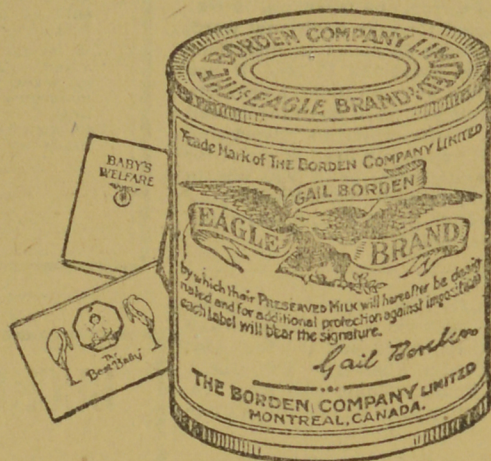




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CLAIMS THAT SUBMARINE CAN BE MADE WITH THE COMFORT OF A PARLOR CAR

Provincetown, Mass.—The S-6, sister ship of the death laden S-4 carried several civilians as passengers recently when she made a test dive and ran submerged for five miles in the chilly ocean waters not far from the S-4's resting place.

Journeying undersea, except for the cramped quarters, is as comfortable as traveling in a Pullman car. Down amidst the splendid mechanism of the two million-dollar craft the passenger doesn't know he is moving. Perhaps the chief thrill comes from standing in the conning tower and watching the sea through thick glass eyeports as it slowly engulfs the boat and takes the submarine voyagers out of the world, temporarily. Or the weird sound, like a drawn-out moan, of the oscillator signal that sends out a warning at one minute intervals to other ships within a radius of ten miles. But submarine men cursed the oscillator, for its depressing lunge robs them of their sleep.

This was the S-6's first dive since she left Portsmouth Navy Yard three months ago. She was not set for a "crash dive," which submarine veterans say, is the greatest thrill of all. In making a crash dive the S-6 would have disappeared from the surface in one minute and dropped like a plummet to a depth of 200 feet. Hence, it was necessary to do a "trim dive"—to level off the great steel hull by painstaking adjustment of valves so she would sink at the proper balance for the underwater manoeuvre. This required three-quarters of an hour while the craft was halted.

Gets Under Way Quietly

As Commander Edmund W. Strauss, chief of the 12th Submarine Division and his guests, diver Tom Campbell of New York City, and three newspapermen were having lunch in the cubby-hole that serves as the wardroom, the S-6 stole out of Provincetown harbor. The craft had been cutting the waves for ten minutes before the undersea novices below knew their adventure had started, so quietly did she get under way. Diver Campbell, who brought out several bodies from the slashed S-4, then remarked that in all his years of undersea service he had "never been down in a suit like this." According to navy time it was "13" (1 p. m.) when the S-6 started under. The dive was made in the choppy white-capped waters south of Long Light Point. The measured mile testing course for submarines, the end of which is now marked by the S-4's grave, was correctly avoided. The sister ship went beyond the fatal course at a comfortable distance for the manoeuvre. A brisk, cold wind was blowing and only the bobbing buoys revealed where the S-4 lay.

The S-6 reached her position and order was given—"Stand by for trim dive." Every member of the crew reacted mechanically. There was a place for every man; every man was in his place. The passengers climbed up a ladder from control room and huddled around the pilot in the conning tower. The flot held a simple looking control, not unlike a street car motorman's controller. There are three places in the ship where the craft can be steered electrically and in the motor room, the last compartment aft, is a great wheel for steering by hand in an emergency.

Craft Descends Slowly

The submarine descends beneath the waves slowly. The sensation of a trim dive is like being in a hollow or a great chunk of lead that is gradually but surely sinking. First the bow is awash, then the gun and finally there is nothing but the clear, undulating green water seen through the half dozen eyeports. We are submerged.

Below, the control room is crowded with men and officers and their activity moves with the machine-like precision. There is no undue hurry. One of the first cautions drilled into a submarine man is not to rush through a compartment when the boat is under way. Too much hurry causes distraction, if not alarm.

An officer peers through a periscope constantly, his arms draped over the bar that juts from both sides of the pole. The bar is turned to bring into focus ships that are sighted on the

surface. The powerful lens promptly shows the destroyer Mehan 500 yards off as she comes around the Cape, bringing mail and supplies from Boston for the salvage fleet. The markers over the S-4's resting place are plainly discerned 1,000 yards away. Though nothing more than waves and racing whitecaps appear in the glass, the officer at the periscope seems to be the busiest man aboard as he moves in a constant arc with his eyes fastened upon the little hole that gives the only visible contact with the outside world. The men are attentively manipulating wheels, levers and valves in the distracting mass of machinery and watching the slightest moves in the several dials on either side of the control room.

Outer Shell Five-eighths Thick

There is no sign of the effect of the S-4 tragedy upon the sister ship's man-power. A disturbing, constant banging on the outside of the ship merely causes a seaman to grin as he explains, "The divers from the Falcon who inspected her before we pulled out didn't fasten down the doors tight." He doesn't fear for the outer skin of the S-6, which is just five-eighths inch in thickness. The S-6 is a duplicate of her ill-fated sister. She is 231 feet long. Her two powerful Diesel engines, eight cylinders each are silent as her motors are in action this trip.

If she fails to come up there is a natural air supply to sustain life for seventeen hours. In a battered can is a quantity of little white particles, this can will provide sixty-two hours more of life. The can contains soda lime. In a crisis it is strewn over the decks of the compartments and mashed under foot. The chemical property in the soda lime absorbs the deadly carbon dioxide, thus permitting the re-breathing of the precious air in the submarine for at least 62 hours. Further consolation is the fact that the S-6 carries 1,300 gallons of fresh water.

In the control room a seaman bent down industriously mopping up water that spurts in a small stream from a pipe. An officer glances down. "Valve leaking sir" explains the seaman, and calmly resumes the task of blocking the leak. No one is watching him, no need to worry—since the water is coming from a ballast tank inside the craft.

Warns Ships of Course

Every minute the dismal far-off moan of the oscillator is heard. A youthful signal expert is closeted in the sound-proof room just inside the battery compartment. He wears a headpiece with receivers; he is ever on the alert to catch any signal that comes through the water. And at the minute intervals he sends through the oscillator to all ships within hearing the course of the S-4, her speed and her call, N-I-N-M. The oscillator was used to pick up the last messages of the six trapped men in the torpedo compartment of the S-4 while they lay on the ocean floor 102 feet below the surface.

The writer stands at the door of the torpedo compartment and the S-6 tilts sharp and her bow rises. She has been submerged 32 minutes and is now coming to the surface. She has ran submerged at a depth of thirty feet. Some of the six men who cheated death for a few hours dashed through this door in just such a moment as this. The S-4 had just tilted her bow and was coming above the surface as the Paulding bore down upon her. Several of the men were in their bunks in the battery compartment when the Paulding hit that compartment. They succeeded in getting into the torpedo room, where only two men are usually stationed, and slamming the door shut, only to gain a brief extension of life.

Anything to Oblige a Friend.

Hi: Will you kindly reprint that old Candlemas poem for me?

Jane.

Certainly:

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright
Winter will have another flight;
If Candlemas be dark or wet
We'll get more winter, too, I bet.

—H. I. Phillips in New York Sun

THE MINERAL INDUSTRY IS GOING AHEAD

Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister of mines, Ottawa, in the recently issued report of the Department of Mines comments on the remarkable growth of the mineral industry. He states that:

"Of great importance to the Dominion as a whole is the fact that mining is spreading over a vastly greater territory than formerly, and that nearly every province is now sharing strongly in mineral production, or in the earlier stages of new mining development. This expansion has probably been the most potent factor among those that have contributed in lifting the industry to its new level of importance, as it has demonstrated the wide extent of Canada's mineralized regions and has revised the whole estimate of the value of the country's northerly areas. Most significant, perhaps, of all, it has created throughout the Dominion an active, well-informed interest in mining, and has commanded for mining and metallurgical enterprise a breadth and strength of support beyond anything possible a few years ago.

"In addition to the extent of Canada's physical field for further mineral development, which in itself furnishes a reasonable basis for confidence in the growth of Canadian mining, there are a number of other factors that have a vital bearing upon the outlook. Great technical advances have been made in prospecting methods and in mining and metallurgical practice, and Canada is now better equipped in personnel for advancing in mining development. The intelligent interest aroused throughout the country in recent years is a force in itself, and as a result of the close relations existing between the universities, government departments, and the mining industry, the Dominion is gradually being better equipped with engineers, geologists, metallurgists, and other technical staffs. Through field and laboratory investigations and in other ways both federal and provincial governments are assisting in the work of mineral development. Moreover, the railway companies, banks, and other business interests have become deeply impressed with the importance of mining and are giving it a measure of attention already great and likely to increase as development continues. It may, therefore, be said that there is behind the Canadian mining industry a strength of support which leaves little likelihood that the industry will fail to advance through any lack of competent business or technical backing."

R. O. McGill of Toronto is in the city today on business.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Northumberland Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.