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Forty-Six Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram.

S. U. F. Catalina.

Last week was gala week for Caribou Lodge, No. 74. On Sunday, April 19th, Divine Service was attended at St. Peter's Church in the morning, when the incumbent Rev. T. W. Upward was the preacher.

On Thursday, St. George's Day, the members accompanied by the Band from Port Union made a complete parade around the harbour embracing East End, Sheppard's Cove and Port Union.

Preparations had been rife for some time anticipating the staging of the play "Quarantine" St. George's night, and long ere 7 o'clock throngs of people were seen hastening towards the Parish Hall. So great was the attendance that even the egress was crowded, and scores of people had to go home unable to get in. The play "Quarantine" was the same as produced by St. Mary's Dramatic Troupe in St. John's in 1921. Our cast of characters was as follows:—

Mrs. Tod Hunter . . . Miss P. M. Haynes
Mr. Tod Hunter . . . F. Haynes
Monte Hay . . . R. G. Haynes
Dorothy May (his fiancée)

Mrs. S. W. Miffin
Kloomp (Dutch maid)

Mrs. S. J. Hefferton
Marie (French maid) . . . Mrs. L. G. Guy

The Policeman . . . S. J. Hefferton

The prologue to the play was a quartette "Murmuring Sea" by Mrs. S. W. Miffin, Miss Hoskins, Messrs. F. and R. Haynes.

A Duet "County Courtship" was interspersed between the second and third acts, and was sung by Mrs. S. J. Hefferton and Frank Haynes. Miss F. G. Guy acted as accompanist and S. J. Hefferton was coach.

To single out any particular player on this occasion would be not only invidious but most difficult as well. Everyone was exceedingly well versed in their respective parts, and each character was faithfully delivered "as though to the manner born." (There was perhaps one exception to the latter statement). The window scene and Grandpa's dancing possibly evoked the greatest amount of applause during the performance.

The consensus of opinion is that it was about the best thing ever staged before a Catalina audience, and, at the request of many in the first night's audience, it was decided to repeat on Friday night. Unfortunately Friday's blizzard hampered our plans, and although we had not the packed hall assured us yet more than 100 persons braved the disagreeable weather to see the adventure of Grandpa.

The receipts on the first night exceeded \$130.00, and on the second night totalled nearly \$30.00 more. We hope the request made by several that it be repeated on May 25th may be acceded to by the performers, and we have no doubt but that a crowded house will again greet "Grandpa and his friends."

CORRESPONDENT.

Have Dogs Got a Sixth Sense

By BASIL TOZER.

A friend of mine who lives in a third floor flat overlooking a road on the outskirts of London has a terrier whose conduct tends to the belief that dogs possess some sixth sense of which we know nothing.

The windows of his flat are much too high above the floor for any dog to be able to see out of them. All day long a stream of motor and horse-drawn traffic passes along the road below the windows, and the dog pays not the slightest attention. But now and again a horse and cart goes by which, though apparently he can only hear it, stirs him into a paroxysm of fury which lasts until the cart is once more out of hearing.

There may be some reason for his fury which we know nothing about, but how does the dog know, even when the windows are shut, that that particular cart is passing? For invariably it is the same horse and cart which has this effect upon him.

The same problem arises in the case of a dog of my own which lives in the front rooms of my house. At the back there is a garden which cannot be seen from the front; yet the moment a cart or a dog comes into the garden my dog,

in the front rooms, knows that the strange cat or dog is there, for he sets up a loud, angry barking, which continues until he is let out, when he rushes into the garden to drive away the intruder.

How did he know?

Another friend of mine owns a bulldog. If anybody whom the dog does not know pushes a latchkey into the lock of the front door at any time of the day or night the dog's back instantly bristles and he prepares for attack with threatening growls. But if his master or anybody whom the dog does know pushes in the latchkey the dog's attitude is entirely different. Yet obviously the dog cannot tell by the sound of the key being pushed into the lock whether the person outside is a stranger or a friend.

It would be interesting if somebody could throw a light on this mystery or advance some plausible theory to account for the singular power which dogs seem to possess of becoming aware of what is happening out of their sight.



English Critic Names Fifteen Best Novels

Arthur Symonds, dean of British literary critics, writing in The Forum, says that he was inspired to make a list of the fifteen finest novels in the world's literature by reading a list in The Forum compiled by the American critic, William Lyon Phelps. The two lists differ materially. According to Professor Phelps's count England scored highest with six, France next with four, Russia third with four, America last with two. But according to Mr. Symonds, France takes first place with seven "bests," England second with four, while America, Italy, Russia and Spain share third place with only one book apiece. Mr. Symonds singles out the following books: Don Quixote, by Miguel de Cervantes; Gargantua, by Francois Rabelais; Clarissa, Harlowe, by Samuel Richardson; The History of Tom Jones, by Henry Fielding; Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift; Le Pere Goriot, by Honore de Balzac; Le Rouge et Le Noir, by Stendhal; Salammbô, by Gustave Flaubert; Anna Karenina, by Tolstol; Lavengro, by George Borrow; Madeleine de Maupin, by Theophile Gautier; The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Les Liaisons, by Barbey d'Aurevilly; Les Liaisons Dangereuses, by Choderlos de Laclos; and Il Trionfo della Morte, by Gabriele d'Annunzio. How many readers have read all of these books?

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Position of Nova Scotia in Union

PREMIER ARMSTRONG GIVES NOTICE OF IMPORTANT RESOLUTION NEXT WEEK.

(Morning Chronicle, April 24.) A full discussion of Nova Scotia's position in the Union and the conditions which have arisen since Confederation which have prejudicially affected the interests of the Province will take place in the House of Assembly next week, according to a notice given by Premier Armstrong yesterday. The Premier's notice reads as follows:

"I hereby give notice that on a future day, probably Tuesday or Wednesday next, I will move a resolution with respect to certain matters referred to in paragraph 19 of the Speech from the Throne at the opening of this session of the Legislature, of which more formal notice will probably be given later.

Paragraph 19 of the Speech from the Throne, to which Mr. Armstrong's notice refers, was in effect that the Government and Legislature of Nova Scotia had at various times protested by petition to the Crown against the terms of Confederation, as they affected the interests of this Province. The British Government and Parliament, while declining to annul the Union compact, nevertheless recognized that the arrangements respecting taxation and the regulation of trade and fisheries should be so relaxed and modified that the interests of Nova Scotia and of the maritime portion of Canada would not be prejudiced. No action has yet been undertaken by the Federal Government or Parliament to carry out, in their full letter and spirit, the instructions of the British Government in this respect.

The very short evening gown is generally lengthened by a long side or back panel.

WHAT'S THE USE OF AN ENGINE IF IT DOES NOT WORK PROPERLY?

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A POOR ENGINE IS A POOR FRIEND.

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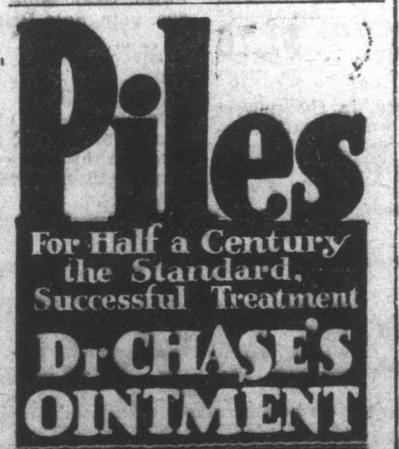
LOOSE TALK.



"I'll eat my hat," said Pringle Pratt, "if we don't have bad weather; the wind's increased, it's from the east, the clouds are banked together. The bullfrogs sing in swamp and spring, the moon has whiskers on it; the signs are plain, tonight, 'twill rain, or I will eat my bonnet." There was no rain to soak the plain, the moon brought cloudless weather, the sun rays beat with frightful heat upon the withering leather. "Now, Pringle Pratt, pray eat your hat," I said, devoid of passion; "I've walked a mile to see your tile devoured in seemingly fashion. You swore, you did, to eat your lid, if false was your prediction; so now you'll chew your Kelly bite, unless you deal in fiction." "The threats I spoke, to eat my toque," he said, "were idle chatter; a man makes vows while he allows such pledges do not matter." Since early youth I've shielded truth from all intruding dangers: "So eat your hat," I said to Pratt, "or we shall meet as strangers. Your duty's plain, if you would gain my niece's hand in marriage, you'll fill your pelt with that old felt, with high and knightly carriage. You made demand for her fair hand with gracious play and claver; but if you hedge on any pledge you simply cannot have her." He loved my niece, he knows no peace since my stern words were spoken; he'd not devour that chapeau sour, and two fond hearts were broken.

Household Notes

Serve chilled beef in hot tomato sauce.
When boiling greens save the water for soups.



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Architectural Effect

Old Farmer Gulletson, of Raspberry Acres, having sold the south forty, took his bride of thirty years before on a trip to Europe.
"Look, S'manthly!" he exclaimed, as they gazed upon the leaning tower of Pisa; "the fella musta been drunk when he built that sifo."—Life.

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