

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS

Everything that is smart and fashionable, every weave that good taste and Dame Fashion suggests for this Season, is in our present showing. While there are many fabrics that have the call this season for Women's Suits, Broadcloths are the leaders. They have the sheen and brilliancy of satins, soft draping and firmly woven, adapted to either street or house wear, 54 to 56 inches wide. \$1.50 to \$2.25 per yard.

Beside the novelties, we have the staple stuffs that are always popular, including Serges, Granite Cloths, Poplins, Venitians, Amazon Cloths, Voiles, Homespun, Fancy Worsteds and Velvet Suitings.

SERGES	50c to	\$3.00 per yard
GRANITE CLOTHES	1.25	1.35
POP LINS	.50	.60
VENITIANS	1.00	1.25
AMAZON CLOTHS	1.00	1.35
VOILES	.50	1.00
WORSTEDS	.75	1.50
HOMESPUNS	.50	1.75
PLAIDS	.25	1.25
VELVET CORDS	.65	1.25
PAN VELVET SUITINGS, 36 inches wide		1.25

WASH DRESS GOODS

Every woman will want a glimpse of our newly arrived Wash Dress Fabrics. Don't wait for the South winds of Spring. Buy now, while our stock is fresh and complete. Percales, Gingham, French Broches, San Toy Suitings, Sunresista, Galateas, Fancy Crepes, Shantung Suitings, Voiles, Muslins, Linens, Prints, etc., etc.

ENGLISH PERCALES	32 inches wide	16c	per yard
" PRINTS	31 "	15c	" "
" "	30 "	10c	" "
GINGHAMS		10c to 20c	" "
FRENCH BROCHES		15c " 25c	" "
SAN TOY SUITINGS		22c	" "
SUNRESISTA		25c	" "
GALATEA		20c	" "
FANCY CREPES		15c	" "
SHANTUNG SUITINGS		20c	" "
VOILES		15c " 50c	" "
MUSLINS		10c " 20c	" "
LINENS		25c " 60c	" "

We are also showing a splendid range of Mousseline Silks, 36 to 40 inches wide, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per yard.

Natural Pongee Shantung Silks, 49c to 60c per yard.

It will pay you to call and look over our stock. This is the best time to inspect and make your selection.

Misses' and Children's Dresses

If you want the prettiest dresses to be found, the daintiest, newest and withal the least expensive, visit our Ladies Department and see our display. We have them to suit ages from three to sixteen years. Some are made of Scotch Gingham, some of white and colored Pique, Repp, Grass Linen and Chambray, all nicely trimmed and perfect fitting.

Prices: 75c to \$2.75 per suit.

We also have the Khaki Military Suits for little boys, ages three to six years.

Prices: \$2.65 per suit.

Soliciting your patronage, we are,

Yours truly,

CLARKE BROS.

BEAR RIVER, N. S., Feb. 29th, 1916.

P. S.—We beg to advise that our NEW WALL PAPERS have arrived for Spring, and are opened up ready for your inspection.

Prices: 4c to 50c per roll Borders: 1c to 12c per yard

MORE FALLACIES EXPOSED

6. They quote statements favorable to the use of alcohol, said to have been made by eminent physiologists at a convention in Cambridge; among those present was the celebrated Doctor Michael Foster. They didn't tell us that was long years ago, for Doctor was a distinguished man, advanced in years, when I was a student. I doubt if they can point to one single book on Medical practice published in the last ten years that does not definitely teach that alcoholic liquors increase the liability to disease, especially consumption. Even the hand book prepared by Military Doctors in 1911 for the guidance of the Royal Army Medical Corps teaches that, and also that it lessens the efficiency of the men and increases the tendency to disease, and advises that it be not permitted on the march.

7. They say that the drunkard is the prohibitionist only asset. Oh no,

not by any means; we have many serious charges against the liquor traffic of which I shall mention only one. The taxes actually collected in the nine wettest states in 1914 were 60% higher than in the eight prohibition states. Why should I be taxed to care for the paupers, orphans and criminals that they make? The license fees do not pay a quarter of the expenses they cause.

8. They say that domestic unhappiness frequently causes drunkenness, instead of drunkenness causing domestic unhappiness. Isn't that gall? If that is so how is it that in Canada the Provinces that have most local prohibition have the least crime and the Provinces that have least local prohibition have nearly forty times as much crime as Prince Edward Island which is entirely under prohibition.

9. They are getting very anxious about the condition of the Church, and fear that it is going to the bad, but it is worthy of note that the cause of

their anxiety is the growing tendency of the Church to advocate prohibition.

10. They say that one of the greatest evils confronting us to-day is the spread of the monstrous theory that law can take the place of moral education. That is too bad, but where is such nonsensical theory taught? Certainly not in Canada or in any English speaking country. A great many laws are prohibitive, but they seem to object to only the one that would prevent them selling booze.

11. They say that without booze on which to practice self-control, men would "lose all sense of responsibility and gradually sink down until they become prohibitionists." I suppose like Lloyd George and Kitchen-er and Sir David Beatty and Sir Frederick Treves and thousand of other great and good men. They seem to despise such men as these as the dirt under their feet. It is hard to account for tastes.

H. ARNOTT, M.B., M.C.P.S.

DEEP BROOK

March 20
Miss Marion Spurr returned from Paradise on Wednesday last.

Major J. C. W. Ditmars is spending the week-end at Sea Breeze.

Mr. E. V. Hutchinson spent a few days with his family last week.

Mr. Frank Ruggles returned on Saturday from Parker's Cove, where he purchased a yoke of cattle after a hard tramp in Thursday's snowstorm.

Mr. Robert Spurr has purchased a property of more than 200 acres in Waldec. He has been making some improvements in the house and plans to move in early in April.

Our Principal, Miss FitzRandolph, wishes to pay a slight tribute to the memory of the late Inspector L. S. Morse. The news of his death meant the loss of a true friend. Our flag hung at half-mast on the day of the funeral.

The pancake supper, which was planned for Shrove Tuesday, did not materialize until the 14th on account of stormy weather. However, "Better late than never." The Red Cross wish to tender Major and Mrs. Purdy their thanks for the enjoyable evening; also to those friends across the border who have kindly sent donations, viz.: Mrs. Sargent, Miss Clara Sulis and Mr. Darrel Downing.

March 20th. But the snow is perhaps a foot and a half deep on the level here along the Clements shore! with about two feet and a half on the level in the woods!

Detachment of Highlanders Now Drilling at Bear River Under Command of Lieut. W. T. Ruggles

Vernon Nixon, Bear River East
Leo Pinkney, Deep Brook
Joseph Potter, Clementsvale
Kenneth Potter, "
Joseph Russel, Bear River
Leslie Rice, "
Vernon Rice, "
Floyd Rice, "
Roy Rice, "
Freeman Rice, Lansdowne
Everett Stuart, Bear River
George Wentzell, "
Ralph Yorke, Waldec West
Fred Long, Clementsvale
Walter Dunn, Princesdale
Fred Wright, "
Thelwell Long, Bear River East
Henry Gesner, Deep Brook
Valentine Robbins, Bear River
Sam Wilkins, "
J. A. Sibly, Marshalltown
Cecil Jones, Bear River
Genos Sanford, Bear River East
Corey M. Berry, Clementsport
Gordon Benson, Bear River
Harold Benson, "
Elburn Berry, Deep Brook
Frank Bell, Bear River
Sheldon Berry, Clementsvale
Walter Brown, "
Alden Chute, "
Ralph Dunn, Lansdowne
Aubrey Everett, Bear River
Samuel Feindel, Clementsvale
Vernon Harris, Bear River
Reginald Hirtle, "
Clarence Henshaw, "
Fred Harris, "
Ralph Henshaw, Deep Brook
Max Isles, Bear River
Israel Dukeshire, Clementsvale
Harold Morgan, Bear River
Harry Mason, "
Will Morine, "
Clifford Rice, "
Hartley Millett, Bear River East
Roland Milner, "
Paul Nicholl, Bear River

DEATH OF W. B. MILBURY IN OREGON

(From Myrtle Point "Enterprise," Oregon.)

W. B. Milbury died suddenly of heart failure at his home just east of this city last Tuesday, Feb. 29th. Funeral services will take place at 2.30 this (Thursday) afternoon in charge of local lodge of I. O. O. F.

William Bernard Milbury was born in Bear River, Annapolis County, N. S., Sept. 20, 1872. Went to Boston at an early age and from there to Alaska at the time of the Klondike rush, where he remained 22 months.

Returned to San Francisco and from there to Coos Co. In 1899 he resided on a homestead in the Eden Valley Country for eight years. He then entered the government service as forest ranger and held that position until he moved to Myrtle Point, Oct. 3, 1914. He married Miss Nellie Waters, July 21, 1910. He leaves beside his wife, a mother, brother, and two sisters. Mr. Milbury was a member of the Masonic Lodge as well as of the Oddfellows, being Noble Grand of Myrtle lodge, I. O. O. F. at time of death.

His relatives are: his mother, Mrs. J. W. Milbury of Bear River, two sisters, Mrs. R. T. Damon of Concord, N. H., and Mrs. Fred Schmidt of Bear River; one brother, J. Wesley Milbury of Concord, Mass.

THE SUBSTITUTE

(By Francois Coppe, in "Everyman.")
He was scarcely ten years old when he was first arrested as a vagrant.

"I am called Jean-Francois Letirc," he told the magistrates, "and I have been for six months with the man who plays the fiddle and sings in the Place de la Bastille. I sing the choruses with him, and then I cry: 'Buy all the new songs, only a penny!' He was always getting drunk and beating me, and that is why the other evening the policeman found me hiding among the ruins of the houses they are pulling down. My mother used to take in washing. She was a good worker and very kind to me. She made plenty of money because her customers were waiters and people who needed lots of shirts. She sent me to school and I learned to read. And then the policeman, who always passed our house on his beat, used to stop at the window every day and speak to her; he ended by marrying her. He took a dislike to me and roused mother against me. After a while he lost his situation and mother lost her customers; and then she died of consumption. Since then I have been mostly with this fiddler. Am I going to be sent to prison?"

He spoke with the cynical assurance of a man, little ragged urchin as he was, with a mass of yellow curls almost down to his eyes. He was sent to a reformatory.

Not very clever, exceedingly lazy, he succeeded in learning only an indifferent craft, that of chair-mending, but he was obedient and passive, and seemed to learn, on the whole, little evil from this school of vice. But when, in his seventeenth year, he was once more adroit on the Paris boulevards, he found, to his own undoing, all his prison comrades engaged in various trades, breeding dogs for the rat hunt in the sewers, or installed as shoeblacks near the Opera; he tried a little of everything, and was soon in prison again, this time for theft of a pair of old shoes. That meant a year at Sainte-Pelagie, where he acted as servant to the political prisoners.

When his time was up he became once more a Paris loafer, on whom the police kept a watchful eye, rather as little children cruelly play with one of these beetles on the end of a string; a fugitive that the law, with a kind of coquetry, arrests and releases turn about.

He spent two years out of prison this time, sleeping anywhere, eating when and where he could, and playing innumerable games of pitch and toss on the boulevards. He wore his greasy cap on the back of his head, carpet slippers, and a loose soft blouse belted at his waist. When he had a few coppers he had his hair waved and would go to the balls at Constant's, in Montparnasse. Caught one night with some other young rascals who were robbing drunkards asleep on the pavement, he defended himself energetically, swearing that he had not taken part in their expedition. It may have been true, but he had a bad record behind him, and he was sent for three years to Poissy. He had only been out six weeks before he was caught again for being implicated in a midnight robbery. This was a more serious business, and he was condemned to five years penal servitude. His greatest grief was at being separated from a strange old mongrel whom he had picked up somewhere in the gutters and whom he loved.

Then at Toulon, during five burning summers and five cold winters, he knew all the horrors of penal servitude. When his time was up he worked his way back to Paris and there one day, idling along the streets of Montmartre, where his childhood had been passed, some half-forgotten memory stopped him at the door of the little school where he had first learned to read. As it was very warm the door stood open; he looked in. Nothing was changed. There was the crucifix at the end of the room and the big map on the wall, and idly Jean-Francois read the printed text that he had gazed at so often:

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance."

It seemed to be the play hour, for the young priest had left his desk, and, seated on the edge of the table, he looked as if he were telling a story to the crowd of little boys gathered round him. How pure and innocent the face of this young beardless priest looked as he sat there in his long black gown.

Jean-Francois watched him for some time in silence, and, for the first time in this strange savage nature, a finer feeling arose, unaccustomed tears filled his eyes, and he went away hurriedly.

"Perhaps it is not too late, after all," he murmured. "There is plenty of building going on round here. I think I'll try and get a place. I've learned to work anyhow."

Eat more Bread and Better Bread

Few of us eat enough of the "Staff of Life."



Make your Bread from

PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

Three months later he was another man; his master spoke of him as his best worker, and when he came back at night, tired, his hands burning and his eyelashes sticking with plaster, he would heave a sigh of content, and sleep the healthy sleep of physical exhaustion.

And then he made a friend, mason like himself, called Savinien, a young peasant lad with fresh, rosy cheeks, who had come to Paris, with his worldly goods tied up in a handkerchief and fastened to the stick that he carried over his shoulder, a boy who shunned the public-house and went to Mass on Sundays. Jean-Francois liked him for his youth and his purity, and all that he himself had lost so many years ago. He felt almost like a father to him, and Savinien, of a pliable, selfish nature, accepted all his friend did for him with placid content. They shared a room, but, as their resources were very limited, they had been forced to allow a third companion, a miserly old Auvergnat, to share it, too. Jean-Francois and Savinien scarcely ever left each other. On their days off they went for long walks in the suburbs of Paris, and Jean-Francois would listen while his friend would tell him all those things of which town-folk are ignorant—the names of the trees and the flowers and the plants.

He had only one anxiety—that was that Savinien should come to hear of his past. Sometimes when a low slang expression would thoughtlessly escape him, he would feel as if the wound had been opened—all the more so because Savinien began to show an intense curiosity about the mysteries and the pleasures of this great Paris. Jean-Francois would feign ignorance and change the conversation; but he began to feel anxious about his young friend's future.

True, Savinien was not likely long to remain the simple peasant he had been when he came to Paris. In spring, he began to avoid his friend's company, and would wander idly past the brightly lit-up entrances to the dancing halls of Montmartre, watching the couples passing and re-passing, and the laughing girls tripping in, who glanced at him as they passed and then one day he went in himself, and soon Jean-Francois noticed a change had come over his friend. He would spend more money and become more particular about his appearance, and often borrowed some small sums, that he forgot to repay, out of his friend's hard-earnings. Poor Jean-Francois, feeling vaguely jealous, suffered in silence. He did not think he had any right to preach to his friend.

One evening as he climbed the stairs to their room, deep in thought, he heard voices raised in anger, among which he recognized that of the old Auvergnat. He stopped for a moment and listened:—

"Yes," the Auvergnat was saying, angrily, "I am sure that someone has opened my trunk and stolen the three louis that I had in my little box; and the only person who could do that is one of the two men who share my room, unless it was Maria, the servant. You are the master of this house, and it is your business to look into this. You must have the belongings of those other two masons searched at once. I shall know my three beautiful gold pieces at once; I can see them as well as I see you now. One was rather worn and there was a little verdigris on it, and the other two I had marked with my teeth. You cannot cheat me. Didn't I work hard enough to save them? Quick! You search those fellow's things, or I'll call a policeman."

"All right," answered the landlord's voice, "we shall get Maria and look. If you don't find anything and your fellow lodgers are angry, don't blame me. It is your fault."

Jean-Francois remembered with a flash of all the small sums he had recently lent Savinien, and how gloomy and worried he had seemed for several days. Still he could hardly believe him guilty of theft. Then he heard a voice:

"There they are! There they are! My precious louis in that little hypocrite's Sunday jacket! Look at them! This is the one that I told you was worn, and there are the two that I marked with my teeth. Oh! the scoundrel, he must be sent to prison!"

Just then Jean-Francois heard Savinien coming up stairs.

"He is sure to give himself away," he thought. "Three flights up. I have just time."

And pushing open the door, he rushed into the room:

"That is enough," he said. "I took your money and put it in my chum's pocket. But though I am a thief, I am not a Judas. Go and get the police. I will not run away. But first let me have a word alone with Savinien."

Savinien had entered the room, his mouth open and his eyes staring, scarcely taking in what had happened. Jean-Francois went up to him, and whispered quickly:

"You keep quiet!"

Then, turning to the others:

"Just leave me alone with him. I promise you I will not run away. You can lock the door if you like."

And they went out and left them.

"Listen," said Jean-Francois, "I know you stole those gold pieces to buy something for some blessed girl. And it would have got you six months in prison. It is not that, but once you have been in prison you only come out to go back again. I know all about it. I have spent seven years in a reformatory, one year at Sainte-Pelagie, three years at Poissy, and five years at Toulon. I will see this matter through!"

"No, no!" stammered Savinien; but hope was rising all the same in his cowardly heart.

"It is all right. I am your substitute," said Jean-Francois. "We have been good friends, and I know you like me, that is payment enough. I would have been caught sooner or later, in any case, and the life won't be so hard for me as for you. I am accustomed to it, and it is worth while doing if you promise me that this is the end, and that you are going to keep straight in future. Now, good-bye. I hear them coming upstairs, and we must not make fools of ourselves before people."

He grasped Savinien's hand, and then turned away quickly as the Auvergnat and the landlord entered, followed by two policemen.

LITERARY NOTES

You will get a first-hand impression of what poor old Salonika has gone through in Richard Harding Davis' article in the April Scribner. "With the Allies in Salonika." She has had a hard time, and her history has not been made but "thrust" upon her.

"If it is true that happy are the people without a history, then Salonika should be thoroughly miserable. Some people make history; others have history thrust upon them. Ever since the world began Salonika has had history thrust upon her. She aspired only to be a great trading seaport. She was content to be the place where the caravans from the Balkans met the ships from the shores of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Her wharfs were counters across which they could swap merchandise. All she asked was to be allowed to change their money. Instead of which, when any two nations of the Near East went to the mat to settle their troubles, Salonika was the mat—if any country within a thousand mile radius declared war on any other country in any direction whatsoever, the armies of both belligerents clashed at Salonika."

Chicago North Shore society for girls have organized a feminine cavalry troop and are drilling in a National guard armory