

Alone

FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

To-morrow the association will meet in the Arctic Rink, where Prof. Cumming of Truro will give demonstrations in judging of dairy and beef cattle.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

3. *Chlorophyll content*

A black and white woodcut illustration of two women in early 20th-century fashion. The woman on the left wears a light-colored coat with a fur collar and a hat with a large feather, holding a bouquet of flowers. The woman on the right wears a dark coat with a fur collar and a hat with a large feather, holding a fur stole. They are standing in front of a building with a sign that reads "THE NEW YORK".

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CHROMATIA

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thrown on board, caught, the crew haul on this and bring the lanyards of the baulks over the rails; make them fast, pass on to others and yet others, until all round the ship there are hanging great numbers of these heavy timbers. Presently, the water always lowering, these baulks are placed in position, the shore ends are carried down the steep-like sides of the dock; jammed there, wedged so tightly that it is impossible for the vessel to stir a fraction of an inch to right or left.

Presently the dock is empty. The ship towers vastly from the bottom of the dock—and only from such a position can you realize what a mighty thing a ship is. In the water more than half her hull is submerged; but go down now, and stand under the overhang of her counter, and you shall see a sight that almost awes you.

Walk under her keel and marvel at the roughness. Huge clusters of barnacles hang everywhere; strange warty-yellow things, soft as anemones in one place, hard as mussel shells in others; tangles of weed that have grown to the hull like limpets whilst it has lain idle in those prolific tropical harbors; great gouts of rust which trickle redly as if the vessel's life-blood were slowly oozing out; and everywhere a dank, chill scent of the underseas.

They are erecting a complicated scaffolding aft, in the way of the propellers. Expert engineers are gathered here anxiously awaiting the completion of the task; for the chief has reported that the propellers have not run true; there have been bumps and jolts; and as the water lowered we saw that one blade of the starboard propeller was snapped off clean, whilst another blade of the port screw was twisted into a deplorable condition.

"We must have struck wreckage, I doot," says the chief engineer, and passes the word for the tackles to be lowered to the ring-bolts at the stern provided for just this purpose. A stout chain-fall is lowered, the blocks are hooked to the ring-bolts; a heave is lashed to the propeller, a steady strain put on the gear; up the scaffolding climb grimy men armed with sledge hammers and wrenches; they throw themselves upon the propellers like maniacs.

Eventually the great screw swings free and is lowered to the bottom of the dock. Here it is seriously surveyed; the apparently sound blades are carefully examined for any flaws or defects, tapped all over that the rings of the metal may tell of its condition. Fresh blades are conveyed down into the dock; after a careful cleaning of the screw the new members are adjusted. But meanwhile fresh men are drawing out the tail-shaft, which is more to the ship, perhaps, than any

Other part of her complicated anatomy. Once let that piece of shining steel snap, and the only thing left to do for the ship to hoist the signal that she shall call some hungry salvage hunters to her aid, to trail her ignominiously back to port. So the tail-shaft is examined and re-examined.

The rudder is unshipped, perhaps for it has worked loose in its gudgeons, and the action of putting the wheel over causes it to jar and shudder sickeningly. They smooth down the work-

With this engineering has been progress, the scalers have had no respite. It has fallen dark, but great arc lights sizzle out everywhere; monstrous electric mushrooms are carried down to the floor of the dock; the scene is as bright as day. The bottom plates must be inspected carefully now the growths are exposed, or they will have

are removed, perhaps they have worn thin; perhaps that floating wreckage which has injured the propellers has dented them badly. Out they must come. After a lapse of time new plates appear, are riveted in place—the ship is sound and whole again.

And the scalers and painters start work on. Fast as a section of the hull is cleared of barnacles come men armed with paint-brushes and great pots of non-fouling paint. This is plastered lavishly on the steel, to protect against rust and also to save it from

And at length, after some thirty-six hours of downright strenuous labor the ship is herself again; convalescent, ready to face all that may come her way. The dock gates open, the ship glides forth, resplendent below the water, ready to steam at full speed through the biggest gales the world can show, discharged from hospital and cured.

GERALD FAIRWEATHER.

HAMPTON, N.B., Feb. 21.—Gerald Fairweather, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fairweather, died at his home in Lower Norton this morning of pneumonia. He was aged twenty-three years. His illness lasted less than two weeks. He leaves behind his parents, one brother, Horlbert, a school, and two sisters, Miss Katharine at home, and Miss Marie, who is teaching school up the line.

SUSSEX, N. B., Feb. 19.—Mr. C. C. McDougall, dairy superintendent, has turned from Truro last week. McDougall is the dairy instructor at the regular and summer sessions of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College.

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19 DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT