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TEA "is good tea"

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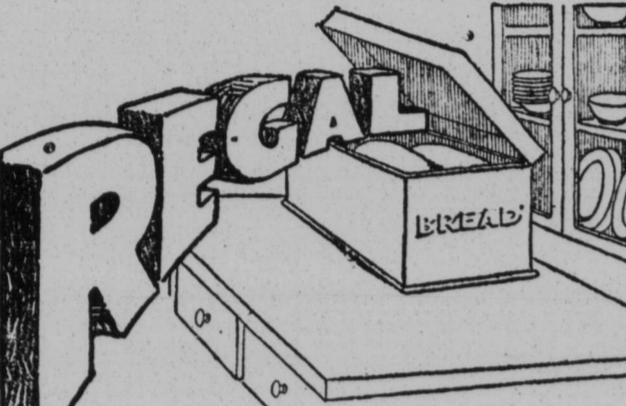
Pleasing flavor.

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Is the world's best chew.


"It is the most economical chew."



REGAL

BREAD

The Big Value in FLOUR



YOUR BREAD BOX will never disappoint you if the loaf you take from it is "REGAL" made.

The St. Lawrence Flour Mills Co. Limited

MONTREAL

STATIONERY

THAT PLEASE

The Advocate Stationery Department is Now Fully Stocked With

Tablets
Note Paper and Envelopes
Envelopes
Pens, Pencils etc.
School Supplies

We invite an inspection of our stock and our prices will ensure a saving for you.

The Advocate Office

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER RETURNING TO CANADA

(By Leased Wire to The Transcript)

Ottawa June 17—Hon. Arthur Sifton, minister of customs, left Ottawa to-day to replace Sir George Foster as a representative of Canada at the peace conference. Mr. Sifton was one

of Canada's four commissioners and plenipotentiaries at the conference. He returned to Canada with Sir Robert Borden about a month ago.

Sir George Foster is returning to Canada because Lady Foster is in poor health. For this reason the Minister of Customs is now going to Paris.

Successful Trans-Atlantic Air Flight

London, June 15—Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, in their Vickers-Vimy biplane landed at Clifden, Ireland, this morning, completing the first non-stop airplane flight across the Atlantic. Their trip from St. John's, Newfoundland, was made in sixteen hours and twelve minutes.

The landing was made at 9:40 o'clock, British summer time. In taking the ground the machine struck heavily and the fuselage ploughed itself into the sand. Neither of the occupants was injured.

DOAKTOWN

Doaktown, June 16—The weather has been very warm for the last few days. But at present it is a little cooler and we hope to see rain soon.

A great number of our citizens are preparing for the circus.

Rev. Mr. Robb has been holding services in the St. Thomas Presbyterian Church.

Mr. H. E. Doak of this place has put up three hundred rods of wire fencing recently.

Mr. Timothy Lyons had a very narrow escape of being kicked by one of his horses.

Mr. Arcain Porter of Cain's River made a flying trip to Doaktown.

Your correspondent has a right to think that John Barley Corn has been to town with his Alcohol Boots.

Mrs. Archie Estey of Taxis River who has been calling on friends of this town left last night to visit friends at McGivney.

Mr. Frank McCormick has returned home from Maine where he has spent the winter.

A mouse made an appearance on George Doak's interval last Saturday.

Mr. Fred Carr of this place is going to Cain's River to peel bark on the Moran ground.

Mrs. B. R. MacDuff is visiting friends and relatives at Marysville.

Mr. Alex Arbeau and son made a flying visit to Doaktown, and were the guests of Mr. B. R. MacDuff.

Mrs. J. Arbeau of Lower Blissfield is visiting her daughter Mrs. Martin Larson.

Mrs. Bernard Beck was calling on Janie Lyons on Sunday evening.

Quite a few of our boys have returned from overseas.

Mr. Johnny MacDuff is still engaged at work at Mrs. H. Doak.

Mr. Crudens Puffer from Cain's River was calling on friends in Doaktown one day last week.

Miss Annie Turner is home visiting her parents at Doaktown for a few days.

We are sorry to hear Mr. Hiram Estey is sick at his home in Hazelton from blood poison.

Mrs. Ernest Logan of Fredericton is visiting her parents at Doaktown.

We hear Mr. Robert Nelson has purchased a new car.

Mr. James Arbeau was the guest of Elsie Russell one evening last week.

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Starting Something in Pellton

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You see, Mr. Pell, I'm trying to start something in Pellton," was the way Lucy Brown, reporter, "Society" writer and second mate of the Pellton Sentinel, explained her call at the old Pell homestead. "The idea is to send copies of the home-town papers to the boys at the front and there are some hundreds of our town boys who will be getting the Sentinel. Now you know how it's been with the Sentinel—how it's been with Pellton, in fact. There's never anything doing, and the boys over there don't want to read just a rebash of the news from the front that was stale to them a month before. They want local news. They want to know what's going on in Pellton."

"But nothing is ever going on in Pellton," said Mr. Francis Pell indignantly. "It's a conservative little place that stopped getting excited over itself fifty years ago. There's nothing doing in Pellton."

"No; that's just it," said Lucy, the color coming to her cheeks and the brilliancy to her eyes at the thought that she was being understood. "Nothing ever happens in this place—but I'm going to make something happen."

Lucy had seen the picknickers drinking at the spring that afternoon, and she was ready with her suggestion. The thing to do was to give this tract of land as a picnic ground and to put up a sort of fountain of rough-hewn rocks from the neighborhood around the spring so that thirsty folks might always quench their thirst there. And there should be a drain so that the water when it ran off should not make a bed of mud around the spring.

Mr. Pell may have had some questions concerning this, but he agreed, and within a few days he and Lucy were meeting occasionally in a secluded woodland path to discuss designs for the fountain and to plan the presentation. And all the time Lucy had visions of the big writing it was going to make for the Sentinel and the surprise that people would feel when they learned about it. And Francis Pell—well, he still watched the eager working of Lucy's lips and the color as it came quickly when she became especially interested in the plans under way, and sometimes he laughed at her too, but she had ceased to be nettled by that.

The eve of the day when the announcement of the plans was to be made came at last, and Lucy had the first big story ready to send to the Sentinel press. There was even to be a cut showing the design for the fountain. And it had all been kept a secret between Mr. Pell and Lucy, though people were beginning to wonder why there had been surveys and workmen on the old picnic grounds of late.

The Sentinel was just going to press and Lucy was putting the last touches on the great announcement in the tiny little office home after other good Pelltonites had retired for the night. The owner-editor, an errand boy, the other reporter and a handful of compositors and pressmen constituted the entire staff, and they were too preoccupied with their tasks to notice the figure of Francis Pell as he passed quickly across the floor to Lucy's desk. He sat down beside her, laid a nervous hand on the copy she was still working on, "There's a hitch in our plans. I can't tell you now, but trust me. You mustn't make the announcement now." Then he went, telling Lucy he would wait for her outside the little office and tell her more as he escorted her home as soon as she had finished her work.

"In this way," he began. "Men from the water department have been feeling around lately, and today I got a notice from headquarters. That spring isn't a spring at all. It's a leak from the main. That water is just the same water every one has piped into their houses, and now they send me formal word that in future I'll have to have it metered and pay for it at regular rates. I don't mind paying the few hundred dollars it would cost a year, but no one would care about the fountain if it was plain city water, and they're likely to have the joke on the old miser. So we'll have to think of something else to do." They worked along in silence for a few minutes, Lucy's pretty lips working overtime trying to hold back the tears of disappointment. Two or three times Mr. Pell tried to begin his next speech before he succeeded.

"I was thinking," he said. "In fact, I've thought it for a long time—ever since a little while after you came to me that first time—that I couldn't give the Pelltonites and the boys at the front from Pellton much more of a surprise than to get married. That would be a real piece of news, wouldn't it?"

"Yes—but," and the lips worked overtime. "I didn't know there was anyone you—" Lucy couldn't get any further.

"There's you," said Mr. Pell simply. "How'd that be for starting something? We could run off and be married, and then when we come back we can do the other things, the curb around the town hall and the drinking fountain for stray dogs and cats and the picnic ground and anything else you say."

Lucy's mind failed to revolve around the interests of the Pellton Sentinel, and when she said that it would be "perfectly wonderful" she was thinking only of her own selfish point of view.

So Lucy had her first call on Mr. Pell and was very politely shown to the door after she had made herself quite clear, and she went away feeling as much confused and disheartened as she had some seven years before, when she had sent out on her first assignment for the tiny paper. For Lucy was not a native Pelltonite. If she had been she would have known better than to try to make news out of anything that Francis Pell might be doing. But she knew he was one of the most suspicious about personalities in town. Failing to find anything more fertile for discussion about him, the women discussed the size of his grocer bills—though they were perfectly normal—or kept close track of his harmless old manny housekeeper or the new coat of paint on his house or the condition of his apple orchard. But these things wouldn't make news items for the Sentinel.

Lucy was rebuffed the first time, politely but effectively, and went away perhaps more upset over a certain gracious courtesy that Mr. Pell had shown toward her than because of the actual rebuff.

But Lucy had not been a reporter for seven years for nothing, and once her cheeks had stopped tingling from that first call she decided to make another. She would get some sort of story out of him—that she determined. It was on her third call that Mr. Pell showed signs of weakening.

"You say you want me to do something to make a story about," he began cautiously, looking amusedly into Lucy's eager face and studying the nervous twitching of her still girlish lips. "What sort of thing would you suggest—not, of course, that I intend to do it."

Lucy chose to take him entirely seriously. "Make some gift to the town," she announced. "Every one thinks you have loads of money, don't they?"

"I know," smiled Mr. Pell. "They call me the old miser. It has always amused me. But I choose to keep my benefactions to myself. I will tell you confidentially that I have just sent a rather important contribution to an astronomical observatory in Labrador that my father endowed, and the hospital for lepers in Shanghai that my mother was interested in."

"Pellton people don't care about that," interrupted Lucy. "They want you to do something for Pellton, if it is only a drinking fountain for the stray dogs or a new curbstone around the town hall. Just think how the boys over there would sit up and read

the Sentinel if you were to do something like that, and there would be presentation speeches and every one would turn out and there would be a big time—and then maybe if you did something like that they'd put you up for mayor and—well, you can see what a lot you might do to keep things going." Lucy sighed, and somehow her concern amused Mr. Pell more than anything she had done before. She had already proved immensely diverting.

Then one day Mr. Pell called at the Sentinel office to see Lucy, and that was enough to keep Pellton tongues wagging for a few days. He told her he wanted her to tell him exactly what sort of thing he might do for the old town. Lucy that afternoon had been reporting a picnic given by the employees of one of the local factories. It was chosen for it was part of the old Pell estate, and because of a bubbling spring of water that flowed out from the shale there it had proved a favorite spot for picnics for some years past; and Mr. Pell had never objected in spite of his reputation as a miser. Children, too, had gathered over the neighborhood came with their bottles to get this water, which seemed to be more quenching than ordinary water, and it was a favorite spot for picnics on hot Sundays, who came there with little folding camp stools to quench their thirst at the miser's spring, as it was sometimes called.

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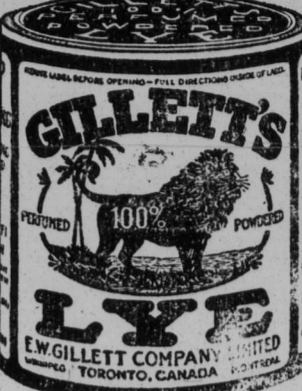
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LYE

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Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

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The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother—

I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son,

ROB.


Manufactured by the

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Yarmouth, N.S.

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Doesn't hurt! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers!



Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corn, callus, and "hard skin" on bottom of foot, then lift them off.

When Frezzone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore, tender or irritated.

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