Good banjo duets, and a rapid moving
selection on the musical bars. A
laughing song introduced in this act
was quite a hit. Good act all the
way through.

Jac and Olga Wood, two young
girls, sang and danced, wore some
pretty gowns, and made a good sized
hit with everybody.

An announcement previous to the
third act would lead one to suppose
that the programme for this act
—so they were beauties indeed—of
the genus tramp, however, so there
was a general laugh to start with.

Quite an effective set for this act,
with a view of Brooklyn bridge and
a trolley car passing. In one respect
this act were beauties indeed, they
could sing and danced some prior in
harmony that brought down the house.

Dale and Boyle, sang and danced,
and danced some more—and how they
could step. Applause that just rocked
the house came at the conclusion of
this act and they could have come
back and stayed for quite a long
while longer. There is quite a sur-
prise in the finish to make the ladies
sit up straight with astonishment.

Mario and Duffy, two comedy gym-
nasts closed the programme with some
clever work on the bars—fast and
furious and well executed. One of
the best acts of the kind the Opera
House has had. Everybody stayed in
their seats for the