

Sometime! Why not this time?

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

The ORANGE PEKOE is extra good. Try it!

**Invest 15 Minutes
of your time before
you invest \$1500 or
more of your money!**

You owe it to yourself to see the 19 new Studebaker models before you buy a car!

Fifteen minutes behind the wheel of any one of the new Studebakers will fully convince you that here is a car delightfully different in performance. Examination of their many exclusive features will just as readily prove that these new cars are distinctive in design. And a comparison with all other motor car prices will show that Studebaker offers the greatest dollar for dollar automobile value in the world.

Strong statements? Yes. But all we want is a chance to prove them. That is why we ask you to invest fifteen minutes of your time in seeing the new Studebakers before you invest fifteen hundred dollars or more in a new car. After you have done that, we'll rest our case with you.

STANDARD SIX

5-Pass. Duplex Phaeton.....	\$1820
3-Pass. Duplex Roadster.....	1795
3-Pass. Country Club Coupe.....	2045
5-Pass. Coach.....	2065
5-Pass. Coupe.....	2300
5-Pass. Brougham.....	2335
5-Pass. Sedan.....	2445
5-Pass. Berline.....	2535

SPECIAL SIX

5-Pass. Duplex Phaeton.....	\$2350
3-Pass. Duplex Roadster.....	2275
3-Pass. Sport Roadster.....	2405
4-Pass. Victoria.....	2985
5-Pass. Brougham.....	2830
5-Pass. Sedan.....	3120
5-Pass. Berline.....	3230

BIG SIX

7-Pass. Duplex Phaeton.....	\$2900
5-Pass. Coupe.....	3840
7-Pass. Sedan.....	4025
7-Pass. Berline.....	4140

4 wheel hydraulic brakes, with disc wheels, optional at extra charge

(These prices include taxes and freight. They cover cars with standard factory equipment, delivered complete and ready for service.)

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PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

**Poultry
Regulator**

Proposed Transfer Of Oyster Areas Modern Methods of Control Should be Adopted.

The proposal that the oyster areas of the Maritimes be transferred from provincial to federal control, will be learned with interest by those who have the preservation of the oyster at heart and who realize how far present methods have denuded the oyster beds. The danger of extinction of the famous Mapleque is an example of how far the oyster industry has already operated to its own destruction; while the success attained by individuals carrying on oyster culture in several centres is another example of a brighter side to the picture, should modern methods of control and development be adopted.

Those conversant with the oyster industry have long contended that a system of federal control, whereby oyster beds would be leased out under restrictions as to harvesting, would result in ensuring continuance of the beds and would enhance their value.

The United States was some time ago compelled to limit oyster fishing to save the bivalve from extinction and fishery inspectors in the Maritimes last year advised the Globe that unless the provinces by-the-sea took steps to the same end, a valuable industry would be ruined.

Under proper methods of fishing and cultivation, a fortune awaits Prince Edward Island in its oyster industry, and the same applies to the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia beds.

In the Maritimes we have not the sewage problems of the United States, and our oysters should easily capture the best markets.

LITTLE GIRL TAGGED FOR DOAKTOWN

Being Transferred from Foster Home at McAdam

The arrival on Saturday afternoon of a five-year old tot, named Grace by C. P. R. express from McAdam was the cause of no little consternation to officials of the Children's Aid Society, who had not been advised in any way of the little one's expected arrival, until advised by C. P. R. officials of her presence at the C. P. R. depot. Attached to the girl's clothing was a tag addressing the human shipment to Doaktown. The tag bore also the name of H. Usher Miller, an official of the children's home in Saint John, with the added information that consignment of the little one to Doaktown was sponsored by Miss Morrison, a children's welfare official who communicated with at Doaktown and arrangements made for the completion of the journey, although the mystery of the little one's trip was still unexplained. All that could be learned was that the child had been placed by Miss Morrison in a foster home at McAdam some time ago.



EVERYBODY LIKES KING COLE TEA

King Cole
Orange Pekoe
is the "Extra"
in Choice Tea



Your Grocer will supply you

"My Greatest Thrill In Sport"

Being an Account of an Adventure Which Overtook Ozark Ripley On the Nipigon.



OZARK RIPLEY

For many years I have hunted and killed all kinds of big game on the American Continent except polar bear, and I have taken most kinds of fresh and salt water game fish. But the greatest thrill I ever experienced during my thirty years' devotion to outdoor sports came to me this summer in July on the Nipigon River in the rapids just below the Canadian Pacific bridge at Nipigon, Ont.

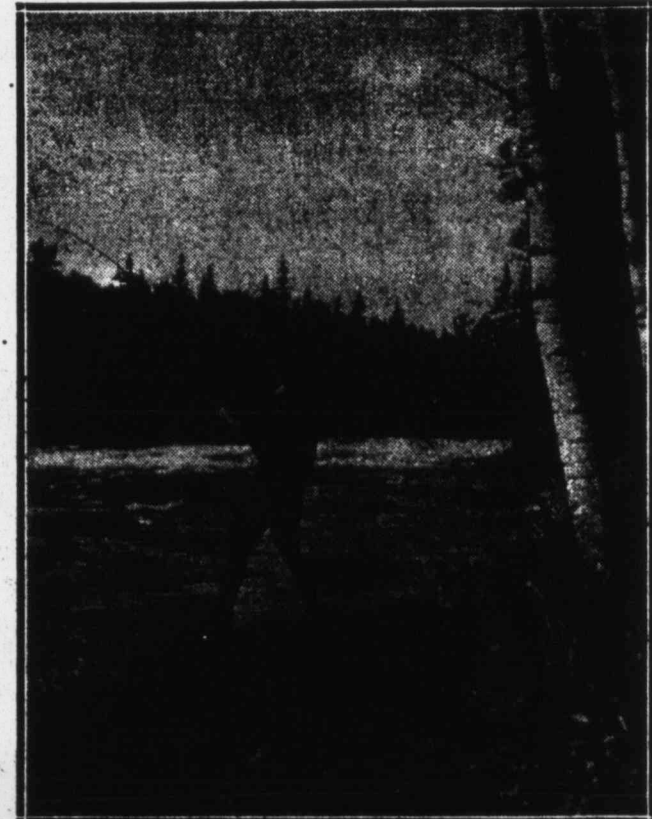
It all happened late in the evening. The trout at this point are the most famed and largest brook trout in the world. But just at that time they were not striking as usual on account of the exceedingly cold night. However, I decided to go to the river to try out a little split bamboo bait casting rod, 2 1/2 ounces, that I had made for casting very light lures. It would be a revelation to myself and other anglers to take trout in this manner, when fly casting is the vogue.

The water under the Canadian Pacific bridge, and below for a quarter of a mile at least, flows like a millrace. I attached to my line a small weighted feather casting minnow, just to see if the little rod would shoot it. At the first try I shot the lure at least 125 feet across the water toward the west bank and in the opposite edge of fast water.

The very instant that the tiny lure struck the water the second of the only two large rainbow trout that up to then had ever been taken out of the Nipigon rose and seized my lure. He was a monster. It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish with the little rod and the fine nine-pound test casting line. The thrill that came in that approaching darkness was incredible. The killing of moose and grizzly bear was tame in comparison.

I worked in a bad light nearly an hour, and in danger of falling into that deep, swift reach, trying hard to lead that fish out of the fast water where the current would not aid it into the long upstream swirl on my side. The only thing that helped me in that fight was the generous supply of filled line I had in store on my reel to help perfect thumbing of it.

I worked up and down those rapids in despair and hope, and as the whims of the strong leaping fish



"It seemed an impossible accomplishment ever to land that fish."

directed. Yet the thrill of trying to land that whopper leaping rainbow with that tiny rod was something I had never conceived possible.

It began to grow darker. Suddenly on the left bank I saw a big black bear take to the water and swim deliberately toward my fish, despite that terrible current. Evidently he took it for a cripple. Right off, that rainbow sensed his presence and darted for the east bank as fast as I could reel in slack, and the bear kept his course direct for him.

The rainbow heading straight for the upstream water, with occasional leaps from it, finally gained the stretch of upstream current, with the bear only a few yards behind him.

That bear did not become apprised of my presence until he made a lunge for the fish, missed it as it leaped out of the water, and then scrambled for the bank to get a better survey of his expected prey. That very moment he got a whiff of the man scent, wheeled and scrambled as fast as he could for the thickest of spruce along the sheer hillside.

And then the thrill of thrills occurred in the darkness as I roughed that spent rainbow, and brought him along the coarse, narrow sand bank where, as he was far too large for my landing net, I fell on top of him and held him captive with my hands and knees until his strength was entirely exhausted.—New York World.