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We have divided a large number of pictures into two lots, and will offer your choice of one lot for \$1.00 and of the other for 25c. Many of these are worth several times the prices asked, but we are determined to make it well worth your while to call that day.

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NOTICE

On February 1st we change our method of business and will sell for CASH. All telephone orders must be C. O. D.

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NEW SCHOONER.

Annapolis, N. S. Spectator: The official measurements of the new three-masted schooner to be launched here next month, and to be named the Hilda M. Stark, are as follows: Length over all, 171.5 feet; breadth, 35 feet; depth, 13.2 feet; tonnage, 648.15 gross and 873.57 net register. It will be seen by this that she is considerably larger than the Beechland, launched last September, but she has a large hurricane deck and more house accommodation. It is said she will be towed to St. John to load there for the south. Spars and sail power are the same as the Beechland. She is now fully rigged.

OUTSIDE THE DANGER ZONE.

"I understand you go fox hunting," said an English bishop to a vicar. "I don't approve of that."
"But fox hunting is merely a healthy exercise," returned the vicar. "Be-

IN GLORIOUS MEMORY OF THE SACRIFICE OF THE "MARY ROSE"

(BY C. H. J. SNIDER)

Less is going to be known of the gallantry of this greatest war than of the meaneat deeds in the Siege of Troy. There is no Homer to sing it. If there were, the Censor would shut him up.
This is a pity, for the Battle of Jutland was fought and won by sailors of a nation inspired by the Battle of Trafalgar. Yet any schoolboy of today knows more of the Trafalgar fight than a civilization saved by the sacrifice of Jutland knows of that great conflict.

There was a much smaller sea fight last October—October 17, to be exact—which even now dwells in the memory of most only as a vague and unpleasant reminder of the fact that the blockade of the German fleet is neither airtight nor iron clad. All an interesting world was told about it was that two destroyers and part of a convoy had been sunk—and "nobody was to blame."

Barrels of ink and bushels of paper were wasted over the last half of the statement. But behind the first half of the story lies a statement, yet to be told. WHEN the facts come out—and the right man tells them—we shall have another such inspiration as the "Revenge."

There is a smack of that fine old ballad, "Sir Patrick Spens," and more than a dash of Tennyson's epic, in a poem which came out recently in a paper called the Gula Tidend, published in Bergen, Norway.

The Mary Rose sailed by their side,
Sing, sailor, oh, hullo!
She was so small in all but pride,
Sing, sailor, oh, hullo!
She would not fall, though it was hard
Those two deep-laden ships to guard,
Sing, my boy, sailor, oh! Sing, my boy, hullo!

"A beardless boy, on topmost mast,
Sing, sailor, oh, hullo!
The pilot was his eighteen past,
Sing, sailor, oh, hullo!
'Ho, captain!' sailors hear him cry,
'Two enemies steaming fast I spy.'
Sailor, oh! Sing my boy! Sing, my boy, hullo!"

Such are two simple stanzas. Possibly the poem does not emerge from the process of translation a literary jewel of the first water. But it is a heart felt tribute from a neutral—

"We're not that I must neutral keep,
Of heart's red blood I tears would weep."

vows the Norwegian singer—and its does its bit to put a gallant deed on the map of man's memory.
From the Norwegian's verses and the meagre despatches handed out, apparently what happened was something like this:

"To Norway, to Norway, to Norway o'er the faem,
Norway o'er the faem,
The king's daughter to Norway, 'tis thou main tak' her name."
Times have changed since Sir Patrick Spens, "the best sailor that ever sailed the sea," went voyaging with Scots lairds and king's daughters to the Land of the Midnight Sun. Now days our sea heroes go over with "kude red gowd" from Britain and come back with something to eat.
Thus it came that in the shortening daylight of last October a caravan of twelve ships was steaming Britainwards with the coast of Norway on the port beam.
Southward through the shimmering waters where the sea sails of smacks and sharp noses of prams were narrowed against a background of measureless mountain reflections, gashed by the openings of fjord and glacier and waterfalls—southward and westward the long-strung caravan steered.
The twelve ships were a convoy. They were loaded to the plimsoll mark with food for hungry England—the hungry heart of the world, throbbing true to its star despite the hate of hell arrayed against it.
"Neutrals" they were, many of them, waxing prosperous trafficking in the necessities of a nation at war for their salvation from the powers of darkness.

Some of them, black-hulled, with salt-crusted funnels, were British trampers, looting from all the seven seas to replenish the empty larder of the homeland with Danish butter and Norwegian fish and mutton and Swedish swine and cheese and game—and pit props.

Some wore the blue cross of Norway white-rimmed, on a red field, boldly painted on bow and quarter with the letters "N-O-R-W-E" plastered all over their bulwarks. Two displayed in Sweden on a blue square amidships. But all twelve relied on the slim black ship with a procession of aluminum funnels and a bow like a ploughshare that tore up the shimmering water in mad storms of foam around them, going three feet to their one and circling round and round them like a drover's collie hustling a herd of well-fed wools.

This was the destroyer Mary Rose. One destroyer, with steel sides thin as cardboard, engines mighty as the heart of a giant, propellers like the heels of a deer, and quick-drilling guns keen as fangs of a rattlesnake—well fitted for her proper work, destroying torpedo boats ere they might launch their deadly missiles against lumbering dreadnoughts, or ramming submarines as they came up to sight—portentous battleships. But shepherding twelve ewes and rams of the sea, gathered form all the world?

Well, anyway, that was the Mary Rose's job.
Charles Fox, son of a Devonshire lawyer, with one brother in the trenches, another in a mine-sweeper, and his grey-haired mother back home in Plymouth, commanded her. He was 27 years old, had been two years at sea, and six months in the Mary Rose. She was his first command, and he had not yet fought a battle with anything harder than the ancient ocean—though heaven knows that is hard enough.

England was only 36 hours away, even at the crawling pace set by the slowest of the freighters.
Somewhere under the southwest horizon Commander Fox knew, should be another destroyer—the Strongbow. It would be a relief when her smoke would show above the sea line.

For one destroyer to keep a dozen freighters in tow was a hard job, and most of them flying foreign flags—would be no picnic, even in peace times.

Mines, submarines and commerce raiders lurked in the shadow of Norway's mountains. Thine would be the better the further off shore they got. Every mile had its perils, but the open sea and the Strongbow promised relief.

Smoke! Smoke to seaward. The boy in the pilbox of a crow's nest on the Mary Rose's foremast, under the spreader for wireless antennae, saw it first. Like a racing car suddenly thrown into "high," the destroyer leaped forward to investigate, tearing off a mile ere the second hand of a watch could twice traverse its circle.

Smoke to seaward!
The Strongbow?
Five minutes settled that. It was not the Strongbow's.
It was the smoke of more than one vessel—a flotilla. One, two, three, four, five hulls came upon the horizon—three torpedo boats, two cruisers.

Huns.
The Mary Rose had the heels of them. She was built for outsteaming just such craft. It was her speed and lightness which gave her her place in the battle line when fleets engaged.

It would have been easy to have trumped up a wild goose chase for the missing Strongbow—probably already "sunk under a trace"—to have 2-In Glorious Memory ONE been "unable to engage the enemy until the setting in of darkness and consequent lowering of the visibility rendered an engagement impossible"—and so came off with a whole hide.

The greatest lie in the world is contained in the proverb:—"A living dog is better than a dead lion."
"Better a live coward than a dead hero."
—as though one dead Nelson were not worth more to the world than a thousand living Leon Trotskys or Nicolai Leninies!

Lieutenant-Commander Charles Fox, first command, and never yet in action, did not even pause to choose between the Trash and the Truth.

Dollar Day Specials

Thursday, Feb. 21st

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Men's Blue or Black Overalls or Jumpers, Regular \$1.25, Dollar Day \$1.00
Men's White Barber Vests, frog fasteners, Regular \$1.75, Dollar Day \$1.38
Men's Black Oilskin Coats, Regular \$3.50, Dollar Day \$1.98
Men's Winter Overcoats, all styles, Regular \$18.00 to \$22.50, Dollar Day ... \$15.00

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Men's Fine Negligee Shirts, Regular \$1.25, Dollar Day \$1.00
Men's Heavy Wool Coat Sweaters, Regular \$5.00, Dollar Day \$3.98
Men's High Grade Golf Caps, Regular \$1.50-\$2.00, Dollar Day \$1.00
Men's Grey Suede Gloves, Regular \$2.00, Dollar Day \$1.50

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

Ladies' All Wool Serge Dresses, Regular \$6.45, Dollar Day \$3.95
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Ladies' Tailored Suits and Coats, Dollar Day 33 1-3 Per Cent. Off.

BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits, Regular \$10.00, Dollar Day \$7.95
Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits, Regular \$6.00, Dollar Day \$4.95
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For all and any information or particulars, call, write or telephone the New Brunswick representatives of the company.

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