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DAY, Jan. 4 1909,  
Sunday except-

...7.30 a. m.  
...7.45 a. m.  
...12.00 p. m.  
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LEAN, President.

VACATION

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Oils, Stains,  
Glass, Putty,

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**ADJUSTABLE WINDOW SCREENS**  
Frames made of hardwood  
20, 25, 30, 35c. each.  
**Screen Doors**  
in different designs and sizes.  
All widths in **Window Screening**  
**PHILIP GRANNAN,**  
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Mason and Builder, Valuator  
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done.  
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what a child will do in music if you only give it a chance. Nine out of ten will probably become fairly musical. A good proportion if given a chance at an early age, and properly taught, will become fine musicians, and some of them will become great artists.  
There is no occasion to be without a piano as our terms and prices are so reasonable that most families can afford to have them. We are giving special prices during the quiet season. It will pay you to write or call on us at once. Thirty-five years of honorable, unbroken record back of this house.  
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**RED ROSE FLOUR**  
is the name of the highest grade  
**MANITOBA FLOUR**  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A BARREL!

**BEULAH CAMP MEETINGS ARE CONCLUDED**  
Beulah Camp, July 11.—The most successful camp meetings ever conducted here were fittingly brought to a close today. This afternoon Rev. Mr. Ruth, the evangelist, baptized four candidates—three girls and one man—in the river. A large crowd of people, including a large number of yachtsmen, gathered together and watched the baptismal ceremony with a keen interest. Brief services this evening brought the meetings to a happy conclusion, much having been accomplished at the camp meetings during the past week.  
You draw up alongside the hove-to schooner, from whose deck those who have stayed behind to work her as fishers with ordinary hand lines, and hauling up their catch as fast as they can bait their hooks. You sing out the number you have aboard, and almost before you are at work pitching the cod on to the schooner's deck.  
Once unloaded back you go again, to your lines, and so the work continues until night falls down on the water. Interested in your last haul, you have forgotten to maintain a look-out on the weather; you have not heard the bleating of the schooner's foghorn as it calls you back to shelter, and when you look up there is nothing to be seen save the yellow, smoky fog, hiding everything from view.  
And then the loneliness of the great sea seizes upon you—your claws at your heart-strings; you start to pull your laden boat frantically in any direction, forgetting the compass bearing of the schooner, until you become doubly lost, and remember that your best plan is to lie motionless where you are, blow your tin horn with frequency, and wait until chance sends your vessel back to you, which may happen, or may not happen.  
Presently perhaps, you hear the sullen howling of the foghorn, and answer

**Francis & Vaughan,**  
19 KING STREET.

## OUT ON THE COD BANKS; LIFE OF A "BANKER" NOT HAPPY ONE; A RICH HARVESTING GROUND

Like that of a policeman the life of a "Banker" is not a happy one. It is a long record of toilsome endurance, of simple heroism, of the bearing of incredible hardship, of but scant reward.  
The great banks of Newfoundland are a rich harvesting ground, and year in, year out, thousands of men exploit them to the full. Not alone do the better towns of Canada and the United States send their representatives to the warfare of man against nature; Scotland sends its quota, so does France; in fact during a good season few seafaring countries are represented there in some form or other. Cod is the spoil, the wily, elusive cod; valuable as a food, exacting of chase; cheap as to price.  
Fifty-Ton Schooners.  
On the principle of fitting the back to the burden, Bankers do not fare forth in little lugger smacks, with their ship themselves aboard large seaworthy schooners, capable of weathering the hardest gales that ever blow.  
These schooners vary in tonnage, but fifty tons is a fair average. They are manned by 8 men usually, sufficient to handle the vessel comfortably in going from port to fishing ground and back and also in following the fish as they travel from point to point. But this is not their only work; it is very small part of it. Their real work is to catch fish.  
Imagine yourself for the nonce aboard a schooner "out o' Gloucester!" She is well-found, a comfortable vessel, once possessed of a good turn of speed, for she has been a racer in her day, though now her glory has departed. This speed will serve her in good turn when the holds are full and the homeward race for market commences. The captain is a grizzled veteran—a lantern-jawed Yankee, with a graying beard and a Gloucester drawl that you could cut with an axe. But he has a reputation for being able to play the elusive cod at his own game; to "think cod" in short, which means that he can place himself in the position of the fish and meet every move they make.  
Signs and Tokens.  
It is not a very long journey to the Banks, for the schooner is fast. Once there, the skipper begins to cast about for fish, watching the crested waves narrowly as if he could read how their most cherished secrets, as indeed he can. There are certain signs and tokens, known to the Banker, which indicate the presence of cod, or, failing their presence, the direction in which they have travelled; and these signs your skipper reads as an open book. The schooner slips away on its own appointed course, and the morning shows a deserted sea.  
"Well, I guess we're here or hereabouts," says the skipper, and the word is passed for work to commence. The schooner's decks have been filled with a number of small boats called dories, a double-ended craft, a cross between a ship's dinghy and a Canadian canoe; easily managed by one man, fairly safe in rough weather, and as light as a feather.  
Meanwhile the spare hands have been busy for days in baiting vast lengths of cod-line—stout, tough stuff, strong enough to hold a runaway whale in its flurry. Squid or cuttle fish is the favorite bait for cod loves squid as a trout loves the May fly. At stated intervals along the line hooks are firmly hitched, and each hook receives its piece of bait, after which the line is coiled away into shallow tubs; out tub to each dory, and the material is ready.  
In The Dory.  
The complete equipment of a dory consists of a small anchor, a coil cable, for anchoring the boat; a heavy mail for stowing big fish as they are hauled aboard; a gaff, an axe; a compass, a stock of provisions, a tin horn for fog signals, a pair of sculls, and rowlocks, lamp and oil. All in readiness, and a start is made at once, for the longer you wait the greater possibility of other schooners encroaching on your chosen ground. Each line is fitted with floats called markers at intervals, and your dory is swung outboard by a single whip from the masthead. You lower yourself into it as it touches the water, fit bottom boards and thwart in place, receive your impedimenta, and start off.  
Arrived at the spot you have selected, you commence to throw out your lines, which sink from sight as you pull back on the way you have come, until the entire line is submerged, after which you pull along to your first float, grapple the line, and probably receive some cruel jabs from the hooks in so doing, and under-run the apparatus, pulling your dory along by the line, hand over hand, and as each hook comes into view it is more than likely that it holds a big fish.  
One by one you pick off the spoils, sing them carefully into the dory, until you are up to your knees in fish, and when the last hook has been reached you are ready to go back aboard, though as you unhook each fish you rebaited the hook from the bait tub in the bows, and let the line drop out of sight again.  
Lost.  
You draw up alongside the hove-to schooner, from whose deck those who have stayed behind to work her as fishers with ordinary hand lines, and hauling up their catch as fast as they can bait their hooks. You sing out the number you have aboard, and almost before you are at work pitching the cod on to the schooner's deck.  
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ecstatically. Guided by the sound of horns, your dory and the schooner move towards one another, until you see the loom of dripping canvas from the yellow mists; hear the cheerful voices of your shipmates, and realize that you are once more at home.  
But the work is far from being over for the day. Every fish caught has to be cleaned, stripped and either salted down or frozen. As yours is a salt schooner, ice is not needed, and the work is harder by reason of this fact. Supper is served—a piping hot meal, eaten in a stifling hot cabin; hot coffee, new-baked biscuits, fish pies and a hundred dainties known to the Banker—especially blood-ends, which the cook has secured during the commencement of cleaning. Blood-ends are the heads and tails and backbones of fish, and made into chowder are sufficient to make a dead man turn in his grave from sheer envy.  
A Procession of Fish.  
Supper and tobacco work recommences. Against the schooner's bulwarks are placed tables, fitting into sockets, and supported at one side by a stanchion. Here the "gutters" take their places, each man with a keen knife in his hand, and with half a dozen others, newly sharpened—the boy's work—at his side. Two men station themselves alongside the day's catch; these are throwers, who must keep the "gutters" constantly supplied with material. Two others are alongside the hatchway, and below is the skipper, who, with his mate, are the stewers.

Provincial Moneys, How THEY WERE USED BY THE LATE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT  
Details of \$100,000 paid out in one year deliberately withheld from the Auditor-General—in whose interests was this done, if not in the interest of the Grifters?  
(Extract from report of the proceedings of the Public Accounts Committee in late legislature)

"Receipts," said the Auditor General, "for the money paid out came to him, but he never saw how the totals were arrived at. Heretofore no bridge accounts had come before him and he was going to ask the Chief Commissioner in future to have all these accounts sent in to the Auditor General's office."  
"Mr. Morrison of Northumberland—Are these accounts audited at all?"  
"Auditor General—Not that I know of."  
"The Auditor General here read the Audit Act, showing the law provides that all details shall be submitted to his office and also that any officer handling public moneys who does not furnish details was subject to a fine of \$100."  
"In reply to a question by Mr. Morrison, the Auditor General further admitted that there was an expenditure of about \$100,000 in the public works department of previous year, not one detail of which had been submitted to him."

**NEW RELIGIOUS SECT IN MONCTON**  
Special to The Standard.  
Moncton, July 12.—The marriage is announced of Miss Elizabeth Gibson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bradley, formerly of Moncton, but now of New Brunswick, and Mr. George Miller Wells, of the Panama canal staff. Mrs. Wells will be at home after September 1st, at Gatum, Panama.  
For some time past a couple of young women evangelists have been laboring in the country districts of Westmorland and Albert, mostly in the vicinity of Moncton. In the interest of a new religious sect, said to have its headquarters in England, A. Mrs. Kelly, of Stillsville, Moncton parish, has written to England to learn something of the leaders and the reply she has received would indicate that they are not only religious frauds, but men of immoral habits. The letter states that the leaders induce their followers to sell their possessions for the benefit of the new sect and the "bishop," so called, decries that they are not only religious frauds, but men of immoral habits. The letter states that the leaders induce their followers to sell their possessions for the benefit of the new sect and the "bishop," so called, decries that they are not only religious frauds, but men of immoral habits. The letter states that the leaders induce their followers to sell their possessions for the benefit of the new sect and the "bishop," so called, decries that they are not only religious frauds, but men of immoral habits.

**PERCY J. STEEL, Foot Furnisher,**  
519-521 Main Street.

**ORANGEMEN ATTENTION!**  
**SILK HATS**  
C. & E. EVERETT'S - 11 King St.  
\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00.

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Ottawa, Ont., July 11.—The feeling is growing that no successor to Hugh G. Lumsden, late chief engineer of the National Transcontinental Railway will be appointed. A number of prominent engineers have been offered the position, but have all refused, and it is freely said that no engineer of repute would undertake such a job. More sensations are expected to follow in the wake of the Lumsden resignation, but an effort will be made to have everything patched up before parliament meets.

**FURNITURE**  
of all descriptions. Carpets, and Oilcloths, the latest and newest  
**AT BIG DISCOUNTS**  
or cash during this month. Come at once and be the first to select from my choice stock.

**CHAS. L. BUSTIN,**  
99 Germain Street.

The word is given, and at once a procession of fish starts. The throwers heave to the tables—there is a rending sound, a "scoop," head, tail and fins are dexterously whipped off, the gut and entrails are dragged out and with a continuance of the same motion the cleaned fish are hung to the men beside the hatch, who in their turn fling them to the stowage. Each fish is rubbed inside and out with salt in the hold, and the work goes on without intermission, save when a clearer straightens his weary back, or reaches for a fresh knife.  
In Foul Weather or Fine.  
Such is the Banker's life in fine weather; but in a storm it is full of the grimmest dangers. The blinding blizzards of the Banks sweep down in howling fury, and woe betide the ship that is caught unawares. The mighty Atlantic seas rage on crushingly, and the spray freezes where it falls, so that the schooner becomes but a floating mass of solid ice.  
But no matter what the weather the work goes on.  
The racing liners storm past at full speed through the thickening fog, and swerve aside at the last minute, as the wailing blast of the foghorn reaches the straining ears of those on watch; sailing ships decelerate and crash down upon the motionless schooner; the vast waves beat and slam on the decks; ice-floes smash sullenly out of blackness, grate against the schooner's sides, and vanish to blackness. It is nothing; these dangers, which would turn the ordinary sailor's hair white in a night, are the common chances of the Banker's life. No space here, to tell of the grim side of the picture—of the ships that sail and never return; of the missing dories, of the floating corpses; of the memorial exercises at the fishing towns when the annual death-roll is called; of the wan-faced women who watch for their loved ones who never return. The Banker must live, and the world must have its fish—that is the long and short of the whole matter.

**YOUR VACATION**  
If you wish to enjoy it see that you have a pair of Tan Leather boots or shoes with you. They are SO EASY to wear, need so little attention and give such satisfaction that it is no wonder they are such universal favorites.

**WHEN THERE ARE**  
Women's Bathing Shoes, - - - 40c.  
Women's Tennis Shoes, - - - .85, \$1.40  
Men's Yachting Shoes, - - - \$1.50  
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For Full Information Write W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N.B.

**EXCURSION FARES TO Pacific Coast**  
Tickets on S.S. Daily, May 20 to Sept. 30, 1909. Good for Return until October 31st, 1909.  
SHIP OVER PRIVILEGES  
ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.  
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MARINE ENGINES  
The best engine at a low price built in America.  
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MATTRESSES and BEDDING.  
WIDE MATTRESSES and COTS  
IRON BEDSTHEADS and CRIBS  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
101 to 105 GERMAIN STREET  
Store Open Till 9 P. M. Tuesday, July 13, 1909.

**A Very ... Dressy Shoe**  
PATENT LEATHER  
Sizes 5 1-2 to 10 \$5.00  
Sizes For Boys 2 1-2 to 5 3.50  
The Same Thing in Different Make, Men's Sizes, 5 1-2 to 10 3.50  
THE GOLD BOND SHOE is comfortable from the first minute if properly fitted.

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**MEN'S TAN OXFORDS**  
\$3.50 \$4.50  
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**MEN'S TAN BOOTS**  
\$4.00 \$5.00  
\$4.50 \$5.25  
**WOMEN'S TAN OXFORDS**  
\$2.50 \$3.50  
\$3.00 \$4.00  
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