

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE BRITISH FLAG

(From the Normal Light.)

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
O Motherland! we pledge to thee
Head, heart and hand, through the years to be.

This sentiment, well-expressed by the poet Kipling, shows precisely the feeling the colonies have toward England, the Motherland. To show their regard for and faith in their vast empire, the 23rd of May has been set apart as Empire Day, and is celebrated in all the British Colonies.

Empire Day was first celebrated in Canada. Mrs. Fessenden and Hon. George Ross did much to bring about the holding of Empire Day. The establishing of it does not belong to any particular individuals, but should be thought of as evolving from the experiences and thoughts of many individuals, working together in many ways, and for many years. From Canada, this custom of having an Empire Day was introduced into the other colonies. When Empire Day comes around in Canada and the boys and girls salute the English Jack, they may for this one time be very proud. For who wouldn't be proud of the Union Jack! Wherever it floats, east, west, north or south, it stands for liberty, righteousness and fair play to all. So widespread is our place now among the people of the earth that we can truly say:

"The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brother 'neath the western sky."

The growth of our empire has been very great. One hundred and fifty years ago there were no European settlements in Australia, and there were none in New Zealand either. But for Wolfe and Clive, men say, Canada and India might have been French; but instead of the French ensign the Union Jack floats proudly over these lands today.

Why is it called the Union Jack? One answer is that when James I of England, Sixth of Scotland, signed any document, he did it in French, Jacques, which was shortened into "Jack," and so the new flag was called a Jack. The other reason is that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the Christian princes of Europe were trying to rescue the Holy Land and Jerusalem from the Mohammedan rule, they wore crosses of different shapes and colors to show their nationality. A coat of white cotton with the red cross of St. George was the English Jack. On one occasion when two ships were passing each other, the English ship not having any flag to wave, the sailors took off one of the men's coats and waved that, and ever after the flag of the English was called a Jack.

The Union Jack is composed of three crosses, the red cross of St. George on the white ground, the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue ground, and the red cross of St. Patrick on a blue ground. The first is the English Jack, the second the Scotch ensign, the third the Irish.

From the time of Richard the Lionhearted to the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne, the red cross of St. George was the national flag of England, but in that year a law was passed saying that all the flags of Great Britain should bear in the corner the red cross and the white cross joined together according to a set design.

Then, in 1801, during the forty-first year of the reign of George III, the Irish Parliament joined with the Union Parliament of England and Scotland, and so the red cross of St. Patrick was blended with the other two. The result of these two unions was the "meteor flag of England."

Thus you see the flag is the growth of centuries, and the strange thing is that at every stage of growth a new cross was added, until there were three to represent the relative strength and importance of three countries, and although nothing has been added to the flag for more than a century, still it has helped to blend and unite with the British Isles about one hundred colonies.

The British flag, the Union Jack, which is met with cheers wherever it is seen by all Britishers, and indeed by others too, is called "Old Glory." And the title is appropriate, for our flag is glorious on account of its age. "It has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." It is glorious on account of its religious sentiment. It is glorious on account of the liberty it gives to all under it, and the loyalty and patriotism it inspires. It is glorious on account of the vast dominions over which it waves and the victories it has achieved in both peace and war.

The following poem gives an idea of how vast the British Empire is:

Where'er the winds of heaven blow o'er the human race,
There waves a mighty banner that has never known disgrace,
Where'er the trackless ocean is plowed by British keel;
In the home of the whale and walrus, in the bay of bounding seal;
In the region of endless summer, in the land of cold and night,
Has been borne our glorious banner, with the watchword "God and Right."
Look at it, floating proudly, under the starry spheres,
While myriad throats re-echo the thunder of British cheers.
Tattered and torn in battle, pierced with the leaden hail,
There is never a despot sees it, but his recreant lips grow pale;
For it flashes the proud word "Freedom" to the uttermost ends of the earth;
It dries the tears of the bondsman, and checks the tyrant's mirth;
'Tis only a flimsy fabric, only a colored rag,
But earth's guardian angels everywhere welcome the British flag.

It is true that our flag is now "tattered and torn in battle." It is true that it is now "pierced with the leaden hail," but this only enhances its glory, and binds our hearts more closely to it. On this Empire Day in all the colonies will rise the prayers of millions that the English flag may still remain unsullied and lead England sons to victory in the struggle for "God and Right."

MARYSVILLE NOTES

Marysville, May 22.—At the Sunday morning service the members of Main Street Baptist church were the recipients of a magnificent pulpit Bible. The book is a valuable one, the donor being Mrs. Phelps of Worcester, Mass. The front page bears the beautiful subscription, "In Memory of My Dear Mother, Mrs. Nancy Peterson White." Mrs. Phelps is a daughter of Mr. Elias White, the oldest member of the choir, a man who has fought the battles of life bravely and successfully and yet lives to give good counsel to the rising generation. No more suitable or acceptable gift could be given in memory of a mother who had lived an exemplary life and died a victorious death. The clerk of the church, Mr. E. B. Staples, was instructed to tender Mrs. Phelps a hearty vote of thanks for so timely a gift and that the rich blessings contained in the book be showered upon her and those under her care.

Private Harold Parent spent Sunday at this place, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hallett.

Mr. Eugene Savage, who has spent the last two years at Newcastle, has removed his family to this place.

Private George Hovey passed away at his home here at an early hour Sunday. He was taken sick on Tuesday last of spinal meningitis. His sudden death has cast a gloom over the community. Besides a wife and one child he leaves to mourn one brother, Mr. Lemuel Hovey. Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

No Girl Need Have
a Blotched Face

Whether it be in capturing the heart of a man or making her way through the world by the toil of her hands, a charming and pretty face gives any girl a big advantage. Poor complexion and rough, sallow skin are caused by blood disorders. The cure is simple. Just use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—a reliable family remedy that has for years been the foremost blood remedy in America. That soft glow will return to the cheeks, the eyes will brighten, appetite will improve, strength and endurance will come because sound health has been established. Get a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills today. Sold everywhere.

Slants Of Humor

In the spring a young girl's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of shoes
That will look like stewed tomatoes,
Lemon pies or pancake hues.

THE LITTLE BAD MAN.

That "little bad man from Egypt"
May not be such a myth,
For now and then
The most of men
Have one to reckon with.

Of course we smile and call him
A figment of the brain.
Yet clowns and kings
Have all done things
That they could scarce explain.

BY CONTRAST.

"I suppose she revelled among the
beauties of Paris."
"She spent most of her time
among the gargoyles."
"Indeed?"
"Yes. She knows she's plain but
she said that beside them she didn't
look half bad."

IF YOUR THROAT IS HUSKY
CATARRH MAY BE STARTING

A weak or irritated throat is the first step towards Catarrh. Everything depends on your remedy. The cough mixture slips quickly over the weak spots, drops into the stomach and does little but harm digestion. It's altogether different with Catarrh—because it cures because it goes right at the trouble. You breathe in the vapors of healing balsams that strengthen and restores the weak throat tissues. You'll never have colds or coughs. Throat trouble and catarrh will disappear with the use of Catarrh. Get the large dollar outfit which includes inhaler, it lasts two months and is guaranteed to cure. Smaller sizes 25c. and 50c., sold everywhere.

TIPS FROM THE GARDENER.

An old lawn can be renovated by running a stout light harrow over it or by using a stout steel rake to break up the surface and then spreading loam an inch deep over the whole area, grass seed being sown on this loam. Much of the old grass will gradually work through the loam and a smooth, green mat will result. It is a great help to roll the lawn with a good heavy roller, especially in the spring, and water must be applied freely in the form of a gentle mist if the season is dry.

City Opera House

Wednesday Eve., May 24

H. PRICE WEBBER

Presents the
BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY
in the Patriotic Drama

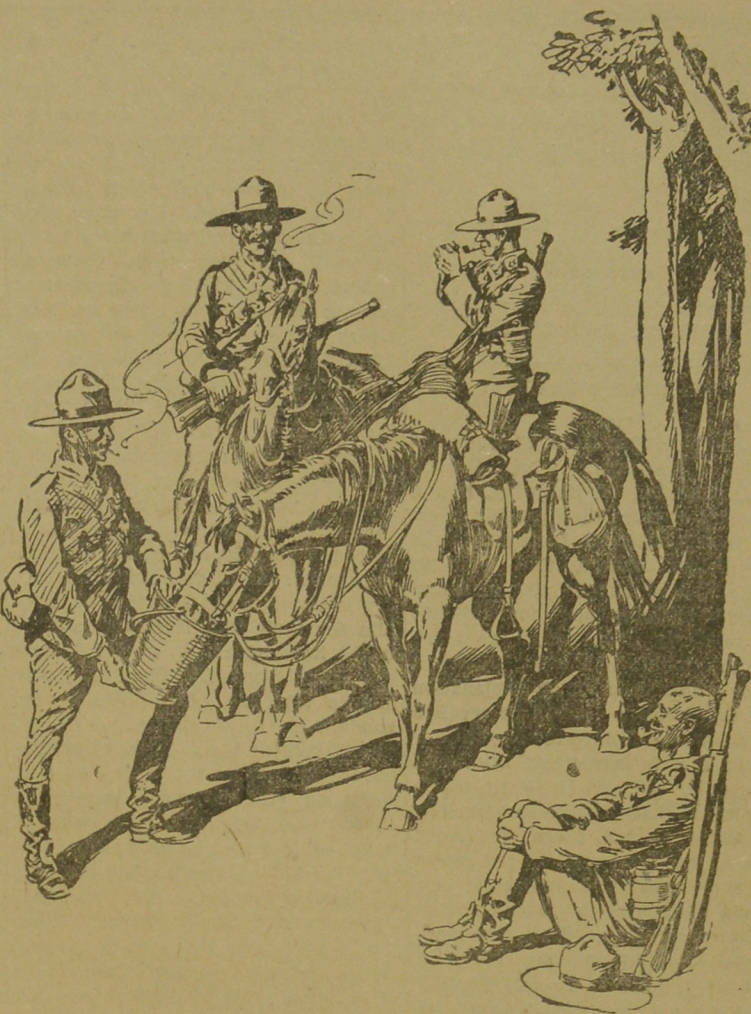
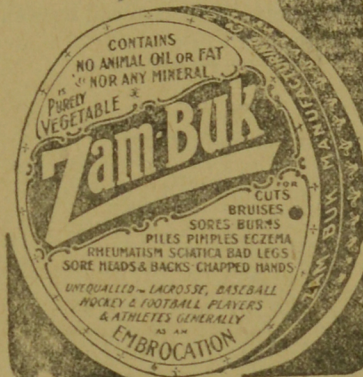
"BRITISH BORN"

Admission 25c., Reserved Seats 35
and 50c., Ryan's Orchestra.
Doors open 7.30, Overture 8.15.

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dull, gnawing
pain, stops bleed-
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irritation, and
in a short
time com-
pletely and
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Zam-Buk
should be
in every
home.

Mrs. C. Hanson, Poplar, B.C., says: "I suffered for years with bleeding piles. The pain was often so bad I could hardly walk. I tried remedy after remedy, and finally underwent an operation, but only got temporary relief. At last I tried Zam-Buk. Perseverance with this completely cured me and there has been no return of the trouble."

50c. box; all drug stores.



TOMMY NEEDS THE SMOKES.

Contributions to the Overseas Tobacco Fund may be left at the Board of Trade, rooms or with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Mail Ads Bring Results

NEW VOIL DRESSES - BEAUTIFUL WAISTS

We have just opened a shipment of pretty Silk Crepe de Chene Waists, Voil Dresses, Wash Gloves, Fancy Hosiery, Middies, Wash Skirts, Children's Dresses, etc.

SILK CREPE DE CHENE WAISTS in White, Flesh, Khaki, Maize, Peach, Black etc. Prices \$3.50 to \$5.50.

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R. L. BLACK - - - - - York Street
Agent for Standard Patterns.

The Printing and Publicity
Specialist
Talks To His Son

"Say, John, I feel quite sick today," said Mr. Blank. "Please visit the different doctors in town, and find out who will cure me for the least money. Get your quotations tabulated and then let me see them. Of course we will engage the doctor who charges the least."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," said John. "The idea of getting quotations from a doctor; it's the asylum for you."

"Well now, why not? I am a specialist in printing and publicity. I study my business just as carefully as any doctor can do. If I do say it that shouldn't, I have just as much brains as the average doctor. I strive to give my customers the benefit of my knowledge, my artistic skill and judgement and my ideas on publicity. I give service as the term is understood in the Twentieth Century."

"When some people around here have a little printing to be done, they visit all the printing offices, get quotations from each one, and then give the work to the man who gives the lowest figures."

"The ordinary user of printing knows his own business, but he is no more a judge of the work of printing than he is a judge of what sort of medicine a doctor should give him for the cure of his ailment. If people ask me for quotations and pass me by if my price happens to be a little more than the other fellow, why shouldn't I apply the same method to the doctor, lawyer, dentist and painter? Why not? It's a mighty poor rule that won't work more than one way."

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