

Use

St. Charles Milk

and you'll have better success my dear



Experienced cooks are successful because they leave nothing to chance. They know their ingredients, mix them carefully and get the results desired.

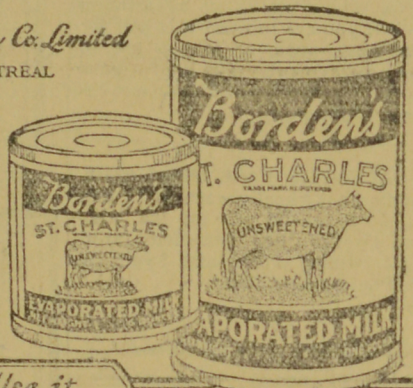
Milk is most important in a majority of staple food recipes. But the quality and richness of ordinary milk is apt to vary considerably from day to day and many dishes fail to please because of the milk used.

Borden's St. Charles Milk is so widely used by good cooks because it is always of exactly the same creamy richness. It can be depended on to give the dish that appetizing goodness that not only pleases the palate but nourishes the body as well. It can be used in rich recipes just as it comes from the can, or it may be diluted with an equal quantity of water. And it is so convenient. You can buy it at any grocery and it keeps perfectly in the pantry in the unopened tin. Order a few tins today.

Send for Free Recipe Book

Every woman will find the St. Charles Recipe Book helpful. It contains dozens of tested, simple recipes for soups, breads, cakes, puddings, desserts and candy. It is free. Write to

The Borden Co. Limited
MONTREAL



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It Pays to Advertise in the Mail

OLD BRETON VILLAGE IS NOW A MASS OF COLOR; CONTRAST BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW

All day long, almost, they sit there, population of hardy seafolk, more picturesque and brighter in hue than any, the old sea wolves of Douarnenez, side by side upon the long, low bench, against the whitewashed wall of the artificial ice factory, between the pipes that spout white fumes of foaming waste water into the gutter, and thence bubbling to the sea.

Montionless they sit, writes a correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor—each sea-tanned, weather-beaten, wrinkled, brave old head covered with the round, dark blue beret, battered like its owner, and sea salted into various stages of honorable though faded distinction. Excepting the hats no two of these veterans are dressed quite alike.

Between the jackets there may be small differences either in color or shape, but the trousers are invariably, though only by chance, individual in color, if not in cut. Running an eye along the row of legs I observe gray-green, cobalt blue, burnt umber salmon pink, red brickdust and mustard yellow, patched with buff and terminating not in seaboots but in sabots.

A motley line of ancient salts this, that all through a long summer's day, from tide to tide almost, will move scarcely a limb excepting an arm or two, that, with indicating stick in hand may draw the group's expert, critical attention to some notable harbor feat, such as how skillfully—the wind being what and where it is—Jean Laurent's Cherche Pain has been manoeuvred round the jetty and now rides the teams of tossing white horses that, rushing eastward from the open Atlantic, beat and break, spouting, against the harbor wall.

Masters of Craft.

In all this intensely active, virile, vividly colored harbor-life of Douarnenez there is no lore, no happening, no secret mystery of sea craft that is hidden from those seeing old eyes. They know it all, and have taught it all, in their turn, to the sons and grandsons, who, out there, are practicing it in the daily struggle for bread.

Of all the multicolored pictures and teeming hives of human activity that are these fishing ports of Western France, none from Biscayan La Rochelle to the rock-fringed bays of Brittany are lovelier than this chief of the sardine ports. The harbor of La Rochelle, with its stately, towered gateway entrance, backed by the Porte de l'Horloge, and the spires of ancient churches, can boast an architectural setting unrivaled elsewhere, and the multi-colored pavement of its thonniers or tunny-fish fleet, set against the Tourde in Chaine, is a sight never to be forgotten. But this pile of humble terraced homes, gray and white, that is called Douarnenez, looking down upon the swarming harbor, at the head of its blue, hill-fringed bay, offers a spectacle of unified beauty, at once complete, splendid, and austere, such as scarce any other of the world's spots can show.

Bright Sails on Fishing Boats.

Moored in picturesque disorder, between the stone jetty and the embowered hills, the black fleet of little gardeners, anchored all with their noses to the town, floats, evenly upon the rippling water. Others, one by one, are making the end of the digne, and once safely out of the tumbling blue, strike their brown sails as though to salute the company they join.

Vandyke brown these sails are—rich deep and lustrous—with an exquisite sheen, like that of velvet softened by the shadows of its own folds, and mottled by long wear and usage into paler tints or patched with newer, or older, canvas that contrasts and yet harmonizes with the parent sheet. Already from some of the masts, floating out in graceful curves upon the stiffening breeze, hang those frill, gauzy, light blue nets—the gossamer filets bleus of Basse Bretagne—that bend like a second firmament over this busy and beautiful scene.

Here and there among and about the dark sardiniers away imperceptibly or glide seaward their elder sisters, the thonniers, not darkly uniformed in black and brown, as aer the smaller craft, but painted and trimmed coquetishly with white hulls, topped in light blue or gray and with sails of any and every color that fancy or expediency may suggest.

And about this busy world of dike and water and winged ships moves a

population of hardy seafolk, more picturesque and brighter in hue than any, I think, to be seen elsewhere the world over, save only in the gorgeous East. Red is the chosen color of these crews—vivid tomato-red from head to foot; and every other tone also, through pure scarlet, almost, to warm magentas and salmons and pinks, with five in every 100 of cobalt blue.

No two are quite alike in tint or newness, every one being touched in some degree by time and weather and mottled with bold patches upon knees or seat, or both, by cunning, economical female hands. Thus everywhere about the wharves, moles, jetties, decks, inns and streets of Douarnenez when the fleets are in, swarm these thronging figures of scarlet and blue, in groups and flowing streams of humanity.

Presents Busy Scene.

Upon every hand, in this gorgeous water world, are bustle and ordered activity, a most human comedy, played to clatter of sabots upon stones, creaking cordage, rattle of pulleys, grind of windless, harsh Breton sailor voices and shrill pipe of black-robed women, calling from shore to ship, and from the confiserie, whose confections are neither of flour, nor sugar, nor fruit, but of olive oil only with blocks of ice also for the preserving, in those familiar silver tins, of the multitudes of gleaming sardine fish that the daughters, sisters and sweethearts of these rough, red Breton seamen are packing.

Picturesque costumes of black velvet and cloth, dainty lace caps, the songs, even, that the girls sing in unison over their work—harking back, all of them, to the Middle Ages—clash strangely with the throb and roar of modern machinery, and with all today's organized methods of production "en masse."

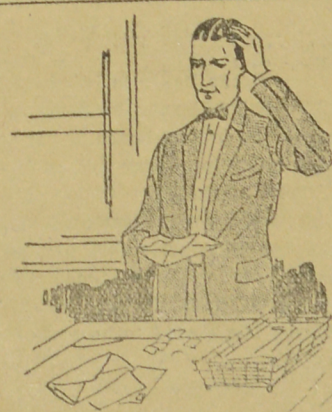
But if ugly walls and whirling wheels detract somewhat from the manifold beauties of Douarnenez, they have added, surely, to its material prosperity; for were you to inquire from that group of elderly women, now bargaining resolutely over the price of tunny fish with the crew of a laden thonnier, newly arrived, they will all tell you the same story; that their daughters, in these days of motors and machinery, earn often as much in a day as themselves with harder work could make sure of in a week.

Such are some of the unchanging sights; such are a few of the now swiftly changing methods, that, since their own active years, those sea-grizzled sea wolves, dozing upon their bench, gaze upon, dream of, talk about sometimes, between sunrise and sundown in this ancient Breton port.

Face Swelled With Neuralgia, How This Woman Suffered

The experience of Mrs. E. J. Barker, of 120 Alice street, Guelph, was an interesting one. "I suffered with dreadful pains all over my face. Although I tried many medicines, my face remained badly swelled. A lady friend recommended Nerviline. Her experience had been very satisfactory. I used Nerviline with great benefit myself. I rubbed Nerviline over the neuralgic part of my face, and covered it with a piece of red flannel. Nerviline ended all my trouble, and I recommend it highly for rheumatism, painful joints, swellings, lumbago, coughs and colds. I think it is necessary in every home." All dealers sell Nerviline in large 35-cent bottles.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery and, in the case of business letters, often results in a dissatisfied customer.

Had a Severe Cold Coughed Incessantly

Mrs. C. Fehrman, Selkirk, Ont., writes:—"Last winter I suffered from a very severe cold. I coughed incessantly which irritated the glands and caused sore throat."

"I tried several medicines without any luck, but one day I picked up your almanac and read about

**Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup**



"I got a bottle and after taking a couple of doses felt much relieved and when I had finished it my cold had simply disappeared."

"Dr. Wood's" is 35c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; for sale at all druggists and dealers; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

U.S. SUB IS MISSING FOR THREE DAYS

Washington, Jan. 30—The submarine S-3 lost contact with a convoy south of Hatteras at sundown Saturday and word has not been heard from her since.

While officials expressed confidence that the submarine, a sister ship of the sunken S-4 would turn up all right at Guantanamo, Cuba, her destination, the Navy department today ordered an intensive search for the submersible.

The S-3, with its crew of 41 men, became separated from the control force, bound for winter maneuvers in a gale, 100 miles south of Cape Hatteras, one of the worst storm centres on the Atlantic coast.

A report that she had lost contact with seven other submarines, the Camden, a submarine tender, and the new aeroplane carrier Saratoga, was received at the Navy Department today. In addition to the ships of the convoy, who have been on the lookout for the S-3, the department late today ordered the light cruisers Milwaukee, Raleigh and Memphis, and a squadron of destroyers to proceed from Cuban waters in search of the missing craft.

The Life Extension Institute has examined 100,000 young women without finding a perfect one in the lot. The Life Extension Institute wouldn't go for judging Atlantic City bathing beauties.

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