

## CYCLE LAMPS

By having a light on your bicycle at night you not only obey the law, but you protect yourself from accidents. We have a large assortment to choose from. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**A. W. BLACKMER**

'Phone 118-11

96 Regent Street

BUY

## "FUL-O-PEP" LAYING MASH

And increase the production of Eggs when the price is high. Several of the henneries in this city are using this mash and getting the best of results. The manager of the West End Poultry Yards says that since giving this mash to his hens the egg production has increased 60 per cent. For sale by

**G. W. HODGE**

## Custom Tailoring

The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

**WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS**  
QUEEN STREET, WEST END

Wholesale Dry Goods and Woolens

## House Furnishings For Everybody

Lace Curtains, Screen Curtains, Curtain Muslins and Draperies of all kinds.

Crettonnes and Casement Cloths.

White Bedspreads. Towels, Napkins and Table Linens.

OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS,

CARPETS, RUGS AND SQUARES

Prices Lowest Possible. Goods Sold to the Trade Only.

**VASSIE & COMPANY, LIMITED**

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS AND WOOLENS

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Our Motto: Promptness, Accuracy, Courtesy.

## Electricity Turns Work into Play and Night into Day

ELECTRICITY THE WONDER WORKER has been trying to get acquainted with you for some time now. Enjoy the comfort that various electrical necessities will bring to yourself and wife. Each day is an electric opportunity day here.

**THE MARITIME ELECTRIC CO.**

FREDERICTON, N. B.

## For Sale

## McLEAN

## STUDIO

I have still a few imported Barred Rock Cockerels of high laying strain, which may be seen at my yards, corner of Brunswick and Northumberland streets. These birds come from the best bred-to-day stock in New England. They carried off honors this month at St. John, St. Stephen and Woodstock Exhibitions.

Price \$3 and \$4 each while they last. Will be shipped promptly on receipt of order.

If you want to own one of the best birds ever brought to the province, place your order without delay. ....

WEST END POULTRY YARDS

Fred H. Ferguson, Prop.

Fredericton, August 17, 1920.

The McLean Studio has re-opened at the Howie Building, 352 Queen Street, next to Yerxa's Grocery Store.

Having the latest equipment, we are in a position to do first class work.

Try us with your films. Our prices are very moderate.

**C. E. McLEAN,**

Photographer.

## NOTED AUTHOR TO LIVE ON A CHANNEL ISLAND

**Compton McKenzie Rents a Tiny Bit of Solitude—Pays Big Rental and Has Taken a Sixty Year Lease—Wants to Get Away From the Turmoil of Civilization—Will Soon Leave for the South Seas.**

London, Oct. 19.—Nothing has excited literary London half as much of late as the announcement that Compton Mackenzie, author of many best sellers, has just acquired a sixty years' lease of Herm and Jethou, two of the smaller islands off the famous Channel group. Everybody is wondering what Mackenzie means to do with these islets.

The fact that he pays a pearly rental of \$4,500 for them (\$4,000 for Herm and \$500 for Jethou, the latter a mere speck in the English channel) is being instanced as evidence that he must have done extremely well out of books.

Islands in widely separated parts of the world appear to be Mackenzie's principal concern at present, for he soon will be sailing away on a lengthy voyage among those in the South Seas, and meanwhile has definitely decided to give up his home in beautiful Capri, the island in the Bay of Naples where he has done most of his writing of late years. His villa there is called "Casa Solitaria," which means "The Solitary House." Now that Capri is so much more frequented than it was in pre-war days, the Solitary House is not solitary enough for Mackenzie, who after his war experiences, some of which were of a decidedly stirring nature, appears to be wishful of getting as far distant as possible from the madding crowd.

"I am going to the South Seas," he recently declared, "because I want to get right away from things."

If he still thirsts for solitude when he gets back he should find it in

plenty at Herm and Jethou, the latter of which is less than half a mile wide. Virtually uninhabited, they lie about an hour's sail from Guernsey, one of the largest of the Channel group, but between it and them is no regular means of communication. On Herm, less

the largest of the two, there is one place of similar area), but they are not of much military importance being sea shells.

German Kangaroo Farm

Before the war Herm was leased to a German company. One more indication of how everything has gone up in price may be found in the fact that this German company paid only five shillings and sixpence, or, at the present rate of exchange, about one dollar a week for Herm. They sublet it to Prince Blucher of Wahlstatt, a great-grandson of the Marshall of Waterloo fame, who lived there for several years. The Prince bred kangaroos on the island and may possibly have left some of them behind when, on the outbreak of war, he was compelled to leave the island on account of objections of the French. He retired to his ancestral home at Krieblowitz, and after his fitting the island was searched by the British authorities who found, however, nothing of the menacing nature. The island, it is true, was between it and them is no regular means of communication. On Herm, less

Compton Mackenzie, like his German predecessor in Herm, has a hobby in which the island will permit him to indulge to his heart's desire. That hobby is growing tulips and he used to have a big patch of them in his garden at Capri.

Retreat of Sister, Maybe

His pretty actress sister, Fay Compton, is now enacting the part of the heroine of Sir James Barrie's delightful and tremendously successful comedy, "Mary Rose." In this comedy an island figure—"The Island That Likes to be Visited"—Barrie calls it. It is believed Mackenzie has had the quaint conceit of getting these two Channel islands as places for occasional visitation by Fay Compton, who is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful of British feminine stars and to whom her famous brother is devoted. There is no island, certainly but would "like to be visited" by Fay.



Always the same rich, full flavored tea.

Sold only in the sealed airtight Red Rose Carton.

Red Rose Coffee is always fresh

## MR. DUFF, M. P., REPLIES TO MR. BALLANTYNE

Lethbridge, Alta., Oct. 19.—Addressing a political meeting here tonight, William Duff, M. P., for Lunenburg, made a reply to Hon. Mackenzie King charging that he was actively identified with the big sugar interests of the country. "Some ten days ago," said Mr. Duff, "I intimated that Mr. Ballantyne should retire in view of the way he handled the business of the Canadian Merchant Marine. Since what time Mr. King has drawn the attention of the Canadian public to the fact that Mr. Ballantyne was actively connected with St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery, as a director, as late as May of this year. In a statement given out at Ottawa, Mr. Ballantyne's attempts to draw a red herring across the trail by stating that he had ceased to be a stockholder in the St. Lawrence refinery early in the year. That may be quite true, but it is still possible that Mr. Ballantyne maintains a paternal interest in the affairs of the refinery.

The records show that he was a director in May last. Was it because Mr. Ballantyne had a paternal interest in the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery that the ships of the C. G. M. M., which belong to the people of the Dominion, were held in Cuba and other West Indian ports last year and then loaded with sugar cargoes for Montreal only received the same freight rates as were paid for ships going to St. John and Halifax? In other words somebody in authority ordered sugar carried to the Montreal refinery at lower rates than the business warranted, therefore, placing the refineries at St. John and Halifax in a position where they could not advantageously compete with the St. Lawrence refinery, which is situated in Mr. Ballantyne's home town.

"In view of these circumstances Mr. Ballantyne should immediately resign his portfolio or his resignation should be demanded by the Prime Minister. Mr. Ballantyne says in his Ottawa statement that he is a business man.

"In view of all the facts connected with the sugar business and the sale of paint to Greece and Rumania, I would say that he was a salesman."

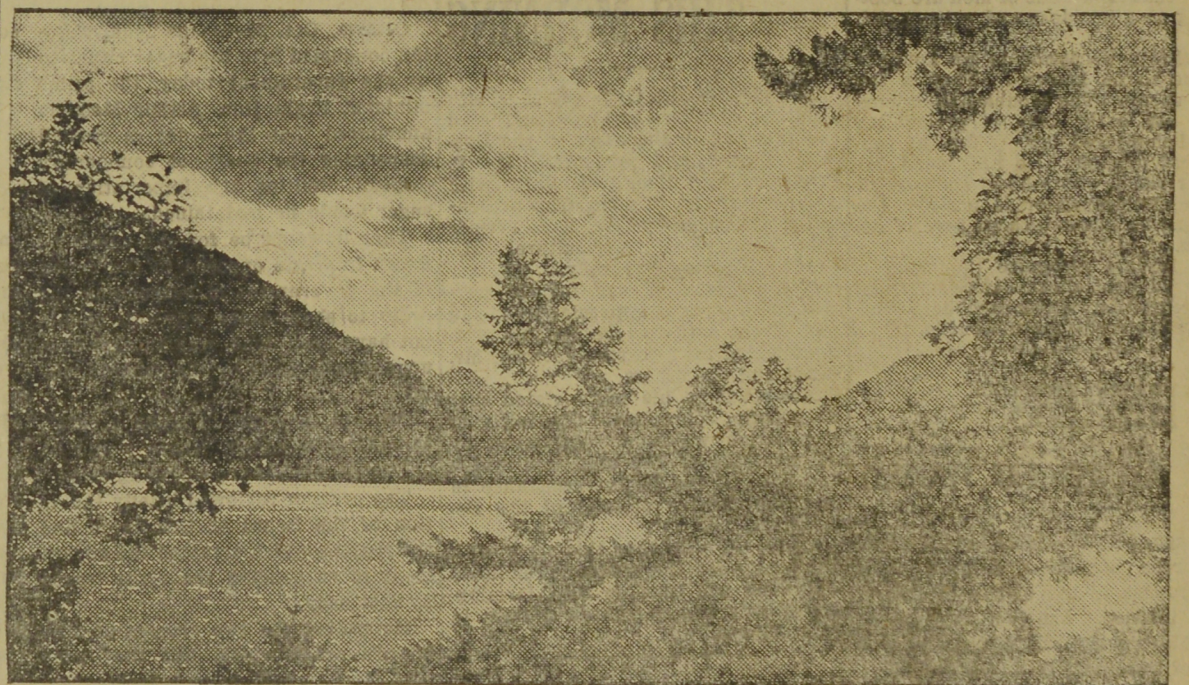
## Say You Want "Diamond Dyes"

Don't Spoil or Streak your Material in a Poor Dye

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich, fadeless color into worn, shabby garments, draperies, coverings, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed even if you have never dyed before.

## A Fish Story From Vancouver Island



View of Sproat Lake, Vancouver Island.

"Truth," said one of the sages, "lives at the bottom of a well." She is also to be encountered in the great silent spaces. I met her on the pine-fringed shores of Sproat Lake, in the heart of Vancouver Island. She sprang unannounced from the lips of a handsome dame of healthy appetites and vigorous mind.

Think of the opportunities and industries there are in this little beauty-spot of three hundred miles by eighty, all sea-girt and serene. Lumbering, pulp-making, mining, fishing, cannery, poultry keeping, hog-raising, farming, fruit-growing, dairying, manufacturing. There is a man here who makes cement and at the same time cultivates one of the loveliest gardens on the American Continent, and another who grows flower seeds—nothing but flower seeds—for the biggest seed merchants in the world.

As for play, it is manifold and unending.

Sproat Lake is in the heart of the island, reachable at present, through some of the most romantic timbered country God ever made, only by auto, though the steel rail from Port Alberni is pushing ahead.

A huntress in moccasins and velveteens receives you, revolver, jack-knife and cartridges slung about her waist and her rifles hand by. This lady, who has a cultured mind as well as a stout heart and a brawny arm, shoots cougar before breakfast, pots bear in the forenoon, hunts deer before tea, and before sundown traps beaver and rodents—all in their season, of course, and when there are no guests around.

Just now she receives you in her house-boat, on the southern shore.

In a few moments you and your baggage speed over the still waters to a distant chalet, nestling among the hemlock and jack pines, and encircled by tents.

Have you ever bathed in the sweet waters drawn direct from surrounding hills? Under the moon and the stars, when the velvety surface is perfect and unbroken, except by the plop of a jumping trout? In the early dawn, when the sun puts his lips to the brim of his breakfast bowl, and sucks up his ration of creamy mist? In the late afternoon, when the heat makes every thirsty pore drink its fill as you plunge into the emerald depths? Have you sat by the camp fire at night and, dreaming, watched the sparks fly upward? No? Then you have never lived.

One day we had a fish adventure. In outline, Sproat Lake is like the impress of a giant paw. The middle digit, Taylor Arm, runs up fourteen miles to the mouth of the Taylor River. We packed a lunch-basket, and, leaving the women at home, set out early to fish this lonely inlet.

We had a gay farewell. Our wives came down to the beach to see we had everything aboard. Their faith in their husbands' skill with the rod was touching—and they were promised fish for next day's breakfast. Amid smiles and benedictions we were off.

Our tackle was wondrous—the tackle of amateurs always is. We soaked to the waist in the chilly waters of Taylor River. We troiled with worms and spinners for fourteen miles. We cast on this side and we cast on that. We cursed, we prayed. But between the whole bunch of us we had never a strike,

never a bite.

As the sun dropped the chalet hove in sight. On the beach awaiting us were two figures in white. We looked into each others' eyes and groaned.

"Hullo! Hullo!"

The cry came from a tiny cove. Three fishermen, swarthy as Indian braves, beckoned us. They had the most primitive tackle, a tangle of tin cans and clothes lines. But in the bottom of their skiff lay a gleaming pile.

"We are camping out," they cried, "and our catch will go bad on our hands. Would you care for a few?"

There was no answer, but a gulp. Four pairs of eager hands went out and soon five three-pounders and some smaller fry were snug in our basket.

"Our luck is good, but they'll be useful up at the chalet," we said.

The white-clad figures had seen us now and were waving their welcome. We answered in kind and held aloft our string of beauties. Fishermen never lie, and there was no need to begin. The fish just told their own tale.

For three days we were complimented and our advice was sought by every newcomer. Then one evening a visitor arrived. He was uneasily familiar. We were all seated on the stoop.

"You remember our giving you those fish?" quoth he. "My boy has lost a finger-ring, and we wonder whether by any chance it dropped into your boat when we were passing you over the fish."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed two women's voices in unison, as four figures faded stealthily away.

D. C.