TRAVEL

Manan S. S. Company

Oct. 1 and until further notice
and 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.

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

T—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse
o., St. John, N. B.

ne 2851; manager, Lewis Connors,
Harbor, N. B.
Company will not be responsible
y debts contracted after this date
t a written order from the Com-
r Captain of the steamer.

## CHURCH SERVICES

YTERIAN CHURCH—Revd. W. M. ser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every day, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday ool, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Fri evening at 7.30.

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

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

SAINTS CHURCH—Revd. Geo. H. ott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy mmunion Sundays 8.00 a. m. 1st nday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer d Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. enings—Prayer and Sermon on Sun- ys at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening ayer Service 7.30.

IST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, astor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. d 7 p.m., Sunday School after the orning service. Prayer Service, Wed- sday evening at 7.30. Service at yside every Sunday afternoon at 3 lock except the last Sunday in the onth when it is held at 7 in the ening.

## ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

ffice Hours from 8 a.m to 8 p.m.
Money Orders and Savings Bank Busi- s transacted during open hours.
Letters within the Dominion and to the ited States and Mexico, Great Britain pt and all parts of the British Empire, nts per ounce or fraction thereof. In dition to the postage necessary, each h letter must have affixed a one-cent ar Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 nts for the first ounce, and 3 cents for h additional ounce. Letters to which 5 cent rate applies do *not* require the ar Tax" stamp.
Post Cards one cent each to any address Canada, United States and Mexico. e cent post cards must have a one-cent ar Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent car. n be used. Post cards two cents each other countries. The two-cent cards *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.
Newspapers and periodicals, to any ad ss in Canada, United States and exico, one cent per four ounces.

ARRIVES: 12.20 p. m. CLOSES: 5.05 p. m.
All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an r 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 Charlotte:—
CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 8, 17, Chief Justice K. B. D. McKeown; esday, October 2, 1917, Justice Chand-
COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in Feb- ary and June, and the Fourth Tuesday 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

H. O'NEILL
UP-TO-DATE
MARKET

Dealer in Meats, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Etc.
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

The Beacon

VOL. XXVIII — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1917 — NO. 41

### LONDON, MDCCCII

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
(Born April 7, 1770; died April 23, 1850.)

### THE GOLD FISH

OUTSIDE the little straw-thatched *café* in a small courtyard trellised with vines, before a miniature table painted in red and blue, and upon which stood a dome-shaped pewter teapot and a painted glass half filled with mint, sat Amarabat, resting and smoking hemp. He was of those whom Allah in his mercy (or because man in the Blad-Allah has made no railways) has ordained to run. Set upon the road, his shoes pulled up, his waistband tightened, in his hand a staff, a palm-leaf wallet at his back, and in it bread, some hemp, a match or two (known to him as el spiritus), and a letter to take anywhere, crossing the plains, fording the streams, struggling along the mountain-paths, sleeping but fitfully, a burning rope steeped in saltpetre fastened to his foot, he trotted day and night—untiring as a camel, faithful as a dog. In Rabat as he sat dozing, watching the greenish smoke curl upwards from his hemp pipe, word came to him from the Khalifa of the town. So Amarabat rose, paid for his tea with half a handful of defaced and greasy copper coins, and took his way towards the white palace with the crenelated walls, which on the cliff, hanging above the roaring tide-rip, just inside the bar of the great river, looks at Salee. Around the horseshoe archway of the gate stood soldiers, wild, fierce-eyed, armed to the teeth, descendants, most of them, of the famed warriors whom Sultan Muley Ismail (may God have pardoned him!) bred for his service, after the fashion of the Carlylean hero Frederic; and Amarabat walked through them, not aggressively, but with the staring eyes of a confirmed hemp-smoker, with the long stride of one who knows that he is born to run, and the assurance of a man who waits upon his lord. Some time he waited whilst the Khalifa dispensed what he thought justice, chaffered with Jewish pedlars for cheap European goods, gossiped with friends, looked at the antics of a dwarf, or priced a Georgian or Circassian girl brought with more care than glass by some rich merchant from the East. At last Amarabat stood in the presence, and the Khalifa, sitting upon a pile of cushions playing with a Waterbury watch, a pistol and a Koran by his side, addressed him thus:—

"Amarabat, son of Bjorma, my purpose is to send thee to Tafilet, where our liege lord the Sultan lies with his camp. Look upon this glass bowl made by the Kaffir, but clear as is the crystal of the rock; see how the light falls on the water, and the shifting colours that it makes, as when the Bride of the Rain stands in the heavens, after a shower in spring. Inside are seven gold fish, each scale as bright as letters in an Indian book. The Christian from whom I bought them said originally they came from the Far East where the Djin-descended Jawi live, the little yellow people of the faith. That may be, but such as they are, they are a gift for kings. Therefore, take thou the bowl. Take it with care, and bear it as it were thy life. Stay not, but in an hour start from the town. Delay not on the road, be careful of the fish, change not their water at the muddy pool where tortoises bask in the sunshine, but at running brooks; talk not to friends, look not upon the face of woman by the way, although she were as a gazelle, or as the maiden who when she walked through the fields the sheep stopped feeding to admire. Stop not, but run through day and night, pass through the Atlas at the Glaui; beware of frost, cover the bowl with thine own haik; upon the other side shield me the bowl from the Saharan sun, and drink not of the water if thou pass a day athirst when toiling through the sand. Break not the bowl, and see the fish arrive in Tafilet, and then present them, with this letter, to our lord. Allah be with you, and his Prophet; go, and above all things see thou breakest not the bowl." And Amarabat, after the manner of his kind, taking the bowl of gold fish, placed one hand upon his heart and said: Inshallah, it shall be as thou hast said. God gives the feet and lungs. He also gives the luck upon the road."

So he passed out under the horseshoe arch, holding the bowl almost at arm's length so as not to touch his legs, and with the palmetto string by which he carried it bound round with rags. The soldiers looked at him, but spoke not, and their eyes seemed to see far away, and to pass over all in the middle distance, though no doubt they marked the smallest detail of his gait and dress. He passed between the horses of the guard all standing nodding under the fierce sun, the reins tied to the cantles of their high red saddles, a boy in charge of every two or three: he passed beside the camels resting by the well, the donkeys standing dejected by the firewood they had brought: passed women, veiled white figures going to the baths; and passing underneath the lofty gateway of the town, exchanged a greeting with the half-mad, half-religious beggar just outside the walls, and then emerged upon the sandy road, between the aloe hedges, which skirts along the sea. So as he walked, little by little he fell into his stride; then got his second wind, and smoking now and then a pipe of hemp, began, as Arabs say, to eat the miles, his eyes fixed on the horizon, his stick stuck down between his shirt and back, the knob protruding over the left shoulder like the hilt of a two-handed sword. And still he held the precious bowl from Franquestan in which the golden fish swam to and fro, diving and circling in the sunlight, or flapped their tails to steady themselves as the water danced with the motion of his steps. Never before in his experience had he been charged with such a mission, never before been sent to stand before Allah's vicegerent upon earth. But still the strangeness of his business was what preoccupied him most. The fish like molten gold, the water to be changed only at running streams, the fish to be preserved from frost and sun; and then the bowl: had not the Khalifa said at the last, "Beware, break not the bowl"? So it appeared to him that most undoubtedly a charm was in the fish and in the bowl, for who sends common fish on such a journey through the land? Then he resolved at any hazard to bring them safe and keep the bowl intact, and trotting onward, smoked his hemp, and wondered why he of all men should have had the luck to bear the precious gift. He knew he kept his law, at least as far as a poor man can keep it, prayed when he thought of prayer, or was assailed by terror in the night alone upon the plains; fasted in Ramadan, although most of his life was one continual fast; drank of the shameful but seldom, and on the sly, so as to give offence to no believer, and seldom looked upon the face of the strange women, Daughters of the Illegitimate, whom Sidna Mohammed himself has said, avoid. But all these things he knew were done by many of the faithful, and so he did not set himself up as of exceeding virtue, but rather left the praise to God, who helped his slave with strength to keep his law. Then left off thinking, judging the matter was ordained, and trotted, trotted over the burning plains, the gold fish dancing in the water as the miles melted and passed away.

Duar and Kasbah, castles of the Caids, Arabs' black tents, suddra zaribas, camels grazing—antediluvian in appearance—on the little hills; the muddy streams edged all along the banks with oleanders, the solitary horsemen holding their long and brass-hooped guns like spears, the white-robed noiseless-footed travellers on the roads, the chattering storks upon the village mosques, the cow-birds sitting on the cattle in the fields—he saw, but marked not, as he trotted on. Day faded into night, no twilight intervening, and the stars shone out, Soheil and Rigel with Betelgeuse and Aldebaran, and the three bright lamps which the cursed Christians know as the Three Maries—called, he supposed, after the mother of their Prophet; and still he trotted on. Then by the side of a lone palm-tree springing up from a cleft in a tall rock, an island on the plain, he stopped to pray; and sleeping, slept but fitfully, the strangeness of the business making him wonder; and he who cavils over matters in the night can never rest, for thus the jackal and the hyena pass their nights talking and reasoning about the thoughts which fill their minds when men lie with their faces covered in their haiks, and after prayer sleep. Rising after an hour or two and going to the nearest stream, he changed the water of his fish, leaving a little in the bottom of the bowl, and dipping with his brass drinking-cup into the stream for fear of accidents. He passed the Kasbah of el Daudi, passed the land of the Rahamna, accursed folk always in "siba," saw the great snowy wall of Atlas rise, skirted Marakesh, the Kutubieh, rising first from the plain and sinking last from sight as he approached the mountains and left the great white city sleeping in the plain.

Little by little the country altered as he ran: cool streams for muddy rivers, groves of almond-trees, ashes and elms, with grape-vines binding them together as the liana binds the canela and the urunday in the dark forests of Brazil and Paraguay. At mid-day, when the sun was at its height, when locusts, whirring through the air, sank in the dust as flying-fish sink in the waves, when palm-trees seem to nod their heads, and lizards are abroad drinking the heat and basking in the rays, when the dry air shimmers, and sparks appear to dance before the traveller's eye, and a thin, reddish dust lies on the leaves, on clothes of men, and upon every hair of horses' coats, he reached a spring. A river springing from a rock, or issuing after running underground, had formed a little pond. Around the edge grew bulrushes, great catmace, water-soldiers, tall arums and metallic-looking sedge-grass, which gave an air as of an outpost of the tropics lost in the desert sand. Fish played beneath the rock where the stream issued, flitting to and fro, or hanging suspended for an instant in the clear stream, darted into the dark recesses of the sides; and in the middle of the pond enormous tortoises, horrid and antediluvian-looking, basked with their backs awash or raised their heads to snap at flies, and all about them hung a dark and fetid slime.

A troop of this brown Arab girls filled their tall amphoræ whilst washing in the pond. Placing his bowl of fish upon a jutting rock, the messenger drew near. "Gazelles," he said, "will one of you give me fresh water for the Sultan's golden fish?" Laughing and giggling, the girls drew near, looked at the bowl, had never seen such fish. "Allah is great; why do you not let them go in the pond and play a little with their brothers?" And Amarabat with a shiver answered, "Play, them play! and if they come not back my life will answer for it." Fear fell upon the girls, and one advancing, holding the skirt of her long shift between her teeth to veil her face, poured water from her amphora upon the fish.

Then Amarabat, setting down his precious bowl, drew from his wallet a pomegranate and began to eat, and for a farthing buying a piece of bread from the women, was satisfied, and after smoking, slept, and dreamed he was approaching Tafilet; he saw the palm-trees rising from the sand; the gardens; all the oasis stretching beyond his sight; at the edge the Sultan's camp, a town of canvas, with the horses, camels, and the mules picketed, all in rows, and in the midst of the great "duar" the Sultan's tent, like a great palace all of canvas, shining in the sun. All this he saw, and saw himself entering the camp, delivering up his fish, perhaps admitted to the sacred tent, or at least paid by a vizier, as one who has performed his duty well. The slow match blistering his foot, he woke to find himself alone, the "gazelles" departed, and the sun shining on the bowl, making the fish appear more magical, more wondrous, brighter, and more golden than before.

And so he took his way along the winding Atlas paths, and slept at Demnats, then, entering the mountains, met long trains of travellers going to the south. Passing through groves of chestnuts, walnut-trees, and hedges thick with blackberries and travellers' joy, he climbed through vineyards rich with black Atlas grapes, and passed the flat mud-built Berber villages nestling against the rocks. Eagles flew by and mouffions gazed at him from the peaks, and from the thickets of lentiscus and dwarf arbutus wild boars appeared, grunted, and slowly walked across the path, and still he climbed, the icy wind from off the snow chilling him in his cotton shirt, for his warm Tadla haik was long ago wrapped round the bowl to shield the precious fish. Crossing the Wad Ghadat, the current to his chin, his bowl of fish held in one hand, he struggled on. The Berber tribesmen at Tetsula and Zarkten, hard-featured, shaved but for a chin-tuft, and robed in their "achnifs" with the curious eye woven in the skirt, saw he was a "rekass," or thought the fish not worth their notice, so gave him a free road. Night caught him at the stone-built, antediluvian-looking Kasbah of the Glaui, perched in the eye of the pass, with the small plain of Teluet two thousand feet below. Off the high snow-peaks came a whistling wind, water froze solid in all the pots and pans, earthenware jars and bottles throughout the castle, save in the bowl which Amarabat, shivering and miserable, wrapped in his haik and held close to the embers, hearing the muezzin at each call to prayers; praying himself to keep awake so that his fish might live. Dawn saw him on the trail, the bowl wrapped in a woollen rag, and the fish fed with breadcrumbs, but himself hungry and his head swimming with want of sleep, with smoking "kief," and with the bitter wind which from El Tisi N'Glaui flagellates the road. Right through the valley of Teluet he still kept on, and day and night still trotting, trotting on, changing his bowl almost instinctively from hand to hand, a broad leaf floating on the top to keep the water still, he left Agurzga, with its twin castles, Ghresat and Dads, behind. Then rapidly descending, in a day reached an oasis between Todghra and Ferkla, and rested at a village for the night. Sheltered by palm-trees and hedged round with cactuses and aloes, either to keep out thieves or as a symbol of the thorniness of life, the village lay, looking back on the white Atlas gaunt and mysterious, and on the other side towards the brown Sahara, land of the palm-tree (Belad-el-Jerid), the refuge of the true Ishmaelite; for in the desert, learning, good faith, and hospitality can still be found—at least, so Arabs say.

Orange and azofaifa trees, with almonds, sweet limes and walnuts, stood up against the waning light, outlined in the clear atmosphere almost so sharply as to wound the eye. Around the well goats and sheep lay, whilst a girl led a camel round the Noria track; women sat here and there and gossiped, with their tall earthenware jars stuck by the point into the ground, and waited for their turn, just as they did in the old times, so far removed from us, but which in Arab life is but as yesterday, when Jacob cheated Esau, and the whole scheme of Arab life was photographed for us by the writers of the Pentateuch. In fact, the self-same scene which has been acted every evening for two thousand years throughout North Africa, since the adventurous ancestors of the tribesmen of to-day left Hadrumut or Yemen, and upon which Allah looks down approvingly, as recognizing that the traditions of his first recorded life have been well kept. Next day he trotted through the barren plain of Seddat, the Jibel Saghra making a black line on the horizon to the south. Here Berber tribes sweep in their razzias like hawks; but who would plunder a rekass carrying a bowl of fish? Crossing the dreary plain and dreaming of his entry into Tafilet, which now was almost in his reach not two days distant, the sun beating on his head, the water almost boiling in the bowl, hungry and footsore, and in the state betwixt waking and sleep into which those who smoke hemp on journeys often get, he branched away upon a trail leading towards the south. Between the oases of Todghra and Ferkla, nothing but stone and sand, black stones on yellow sand; sand, and yet more sand, and then again stretches of blackish rocks with a suddra bush or two, and here and there a colocynth, bitter and beautiful as love or life, smiling up at the traveller from amongst the stones. Towards midday the path led towards a sandy tract all overgrown with sandrac bushes and crossed by trails of jackals and hyenas, then it quite disappeared, and Amarabat waking from his dream saw he was lost. Like a good shepherd, his first thought was for his fish; for he imagined the last few hours of sun had made them faint, and one of them looked heavy and swam sideways, and the rest kept rising to the surface in an uneasy way. Not for a moment was Amarabat frightened, but looked about for some known landmark, and finding none started to go back on his trail. But to his horror the wind which always sweeps across the Sahara had covered up his tracks, and on the stony paths which he had passed his feet had left no prints. Then Amarabat, the first moments of despair passed by, took a long look at the horizon, tightened his belt, pulled up his slipper heels, covered his precious bowl with a corner of his robe, and started doggedly back upon the road he thought he traversed on the deceitful path. How long he trotted, what he endured, whether the fish died first, or if he drank, or, faithful to the last, thirsting met death, no one can say. Most likely wandering in the waste of sandhills and of suddra bushes he stumbled on, smoking his hashish while it lasted, turning to Mecca at the time of prayer, and trotting on more feebly (for he was born to run), till he sat down beneath the sun-dried bushes where the Shinghiti on his Mehari found him dead beside the trail. Under a stunted sandarac tree, the head turned to the east, his body lay, swollen and distorted by the pangs of thirst, the tongue protruding rough as a parrot's, and beside him lay the seven golden fish, once bright and shining as the pure gold when the goldsmith pours it molten from his pot, but now turned black and bloated, stiff, dry, and dead. Life the mysterious, the mocking, the inscrutable, unseizable, the uncomprehended essence of nothing and of everything, had fled, both from the faithful messenger and from his fish. But the Khalifa's parting caution had been well obeyed, for by the tree, unbroken, the crystal bowl still glistened beautiful as gold, in the fierce rays of the Saharan sun.—From "Thirteen Stories," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Duckworth & Co. 2s 6d. net.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

### 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 March 31, is as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Kings County— | | |
| Forestry company | 36 | |
| | | —36 |
| St. John County— | | |
| 216th battalion | 1 | |
| 236th battalion | 6 | |
| C. A. S. C. | 4 | |
| 9th siege battery | 1 | |
| Canadian engineers | 4 | |
| 16th field ambulance depot | 2 | |
| R. C. N. V. R. | 4 | |
| | | —22 |
| Gloucester— | | |
| Forestry company | 18 | |
| | | —18 |
| Westmorland— | | |
| Forestry compay | 14 | |
| Field artillery draft | 1 | |
| R. C. N. V. R. | 1 | |
| Home service | 2 | |
| | | —18 |
| Northumberland— | | |
| 236th battalion | 1 | |
| Forestry company | 2 | |
| Field artillery draft | 4 | |
| R. C. N. V. R. | 1 | |
| Canadian engineers | 1 | |
| Home service | 4 | |
| | | —13 |
| York County— | | |
| 9th siege battery | 2 | |
| 236th battalion | 3 | |
| Forestry company | 2 | |
| I. R. F. C. | 2 | |
| Home service | 1 | |
| | | —10 |
| Carleton County— | | |
| Forestry company | 7 | |
| 65th field battery | 1 | |
| | | —8 |
| Kent County— | | |
| Home service | 4 | |
| | | —4 |
| Victoria County— | | |
| 9th siege battery | 1 | |
| Forestry company | 1 | |
| | | —2 |
| Restigouche— | | |
| 9th siege battery | 1 | |
| Forestry company | 1 | |
| | | —2 |
| Charlotte County— | | |
| Canadian engineers | 2 | |
| | | —2 |
| Albert County | 0 | |
| Queens and Sunbury Counties | 0 | |
| Madawaska County | 0 | |
| Total for week | 135 | |

### GOLD IN THE UNITED STATES

New York, April 2—Gold amounting to $25,000,000 was received in this country to-day from Canada. All of it was for the account of J. P. Morgan & Co. Of the total, $10,000,000 was received at New York and $15,000,000 at Philadelphia. This in addition to the $10,000,000 received late on Saturday, brings the total for the year to date up to $294,400,000.

Total imports for the month of March amounted to $106,700,000, as against $103,766,000 in February, and $58,926,000 in January. Other large import months in 1916 were $158,620,000 in December, $122,000,000 in June, and $97,500,000 in October.

From January 1, 1915, total imports amount to $1,431,900,000.

Washington, April 2—Gold holdings of the United States Treasury to-day were the greatest in the world's history.

The total value of the coin and bullion in the vaults was $3,044,300,292.

The sum practically has doubled during the last five years. Most of the accumulation, of course, is due to the inflow of gold during the war.

"Remember the magnanimous monarch who said that he destroyed his enemies by making them his friends." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But think of the bad company you are liable to get mixed up with by following that practice."—*Washington Star.*

### News in Brief

——Tokio, March 8—Thirty-four men, including an engineering graduate of the Imperial University of Tokio, were killed recently by a gas explosion in the Fushan coal mines in Manchuria. The dead included Taro Nakamura, the engineer, two other officials of the company, seven Japanese and twenty-four Chinese coolies.

——London, March 29—The Colonial Secretary in the House of Commons to-day announced that arrangements had been made to relax prohibition on the import of Canadian canned salmon.

——Petrograd, March 29—The Government has granted the request of Maria Feodorovna, the former Dowager Empress of Russia, and the mother of the deposed Emperor, to reside at Livadia, in the Crimea.

——London, March 29—At a prohibitionist meeting at Egham, near London, General Sir Edward Hutton, once commander-in-chief in Canada, presiding, said he favored rum rations for our soldiers, at which statement there was much booing. The general, however, declared the objectors did not understand what it meant to go through six campaigns, as he did, and march all night on an empty stomach.

——Chihuahua City, March 30—Francisco Villa, at the head of a cavalry force of 3,500 men, made a determined attempt to-day to capture Chihuahua City, but was driven back with the loss of 500 prisoners and 350 in killed and wounded.

——Amoy, China, March 31—The German Consul and his family sailed yesterday for Shanghai on board the Chinese steamer *Taishun*. They will return to Germany by way of America.

——Washington, March 31—The final act of more than fifty years' efforts to bring the Danish West Indies under the American flag was completed with formal ceremonies at the State Department to-day, when Danish Minister was handed a Treasury warrant for $25,000,000, the purchase price; and wireless messages were sent to the American and Danish authorities at the islands to lower the Danish flag and raise the Stars and Stripes. At noon to-day the new possessions passed definitely and finally under the authority of the United States.

——New York, April 2—With the opening of the Hell Gate bridge, the fourth to span the East River here, last night, an all-rail road was established connecting New England with points south and west of the Hudson river. The bridge, which took four years to build and cost $27,000,000, links the Pennsylvania and New Haven railroads. It is the longest steel arch bridge in the world, having a span of 1,017 feet between the faces of opposite towers, which rise to a height of 250 feet.

### CANADIAN NEWS

——Ottawa, March 29.—Some misunderstanding seems to exist as regards the proposed head tax on Canadians entering the United States. It is not a Canadian but an American regulation. Heretofore foreigners entering the United States, excepting Canadians, have been subject to a head-tax of $4. There has been no tax on Canadians or any person who had resided a year or more in this country. Under the new American regulations, to take effect May 1, the head-tax is increased to $8, and it is understood that it may be applied to Canadians entering the United States for residence.

Authorities here are in doubt as to the exact effect of the regulations, but it is understood Canadians visiting the United States may obtain identification cards, otherwise they may have to pay the head-tax, which will be returned within a certain specified period.

United States officials say they have not yet been appraised of the regulations to be framed.

——Ottawa, April 2—Customs returns for the fiscal year which closed on Saturday, March 31, constitute a new record. For the twelve months they total $145,949,107, as compared with $102,609,621 last year, an increase of $43,339,486.

The collections for the month of March are the highest for any single month since Confederation, totalling $15,209,118. For March, 1916 were $10,663,234 or $4,545,884 less.

### NEWS OF THE SEA

——New York, April 3.—The Associated Press carries the following: The British steamer *Cammaro*, of the Wilson Line, 6,133 tons, which left New York on March 14 for Hull with grain and freight, has been sunk. The crew, about forty in number, were landed at Falmouth.

The crew contains no Americans. The sinking is supposed to have been about March 28 and presumably in the German submarine zone.

——New York, April 3—The British steamer *Stanley*, of 3,987 tons gross, from Newport News, March 7, with a cargo of grain for Cherbourg, was sunk by a German submarine without warning, on March 21, and five members of her crew were killed. Fifteen survivors of the ship reached here to-day on the steamer *Port Albany*. Two other members of the crew, one an American, died of exposure in open boats.

Two boats were lowered when the *Stanley* was hit. The one containing the captain and eighteen men drifted away from the boat which contained the men picked up by the *Port Albany*, and have not been heard of since.

The other drifted for seventy-six hours before being sighted by the *Port Albany*. This boat had on board Chief Officer Cole, Chief Engineer Jenkins and fifteen of the crew. They were all but exhausted from exposure. Two of their number, including the American, died, and more would have perished soon, officers said, had their rescue been longer delayed.

### News of the Sea

——Vancouver, B. C., March 29—A dispatch to the *Canadian News* from Tokio says that a German raider has sunk a Japanese warship in the southern Pacific. The names of the vessels were not disclosed.

The presence of a German raider in the southern seas and in the Indian Ocean has been rumored several times lately, official reports having been given out to the effect that two British merchant ships had been sunk in that vicinity.

——Washington, March 29—The British bark *Neath*, from Mauritius for Havre, with sugar, was torpedoed without warning at 8.45 a. m. on Tuesday, 28 miles southeast of Fastnet, according to State Department reports to-day from Consul Frost, at Queenstown.

"The British bark *Neath*," Consul Frost said, "with auxiliary steam power, 4,690 tons, from Mauritius to Havre with a cargo of sugar, was torpedoed without warning at 8.45 a. m., 27th, 28 miles southeast of Fastnet. Sank in seven minutes. No losses or injuries.

"Carried no guns or wireless, nor made any attempt to escape or resist. Weather fair.

"Boats picked up by Admiralty vessels three miles off Baltimore, 6.30 p. m., 27th, all saved. Two Americans were aboard."

The message in part was conflicting. It said that the captain of the *Neath* was taken as a hostage by the submarine, but afterward stated that the captain was landed yesterday afternoon at Queenstown. No explanation for this apparent discrepancy was given. It was thought probable that after the captain was made prisoner the undersea craft was captured and the *Neath's* captain landed at Queenstown.

——London, March 30—The figures for British shipping losses from submarines and mines in the first eighteen days of December, January, February, and March were given as follows to-day in the House of Commons by Thomas J. MacNamara, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty:

December, 30; January, 26; February, 66; March, 55.

——London, March 30—According to a statement published here regarding the sinking of the Norwegian steamer *Ida* on Feb. 8, the German submarine *U-C 39*, which sank the *Ida*, was herself recently sunk in the North Sea.

The survivors of the *U-C 39*, the statement adds, are now prisoners of the British.

——London, March 31.—The owners of the British steamer *Alnwick Castle*, which was sunk recently by a German torpedo boat, when 320 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean, have issued a statement differing from that made public Thursday night, concerning the number of boats which left the steamer. This statement says the crew and passengers embarked in six boats instead of five. Three of these boats have not yet been heard from. Up to the present the only persons known to have been saved were eight passengers and fifty-three members of the crew.

——Washington, March 31,—Two British steamers, the *Snowdon Range* and the Booth liner *Crispin*, both with Americans aboard, of whom a number are unaccounted for, were reported to the State Department to-day to have been sunk without warning by a submarine.

On the *Crispin* the torpedo, which struck the engine-room, killed five men, two of whom are believed to have been Americans.

Consul Frost, at Queenstown, reporting the loss of the freight liner *Crispin*, said: "*Crispin*, 2,483 tons, Newport News to Liverpool, 686 horses, torpedoed without warning 14 miles off Hook Head, 7:15 p.m., 29th. Sixty-eight out of ship's complement of 112 were Americans. Two boats missing, not improbably lost.

"Torpedo struck engine-room, starboard side, explosion killing five men, of whom two believed Americans. Submarine not seen, but wake of torpedo seen by Americans. Vessel carried gun and wireless. Latter was wrecked by explosion. Weather moderate, wind, overcast sky, very heavy swells. Vessel sank slowly, but return on board not feasible owing to heavy sea.

"One boat with nineteen survivors landed at Queenstown, including captain, chief steward, veterinarian, and ten Americans.

"Other boats believed landing Milford Haven and elsewhere."

The dispatch from Liverpool reporting the sinking of the *Snowdon Range* follows:

"British steamer *Snowdon Range*, Philadelphia to Liverpool, with general cargo and powder, one gun aft, torpedoed without warning at 8.45 a. m., March 28, thirty-five miles from Holy Head. No vessel in sight; sea calm; weather hazy; no resistance; submarine submerged at time of attack. Four killed by explosion; remainder of crew took to boats, including James Carroll, Philadelphia, George Alexander, colored, Wilmingham, N. C.; Bert Thebalt, Philadelphia, native-born Americans, and Paddy McCabe, naturalized, no permanent address.

"Submarine emerged, showing German flag; shelled *Snowdon Range*, then boarded and removed provisions and detachable brass; placed bombs; vessel sunk. Crew picked up 6 p. m. Taken Holy Head."

A dispatch from Swansea said the Collector of Customs there reported that forty-eight Americans from the British cattle steamer *Crispin* had been landed at Milford Haven. No additional details of the sinking of the *Crispin* were given.

——Rio Janeiro, March 31—The French barque *Cambronne*, which arrived here yesterday with 285 members of crews of vessels sunk by a German raider, reports that she fell in with the raider on March 7 at latitude 21 west and longitude 7 south. After the survivors of the sunken vessels were put on board the barque was ordered to proceed to the coast of Brazil a voyage which took 32 days.

According to the *Journal do Brazil* the raider was loaded with mines, which explains the destruction of vessels off the coast of Brazil.

The commerce-destroyer is reported to be armed with two guns of 105 millimetres and 16 machine guns. The vessel has three masts and is equipped with wireless. Its crew consists of sixty-four men under the command of Count Ukner.

According to the refugees the raider left Germany on December 23 escorted by a submarine. They say that the commander declared that the German Emperor and the Crown Prince alone know of the expedition. No complaints have been made as to the treatment of the sailors while they were prisoners on board the raider. They give the name of the boat as the *Seeadler* and say that she was provisioned for eighteen months and had a great supply of munitions and explosives. On sighting a merchantman the raider hoisted a Norwegian flag, which was replaced by the German ensign when her prey was within reach of her guns. Among the refugees are two women, the wives of some of the captains of sunken vessels.

Among the ships sunk by the raider are the following: *Gladys Royle*, 3,268 tons; *Charles Gounod*, sailing, 3,100 tons; *Rochefoucauld*, 3,060 tons; *Antoinine*, 4,000 tons; *Duplex*, 3,000 tons; *Lady Island*, 4,500 tons; *Rohmgoth*, 5,500 tons; *Hongarth* and the Canadian schooned *Persse*, 500 tons.

The *Hongarth*, which was on her way from Montevideo to Plymouth with 6,500 tons of grain, disobeyed the raider's order to halt and attempted to escape. The captain finally surrendered after four members of his crew including the chief engineer and his assistant, had been wounded by machine gunfire. The *Lady Island* was loaded with 4,500 tons of sugar, the *Antoinine* with 4,000 tons of nitrates and the *Charles Gounod* with 3,100 tons of grain.

——Rio Janeiro, March 31—The *Pinmore*, British sailing vessel, 2,431 tons; *Buenos Aires*, Italian sailing vessel, 1,811 tons; *Brithroanes*, British sailing vessel (not listed), are reported as having been sunk by the German South Atlantic raider, *Seeadler*.

——New York, April 2.—The American steamer *Aztec*, owned by the Oriental Navigation Company, the first armed ship to sail from an American port, was sunk yesterday by a German submarine, according to advices received here to-night by the company from the United States consul at Brest, France. There were 39 men aboard the vessel, sixteen of them Americans.

The *Aztec* sailed from New York March 18 for Havre. She was commanded by Captain Walter O'Brien. Sixteen members of the crew were native born Americans. She carried a full cargo of foodstuffs and general supplies valued at more than $500,000.

Paris, April 2.—Some of the crew of the American steamer *Aztec* were rescued, and are being brought into Brest. A number of the men are missing and little hope is held that they can be saved, as the steamer was torpedoed at night while a heavy sea was running. The *Aztec* was armed with two 5-inch guns, one forward and one aft. The crew of naval gunners on board was in command of a warrant officer.

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