TRAVEL

l Manan S. S. Company

Oct. 1 and until further notice
nd Manan leaves Grand Manan
s 7.30 a.m., for St John return-
es St. John Wednesdays 7.30 a.m.,
ys via Campobello, Eastport and
Beach.

Grand Manan Thursdays 7.30
or St. Stephen, returning Friday
via Campobello, Eastport and St.
s, both ways.

Grand Manan Saturdays 7.30
ound trip St. Andrews, returning
both ways via Campobello and
.

tic Standard Time.

SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Mgr

TIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

e S. S. "Connors Bros." is tempor-
off her route the auxiliary boats
Connors" and "Page" will supply
ce till further notice.
e St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf
arehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a.
St. Andrews, calling at Dipper
r, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor,
Bay or Letite, Deer Island, Red
St. George. Returning leave St.
ws Tuesday for St. John, calling at
or Back Bay, Black's Harbor,
Harbor and Dipper Harbor, tide
eather permitting.

T - Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., St. John, N. B.

one 2851; manager, Lewis Connors
's Harbor, N. B.
s Company will not be responsible
y debts contracted after this date
ut a written order from the Com-
or Captain of the steamer

CHURCH SERVICES

BYTERIAN CHURCH—Revd. W. M. aser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every nday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday hool, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Fri y evening at 7.30.

HODIST CHURCH—Revd. R. W. Weddall A., Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 Prayer service, Friday evening at 30.

ANDREW CHURCH—Revd. Father eahan, D. D. Pastor. Services Sun-y at 8.00 a. m., 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 m.

SAINTS CHURCH—Revd. Geo. H. lliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy ommunion Sundays 8.00 a m. 1st unday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer nd Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. venings—Prayer and Sermon on Sun-ays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening rayer Service 7.30.

PTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. nd 7 p. m., Sunday School after the norning service. Prayer Service, Wed-nesday evening at 7.30. Service at Baystle every Sunday afternoon at 3 Yclock except the last Sunday in the nonth when it is held at 7 in the evening

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

Office Hours from 8 a.m to 8 p.m.
Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.
Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each ach letter must have affixed a one-cent War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 ents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for ach additional ounce. Letters to which he 5 cent rate applies do *not* require the War Tax" stamp.
Post Cards one cent each to any address n Canada, United States and Mexico he cent post cards must have a one-cent War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card an be used. Post cards two cents each o other countries. The two-cent cards do *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.
Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

ARRIVES: 12.20 p. m. CLOSES: 5.05 p. m.

All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—
CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 8, 1917, Chief Justice K. B. D. McKeown; Tuesday, October 2, 1917, Justice Chandler.
COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year.
Judge Carleton.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George F. Hibbard, Registrar

Office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Daily. Sundays and Holidays excepted.

Advertise in the Beacon

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Dealer in Meats, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Etc.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

The Beacon

VOL. XXVIII — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1917 — NO. 43

NATIONAL SERVICE

UP and be doing, all who have a hand
To lift, a back to bend. It must not be
In times like these that vaguely linger we
To air our vaunts and hopes; and leave our land

Untended as a wild of weeds and sand.
—Say, then, "I come!" and go, O women and men
O palace, ploughshare, easel, counter, pen:
It will enray your names to dates unscanned.

Would years but let me stir as once I stirred
At many a dawn to take the forward track,
And with a stride plunged on to enterprise,

I now would speed like yester wind that whirred
Through breaking pines; and serve with never a slack,
So loud for promptness all around outcries!

THOMAS HARDY.

March, 1917.

"NO FISHING ALOUD"

THERE never was a real fisherman that could pass the Deep Pool at the foot of Buttermilk Run without a quickening of the pulse and a tendency of the lips to form the word "Trout." Nobody that ever flicked a cast of flies over water could look at that place and not imagine a Silver Doctor or a Parmacheene Belle or a Coachman, or maybe all three, alighting feather-wise at the foot of the rock, just where the rush of water coming round from the Run changes from foam to dark green; and being snapped. . . . You can fairly see the whisk of silver and pink, the up-flung splash of spray; you can almost feel the quick tug on the line and the springy give of the rod as you strike! You fancy the taut line cutting the water, and all but hear yourself mutter hoarsely:

"Got one! And it's a *real* fish! Easy, now, old chap; hang on and I'll give you a run for your money."

Idle fancies, all of them—like those the golfer has in winter, when he stands at the first tee in a foot of snow, and knows that the next time he drives a ball from there it will . . . you know; same sort of stuff. Nothing in it. In the first place, there stands the sign:

NO FISHING ALOUD

In the next place, there are no trout in Deep Pool. I know, because I have fished there scores of times, with every known bait and every known fly. Moreover, I have whipped that stream, from its source back of old Copper-crown Mountain to where it empties seventeen miles below into the sewage-reeking stream they call Crystal River. And so have others. Some despicable persons have used nets and dynamite in Deep Pool and other pockets of the stream. Plenty of eels, plenty of dace and chub and bullheads, and other plebeian fish; nothing doing in trout. I presume there never will be trout in the stream now, for it has passed into the hands of the City, and become the lower end of the Park. If you should try to fish there now, for trout or anything else, my friend Sergeant Riordan, or Officer Klopkowiak, would pounce upon you and call your attention to the sign. For the sign is still there—the Park Commissioners regard it as an historic relic. And so it is.

Old John Stevens told me about that sign, only a few days before he died. It was his death that brought Buttermilk Run into the City's possession, for there had been some sort of contract between his father and the City Government that the old farm should not be taken into the city limits until after the death of his last surviving child.

"My old father painted that sign for a joke," John Stevens told me. "Oh, yes, he understood about the spelling. You see, the boys used to go there at night, fishin' for eels, and sometimes they'd be afraid of gettin' bit by a snake or something, and take overmuch precautions, and so get pretty noisy. The house used to stand right back there on the knoll, and you could hear 'em.

"One night they caught a lot of eels, a whole bag of 'em, and somebody got the brilliant idea of seein' how many they had. So they poured 'em all out on the bank there, and set to work to count 'em. And when they got through, they had—just one eel!

"Naturally, they were, as you might say, disconcerted, and got to wonderin' what had become of all the eels they had when they began countin', and whose fault it was. It was some rumpus. Next mornin', Father put up that sign: 'No Fishing Aloud.' It's been the joke of the neighbourhood for forty years. And strangers have took it seriously, and kept away.

"Yes, it's a trouty lookin' place, but there ain't never been a trout into it. Not in my time."

Well, old John Stevens died without issue, and under the terms of his father's will Buttermilk Run and Deep Pool passed over to the Park Commissioners. And just then my friend the Malefactor of Great Wealth invited me to join his trout-fishing party in Canada. I was a poor hand at fly-casting and I knew it. I had just eight days for practice, and with realization of that fact came to me thought of Deep Pool. If by assiduous rehearsal I could learn to flick my tail-fly just under the edge of that rock, with the droppers settling softly between, I need not disgrace myself in Canada.

The hilltops at the west were barely pink with the early sun as I stood next morning with my back to the Pool and with tolerable patience disentangled leader and flies and ten feet of line from the bushes into whose intricacies they had woven themselves in my first back cast. Next time I had better luck, and whipped a cast straight out over the water. Whisk! Splash! You know the feeling as the line tautens and you find you've hooked—something live and fighting.

'Twas a three-ounce chub; the pool seemed full of them—another evidence, if any were needed, of the absence of game fish. A full dozen of them I caught. I was throwing back the twelfth when a stern voice from behind me broke the stillness of the morning.

"You have not looked at the sign?"

Officer Klopkowiak it was. I learned his name afterward. His tone and his demeanor were minatory, not to say truculent.

"Oh, yes I have, Officer. I have looked at it, and read it, and carefully obeyed it. I have not made a sound." I tried to look cherubically innocent.

"The sign is nothing about noises," snapped the officer. "It is about fishing, and it says nothing doing. Also, the law of the parks is that one shall not catch fish."

"You don't call those fish?" I cried. "Besides, I put them all back—you saw me."

"Naturally you would put back the fish—with an officer standing right by to pinch you," retorted the policeman. I saw a twinkle in his eye.

"Let me explain to you, Officer, why I am here."

He did not rebuff me; so I told him why I was practicing. Also I told him the story of the old sign. He caught the joke of the spelling, but the incident of the eel-counting evaded him.

"I do not understand," he said, "how those men could think they had many eels when they had only one. I believe they were drunk. Sometimes when you are drunk you look at one thing and see many. It happened to me once, when I was a boy in Prague. That was many years ago. Perhaps of these men each one saw the eel and thought it was not the same eel his friend was seeing. It is possible. How many men were there?"

"Enough to make a lot of noise in the night. That is why the old man put up the sign saying that one must fish silently. That was what I was doing when you came up."

"Well, anyway, you must not fish here," said the policeman, resuming his earlier tone of authority. "Have you fish in pockets?" He looked as if he were about to search me.

Suddenly another voice broke in upon us, a big, booming, Irish voice:

"Here, here! What's goin' on? Fishin', Officer! What's the meanin' o' this fishin' in the Park? Don't you know there's no fishin' in this here place? Besides, is this man some kind of a nut to think he'd catch anything here? What are you doin'—playin' Simple Simon? There never was a fish in that place. An' what the divvle is them things?"

I showed big Sergeant Riordan the varicolored trout flies, which he never had seen before. Furthermore, I showed him how the flies were cast, and how the little fish snapped at them, and got themselves hooked for their temerity.

"It's a pity there's no fish in this place worth catchin'," he said. "'Tis ag'in' the law, but I'd like to see one of thim big fellers you're goin' to get in Canada go for them feathers. Don't tell me ye could land a fish with that little pole that'd be worth takin' home. Go over here to Farley's and buy yourself some salt mackerel or some bloaters."

When Sergeant Riordan and Officer Klopkowiak went away, the law had been compromised. For reasons not unconnected with the transfer of two fat cigars I had informal consent to practice there for seven more mornings, *provided* my flouting of the law should cease on each occasion at seven o'clock in the morning.

"I'll not have the law broken in this precinct," said the Sergeant, "after seven o'clock."

I looked at my watch. It was 6.23 precisely. My right arm was tired and my feet were wet. I judged I had had practice enough for one day. I would quit with thirty-seven minutes of immunity to my credit.

It was a wonderful morning. The spring foliage was nearly out; the birds were singing their love-songs in the branches. The sun was beginning to be hot. A bee hummed past my ears, already at high speed on the business of the day. In the top of a pine tree down the stream a sentry crow bulletined my presence to some distant fellows. The burbling voices of the Run above the Pool made pleasant background for the increasing chorus of the day.

A small yellow butterfly danced out over the water, and suddenly dopped down upon the surface, near the cliff. There was a swirl, a quick sucking sound, and he was gone.

"That's funny," I thought aloud. "There's nothing in that pool big enough to. . . ."

In my fly-book I chanced to have a bright yellow fly. With trembling fingers I detached the Professor at the end of the leader and put the Yellow Ibis in its stead.

The first thing the Yellow Ibis did was to catch in a yellow dandelion thirty feet behind me. Getting it unhooked, I struck the barb into my thumb and smeared the feathered wings with blood. Then out over the water the line flew; it was a beautiful cast—for me—and the yellow fly dropped, just as the butterfly had dropped, on the far side of the Pool, under the edge of the rock. Two seconds it lay there; then with a twitch of the wrist I started it back along the surface . . .

A swirl, a flash of silver in the sunlight, an upflung dash of spray, and the yellow fly was gone; the fine silk line cut the water up through the Pool toward the little falls at the head. The rod bent all but double before I got the reel into action. Something heavy and strong and wild was fighting for life at the end of that line. Up and down the Pool it rushed like mad. Once, twice, thrice, there was a surge of water on the surface, and a glimpse of silver-pink; then the line paid out again as the struggle went down into the depths.

At last, at last, I drew the Unknown Adversary into the shallows, and to the edge of the water, and lifted it to the grass. My heart was beating in my throat. It was a *brook-trout*, the like of which I never had seen before. Out on the grass I laid him down, gasping, among the yellow spring dandelions. I had nothing to measure him with, but he reached from the tip of my middle finger to my elbow!

I put up my tackle, and wrapped the King of the Pool in my waistcoat. And as I turned to leave, the whistles blew, and I knew it was seven o'clock. As I left the Park, I saw two policemen standing at the main entrance a block away. They waved their hands to me, and I waved back. I had no wish to converse with them.

Yes, I "practised" there again next morning, and six mornings thereafter. Always there was a Yellow Ibis on the leader. Sometimes Sergeant Roirdan was there, sometimes Officer Klopkowiak; sometimes both. Usually they stayed there till their cigars were finished.

"You know how to do it now," said the Sergeant approvingly, on the last morning. "I hope ye'll have better luck in Canada. By this time ye must know that if ever there was in this here Pool any fish worth catchin', some of them fellers that had to fish quiet caught out the last one."

I have satisfied myself that the Sergeant was right.—John Palmer Gavit, in *The New York Evening Post.*

TOWN ELECTION

The election for the Town Council was held on Tuesday. There was no contest for Mayor, Mr. G. K. Greenlaw being returned by acclamation. For Aldermen there were sixteen candidates, just twice as many as the number of seats. Of the eight men elected only three were in the last Council, another (Mr. Wright McLaren) had served in previous Councils, and the other four were elected for the first time, one of the new men, Mr. Frank E. Gillman, leading the poll by a substantial majority (21) over the next one on the list. The following is a list of the candidates and the votes they received, an asterisk (*) placed before a name indicating that the person was a member of the last Council. The first eight names are those of the successful candidates, who now constitute the Board of Aldermen of the Town Council:

Frank Gillman	120
*Geo. B. Finigan	99
*M. R. McFarlane	97
George Malpas	97
Wright McLaren	94
Thomas Caughey	88
Albert Denley	87
*Goodwill Douglas	84
*J. Fred Worrell	83
*Albert Shaw	78
*George Gardiner	77
Robert Billings	73
Angus Rigby	66
*George F. Hibbard	61
William Carson, Jr.	51
*George Lowery	41

The Voters' List contained the names of 288 male and 50 female resident voters, a total of 338, of whom 172 males voted. The non-resident voters numbered 60 males and 9 females, none of whom voted. The delinquent tax list debarred a number from voting.

The election excited more than usual interest, but the result was not altogether a surprise, as it was expected a few of the former aldermen would be dropped. The present Council assumes office at a critical period in the Empire's history, and it is the Jubilee Year of the Dominion of Canada. The acts of the Council may not affect in any appreciable degree the affairs of the Empire at large, or even of the Dominion as a whole; but the period of their office is likely to be one in which St. Andrews will have to consider important local questions that will affect the future of the community to an extent that many do not yet fully realize. When these questions arise it is earnestly to be hoped that the Council will give them that measure of careful and intelligent consideration which their importance demands. It is a trite saying that a public office is a public trust; and the new Town Council should, and, no doubt, will, realize that the public interests are paramount and must never be made subservient to private considerations or personal advantage. The new Council will be judged according to its acts of omission as well as of commission, and it is the duty of the community to give it the fullest support when those acts tend to the public benefit. Apathy and neglect are the two evils most to be deprecated.

VIKING SOLD

The steamer *Viking*, wich plied on the St. John river between Indiantown and Fredericton for the greater part of last season, has been sold by her owner, J. S. Gregory, to Captain Robert Carr, of Parrsboro, N. S. The steamer will be taken to Nova Scotia as soon as she is put in condition to make the voyage.

The *Viking* was formerly owned by the Campobello Steamship Company, and was brought here from St. Stephen last July by Joseph Williams. She was kept on the Fredericton route until the close of navigation and was then sold by Mr. Williams to Mr. Gregory.

Is golf an old man's game?": "Not exactly. It is a game that an old man always wishes he had taken up when he was younger!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"What you ought to do is to deliver one of those old-fashioned ringing speeches." "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Times have changed. A man can't get up and make a speech now without creating a suspicion that maybe he's going to filibuster."—*Washington Star.*

News in Brief

——Helsingors, Finland, April 12.—The Finnish Landtag opened to-day for the first time since the war broke out, amid manifeststions of Russo-Finnish fraternity. In proclaiming the Landtag opened Governor General Stakovich declared that Russia's new democratic condition is a guarantee against future violations of Finland's liberties.

The Speaker of the Landtag, welcoming the liberation of Russia, said: "Finland, like Russia, has ceased to be a monarchical country. Finland will defend her political institutions so as better to correspond with the high stage of development of the Finnish people."

——Washington, April 15.—Without a dissenting voice the house, amid plaudits of members and the galleries, last night passed the seven billion dollar war revenue authorization measure. One member, Representative Landon, of New York, the only Socialist in congress, voted "present."

Owing to general pairs and absentees only 389 votes were recorded for the bill, but both Democractic leader Kitchen and Republican leader Mann announced that all of their members would have voted affirmatively if they had been present.

The bill authorizes five billion dollars in bonds of which $3,000,000,000 will be loaned to Entente countries, and the issuance of treasury certificates for two billion dollars ultimately to be met by increased taxation. Passage of the measure was never in doubt during the two days it was under consideration in the house, and favorable action by an overwhelming vote is assured in the Senate, where it will be taken up Monday. It probably will be signed by the President by the middle of the week.

—— Vancouver, April 13.—Lieut. Alfred Lineham, brother of Arthur Lineham, manager of the *News-Advertiser*, and Captain Gordon Tupper, son of Sir Chas. Tupper, have been killed in action.

——London, April 13.—A Copenhagen dispatch says that the Danish newspapers report that Americans are buying a majority of the Norwegian ships under construction in American ship-yards. In the last few days Americans are said to have purchased more than 200,000 tons of such shipping.

——Washington, April 12.—General Carranza has given positive assurances to the United States that oil supplies from the Tampico fields and other Mexican sources will not be denied to the United States or Great Britain. Mexican oil is the principal fuel for British and French war vessels.

——Amsterdam, April 14.—German correspondents on the Russian and Swedish frontiers report that the Russian Provisional Government intends to change the name of the capital back to St. Petersburg. The Government is said to have decided upon this, "because Petrograd recalls to every Russian the saddest time in Russian history."

——Mexico City, April 15.—General Carranza in his address to the new congress to-night declared that Mexico would maintain a strict and rigorous neutrality in the world war.

H. Von Eckardt, the German minister, was seated in a box with Austrian, Spanish and other diplomats. Henry P. Fletcher sat with the British minister.

——Washington, April 13.—Major-Gen. Goethals will accede to President Wilson's request that he take general charge of the construction of wooden ships planned by the Shipping Board to carry supplies to the Entente Allies. While no formal reply from Gen. Goethals has been received, officials have information that he will undertake the work.

——Cape Town, South Africa, April 15—At the South African party congress yesterday Hon. F. S. Malan, minister of mines, announced that the Union government had decided to grant the Imperial government one million pounds sterling, in recognition of the protection afforded by the navy under which exports from South Africa had proceeded as usual notwithstanding the war.

——London, April 13.—A demand for indemnity for the sinking of the Spanish steamship *San Fulgencio* has been made on Germany by the Spanish Council of Ministers, the Madrid correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company cables.

The *San Fulgencio* was torpedoed without warning, being the first Spanish ship to be sunk by the Germans under these conditions. A London dispatch of Wednesday said the Spanish Government had made a strong protest to Germany.

——London, April 16.—Walter H. Page, the American ambassador, and Mrs. Page arrived at Windsor Castle to-day for a short visit to the King and Queen.

——New York, April 16.—Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, who was removed from her hotel to a hospital here yesterday, was said by her physicians to-night to be showing "signs of improvement." A consultation was held during the afternoon, but it could not be learned whether an operation would be performed. The nature of the malady is not disclosed.

CANADIAN NEWS

——Montreal, April 13.—Recruiting in this city for the Canadian defence force is generally considered by the officers here a complete failure. Less than twenty men have been secured in two weeks of campaigning for recruits, in which Major-General Wilson, G.O.C., has taken a prominent part, and there is no hope of raising a battalion, or even a company in Montreal, not to say anything of the 5,000 men asked for by the Minister of Militia and Defence.

——Ottawa, April 13.—Sir George Foster, acting Premier, announced yesterday that a comprehensive census of Canadian industries would be taken for the year 1917, by the census and statistics office. The idea is to have the fullest possible data in hand with regard to industrial undertakings available for the period of reconstruction which will follow the return of peace. The reconstruction committee of the British Cabinet is now considering a similar suggestion. Plans already drawn up for certain sections of field, will be completed during the summer and the inquiry launched toward the end of the year, so that the results will be available for 1918.

——Fredericton, April 16—Two hundred feet of track on the St. John & Quebec Railway at Indian Village slid out this morning, blocking the line. Temporary repairs were effected and traffic resumed this evening.

——Ottawa, Ont., April 16—Representatives of Canadian Boards of Trade this morning asked the Government to authorize daylight saving for Canada from the third Sunday in April to the third Sunday in September.

It was said the clocks of England and France had been put ahead an hour, and that the United States was about to take similar action.

Sir George Foster expressed sympathy with the request.

——Ottawa, April 16.—The paper situation is to be investigated. Mr. R. A. Pringle, K. C., has been appointed on the recommendation of the Minister of Finance, to report upon the production, manufacturing cost and selling price of news print in Canada. The matter has engaged the attention of publishers and the Government for some time. The paper producers announced a heavy advance in news print press. The publishers protested to the Government and the Finance Minister directed the paper makers to be reasonable. The paper men have asked for an investigation and it has been granted.

RECRUITING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The official report of the result of recruiting in the Province of New Brunswick, for home and overseas service, for the week ending April 14, is as follows:

St. John County—	
Canadian Engineers	5
Machine Gun Draft	3
236th Battalion	13
9th Siege Battery	2
Forestry Company	2
65th Field Battery	1
C. A. S. C.	3
Home Service	2
	— 31
Kings County—	
Forestry Company	13
Aviation Corps	1
Home Service	5
	— 19
Carleton County—	
65th Field Battery	5
Forestry Company	5
Home Service	1
	— 11
York County—	
9th Siege Battery	3
236th Battalion	7
	— 10
Westmorland County—	
Forestry Company	2
Field Artillery Draft	1
Home Service	3
	— 6
Kent County—	
Home Service	3
	— 3
Northumberland County—	
R. C. N. V. R.	1
Canadian Engineers	1
Home Service	1
	— 3
Charlotte County—	
236th Battalion	1
Home Service	1
	— 2
Albert County	0
Restigouche County	0
Victoria County	0
Madawaska County	0
Queens and Sunbury	0
	—
Total for week	85

BOOTH FISHERIES COMPANY.

The following directors and officers were elected at the annual stockholders' meeting in Chicago, April 10, 1917:

Directors—K. L. Ames, W. J. Feron, Andrew W. Lawrence, Geo. F. Goodnow, P. L. Smithers, W. G. Weil, R. S. Tuthill, Jr., all of Chicago, and Herbert C. Wright, New York.

Officers—President, K. L. Ames; vice-president and treasurer, P. L. Smithers; secretary and assistant treasurer, W. G. Weil; assistant secretary, Wm. F. Cochran.

The company is beginning to feel the effects of sane management. Their annual statement was the best they have issued. At the election of officers and directors for the coming year there were no changes of importance, the same management continuing. During the week the common stock sold for 99, passing the preferred, a record only accounted for by the company's large earnings shown by the annual statement. — *The Fishing Gazette.*

SARDINES GO UP IN PRICE

Eastport, Me., April 16.—And now the humble Maine herring, masquerading under the name of sardine, is to contribute its bit to the high cost of living. On the opening of the canning season to-day the packers are experiencing considerable difficulty in obtaining enough workmen. They are also hampered by an unusual amount of damage to the weirs by winter storms. Leading packers estimate that the cost of production will be 50 per cent. higher than last season, necessitating increased prices for their output.—*St. John Globe.*

"They're making a lot of speeches about you out home." "Let 'em go ahead," replied Senator Sorghum. "If the talk keeps up long enough it'll lose interest and begin to sound like idle gossip. And then, maybe, I won't have to go any further in denying it than merely to step forward and say, 'Pooh! Pooh!'"—*Washington Star.*

News of the Sea

——New York, April 12—The American schooner, *M. D. Cressy*, 2,115 tons, which left here April 7 for Havre with general cargo, sprang a leak and was sunk during a gale last Monday, when about 200 miles southeast of Sandy Hook. Second Officer George Smith, and two seamen, were drowned in launching a lifeboat, and later the ship's cook died from exposure. Capt. H. B. Nelson, with his wife and nine survivors of the ship, were rescued at sea by a British steamship, after they had drifted in an open boat for 72 hours.

——Washington, April 12—The American schooner *Marguerite*, of New York, was captured and presumably sunk by a submarine thirty-five miles southwest of Sardinia on April 4, and her crew, including one American, exposed to forty-six hours in open boats. A dispatch to the State Department to-day from Ambassador Sharp, at Paris, forwarded the information from the American Consul at Tunis. The ship made no attempt to escape or resist. The submarine refused all aid.

Exposure of the crew, including one American, of the Norwegian bark *Marion*, sunk without warning by a German submarine, to forty-seven hours in open boats, was reported to the Department today by Consul Washington, at Liverpool.

——Washington, April 14—The American schooner *Edwin R. Hunt*, of New York, was adandoned by her crew, under shell fire from a submarine, near Cape Gata, Spain, in the Mediterranean, April 7, according to a dispatch to the State Department from Consul Gasset at Malaga.

Consul Gassett's message said: American schooner *Edwin R. Hunt*, of New York, Nicholas Miller master, with crew of eight, bound from Cette to New York in balast, shelled by submarine at 4 a. m., April 7, forty miles off Cape Gata. Ship abandoned by crew under fire; fate unknown. Crew all saved; brought to Almeria by Danish schooner *Konso.*

——London, April 14—The British hospital ship *Salte* was sunk by a mine in the English Channel on April 10, the War Office announces. Fifty-two persons were drowned. There were no wounded on board.

The British hospital ship *Gloucester Castla* was torpedoed without warning in the English Channel on March 30. All the wounded on the *Gloucester* were saved. A German wireless dispatch on April 11 says the *Gloucester Castle* was torpedoed by a German submarine.

An Athens dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Co. says that the Greek cargo boat *Livatho*, Salonika to New York, without cargo, was torpedoed on Sunday.

The British steamer *Gloucester Castle*, 7999 tons, was built in Glasgow in 1911 and was owned in London.

The only *Salto* listed in maritime reference books in a French merchantman of 7,284 tons gross, owned in Marseilles. There are no records of her recent movements.

The Greek steamship *Livatho* was of 1904 tons. She sailed from New York on December 2 for Piraeus, arriving at Gibraltar on December 27. No futher movements of the vessel are recorded in available shipping records.

——Christiania, Norway, April 15.—Seamen saved from the torpedoed Danish ships *Nanzy* and *Saxo* have reported to the Danish Consulate in Bergen that the ships were sunk forty-two miles from land and outside the blockade zone. The *Saxo* was a Danish steamer of 711 tons gross, built in 1907, and owned in Copenhagen. There is no Danish vessel *Nanzy* listed, but the Danish steamer *Nancy*, of 1311 tons gross, built in 1888 and owned in Esbjirg, is on the shipping record. There are no recent records of the movement of either of the vessels.

——New York, April 16.—The British tank steamship *Narragansett*, a ship of 9,196 tons and one of the largest carriers of bulk oil ever built, has been torpedoed somewhere off the Irish coast, according to word brougnt here by officers of a British ship.

The *Narragansett* was last reported when she left here for a British port on March 5. She was built in 1904 at Greenock, Scotland, and was 512 feet long and could carry 11,000 tons of oil.

——New York, April 17.—The loss of the American steamship *Zealandia*, on the British coast, early this month, was due to striking a mine, and two of the crew were scalded to death, according to officers of the ship who arrived here today on an American steamship.

——Washington, April 17.—A German submarine to-day fired on the destroyer *Smith* about 100 miles south of New York.

The presence of enemy submarines in American waters indicates that the threatened submarine blockade of American Atlantic ports has begun.

——New York, April 17.—The Associated Press to-day says: The British steamer *Karmala*, an 8983-ton passenger vessel owned by the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co., was driven on a reef and sunk on March 17 near Spezzia Italy, after being shelled and torpedoed by a German submarine, according to two Americans, who were among the *Karmala's* 190 passengers, and who arrived here to-day from Europe. All on board the *Karmala* were saved.

——Madrid, April 18.—The Spanish steamer *Tom* has been torpedoed and sunk without warning. Eighteen lives were lost. It is expected that news of this occurrence will further inflame public feeling in Spain. The *Tom*, 2,400 tons gross, was owned in Bilbao.

——London, April 18.—Official shipping returns for the week ended April 15 are as follows:

"Arrivals and sailings of merchant vessels of all nationalities at United Kingdom ports, over 100 tons: Arrivals, 3,379; sailings, 2,331.

"British merchantmen sunk by mine or submarines: Over 1,600 tons, 19, including four not recorded in previous week; under 1,600 tons, 9.

"British merchant vessels unsuccessfully attacked by submarines, including three in the previous fortnight, 15.

"British fighting vessels sunk, including two in the previous week, 12."

During the past seven weeks, the period in which statements of the losses of British merchant vessels have been made in their present form, the figures show that 168 such vessels have been lost, the total for vessels of more than 1,600 tons being 116, and for vessels of less than that tonnage, 52. This week's losses of 28 merchant ships are slightly in excess of the average, which is 24 for the seven week's period.

——Rome, April 18.—Seven Italian vessels were sunk during the week ended April 15, according to to-day's official statement giving the figures from the movement of shipping in and out of Italian ports. The statement reads:

"During the week ended April 15, 454 ships of all nationalities, of a gross tonage of 401,685, entered Italian ports, while 419 ships, of a gross tonnage of 390,590, left. Five of Italian nationality, under 3,500 tons, and two sailing vessels, under 160 tons, were sunk.

——Ymuiden, Holland, April 18.—A trawler brought in to-day the crew of the Norwegian mark *Polykarp*, West Hartlepool for Christiania, with coal, which was torpedoed without warning April 16.

The Norwegian three-masted bark *Polykarp* was a vessel of 500 tons, built in 1880, and owned in Porsgrund.

——London, April 19.—The *Morning Post's* Christiania correspondent reports that the Norwegian steamer *Paris*, 1,634 tons, was sunk Tuesday.

Mrs. Riley—"Are yez on callin' terms wid your new neighbour?" Mrs. Murphy—"Oi am. Missin' some of her washin' yisterday, she called me a thafe an Oi called her a lotas."—*Boston Transcript.*

"So you think that we were made for each other, do you?" she said. "Yes," he replied; "I'm heavily in debt, and you've got all kinds of money."—*Boston Transcript.*

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