The Beacon

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NO MAN'S LAND

NO MAN'S LAND is an eerie sight
At early dawn in the pale grey light.
Never a house and never a hedge
In No Man's Land from edge to edge,
And never a living soul walks there
To taste the fresh of the morning air.
Only some lumps of rotting clay,
That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land?
You can see them clearly on either hand,
A mound of rag-bags grey in the sun,
Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
From the Eastern hills to the Western sea,
Through field or forest o'er river and lea;
No man may pass them, but aim you well
And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a goblin sight
When patrols crawl over at dead o' night;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
You dice with death when you cross the trench.
When the "rapid," like fire-flies in the dark,
Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
And you drop for cover to keep your head
With your face on the breast of the four-months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
When the star shell's flare, as it bursts o'erhead,
Scares the great grey rats that feed on the dead,
And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch
May answer the click of your safety-catch.
For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,
Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

CAPT. J. KNIGHT-ADKIN, in *The Spectator*.

MRS. MURPHY ON LOANS

THEM as borrow comes to sorrow, the proverb says. Perhaps there's some catch about it. Maybe it's a misprint. Printers can go wrong, just the same as anybody else. Only last Sunday I was reading in my paper of a case where a man said he had to complain of his wife's "disorderly rabits," and it took me ten minutes before I saw what were really meant.

Anyhow, coming back to that there proverb, what I says is, do let's talk sense. Them as borrow come to sorrow, do they? And what about the poor blighters as can't borrow? What do they come to? Matter of fact, looking at it in a commonsense sort of way, anyone what has got to borrow must be in some sort of trouble already, and ain't coming to it. You can't come to where you is. I've lent things in my time, and I've borrowed things, and I've always looked on it more as a convenience than anything else.

Whenever a stranger comes to live next-door to me, the very first thing I does with her is to try to borrow her tea-pot. For one thing, it's a way of making acquaintance, and for another thing, you can tell by the way she answers you whether the acquaintance is going to be worth keeping up. If the woman says, "Take it and welcome," I puts her down for a kindly sort without much sense. If she makes some silly sort of excuse for not lending it, then I know she's a mean one. If she lends it and asks me to be particular careful with it and wants to know when she can have it back, then I know she's got a kindly heart and a head on her shoulders as well. That's the kind of test what comes to no harm, though such things may be carried too far, same as when that poor man, Mr. Higgs, dressed himself up as a ghost to test his children's courage. One of the kids had to be operated on that very night, one of them's still in the asylum, and the third, being older and stronger, has got nothing the matter with him barring fits. Tests of that kind is a error of judgement, for a man fonder of his family than that poor man, Mr. Higgs, was you needn't want to find.

When it comes to borrowing money, there's just a few rules as you want to keep in mind. Firstly, borrow it from somebody in the family if you can. You can't always, for sometimes the family ain't got none, and sometimes they knows too much about you. But if the family has got it and will part with it, it's them as you ought to patronise. For one thing, they can't have the cheek to charge anything for it, not to their own flesh and blood, and then, again, you needn't be so blooming particular to a day about paying it back again. It ain't the borrowing as brings you to sorrow, it's being come on a bit too sharp over the paying back.

Suppose you gets the stuff from somebody in the family and Wednesday in next week was to be the latest date, if you meet the lender on the Thursday mind you bring into the conversation as you was sorry Wednesday hadn't been convenient for you. If you meet him the next Saturday do the same again, in fact, whenever you meet him, right up to the time when you pays it back, you say something to let him know as you ain't forgot about it. He has obliged you with the money, and it's only right you should oblige him by keeping him easy in his mind about it so far as you can.

If the family hasn't got it or won't part, then you go straight to the pawnbroker. I don't believe in none of these amateurs. There was a chap in our neighbourhood what was in the fried-fish, but did a little money-lending in an amateur way. Pawnbrokers is bad enough, but he were a sight worse. With the pawnbroker you do know what you're doing, but with them amateurs there's always a catch somewhere. And if you does go to the pawnbroker, don't pretend you're doing nothing else—it dont take people in. He may be in the watch an clock business as well, but if you're copped by a friend on the doorstep of the shop with your own mantelpiece clock under your arm, it ain't no good to say you're taking it inside to get a new mainspring. It only makes people laugh. Same way when you're inside the shop, say at the top end of the Edgware Road, it's no good giving your name and address as Mrs. Smith of Putney High Street. The chap on the other side of the counter will take it all right, but don't believe you're kidding him. Likely as not he knows your face.

Borrowing things for the house, such as teapots or saucepans or chairs, ain't such a great matter, but even there you ought to be careful. Otherwise some of the sharp ones will get it up for you. My old friend, Mrs. Ball, borrowed the next-door's frying-pan. The handle come off just as she were cooking a bit of bacon for her dinner. Of course that dinner went in the fire, and though picked out immediate were not what it had once been. But that were not the worst. She were made to give the next-door a new frying-pan, though they must have knowed that the handle were three-quarters off before they lent it. Whenever I borrows anything, I always looks over it in a friendly way and points out anything that's wrong with it. "Why," I says, "I see you've got a bit chipped off the spout of this tea-pot, not but what it will serve my purpose." And then, of course, they can't come down on me afterwards and say it was me what chipped the blooming thing. If a few friends has dropped in and you needs to borrow an extra chair, you look at it pretty careful before you consents to take it. Some of them ain't above lending you a chair what were broke the night before, though nothing to show it. Then they gets a new chair and you gets a injury to the spine as will lay you up for the rest of your life. People ain't too particular. I knowed a chap as owned his own hansom. He wanted to get out of that and into the motor business. So he took his cab out and either he run into a bus or the bus run into him. Anyway, he'd got friends about where it happened, and the bus company paid.

Here's another thought which hasn't occurred to everybody. When you're giving back anything you've borrowed, it's just as well to be civil about it. I knows the temptation is all the other way. People borrows a thing and keeps it so long that they gets to look on it as their own, and it seems a kind of injustice to have it took away from them. My own sister were one like that. I lent her three shillings once till the Saturday of that week, and for over a fortnight I were jogging her memory about it. When she did give it back she says, "Here you are, and I wish I'd never seed your dirty money, for I've had more worry about it than enough."

"Very well," I says. "Don't you come to me again for no more, for you won't get it."

And that's the whole point of what I was saying. If you've borrowed once you may want to borrow again, and it's silly to spoil your chances. So you thank them kindly and say you hope the day may come when you will be able to oblige them. That costs you nothing, it gives them a better opinion of your manners, and it gives you a better chance of finding a few shillings next time you're short.

I'm sure I can't say why it is, but there's some people as seems to think it's almost disgraceful to borrow money. I well remember what that solicitor's clerk said what used to lodge with us when we was better off. That was in my first husband's time, and it were my husband as he were talking too. He said as the nations borrowed money and people were glad to lend it to them. He said we had a national debt of our own. He said that without loans business couldn't go on, and that was how banks and such made their money. It mayn't have been all true, but I dare say there was something in it. He didn't get the half-crown he were trying to borrow from my husband, for nobody never got nothing out of Arthur, but he got a lot of money out of other people later on. That's why they jugged him. But it was admitted at the time that he'd shown ability.

Seems to me it's often more disgraceful not to lend when you might, than it is to borrow when you can't help it. I said as much to my old friend, Mrs. Ball, only the other day.

"Yes," she says. "Them with nothing to lend is generally to that way of thinking."

I wouldn't have that woman's temper nor her nasty way of speaking for a king's ransom, and I told her so.

From *Mrs. Murphy*, by Barry Pain, London. T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net.

"Would you sacrifice your principles for the sake of an office?" "I suppose not," replied Senator Sorghum. "And yet when you smother your principles you stand a chance of reviving them after you get the office. It seems too bad to sacrifice both."—*Washington Star.*

"Why don't you go to work? There is plenty of it to be had. I should think an able-bodied chap like you would be ashamed to beg for a living." "Mister, begging is no snap. I have to work eight hours a day at it to get enough to live on."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

ST. ANDREWS BY-THE-SEA

BY-THE-SEA St. Andrews certainly is: for a tongue of land, stretching for miles into the ocean and consequently bordered on three sides by the waters of a bay and a river, makes it a by-the-sea region.

And any spot that is by the sea always allures me. The union of land and water, the tang of the sea, the delicious odor of kelp on the beach, the whiff of the brine wafted inland on the crested waves, and the bulwarks of rock that receive the surge of the storm—all these combined make the allurement.

But it does not explain all. St. Andrews has what might be called atmospheric attractions. There is a weird beauty about the wreaths of mist chased ashore from the open waters, though when on a dark night it is plain fog, and plain fog is rarely attractive to a sea dog. But when one stands on Chamcook Mountain and the ore takes in the superb sweep of Passamaquoddy Bay swept by a wall of mist, and watches it scatter over the land in silvery detachments as if on an invasion, the effect is both dramatic and beautiful. A region of hills and valleys, of sea-indented shores and forested depths, is suddenly transformed into a ghost land until a vagrant breeze rolls up the clouds like a scroll and the face of nature is again revealed.

And there are lots to see in this tongue of land. There is that cross-country drive from St. Croix River to the bay waters on the east, a matter of only half-a-score of miles.

Most unique is the low tide highway to Minister's Island, where the late Sir William Van Horne had his summer residence, a road that is only usable when it is twenty feet below high watermark at low tide, the same kind of way one finds at Jersey that leads to a detached castle stronghold. Safely crossing the narrow arm of the sea, the drive over and around Minister's Island is worth going all the way to St. Andrews to see, for it includes not only superb pictures of land and seascapes, but the water of color in the flower gardens of the estate and the smiling fields of grain that make so many fields of cloth of gold at the harvest time.

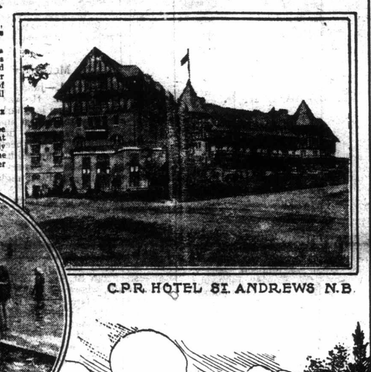
I like a resort where I may patter along the shore digging up shells, picking wild berries from the nearest bushes, paddling with my bare feet in the Diana pools left by the receding tide; and it is great fun to dig ones toes into the yielding sand, or to help a child to make a tunnel or dig a fort. But to be able to stretch one's weary body beneath the untainted wind blow its health into you, or to stretch on a flat rock beneath the smiling sun is a wonderful joy that can better be experienced than described.

It is a fact worth recording that all the great men of the past have loved the ocean, and written beautifully about it. Describing the beauty of the sea Lord Byron wrote:

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.

You can go a-swimming, of course, for which there is a bountiful supply of water, fresh and salt, warm and cold. Surf or deep sea bathing is for all who come. You can play golf on the excellent course.

F.Y.



C.P.R. HOTEL ST. ANDREWS N.B.

ON THE GOLF LINKS

BATHING AT ST. ANDREWS

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council was held this day, Tuesday, May 2, 1616, in the Council room at 8 o'clock p. m.

Present, Aldermen Finigan, Gardiner, Hibbard, Keay, Lowery, McFarlane, Shaw.

Absent, The Mayor and Ald. Douglas, who were both unable to be present through illness.

On motion of Ald. Finigan, seconded by Ald. Shaw and carried, Ald. Keay was called upon to preside.

Minutes of meeting of April 14th were read and confirmed.

The following communications were submitted, viz.

From W. M. Bancroft, Manager of Bank of Montreal, and Treasurer of Khaki League Club, Quebec, in re objects of the League.

On motion of Ald. McFarlane, seconded by Ald. Shaw and carried, the communication was tabled.

Comn. from Court Scoodie No. 597, I. O. F., St. Stephen, N. B., extending an invitation to the Council and officials to be present at a Memorial Service to be held in St. Stephen on Sunday, the 7th inst., in memory of Pte. Walter E. Bateman, of the First Canadian Contingent, etc.

Moved by Ald. Shaw, seconded by Ald. Lowery and carried. That the communication be received and entered on the minutes.

Communication from Continental Publishing Co., of Toronto, Canada, in re advertising the Town in "Every Woman's World Magazine."

On motion of Ald. Hibbard, seconded by Ald. Gardiner and carried, the foregoing communication was tabled.

On motion of Ald. Hibbard, seconded by Ald. Gardiner and carried. Resolved that the citizens of St. Andrews be requested to take part in a "Clean-up-day," say on Arbor-day, Friday the 12th inst., by cleaning up along the streets in front of their premises, any such rubbish if placed in convenient places will be removed by the Town to the dump, under the direction of the Street Commissioner.

At the suggestion of Ald. Lowery, and on motion of Ald. Shaw, seconded by Ald. Gardiner and carried. Ordered, that the Clerk communicate with the Telegraph and Telephone Companies operating in the Town and request them to have the poles on the several systems repainted at an early date.

Moved by Ald. Lowery, seconded by Ald. McFarlane and carried. That the standing committees as constituted be continued.

On motion seconded and carried the meeting was adjourned subject to the call of the Mayor.

On motions seconded and carried, the following bills were ordered to be paid, viz.—

Mrs. Wm. McCarroll, Poor,	$12.00
A. Dolby, Streets,	11.25
W. J. McQuoid & Son, Streets,	5.62
Lawrence Gaynor, Streets,	2.62
Beacon Press Co., Acct.,	5.70
Phoenix Fire Assurance Co. Renewal, Prem. on Hall etc., 3 years, to April 24, 1919,	40.00
	$77.19

E. S. POLLEYS,
Town Clerk.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY RECRUITS

We are indebted to Capt. Geo. P. Ryder, Recruiting Officer, St. Stephen, N. B., for the following list of recruits for overseas service enrolled from April 20 to April 26.

Hector McLain, Calais,	44,	115 Batt.
John Dana, St. Andrews,	28,	"
Harry Marshall, Lyndfield	21,	140 "
Henry Norman, Woodland,	18,	65 "
G. L. Mowatt, St. Stephen,	36,	" "
G. A. McKay, "	44,	" "
G. F. Irving, "	20,	" "
H. W. Barter, "	44,	115 "
Thos. Chas. Lassen "	36,	115 "
P. R. O'Connor, Ireland,	41,	65 "
M. J. Gayton, Milltown,	31,	115 "

Wanted: Choppers, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Bridgemen, Linemen, Railway Construction men and Mechanics for 4th Pioneer Batt. Men stay at home under pay until mobilized.

St. Andrews is spoken of as a point of mobilization, although nothing official as yet. Men also required for home service at Halifax.

News of the Sea

——London, April 27.—It was announced officially here to-day that the British submarine which was sunk was the E-22, as reported in a wireless dispatch from Berlin.

——The Norwegian steamship *Stromsnaes*, bound for Lübeck with a cargo of herring from Norway, has been blown up and sunk off Gjedser, Denmark. The crew was landed at Warnemunde, Germany.

——Athens, Monday, May 1.—It is assumed in shipping circles here that the Greek steamship *Georgios*, grain laden, which left New York two months ago with a crew of 25, has been lost at sea. The vessel and cargo were estimated to be worth $600,000.

——Halifax, N. S., April 29.—Schooner *Corkum*, from Liverpool, N. S., for New York, loaded with lumber, has been wrecked off Rhode Island coast. The schooner was chartered by Hendrys, Limited, and owned by McClearn Lumber Co., Liverpool. The crew is thought to have been saved.

——New York, May 2.—A Salonika dispatch to a news agency here to-day says: "The Turkish transport *Chirksit Marire* has been sunk off Rodonto in the Sea of Marmora by a British submarine, according to an announcement made here to-day. No details are available but it is believed here that several hundred Turkish troops on board were drowned."

——London, May 2.—The Brazilian steamer *Rio Branco*, has been sunk. The British steamer *City of Rochester* also has been sunk. One fireman was lost. The remainder of the crew was saved.

The *Rio Branco* was owned by the Amazon Steam Navigation Company of Para. She was 200 feet long, of 556 tons gross and was built at Port Glasgow in 1888.

The *City of Rochester*, 235 tons gross, and 160 feet long, was built in 1904, and owned in Rochester, England.

——London, May 2.—The British armed yacht *Aegusa*, the sinking of which by a mine, was announced yesterday, was formerly the *Erin*, Sir Thomas Lipton's private yacht. It was taken over by the British admiralty and used as a hospital ship. Later it was armed, and before being sent to the Mediterranean, where it was sunk, was on patrol duty in the North Sea. The *Erin* convoyed the *Shamrock IV* to New York for the cup races which were to have been held in 1914.

——Rotterdam, April 27.—The Dutch steamship *Maashaven* struck a mine yesterday morning while bound from London for this port. A tug carrying the survivors arrived at Waterweg to-day.

On April 1, the *Maashaven* hit a mine on the English coast, but managed to reach the Thames. Necessary repairs were made, and on Tuesday of this week the vessel left for Rotterdam in tow of two tugs.

London, April 27.—A dispatch to Lloyd's Shipping Agency says that the Dutch steamships *Dubhe* and *Maashaven* have been damaged, but are still afloat.

——London, April 28.—The following is an official statement:

"H. M. S. *Russell*, Captain William Bowden Smith, R. N., flying the flag of Rear Admiral Fremantle, struck a mine in the Mediterranean yesterday, and was sunk. The admiral, captain, twenty-four officers, and 675 men were saved. There are about 124 officers and men missing.

Under ordinary conditions the *Russell* carried between 750 and 800 men.

The *Russell* was laid down in 1899, and completed in 1903. She was 405 feet long, seventy-five beam, twenty-six feet deep, and displaced 14,000 tons. She was armed with four twelve-inch, twelve six-inch, twelve three-inch and six three-pound guns, and four torpedo tubes. She cost about $5,000,000.

"A German submarine was sunk off the east coast yesterday. One officer and seventeen men of the crew surrendered and were made prisoners."

——Sydney, N. S., May 1.—The Dominion Coal Company's charter steamer *Cissy*, while on her way to this port, went aground near St. Esprit on the Richmond county coast. She is resting easily on sandy bottom and is likely to be pulled off with little damage. The Cissy is not a very large boat and tugs are proceeding to the rescue of the ship.

——St. John, N. B., May 1.—The New Zealand liner *Matatua*, which caught fire and sunk at No 4 berth, Sand Point, on March 12, was successfully floated on Saturday. Five tugs were engaged during the afternoon pumping out water from the holds of the steamer and, as the tide began to come in, the steamer was noticed to be rising with it. As much water as possible will be pumped out of the steamer and cargo will be removed. Up to the present time nearly 2,000 tons have been removed from the steamer, but there is nearly 6,000 still on board, which will have to be taken out of the steamer before repairs can be made.

——London, April 28.—The following is an official statement:

"The British steamer *Industry* was sunk by an enemy submarine, and the crew left in open boats in the Atlantic 120 miles from the nearest land. The boats, with the entire crew, were picked up by the American liner *Finland*. The *Industry* was proceeding for a United States port and was unarmed."

The *Industry* was a 400-foot boat, 4,044 tons gross, built in Belfast in 1888 and owned in Liverpool. She was last reported as having sailed March 17 from Newport News for St. Nazaire, France. The *Finland* sailed from Liverpool for New York on Wednesday.

——London, April 27,—The sinking of a neutral vessel by gunfire from a German submarine was announced officially to-day, as follows:

"The Norwegian bark *Carmanian* was sunk by gunfire from a German submarine on Tuesday, fifty-five miles off the west coast of Ireland. The crew took to boats. The submarine immediately left them.

"One boat capsized. The other, containing the captain and nine of the crew, reached the coast. The men were rescued by cliff ladders.

The *Carmanian*, 1,840 tons gross, was built in 1897, and owned in Stavanger. She was last reported as sailing from Buenos Aires on February 18 for Falmouth.

——London, May 2.—Two vessels under charter by the American commission for the relief of Belgium, the Swedish steamer *Fridland* and the British steamer *Hendon Hall*, have been sunk within two days.

A wireless dispatch received to-day at the North Foreland station from the Dutch steamship *Batavia IV* announced that the *Fridland* was sinking. This Swedish vessel sailed from Portland, April 14, bound for Rotterdam and had 7,000 tons of wheat on board.

The British steamship *Hendon Hall*, which yesterday was reported sunk while bound from Portland and Louisburg for Rotterdam, also had been chartered by the Belgian relief commission.

CROWDED OUT

An Irishman went to England in search of work, and when shown his room in the boarding-house the landlady remarked, "There's your bed, Pat, and there are two more to sleep with you, but they won't be in till late, so don't be alarmed."

"They're welcome," replied Pat.

Before retiring Pat locked his bedroom door, and during the night was roused by great knocking.

"Who's there?" asked Pat.

"How many of you are in the room?" they asked.

"Enough," said Pat. "There's mesilf, Paddy Murphy, a man come from Oireland, a man lookin' for wurrk, a man wid a wife and siven childer, an' a Tipperary man, too!" But by this time they had fled.

News in Brief

——Havre, May 1.—The Belgian Government has received, through the French Minister, a declaration under which France, Great Britain and Russia guarantee the integrity of the Belgian Congo.

——Washington, May 1.—The supreme cuurt to-day held that Ignatius Timothy Tribich Lincoln, former member of the British parliament and confessed spy, must go back to England for trial on a charge of forgery.

——London, April 29.—British casualties for April are slightly in excess of those in March.

The total from all fields of operation is 1,255 officers and 19,256 men, compared with 1,107 officers and 19,317 men in March.

——Montreal, May 1.—Dr. Frank D. Adams, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science of McGill University, left last night for Washington to represent the Commission of Conservation of Canada at the meeting of the United States Commission of Conservation, which will be held this week.

——London, April 27.—Figures showing the view of the Irish toward the war were compiled to-day. When the war broke out there were approximately 450,000 unmarried males of military age in Ireland. Up to February 1 last, there had been only 89,723 enlistments. Of these 86,277 enlisted in the army, and 3,446 in the navy.

——New York, April 29.—A full cargo of seal oil, rendered from the carcasses of 35,000 seals, captured off the coast of Labrador, during the winter season, arrived to-day, on the whaling steamer *Neptune*, from St. John's Nfld. The *Neptune*, her officers said, had made the second largest kill of the season, the seals having a value of about $80,000. This is the first cargo of seal oil that has been received here in many years.

——St. John, N. B., April 28.—William Doucett, of Rochester, Mass., who was a member of the crew of the schooner *Cora May*, was found this morning unconscious in a slip off Acadia street and sent to the hospital where he died a few hours later without gaining consciousness.

About 6.30 o'clock Policemen Covey and Hamm received a telephone message informing them that a man was lying in the slip, and unless he was removed would probably be drowned when the tide came in. They found the man in the mud, unconscious. They summoned the ambulance and had him conveyed to the hospital where physicians discovered that his skull was fractured.

Capt. McNeil, of the schooner *Cora May*, identified the body as that of William Doucett. It is thought that in the dark looking for the vessel he fell over the wharf.

——Ottawa, April 30.—It is officially announced through the chief press censors office that the troopships *Scandinavian*, which sailed from Canada on April 17, and the *Missanabie*, which sailed on April 18, have arrived safely in England.

On board the *Scandinavian* there were: 69th French-Canadian Battalion, 34 officers and 1,023 of other rank; Army Service Corps draft, 11 officers and 190 of other ranks; Royal Navy, one officer and six of other ranks; details, one officer and 13 of other rank; two nurses.

On board the *Missanbie* there were: 51st Edmonton Battalion, 37 officers and 1,055 of other ranks; Third Divisional Ammunition Sub-Park, three officers and 63 of other ranks; detachment 224th Lumbermen's Battalion, 16 officers and 378 of other ranks; draft Canadian Dental Corps, 15 officers and 30 of other ranks; details, 16 officers and three of other ranks.

Small Boy (with a hoe in his hand, insinuatingly to his father)—"Dad, the fish are biting like everything down to the river." "Well, sonny," says the father, reassuringly, "you keep on hoeing weeds and they won't bite you."

WATERPROOF CLOTHING

CANADIAN MADE

For Teamsters, Fishermen, and all out-of-door workers, we offer a large and very complete line of WATERPROOF CLOTHING, which includes JUMPERS, LONG COATS, PANTS, and COMBINATION PANTS AND APRON, from the most reliable makers.

Every garment is carefully made throughout from high-grade material, and will give long and satisfactory service.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND PRICES

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KENNEDY'S HOTEL
St. Andrews, N. B.
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.
All Rooms Steam Heated and supplied with Hot and Cold Running Water.
RATES—$2.00 to $2.50 per day. Special rates by the week.

THE ROYAL HOTEL
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD.
200 Rooms, 75 with Private Bath. Elevator and All Modern Conveniences. Rate, American Plan, $3.50 a Day Room and Private Bath $1.00 Extra
H. A. DOHERTY & T. K. RAYMOND, MANAGERS

We have just received a full assortment of the
Famous Tooke Brand Shirts Collars and Ties
For the SPRING TRADE, and would gladly have you call in if wanting anything in this line
Our Stock of Suitings
IN ALL THE LATEST SHADES
is also open for your inspection. Let us help you with that NEW SPRING SUIT
STINSON & HANSON
HANSON BLOCK - - - ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

As the Spring draws near we are thinking of replenishing, and what better than to replenish the China Closet. What is nicer than a nicely set table with pretty Dishes. Come to our store and we can suit you, no matter at what price. We have every sort and kind, from the set at moderate price to the most expensive. We can sell you a whole set or a part, just as you wish, for we have 19 open stock patterns to select from.

You will save money by coming to our Store, for our goods are the VERY BEST QUALITY as well as at the RIGHT PRICE

R. D. ROSS & CO.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B. -:- NEAR POST OFFICE

IN WAR OR PEACE

it is the TRAINED man who leads. This school makes a specialty of training young men and women to fill responsible, good paying positions. Prepare yourself for one of these by taking a course at the

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W. J. OSBORNE,
Fredericton, N. B. *Principal*
Booklet describing our courses of study sent on application

WHO'S WHO IN THE FISHING WORLD

Mr. J. F. Calder, whose interesting and instructive article on the Sardine Canning Industry appears in this issue, was born in Campobello, New Brunswick, in 1870. At an early age he took to fishing, and toiled for a livelihood on the Atlantic Banks and the waters of the Bay of Fundy. After several years at actual fisherman's work, he devoted his attention to lobster and sardine canning, and for eight years previous to 1907 was manager of the E. A. Holmes Company's Cannery at Campobello.

The experience which he gained in the fisheries of the vicinity fitted him admirably for the post of Inspector of Fisheries for New Brunswick District No. 1—to which he was appointed in 1907, and which he now holds.

Mr. Calder takes a lively interest in the affairs of Charlotte—his home county—and for many years acted as President of the Charlotte County Fish Fair Association. The duties of Fish Inspector in a thriving fishing district keep him pretty busy, but as Director of the Charlotte County Agricultural Society, and Superintendent of the Fisheries Department at the St. Stephen Fair, he is able to promote the welfare of the fisheries in capacities outside his official duties.

Mr. Calder is an official, intelligent, courteous and obliging, and his article on Sardine Canning in this number can be read with the knowledge that it comes from the pen of a man who knows what he is writing about.—*Canadian Fisherman*, May, 1916.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

An Anthem,

what is it?

Lots of children are asking these days what an anthem is.

We will not attempt to give a definition of an anthem, but we will give an illustration of one.

For instance, if Mrs. Brown should say to her husband: "My dear Brown, I want a Cedar Chest," that would not be an anthem. But, if she would say:

"My dear Brown, Brown, my dear Brown, my dear Brown, my dear Brown, I want a Cedar Chest. my dear Brown, I want a Cedar Chest, Cedar Chest, Cedar Chest, Chest, Chest, Chest, a Cedar Chest, my dear, my dear, my dear, my dear, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, Brown, my dear Brown, I want a, I want a, I want a, I want a, I want a, I want a Cedar Chest, a Cedar Chest, a

Cedar Chest
Cedar Chest
Cedar Chest
made by
Haley & Son

that would be an anthem.

Cedar Chests made by us preserve your furs and woolens, "where moths cannot break through and steal."

HALEY & SON
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.