

FOODS that are popular during the Lenten Season.

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| California Nectarines, 16c. lb. | FISH—Tins. |
| California Peaches, 15c. lb. | Herring in Anchovy Sauce, |
| Turkey Figs, 14c. lb. | large oval tins . . . 18c. |
| Lyle's Golden Syrup, | Herring in Shrimp Sauce, |
| 10c. can up; per glass 25c. | large oval tins . . . 18c. |
| Pure Honey, per glass, 30c. | Kipperd Herring, |
| California Muscat Grapes, | large oval tins . . . 18c. |
| 3 lb. tin 20c. | Smoked Herring, Oil . . 15c. |
| California Peaches, | Princess Crab, 1 lb. tin. |
| 3 lb. tin 20c. | FRESH HALIBUT, |
| Baltimore Pears | COD, |
| (good quality), 3's, 20c. | MACKEREL. |
| Heinz Apples Butter, | No. 1 Salt Herring, |
| qt. jars 45c. | Pickled Trout, |
| 1 lb. pots English Jam, 20c. | Smoked Herring, |
| Pure Irish Butter. | Finnan Haddie. |
| Pure Canadian Butter. | |

C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

In The North West.

(BY LIETT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD, D. S. O.)

Many thousands of the inhabitants of the Canada of to-day, remaining congregated in the large cities, have never even seen a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police Force, but my own knowledge of them commenced more than a generation ago.

Well, I can remember, before all the buffalo were yet wiped out from the great plains, the pleasure it would give me to come upon a single member of the scarlet-coated police, in the midst of a band of still savage Indians and Squaws, among whom his mere presence was sufficient to

preserve order, and to restrain the young braves from attacking the members of some hostile tribe.

Until Death.

Canada is becoming settled up now, but there are still vast wastes where the North-West Mounted Police perform noble deeds, all unwitnessed and unrecorded. Their duties are not only to prevent crime rather than to punish it, but to succor those in danger, even should they lose their own lives in the effort. Their terrible discipline is so stringent that none but the very best and most enduring spirits can support it for any length of time, but while he serves, the scarlet mounted policeman vows ever to tell the truth and to perform his duty until death.

I could relate many instances of their bravery and devotion, but will select a story told me by one of their number in my far away log-house, when the world was white with snow around us, while giving it as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words.

"It was Christmas Day," related Constable Vincent, "and I was teamster at the time of the North-Western Mounted Police at Battleford. My day's work being finished, and a hard one too, I had put my team up for the night. The horses were quite done up—to use a colloquial phrase, they were 'all in'—and had scarcely a kick left in them.

Out in the Prairies.

There was a jolly dinner in the mess, the room was brightly illuminated and decorated, while the genial warmth made us quite forget the day's hardships without in the frozen atmosphere of the North-West. Dinner was about half over, when, with a sigh of relief, I remarked to a comrade:

"Well, thank goodness, for once in a way, it seems as if we are likely to have our Christmas evening undisturbed."

"But a member of the N.W.P. never knows his luck! Scarcely had I spoken when our sergeant-major came to me and, touching me on the arm, said: 'I want to speak to you outside.' He passed on to two of my comrades named Campbell and Hornage, and summoned them likewise.

"Leaving our meal unfinished, we rejoined the sergeant-major in the lobby, when he said: 'You three men will have to go off at once, with Vincent's sleigh and team, and a supply of provisions. A man has come in bringing a vague story with him of a family being somewhere out in the

prairies to the south of the Eagle Mountains, which were our guide, but not recorded in any Crown Office, as the occupants have erected it without pre-emption, or any permission from the Government authorities. This family is said to be at the point of death from starvation, and it will be your duty to find them and relieve them."

Leaving Pleasure Behind.

"How far off is it, sir?" I inquired.

"That I could not ascertain, nor the locality," replied the sergeant-major. "It may be any distance, but probably something over thirty miles.

"If I am to go to the south of the Eagle Mountains, sir, I must have other horses," I replied. "Mine are all in."

"He obtained the use of four horses, for me from the commissioner, and, when the big sleigh had been filled with hay, buffalo-robbs, and provisions, including an oil stove, we three men, well wrapped up in our fur coats, gloves, and caps, were ready to make a start. The sergeant-major, who had come to see us off, noticed that we had not got on the sheepskin combined apron and breeches, which we used in cold weather when riding.

"Where are your 'shaps' men?" he asked.

"We shall not want them, sir," we replied, "we are driving."

"You do not know what is before you, men," was his answer. "Be guided by me, and take your 'shaps' you may be glad of them. It may get colder yet!"

"So, after taking the chief's sensible advice, we departed, left all the Christmas merriment behind us, and drove off into the cold, silent night, on an errand of mercy, which seemed no better than a wild-goose chase.

"As one man must be kept warm in case of the others freezing, while I held the lines, with Campbell seated beside me, Hornage was in the hay inside the big bob sleigh. Rapidly we

glided over the snow for mile after mile, when suddenly a puff of icy wind sent a shower of frozen particles in our faces.

"It is going to be a blizzard," said Campbell, breaking a long silence. "We are in for it, for sure."

When the Storm Burst.

"I assented briefly, but drove on until at length the terrible snowstorm was on us in full force, blinding us so that we could no longer see the Eagle Mountains, which were our guide, nor indeed face the icy blast. I stopped the sleigh, we unharnessed the four horses, and covered them with rugs, turned up the sleigh on one side and endeavored to get what shelter we could under its lee.

"In this way we passed the long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end; and when the dawn we started again, driving southwards over the interminable prairie, peering out vainly in every direction for anything bearing the semblance of a house.

"That day the blizzard came on more fiercely than ever, and at length, while driving aimlessly about in the gloom, I felt that my hands were frozen, and that I must give up the reins to my comrade, Campbell. By this time, we all realized that, unless we soon found shelter of some kind, we should be frozen to death. It grew darker, and the snow more blinding than ever, so that, in fact, I could distinguish nothing.

"I was blinded, and had just exclaimed that I was 'all in,' when Hornage called out from the inside of the sleigh that he could see a haystack away to the left. If we could indeed find a haystack, we felt that we might be saved, by pulling out the hay, and burying ourselves and the horses in it. Neither Campbell nor I could see a haystack, however, and we thought that the intense cold had muddled our comrade's senses.

Behind That Door.

"If you can see anything, for pity's sake drive straight at it, Campbell," I cried, as the lines fell from my frozen hands. Suddenly, through the gloom we discerned a square opaque object—no haystack, indeed,

but a small shack built of mud, and only about fourteen feet long, by twelve in width. Alighting from the sleigh, I staggered round this humble building as well as my half-frozen limbs would allow me, until at last I found a door.

"I tried it—it was locked, nor would it yield to my efforts to open it.

"Determined to avoid, if possible, dying out there in the snow, we three men, all together, threw ourselves with all our weight, against the door. It yielded and burst open, and, although within all was dark, some sense instantly warned us that there were living beings in that hut. No sound came, however, from anywhere, and, oh! the icy chill of that unlighted and unwarmed dwelling was like that of a church vault in some arctic place.

"At length, with our frozen fingers we managed to strike a light. Then huddled in a heap together on the floor, we perceived a group of human beings. The hand of God had directed us to the very family that we were in search of over the trackless snow! Lying on the ground together we now beheld a man, a woman, a boy of 18 a young girl of sixteen, and a three-months' old baby.

"The oil-stove was brought in and lighted, and some milk placed on it to heat, but before this could be accomplished, we found that the man the woman and the boy, were all frost-bitten in their hands or legs the poor woman being frozen stiff up to her knees, her legs being like marble.

"The girl, however, was not frozen, and the baby, protected by the warmth of its mother's breast, did not seem frost-bitten either. All were almost dead from starvation, and could speak with difficulty at first.

"As the oil-stove could not heat that awful place, and there was an empty stove in the shack, I now determined to try to prepare fuel. We had driven in through some low bushes sticking up out of the snow, and, therefore, after first binding in all of the four horses through the door way, I attached myself to a rope of which I left the end with my comrades. To go out without being tied would have meant being lost in the blizzard.

All Efforts Unavailing.

"Taking my little hand-axe, I now cut as many sticks as I could, and then, when perished by the blizzard, I had re-entered the hut, my comrades took it in turns to be tied to the rope and go out for more fuel. Not even the heat of the fire and all of the people and horses within that shack, could make the place at all warm, still, as the cold became less intense, we worked away at the task of trying to preserve the frozen limbs of those miserable creatures, by rubbing them with snow.

"We fed them meanwhile, including the baby; and at length the arms of the man, a Scotsman named Fraser, began to thaw. Likewise the hands and feet of the lad. Upon the unfortunate woman—although we worked

Five Minute Cure If Stomach Is Bad

When "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches stomach all Indigestion, Gas and Sourness Disappears.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you must injure it with drastic drugs. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

For nine hours without ceasing—our efforts proved quite unable to make any impression.

"She said that she could feel nothing in her limbs whatever, and even when they at length thawed, and became purple in hue, she had no sensation in them.

Journeying Home.

As the blizzard continued to rage for two days, we remained in that shack, taking care of the occupants. Then, when the storm ceased, we put them all in the sleigh, giving them all of our own coverings that we could spare. Then, indeed, it was that we were glad that we had listened to the sergeant-major, and had brought our 'shaps' with us.

"Upon the way back to Battleford, Hornage, who was tending the rescued family in the sleigh, called me to look at the woman. I saw that she was dead. I took the child from the dead woman's arms, giving it to the father, and telling him to hold it close to him, whatever he did. I did not, however, tell him that his wife was dead, and buried as they were under the hay and buffalo robes, the wretched beings could not see one another.

"We were two days on our ghastly homeward journey, and, at length, having crossed the mountains in an icy atmosphere, we contrived to make for Battleford, where we drove straight to the hospital. Upon them taking the poor little baby from the helpless father, I perceived that it was also dead, and frozen stiff and solid like a lump of ice.

Duty's Stern Call.

"After a time the daughter recovered from the effects of shock and starvation, and the father likewise, after being a long time in hospital and very carefully nursed.

"The unfortunate lad, however, had to have several fingers amputated in order that his arm might be saved."

When the narrative had been simply and modestly related to me, I rose from my warm seat by the fitful blaze of the log fire, and asked my visitor to come to the door with me and look out into the night.

"The wind was moaning through the pine-trees, the snow was falling heavily, and in the mountains near at hand we could hear the dismal howling of the wolves.

"How would you like to try it again to-night, Vincent?" I inquired.

"If it were my duty, sir, I would go now, this minute," was the manly reply. "Ay," he added with a laugh, "even if once more I were compelled to lose my Christmas dinner, and perhaps be frozen to death into the bargain."

"Such are Canada's mounted policemen."

A MODERN INSTANCE.

It was something like a ringworm on his head, or rather at the back of the neck, just below the hair, and seemed inclined to spread. Washing with antiseptic solutions, and the use of common ointments scarcely availed to prevent its getting larger. He was puzzled. Then he saw an advertisement of Zylex and Zylex Soap, and decided to use them. Procuring a box of Zylex and a cake of Zylex Soap he washed the part carefully, and applied the ointment freely. The result was marked almost from the first. In a few days the spot had disappeared, and everything was as well as ever. Now he uses Zylex Soap regularly and keeps a box of Zylex always handy.

Have you such spots? Then use Zylex. You will soon forget that you have had any skin troubles. At all druggists. Zylex, 50c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.—Feb 26, 1914.



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EXPERT CUTTER and WORKMEN.
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FERRO KEROSENE MARINE ENGINES.

Guaranteed to develop more actual horsepower at its rated revolutions than any other engine of similar size, bore and stroke operated under identically similar conditions.

This guarantee is backed by a company of established reputation both as to the quality of its product and its financial responsibility, owning, and operating the largest, most complete and best equipped engine plant in the world, whose Bank rating is ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

FREE EXHIBITION.

The FERRO Engines are on exhibition at our premises. Sealers are particularly invited to call and see them. You are welcome whether you buy or not; we are only too pleased to demonstrate their superiority over all others.

A. H. MURRAY, Bowring's Cove.

Address.

And Presentation to Mr. Stanley Robertson, Acting Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada at Trinity.

At a representative meeting of the citizens of Trinity, and Trinity East, held in the drawing room of Mrs. Jenkins, Trinity, the following address was presented to Mr. Robertson on the eve of his departure from Trinity.

The address was read and the presentation was made by the Chairman of the meeting, Samuel J. Hussey, J. P.

ADDRESS

To Mr. Stanley Robertson, Acting Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, Trinity, Newfoundland.

Dear Mr. Robertson,—We, the undersigned, citizens of Trinity, Trinity East and Dunfield, having heard that you are about to be transferred to headquarters at St. John's, respectfully desire to convey to you the following remarks.

As a town, and particularly from a business standpoint, for years we hoped that some day a Bank would be established in our midst. When, two years ago, our hopes were realized, you came to us as the first acting manager of the Royal Bank of Canada.

You may, perhaps, have some idea of how much the success or failure of that local institution was bound up with your personality; you, however, could not possibly have realized this, at the time, as fully as we did.

Now, after two years of our practical experience of the value of the Bank in our town is largely due to you as its local representative, we wish to assure you and the Directors of your Bank, that whatever success has been placed to the credit of the Bank in our town is largely due to you as its acting manager.

Your unselfish kindness, your unflinching courtesy and your gentlemanly actions toward one and all in your official capacity quickly won for the Institution and yourself the confidence of all who do business with you; whilst as a citizen your daily

conduct has been exemplary in the highest degree.

Because of all this, we, as a town and as private individuals can ill afford to lose you, and we beg to assure you that we are all very sorry that you are going out from us.

We, however, are glad to learn that the change means to you promotion in office, and a return to your home; and we heartily congratulate you, and rejoice with you in all that promotion and home mean to you.

We ask you to accept this case of pipes as a small token of our highest respect for you, and our best wishes for your future. We shall always be glad to hear of your welfare.

May these pipes be to you a blank cheque on "The Bank of Many Happy Hours," duly signed, to be filled in by you at your leisure, with no discount and with endorsements such as will satisfy the most exacting of earthly institutions.

Signed by Magistrate Lilly, all the Clergy of the place, and forty others. Trinity, March 2nd, 1914.

To this was appended the following:

We take this opportunity to extend to your successor, Mr. Finn, a hearty welcome to a full share in all the privileges and responsibilities of a citizen of the Ancient Town of Trinity. It has lost some of its ancient glory, but there are still many things to be enjoyed in our midst, which we trust he will enjoy to the full.

Mr. Robertson, in his reply, gave an outline history of the Bank and its work in Trinity; spoke appreciatively of the actions of depositors and others; thanked the good people of the district for their uniform kindness to him and those in particular who had presented the address and subscribed toward the cost of souvenir.

Mr. Finn also thanked those present for the kind welcome tendered to him and expressed the hope that he would prove worthy of their confidence.

A verse of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" followed by the National Anthem, brought a pleasant meeting to a close.

YOUR WHOLE BUSINESS.

You simply cannot carry, even the most important details of your business in your mind. But, as you are a good business man, you will insist on these details being always immediately available so as to compare them with those of yesterday, last month, last year. The famous "Safe-guard" method, originated by the Globe-Warwick Co., makes your files a live index of your business and keeps every record quickly and surely accessible. Are you not interested in this more efficient, more economical system? Mr. PERCIE JOHNSON will be pleased to show you that this equipment will be of lifelong usefulness by arranging the record of your whole business right at your hand.

MINARD'S LINTENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Government Savings Bank

Government Savings Bank. Excess of withdrawal for the year. The effort of them by the withdrawal. J. H. Kelton, J. H. Kelton, J. H. Kelton. \$2,794,117.64. 3,988,394.15.

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3,000 Fresh Frozen Rabbits.

LAST FOR THE SEASON.

By rail to-day:	By s.s. Almeriana:
50 P. E. I. Dressed Turkeys	500 lbs. Fresh Halibut.
50 Selected Ducks.	500 lbs. Fresh Mackerel.
10 cases Ply. Rock Chicken.	No. 1 Baldwin Apples.
	20 boxes Finnan Haddies.
	Purity Butter.
	Moir's Cakes.
We solicit a trial of our TEAS.	Irish Bacon—boned.
Bulldog 33c. lb.	Sultana Raisins, 1 lb. ctns.
Dannawalla 40c. lb.	100 bags Irish Potatoes.
Mount Erin 50c. lb.	New Cabbage.
10 per cent. discount off 5 lb. parcels.	Bananas.
	Fresh Oysters

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