

## Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food. It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good. The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

### OLD MILL THRILLER

An unrehearsed act was put on at the "Old Mill," Hanlan's Point, on Saturday night, and it turned out to be a thriller. The sequel was staged in the early court this morning, when five Russians, Kastontiones Purdokas, Gaspe Korowski, Kastantia Bainor, Tonus Pulus, and Domenic Simutes appeared before Magistrate Ellis on a charge of drunkenness. Like all great thespian performances, this act contained a heroine. Also a baby. Also a trio of heroes. As has been stated, the scene was the "Old Mill," where the silvery water flows through darkened channels, and lovers' arms tighten their hold. Boats glide along the glistening waterway, and bump at every corner. The scene is ever replete with the joyous shout of children and the occasional squeak of a nervous maiden. And it was into this sylvan scene that the boat containing five drunken Russians, a woman, and a baby wobbled. Presently the boat upset, woman and baby plunged into the icy depths of two feet of water. The woman shrieked for help, and clung madly to her helpless babe. The men roared like the bulls of Bashan. Then the heroes appeared, P. C.'s Clark and Cumming, and, taking their lives into

their hands, plunged bravely into the two feet of water and whiskey, splashing and flashing, and tossing and tumbling in the semi-darkness. Everybody struggled and clutched and flopped and spluttered, until everybody was very wet. Then hero No. 3 turned up, Island Sergt. Miles to wit, and seeing his dearly beloved force in danger of going to a watery grave, plunged fearlessly into the troubled surf and, so the story goes, rescued the woman, baby, and two constables with one arm, and the five drunken Russians with the other. What he would have done if he had had a third wing, goodness only knows. Probably carried off the Old Mill. "Twas the liveliest scene we've had over there for many a long day," said the gallant sergeant this morning as he mopped his brow. Simutes was fined \$15 and costs or 15 days; the rest \$10 and costs.—Police Court News. *Toronto Telegram.*

### FISH AT MODERATE PRICES

The efforts of the Canada Food Board to make fish from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans available at reasonable prices to consumers at inland points have been so successful that the United States Food Administration is endeavouring to effect a similar arrangement for the people of the United States.

### MORE FISH BEING USED NOW

One year ago, only 5,000 pounds of fish per week were consumed in the Province of Ontario, but due to arrangements made by the Canada Food Board for fish and handling of fish, and due to the demand for fish as a substitute for meat, 55,000 pounds of fish per week are being consumed in that province at the present time.

### A MAN FOR THE TASK

There is an Indian soldier in the army whose name translated is Johnny Chase the Weasel. After looking at a portrait of the Crown Prince, we think that Indian is the man to go after him.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"Isn't it wonderful how these harvesting machines cut the wheat and tie it into bundles?" "Oh, I don't know. I hear they have a machine now that cuts the wheat, threshes it, grinds it into flour, and raises the price, all in one operation"—*Life.*

### SAILOR LADS FOR PELHAM LEARN ABOUT TRIP "OVER"

WHAT a sailor thinks it is going to be like and what it really is like are two different things, as the boys at Pelham Bay Naval Training Camp found out from one of them who had been over and come back. His story is given in "The Broadside," a Journal for the Naval Reserve Force, published by the enlisted men of the training camp. "Going on a transport is like joining some secret society," says he. "All over the ship signs were posted, saying that we mustn't tell anyone when we were going, or where, or how or why. The loading, and rush and excitement and rumors had us pretty well stirred up, and when we finally pulled up the mud hook and slipped out to sea, I looked back at the glow in the sky over New York and the flash of Navesink Light, and the flare of Ambrose lightship, and Coney Island, and felt awfully like a hero, and awfully sorry that I should have to die so young. "Third day out the word went through the crew to write letters. We were due to pick up a mail buoy, anchored on a ledge way out in the Atlantic. We would leave mail there and a returning convoy would take it back to the States. Did we write? I wrote mother, and Larry at Sparteburg, and sixteen letters to girls in Brooklyn. Long about four P. M. the bosun called for two hands from the second division to stand by to pick up the buoy. All of us volunteered, and two stood on the forecastle head with a buoy line and grapple. The mail was collected, and we all went up on the well deck to watch them pick the buoy up. We waited for two hours. 'Buoy Ho' coming from the crew's nest every five minutes. Then the old-timers gave us the grand laugh, chucked our letters back at us and ducked. The ocean isn't much over five miles deep in those parts. And the mail buoy ain't.

### THE WAR ZONE

"Next came the war zone; clothes and life preservers on day and night, and then, about noon—can't say how many days out it was—there was a cirrus haze down on the western horizon, and then the bulk of land, and France. Gee! it's sort of a big—feeling, you know. Then a harbor, and a little town, and queer old houses, and the busiest port I have ever seen. And all along the shore big, fine docks and wharves and engines and bustle and noise. And on the front of each shed 'U. S. Army, No.—' That was a big feeling, too.

"We lay in to a dock, and landed the troops, and then the bosun piped. 'All hands of the starboard watch will rate liberty from one to nine P. M.' "All dressed up in liberty blues, and mustered on the quarter deck, and then ashore in France. Me, ashore in France! and Pelham and the other fellows and mess hall No. 1 just a matter of—days ago. We all scattered and looked around, and—felt sort of lost. Then a M. P., military police, came up and said, 'Hey, Donovan, whatnell are you doing here?' It was Wilson—he was track manager—an '18 man, and had been over two months from a Southern camp. France is just like that.

"That first night I didn't do much. Went up to the Y. M., walked around and looked at people and houses, and finally found a place where it said, 'Old Southern Style Chicken Dinner.' That looked darn good to me. I went in and said 'Chicken' to the little old French woman, and she smiled, and sat me down, and we started the old Southern dinner with a glass of red wine. Then came the chicken—a cold leg, surrounded by a pile of flaked chips of white meat, and all covered over with mayonnaise. Some Southern style. But it was good.

DIRECTED BY GERMAN PRISONER. "Coming back to the ship, I got lost. It was raining, and cold, and I walked down endless dark alleys along the waterfront. Under an arc light a group of German prisoners were unloading a box car, guarded by an old French corporal. 'Ship,' I said to him, 'Big ship.' There was no answer. 'Bateau—bateau,' I said, hopefully. 'Oui, matelot de la bateau,' he said and shook hands. But nothing more. The Germans worked glumly on. I stood perplexed. Then a prisoner looked up. "Say, if you want that American transport, she's two blocks down the street," he said. He had been a waiter at the Ritz in London before the war.

"Next time I had liberty I decided to see the country a bit. Out through the suburbs and into a rolling farm country, every inch of ground growing vegetables. All just like a picture book, thatched houses, flat barns, and hedgerows. Then there was a little white cottage with a cow tethered on the lawn and a girl digging dandelion greens by the roadside. She was an awfully pretty girl, and her hair was done up in a funny way, and so I stopped before the hedge and said: "Bonjour, mama! She looked up and smiled, and said 'Bonjour.' "I stopped.

"And then I just couldn't think of anything to say. I took French seven years, all through college, and all I could remember was 'Maitre corbeau sur une arbre perche.' "Je suis matelot,' I said, finally. 'Matelot de l'Amerique.' She came over to the hedge.

"Bien, tu es matelot,' said the girl.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

And then we looked at each other, and didn't say anything. She was awfully pretty. But I was born dumb, anyway." The exact connotation of the word "Liberty" to a Pelham Bay man is given in a poem by that name, done by J. Thorne Smith, B. M. 2, who seems to be Camp Poet. This is the poem:

I've washed me neck  
An' I've cashed me check  
An' I've got me Forty-three.  
An' I'm light an' gay  
As a mule in May  
For I'm bound on liberty.  
An' I've got a date with Mamie an' I got a date with Sue.  
An' I've got a date with Nancy an' w' Kate  
An' I'm going to be so busy that I won't know what to do,  
An' I'm that confounded anxious I can't wait.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll,  
Roll, roll, roll, along, shove off, blast yer soul!  
Good-bye, Buddy, an' good-bye, Bo,  
Me dogs are itching an' I got to go.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll.

Me tapes are white  
An' me boots are bright  
An' me hat is stiff an' straight.  
An' I've brushed me bean  
An' I've shaved blue clean  
An' the list is at the gate.  
Oh, I'm going to spend me money an' I'm going to spend it right  
Buying sweeties for me wild Canarie pigs.  
An' some time in the morning or very late at night  
I'm going to a pub and dance some jigs.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll,  
Roll on, roll, along, shove off, blast yer soul!

So long, Buddy, and good-bye, Bo.  
Am I happy? Well, I'll tell yer so.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll.  
—Reprinted from *The New York Evening Post.*

## KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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### TWENTY SHEEP FOR EVERY SOLDIER

Twenty sheep are required to provide sufficient wool to keep one soldier clothed. In Canada there are less than 5½ sheep per soldier. Wool is at a record price, as is also mutton. The Canada Food Board urges greater production of sheep and municipal co-operation in controlling the menace from dogs.

### EAT FISH AND LENGTHEN LIFE

The less meat people eat, the healthier they are, and the longer they will live. The average age of a great meat eater is 40 years and a man could add 30 years to this if he were content to do without meat.—Professor James Long, Institute of Hygiene, London, England.

"Say, John? 'Well?' 'Did you feed the furnace?' 'You could hardly call it feeding. I did give it a little light lunch, so to speak.'—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

### USING THE BUTTERMILK

Previous to this year the Silverwood Creamery at London, Ont., has thrown away about 1,500,000 pounds of buttermilk annually. Being unable to find farmers in the vicinity who would accept the milk as a gift, they allowed it to run down the sewer. Mr. Silverwood, President of the concern, has been worried at this waste and this year determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly, he established a pig farm on his own account, securing 28 acres of land three miles from the Creamery. On this farm, he already has 500 pigs. By combining grains, such as oats, corn, and barley, with the buttermilk, and feeding a percentage of tankage, he has attained an increase on some of the hogs of 2½ pounds per day. Already the farm is self supporting, although Mr. Silverwood charges it at the rate of 30 cents per hundred-weight for the buttermilk used, and by the end of the year he expects to show a considerable gain.

## YOUR CUP OF TEA



Your cup of Tea means much to you. It is more than an item in the daily fare. It is the one thing that "rounds off"—or spoils—an enjoyable repast. Tea is fortunately so cheap in this country that there are few who cannot afford Choice Tea. The cost per pound is only slightly higher than ordinary Tea, while the increased pleasure you get from every cup you make is worth many times the difference. It is true also, that a FLAVOR-FULL Tea like KING COLE Orange Pekoe will actually spend further—that is, make more cups to the pound. KING COLE Orange Pekoe is prepared particularly for lovers of Choice Tea.

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Ask your grocer for it by the full name  
SOLD IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY



THE EXTRA in CHOICE TEA

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Hand-made Laces, Pure Linen Embroidery,  
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We Have a Full Supply of

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## Sheep on Every Hill Side in New Brunswick

The New Brunswick Government through the Department of Agriculture has arranged with the Chartered Banks to help the Farmers—where assistance is needed—to buy Sheep

The Department will not only arrange to buy Sheep FOR the Farmers, but will also buy good breeders FROM the Farmers—in other words, this branch of the Agricultural Department WILL SUPERVISE ALL PURCHASES AND SALES OF SHEEP.

IF A FARMER NEEDS CREDIT TO BUY SHEEP he should consult this local banker who has the necessary forms.

If you cannot buy sheep in your locality, inform the nearest banker who will notify the Agricultural Department, or, better still, notify the Department yourself and say how many Sheep you want.

### KEEP YOUR EWE LAMBS

Every Ewe Lamb, weighing 80 pounds and over and of reasonable quality, should be retained by farmers for breeding purposes. Sell the males and the inferior females for butcher purposes. If you have more ewe lambs than required, induce your neighbour to purchase.

### THE VALUE OF WOOL

Unwashed Wool of the best quality brought 80 cent a pound this spring, or about \$5.00 a fleece.

### SIXTY MILLION SHEEP

Have been lost in Europe since the war started. Wool in enormous quantities is now required to clothe the soldiers, it will take an immense quantity to re-clothe the returned men in civilian dress. Prices will likely be high for ten years.

New Brunswick has the pasture, hay, roots, and a climate suited to Sheep. Every farmer should consider investing in a small flock as a foundation. The first year will give approximately \$4.00 worth of wool per sheep, the sheep will cost about \$15.00. Is it not a good business proposition?

If you cannot purchase locally, place your order with your banker. Orders will be filled, if possible, in the order filed at this office through the banks.

For further information apply to

J. F. TWEEDDALE,  
Minister of Agriculture.