

Somewhere in France

There's a mother, old and grey,
One who's yearning night and day,
For the lad that's far away,
Somewhere in France.

There's a spirit, sad and lone,
In a country all unknown,
Dreaming now of friends and home,
Somewhere in France.

There's a stricken, smitten form,
Health and vigor from it shorn;
For our sakes it all is borne,
Somewhere in France.

There's a soldier, strong and brave,
One who died that he might save,
Hidden in an unknown grave,
Somewhere in France.

—J. S. MILLETT, '16.

The Lobster Industry

ONE of the leading industries of the Maritime Provinces is the lobster industry. Some nine or ten thousand men are now engaged in preparing gear which will soon be put into the water for another season.

Although lobsters have been too high in price for the ordinary purse in former years, one can buy them today at very reasonable rates. This is due to the fact that thousands of cases which would ordinarily be shipped to the German market are now being placed on the markets of North America, and will continue to be placed there for some years to come. Thus a review of this growing industry is of special interest at this time.

The lobster is found in abundance about our coasts. It is usually found in shoal water, although it is often caught in water