ROADS STAND OUT AS GREAT DRAW BACK TO TOURIST TRADE

N. B. Association Executive Express Strong Opinions as to State of Highways and Effect on Tourist Travel

Wednesday, Nov. 1 That the tourist season of 1916 w ahead of that exp tted at the executive meeting Association yesterday, Alth 1916 did not eclipse all previous r

y's more thanks of the complaints of the second sec

Of cloud-drift roll from off his sun

Visiting Experts Heartily Surprised at Quality of Our New Brunswick Fruit

udges Say They Have Never Seen Anywhere Classes So Well Filled or Apples of Such Excellent Quality as Shown at St. Andrew's Rink Fair-Farmers' and Dairymen's Association Arrange for Aggressive Campaign for Membership.

apple fair in full swing in St. Andrew's rink. While the attendance throughout the afternoon and was in merits of

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MUCH FOR PROVINCE

Canada Needs More Poultry, YOMEN'S INSTITUTE Great Britain More Eggs MOVEMEN HAS DONE

DURITY FLOUR is much white

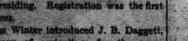
Made of the finest and hardest of

Purity bread is an epicure's treat. Deep is the longing which gleams in

your eye At the first view of a Purity Pie I

RITY FLO

than milk, filled to perfection and smooth





CLASS III

s he loved with his big Er lish heart (Clean as fresh wind upon an open

trail). These things he dreamfed of in the bullet-hail

With eyes that watched the dawn in

He is dead—and on his hills the sun still climbs, And o'er his plains the drifting cloud-

ships start.

And lo! far-off across the faint gray

al m. Are things he loved and yearned for-England's skies, of Dream-glades of bluebells, winds across

wet hay, Laughter of little children, triumph

d Of moorland winds, the urgent ecstasy - Of birds, and low sad sounds of tired

day. --C. A. RENSHAW. 2. 0.0

The War Films.

O living pictures of the dead, O songs without a sound, O fellowship whose phantom tread Hallows a phantom ground— How in a gleam have these revealed The faith we had not found.

We have sought God in a cloudy Meaven We have passed by God on earth; His seven sins and his sorrows seven His wayworn mood and mirth Like a ragged cloak have hid from us The secret of his birth.

Brother of men, when now I see The lads go forth in line, Thou knowest my heart is hungry in me As for thy bread and wine: Thou knowest my heart is bowed in me To take their death for mine.

-Henry Newbolt, in London Tings. "Hanky-Panky" Not Enjoyed.

(Boston Transcript.)

On the whole it is cause for satisfac-On the whole it is cause for satisfac-tion that there is to be nothing said about the matter (of the U-58) since anything said in such a vein would necessarily be discreditable plifting. This nation has no stomach for wordy bun-combe. It has no taste for arguments designed to prove that a violation of in-ternational law. Such hanky-panky may be amusing to children, for a time. It is not agreeable to American cltisens when the juggled objects concern the honor of the nation.

What the Sphinx Says By NEWTON NEWKIRK "A man is a foo to run after his own hat when there are so many other people who will do the job

for him."

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CLASS XIL

