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as a brass case heavily
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it deal at all times,
representing beauty—is
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and rich.

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Spaghetti.

**CATELLI'S
MILK MACARONI**

Just try this—

SPAGHETTI WITH EGGS
1/2 package Catelli's Spaghetti,
4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon
butter,
2 tablespoons grated cheese.
Prepare spaghetti by boiling
and cut into small pieces. Cut
eggs into slices or chop coarsely.
Mix with spaghetti and turn into
a buttered baking dish. Blend
butter and flour together, add
milk and seasoning, and boil for
5 minutes. Add cheese and pour over spaghetti and bake for 30 minutes.
Sprinkle with buttered breadcrumbs, bake for 30 minutes.

Catelli's Macaroni and Spaghetti—made from the
hardest of hard wheat Flour (Semolina) and milk—are
richer in tissue-building gluten than even sirloin steak or
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Send for our Free Cook-Book. It gives
115 recipes for toothsome dishes.
The C. H. Catelli Co., Limited,
MONTREAL.

You can plan a lot of good things to eat with Catelli's Macaroni.

PLENTY OF DRUNKS.

A gentleman remarked yesterday that it has been a long time since he witnessed so many men under the influence of liquor as those whom he saw staggering about on Saturday night. Yesterday afternoon two drunks were allowed to board a street car much to the disgust of both lady and gentlemen passengers. One of the men was so intoxicated that he fell over on the seat when the car started, and the fumes of bad booze was enough to make the decent passengers on the car sick.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Thirteen deaths for the past week

show a decided falling off in the city's death rate:
Pneumonia 3
Senility 2
Heart disease 2
Asthma 1
Broncho pneumonia 1
Carcinoma of neck 1
Cerebral hemorrhage 1
Gastric carcinoma 1
Cerebro spinal meningitis 1

Total 13
The books of the registrar of vital statistics show that eighteen marriages were registered during the week and seven births—males 6, females 1.

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Tea sales are in excess of 25 million packets annually, and still growing.

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Anniversary of St. Andrew's Church

Yesterday Was 135th Anniversary of Its Founding in This City—Rev. Clarence McKinnon Preached at Both Services.

Yesterday was the 135th anniversary of the founding of St. Andrew's Church of this city, and at the services, featured by special music, there were good attendances. Rev. Clarence McKinnon, former principal of the Presbyterian College at Halifax, and chaplain to the Highland Brigade of Nova Scotia during the war, preached at both services. His subject in the morning was the Call of the New Day, and he dealt with the problems raised by the war, and the methods of solving them in the interests of the church and civilization. At the evening service he spoke of the home coming of the soldiers, and the duty of giving them more than a perfunctory welcome.

In welcoming the victors the people, he said, should bear in mind what would have been the consequences if the German nation had won the war. If it had not been for the valor and heroism of the men now returning, a hundred or so of the chief citizens of St. John might before this have been stood up against a blank wall and shot. People did not visualize such a possibility when they welcomed the returning warriors. But, supposing that had been vanquished a German warship would have come to St. John, and then there would have occurred one of those tragedies which were common enough in the conquered cities of France and Belgium. In a population such as that in St. John, bred in the stubborn loyalist tradition, or touched by the fire of patriotism from the old land, some hot-headed individual would have given way to indignation at the presence of the haughty conquerors, pointed a gun at some German officer. The outcome would have been that the Germans would have taken a hundred or more of the chief citizens of St. John, who may not have approved in any way such a wild act, and shot them. And they might have visited other punishments upon the citizens. It was from such things that the soldiers had saved the peaceful citizens of Canada.

Chaplain McKinnon spoke of his experiences in the German cities occupied by the Canadian troops. He saw groups of Germans standing before statues of the Kaiser, immobilized in wrath that they were not utter under the eyes of their victors. Men's faces were twisted with suppressed passion, and women stood with tears running down their cheeks. The proud German nation seemed in defeat. But he was proud to say that the Canadian soldier was as chivalrous in victory as he had been heroic in battle, and he treated the people of the conquered cities with due courtesy.

The speaker remarked that he would not make the charge that there were no chivalrous Germans, but he felt that if the German nation had triumphed they would not have treated the foe as the Germans had been treated by the British soldiers. They had based their plan of warfare upon intimidation, and the system of frightfulness allowed no room for the chivalrous impulses of the individual. He would not say there was no good German except a dead one; he could not believe that the squads of German soldiers who were ordered out to shoot civilians in conquered towns approved such a course. At the same time they acquiesced in a system which made cold-blooded murder one of the principal means by which the proud German nation sought to impose its will upon the world. That such a system could not triumph was due to the fact that God had fore-ordained its failure centuries ago.

Mr. McKinnon pictured the returning soldiers arriving on a ship off Partridge Island, and thrilling to the welcome of the whistles whose cords were pulled by greasy hands of engineers of ships and tugboats in the harbor. For long years they had been sustained by the thought of their welcome to the shores of the homeland. This thought of home had been their chief comfort on the dreary voyage on the crowded troopships, and in the camps of England where the weary weary monotony of the months of training on the dirty roads of summer and in the wet and mud of winter. It was with them as they journeyed on the slow-moving troop trains of France, and it accompanied them into the mud and discomfort of the trenches. The thought of home never of them as they stood on the fire step and went with them as they went over the parapet and followed the flaming barrage in a charge on the German lines. These were the reasons why the citizens should extend the warmest welcome to the returning men.

In conclusion the speaker said that many were not returning but that in the hereafter they would see their home people again.

SERVICES OF THE RED TRIANGLE OVERSEAS PRINCIPAL THEME

Excellent Addresses Given in the Imperial Theatre Yesterday Afternoon by Rev. Dr. Clarence McKinnon and Rev. M. E. Connon—Both Overseas Chaplains Told Interestingly of Experiences With the Soldiers at the Front

The services of the Red Triangle overseas, especially in connection with maintaining morale among the troops, was the principal theme of the lectures delivered at the Imperial Theatre yesterday afternoon by the Rev. M. E. Connon and the Rev. Dr. Clarence McKinnon, both of the overseas chaplain service.

Capt. Connon, who was formerly pastor of the Portland street Methodist church, went overseas with the 6th battalion and has worn the khaki for nearly four years. As a disinterested observer of the Red Triangle activities overseas and at home, his opinion carries weight and was heartily applauded by the crowded attendance.

"We, who come back," he stated, "often wonder why we are allowed to return. We have had farewell to some of Canada's greatest sons, the noble boys who will not return, but parting from them in the last farewell, the knowledge sometimes comes that we who are privileged to return, do so to bear witness to the great part that Canada has played in the war and the noble sacrifice she has made."

Taking his audience with him on a trip to the front line, he described his last trip to the Somme with the Canadian troops. With "tin hats" on and gas masks at the alert, the long winding body of troops marched along the straight roads of France. At first they would occasionally pass a French town, where the women and children would come out to cheer them as they passed, and the young soldiers would offer to carry part of the luggage through to the edge of the town.

Then they came to Albert, ghost of a town, where the empty shells of what were once homes, look for all the world like deserted year-old bird houses scattered about. They passed the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary with the Child is miraculously kept aloft by a few steel ties. And then on to the Somme for the night.

"Compared to the Somme," declared the speaker, "the great wastes at the North Pole would appear as the child's fairy land. Here all is desolation and wanton destruction. The ground is torn and whipped by shell fire until it assumes the form of ocean waves, weeds are everywhere, from your feet to the horizon, shall holes are there in which one could bury a house, and the dismembered bodies of horses and the wrecks of transports are scattered everywhere."

Coming up to the reserve line trenches they "carry on" right up to the "front" with its dugouts and the miles and miles of barbed wire entanglements. Here in the battle area there is no sign of life or laughter; it is a land that is haunted. A sign on a shell torn post reads: "This was Corporal G. O. or it may be Corporal O. or some other town. But in all cases it is the same, a desolate waste of towns which might have existed a thousand years ago, unknown to the marching men who now pass over the crumbling stone."

And then the wooden crosses, countless thousands of them, some a few short-boated graves, others new, and white, showing in the sunlight like a daisy field in June.

Here and there along the way is seen a battered French trench helmet of red and blue, occasionally one of those polo-like affairs worn by the Boche and sometimes the serviceable kitchen knife worn by the Tommy. It is a land of desolation, ghosts, silence and haunting memories with the ever-present danger of a watchful foe who would use weapons despised by hell itself.

But the boys—men from counter-shop, factory and farm—though alive to every danger, are "afraid" to be afraid and swing along to the tune of "A Long, Long Trail" or "Keep Your Troubles," with thudding footsteps to march each word.

"They are all much alike, these soldier boys," declared Capt. Connon, "and they are heroes and gentlemen, every one."

In every man, he stated, surmounting the hardships and the mean and the ignoble, there is a great deal of the great crisis of the living God, who is recognizing the true worth of mankind in each, made all brothers in a common cause.

There was unutterable boredom and depression in the trenches, he stated, and the brotherhood of the front line was fully demonstrated by the warm companionship of tiny visitors. Duck boards, which made the trenches passable, also made life possible by their Charlie Chaplin antics, rising and sitting brass hats as well as tin hats with marked impartiality.

From the Red Triangle huts in the front line one heard the roar of the howitzers and field guns when they started their daily "shows," the rattle of machine guns came like the sound of countless typewriters, and on the clear days there were the airplanes starting off on scout duty or carrying on a "show" of their own.

Thousands of yards above the trenches. Here, right in the heart of things, at the Red Triangle hut, men were reading books, writing home, playing games, and at night participating in the famous concerts which for a while helped the men forget the horror of their surroundings.

And the "Y" did not leave the men there. When the boys got their passes and went on leave to Blighty or to any of the French towns, and some for the first time in many months saw the face of a woman or child, or a lamp or a house, the Red Triangle was there with cheer, comfort and clean amusement.

With other men, enmeshed of his had gone on leave to Paris, and on their own initiative, visited the famous Cathedral at Versailles. The incomplete journey costs them \$50 francs. When he made the same trip he took the Red Triangle service, and the entire cost of his leave was only 15 francs.

The Red Triangle treated the men as men. Everything was given away free at the front line, but back farther they came under the rules of the British Army canteens, and had to charge for their goods, but everything was sold at the lowest possible price, in all his experience, he believed the Red Triangle carried on a better front line service than any other organization, and the work was of an inestimable service in maintaining the morale of the troops and the morals of the men.

Like other institutions, he said, it had been criticized, but in every case where criticism was due it was through the fault of inefficient staffs which were thrust upon the Red Triangle organization by the war administration.

George E. Barbour, chairman of the Provincial Committee of the Red Triangle drive, stated that the work of the organization, in all countries, incurred an expense of \$12,000,000 last year. It is a military organization, officially recognized.

For the coming year and prospective activities, it is required that the sum of \$2,800,000 be raised. Of this amount, \$1,700,000 is forthcoming from the liquidation of various assets and the balance, \$1,100,000, will be sought from the public in a coast to coast campaign. The quota for New Brunswick is set at \$50,000, and that of St. John, city and county, at \$20,000. In view of the fact that the last public appeal caught a response of \$42,000 from the city and county of St. John, he thought the present quota reasonable.

In the Maritime Provinces, he stated, much money will be contributed. The campaign includes canvassing of business concerns and private houses, and a tag campaign, and will not begin locally until Thursday next.

Capt. Clarence McKinnon, D.D., said that after the excellent address by Capt. Connon he did not do better than point the moral which should adorn the tale, and that if Mr. Barbour considered himself the "bulletin board" he would try to act as the finger post.

He pleaded for earnestness in the coming campaign, stating that nothing is well done unless carried through to a successful termination.

The Red Triangle, he said, did not only amuse the boys at the front and at the various camps in Canada and England. It cared for the social side, through Christian principles, and the mothers, fathers and good citizens should thank the institution for watching over the young men when they were beset by other dangers, old as civilization, while fighting for liberty.

The men have grumbled, he said, but the soldier who does not grumble is a "dead one." He had seen men grumble and grumbling while taking the short trip across in the ferry to Carleton Place, and how many scope did the boys have in the trenches and on the troopships at sea?

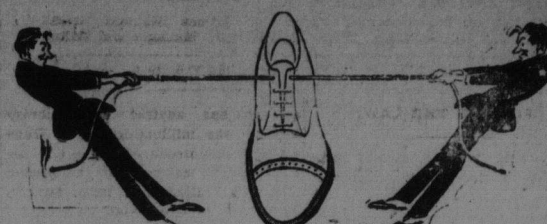
In closing, he asked for the earnest support of all organizations, the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army and the Red Triangle, which are fighting for the world against the evil one. "Let us all go forward," he said, "with the spirit that God will help us we will do the best we can."

The lectures, which were attended by a crowded house, were under the auspices of the local committee of the Red Triangle fund. The Honorable W. E. Foster presided, and with him on the platform were Capt. Campbell, Capt. Dickson, Capt. Stokes, His Worship Mayor Hayes, R. B. Armstrong, and the speakers.

Miss Louise Knight, in several delightful vocal numbers, added to the pleasure of the occasion and was heartily applauded.

KING'S COLLEGE PROGRAMME.
The programme of the Encenia proceedings is as follows:
Wednesday, May 7th, 1919.
9.30 a.m.—Annual meeting of Alumni Association.
2.00 p.m.—Annual meeting of Convocation.
2.00 p.m.—Annual meeting of Alexandra Society, Parish Hall.
2.30 p.m.—Annual meeting Board of Governors.
6.00 p.m.—Students' play, by College Dramatic Club.
Thursday, May 8th.
7.30 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in Chapel.
10.00 a.m.—Annual Service in Christ Church; University sermon by the Rev. W. R. Hibbard, M.A.
12.15 p.m.—Luncheon in Commons Hall for visitors.
2.00 p.m.—Public Convocation for conferring degrees.
4.00 p.m.—The President and Mr. Boyle "At Home," 4 to 6.

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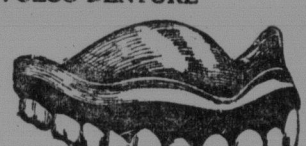
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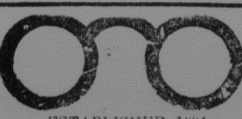
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