TRAVEL

d Manan S. S. Company

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

e Grand Manan Thursdays 7.30
for St. Stephen, returning Friday
via Campobello, Eastport and St.
ys, both ways.

e Grand Manan Saturdays 7.30
round trip St. Andrews, returning
both ways via Campobello and
t.
ntic Standard Time.

SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Mgr

TIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

le S. S. " Connors Bros." is tempor-
off her route the auxiliary boats
Connors " and " Page " will supply
ice till further notice.
ve St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf
Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a.
r St. Andrews, calling at Dipper
, 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,
r Harbor and Dipper Harbor, tide
eather permitting.

NT—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse
Co., St. John, N. B.

one 2851; manager, Lewis Connors,
's Harbor, N. B.
is Company will not be responsible
ny 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.

THODIST 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-ay at 8.00 a.m., 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 m.

SAINTS CHURCH—Revd. Geo. H. Iliott, 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 morning service. Prayer Service, Wed-nesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 O'clock except the last Sunday in the month 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 Busi-ess transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain gypt and all parts of the British Empire, cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each ch 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. One 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 o *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.

Newspapers and periodicals, to any ad-ress 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 our 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

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, MARCH 24, 1917 — NO. 39

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON
(Born March 30, 1568; died December 5, 1639.)

AT DALVARY

THE road led out upon an open moor, on which heather and wiry grass strove for the mastery. Here and there mossy patches, on which waved cotton grass, broke the grey surface of the stony waste, and here and there tufts of dwarf willow, showing the silvery backs of their grey leaves, rustled and bent before the wind.

The road, one of those ancient trails on which cattle and ponies were driven in old times down to the Lowland trysts, was now half covered up with grass. It struggled through the moor as if it chose to do so of its own accord, now twisting, for no apparent reason, and again going straight up a hill, just as the ponies and the kyloes must have straggled before the drovers' dogs. It crossed a shallow ford, in which the dark brown moorland trout darted from stone to stone when the shadow of a passer-by startled them as they poised, their heads up stream, keep-themselves suspended as it were by an occasional wavering motion of their tails, just as a hawk hangs hovering in the air.

Beside the stream, a decaying wooden bridge, high-pitched and shaky, reminded one that in the winter the burn, now singing its metallic little song between the stones, brown and pellucid, with bubbles of white foam floating upon its tiny linns or racing down the stream, checking a little in an eddy, where a tuft of heavy ragweed dipped into the flood, was dangerous to cross.

The aromatic scent of the sweet gale came down the breeze, mixed with the acrid smoke of peats. Hairbells danced in the gentle breeze, and bumble-bees hummed noisily as they emerged, weighed down with honey, from the ling.

Across the moor, from farms and shielings, and from the grey and straggling village built on each side of the rough street, in which the living rock cropped up and ran in reefs across the road, came groups of men dressed in black clothes, creased and ill-fitting, with hats, grown brown with years of church-going and with following funerals in the rain; they walked along as if they missed the familiar spade or plough-handle to keep them straight, just as a sailor walks uneasily ashore.

As they trudged on they looked professionally on the standing crops, or passed their criticisms on the cattle in the fields. Root crops, they thought, were back, taties not just exactly right, a thocht short in the straws, and every cow a wee bit heigh abune the tail, for praise was just as difficult a thing for them to give as blame was easy, for they were all aware their God was jealous, and it did not befit them to appear more generous than He. Hills towered and barred the north, and to the south the moors stretched till they met another range of hills, and all the space between them was filled with a great sea of moss, eyed here and there with dark, black pools on which a growth of water-lilies floated like fairies' boats. A wooded hill, which sloped down to a brawling river, was the fairies' court. Another to the south, steep, rising from the moss, the Hill of the Crown, received its name back in the times of Fingal and of Bran. Gaps in the hills showed where, in times gone by, marauders from the north had come to harry and to slay. The names of every hill, lake, wood, or stream were Gaelic, and the whole country exhaled an air of a romantic past.

In it the dour, black-coated men, although they thought themselves as much a part and parcel of the land as the grey rocks upon the moor, were strangers; holding their property but on sufferance from the old owners, who had named every stone, and left their impress even in the air.

It seemed the actual dwellers acted as it were a play, a sort of rough and clownish interlude, upon a stage set out for actors whom the surroundings would have graced.

Still, though they shared the land, just as we all do, by favour of the dead, they had set their mark upon it, running their rough stone walls across the moors and to the topmost ridges of the hills, planting their four-square, slate-roofed houses in places where a thatched and whitewashed cottage, with red tropæolum growing on the corner of the byre, a plant of mullein springing from a crevice in the wall, and flauchtered feals pegged to the thatch with birchen crockets, or kept down with stones, would have looked just as fitting as theirs looked out of place. A land in which the older dwellers had replaced the nymphs and hamadryads by the fairies, where, in the soft and ceaseless rain, the landscape wore a look of sadness, that the mist, creeping up on the shoulders of the hills, at times turned menacing, was now delivered over to a race of men who knew no shadows, either in life or in belief. If they believed, they held each letter of "The Book" inspired, and would have burned the man who sought to change a comma to a semicolon, and if they had rejected faith as an encumbrance they could do without, denied the very possibility of any god or power but mathematics, holding the world a mere gigantic counting-house in which they sat enthroned. The moaning birches and dark murmuring pines, the shaggy thickets by the streams, and the green hummocks under which tradition held Pictish or Celtic chiefs reposed, the embosomed corries over which the shadows ran, as imperceptibly as lizards run upon a wall, turning the brown hillside to gold, which melted into green as it stole on, until it faded into a pale amethyst, faint and impalpable as is a colour in a dream, seemed to demand a race of men more fitted to its moods than those who walked along the road chatting about the crops. Still it may be that though the outward visible sign was so repellent, the unexpected and interior softness of the black-clothed and tall-hatted men was bred in them by their surroundings, for certainly their hard, material lives, and their black, narrow, anti-human faith could not have given it.

The road led on until on the south side of it a path, worn in the heather and the wiry grass, and winding in and out between the hillocks, crossed here and there by bands of rocks, outcropping, but smoothed down on the edge by the feet of centuries, broke off, not at right angles after the fashion of a modern road, but on the slant, just as a herd of driven animals slants off, stopping at intervals to graze.

The knots of black-clothed men, some followed by their dogs, slowly converged upon the path, and stood a minute talking, passing the time of day, exchanging bits of news and gossip in subdued voices, and mopping vigorously at their brows, oppressed with the unwonted weight of their tall hats.

"We've had a braw back end, McKerrachar," Borland remarked. The worthy he addressed, a gaunt, cadaverous man, so deeply wrinkled that you could fancy in wet weather the rain ran down the channels in his face, spat in contemplative fashion, rejoining in a non-committal way:

"No just sae bad . . . markets are back a wee." A nod of assent went round the group, and then another interjected:

"I dinna mind sae braw a back end for mony a year; aye, ou aye, I'll no deny markets are very conseederably back."

Having thus magnified his fellow, after the fashion of the stars, he looked a moment with apparent interest at his hat, which he held in his hand, and ventured the remark:

"A sair blow to the widow, Andra's death; he was a good man to her."

No one answering him, he qualified what he had said by adding:

"Aye, sort of middlin'," and glanced round warily, to see if he had over tepped the bounds by the too indiscriminating nature of his praise.

The house towards which the various knots of men were all converging stood at the foot of a green, grassy mound, which looked as if it might have been the tumulus of some prehistoric chief. On it grew several wind-bent ash trees, and within twenty yards or so of the front door of the grey cottage, with its low thatched eaves, there ran a little burn. Two or three mulleins, with flowers still clinging to their dying stalks, on which they stuck like vegetable warts, sprang from the crevices between the stones of the rough byre. A plant or two of ragweed grew on the midden on which a hen was scratching, and out of it a green and oozy rivulet of slush filtered down to the stream. On one side was a garden, without a flower, and with a growth of straggling cabbage, gooseberry bushes, and some neglected-looking raspberry canes, as the sole ornaments. In the potato patch a broken spade was stuck into the ground. All round the house some straggling plum trees, with their sour fruit half ripened and their leaves already turning brown, looking as if they had struggled hard for life against the blast, in the poor, stony soil, gave a peculiar air of desolation, imparting to the place a look as of an oasis just as unfruitful as the waste which stretched on every side. On one side of the door, but drawn a little on the grass, not to obstruct the way, there stood a cart, with a tall, white-faced and white-pasterned horse between the shafts, held by a little boy. Peat smoke curled lazily out of the barrel stuck into the thatch that served as chimney, and cocks and hens scratched in the mud before the door, bees hummed amongst the heather, and once again the groups of men in black struck a discordant note.

Inside the house, upon four wooden chairs was set the coffin of the dead ploughman, cheap and made in haste, just as his life had been lived cheaply and in haste, from the first day that he had stood between the stilts, until the evening when he had loosed his horses from the plough for the last time, his furrow finished and his cheek no more to be exposed to the November rain. Now in the roughly put together kist he lay, his toil-worn hands crossed on his breast, and with his wrinkled weather-beaten face turned waxen and ennobled, set in its frame of wiry whisker, and his scant hair decently brushed forward on his brow. The peats burned brightly in the grate and sent out a white ash which covered everything inside the house, whitening the clothes of the black-coated men who stood about, munching great hunks of cake and slowly swallowing down the "speerits" which the afflicted widow pressed upon them, proud through her tears to say, "Tak' it up, Borland," or "It will no hurt ye, Knockinshanock; ye ken there's plenty more."

The white peat ash fell on the coffin-lid just as the summer's dust had fallen upon the hair of him who lay inside, and lay upon the polished surface of the thin brass plate, on which were superscribed the dates of the birth and of the death of the deceased, his only titles to the recollection of the race with whom his life he had passed. Now and again the widow, snatching a moment from her hospitable cares, brushed off the dust abstractedly with her pocket-handkerchief, just as a man might stop upon the way to execution to put a chair straight or to do any of the trifling actions of which life is composed. As she paused by the coffin the assembled men exchanged that furtive look of sympathy which in the North is the equivalent of the wild wailings, tears, and self-abandonment of Southern folk, and perhaps stamps on the heart of the half-shamefaced sympathizer even a deeper line.

When all had drunk their "speerits" and drawn the backs of their rough hands across their mouths and shaken off the crumbs from their black clothes, the minister stood forth. Closing his eyes, he launched into his prayer with needless repetition, but with the feeling which the poor surroundings and the brave struggle against outward grief of the woman sitting by the fire in the old high-backed chair, in which her husband had sat so long, evoked, he dwelt upon man's passage through the world.

Life was a breath, only a little dust, a shadow on the hills. It had pleased the Lord, for reasons of His own, inscrutable, but against which 'twere impious to rebel, for a brief space to breathe life into the nostrils of this our brother, and here he made a motion of his hand towards the "kist;" then to remove him to a better sphere after a spell of toil and trouble here on earth. Still we must not repine, as do the heathen, who gash themselves with knives, having no hope, whereas we who enjoy the blessings of being born to a sure faith in everlasting bliss should look on death as but a preparation for a better life. No doubt this hope consoled the speaker for all the ills humanity endures, for he proceeded to invoke a blessing on the widow, and as he prayed the rain beat on the narrow, bull's-eye window-panes. He called upon the Lord to bless her in her basket and her store, and to be with her in her outgoings and incomings, to strengthen her and send her resignation to His will. He finished with the defiance to humanity that must have wrung so many tears of blood from countless hearts, saying the Lord had given and that the Lord had taken, blessed be His Name.

All having thus been done that all our ingenuity can think of on such occasions, four stalwart neighbours, holding their hats, which rapped upon their legs hoisted the coffin on to their shoulders and shuffled to the door. They stooped to let their burden pass beneath the eaves which overhung the entrance, and then emerging, dazed, into the light, their black clothes dusted over with the white ashes from the fire, set down the coffin on the cart. Once more the men gathered into a circle and listened to a prayer, some with their heads bare to the rain, and others with their hats held on the slant to fend it off as it came swirling down the blast. A workman in his ordinary clothes took the tall, white-faced horse close by the bit, and, with a jolt which made the kist shift up against the backboard, the cart set out, swaying amongst the ruts, with now and then a wheel running up high upon one side and now and then a jerk upon the trace-hooks, when the horse, cold with his long wait, strained wildly on the chains. The rain had blotted out the hills, the distant village with its rival kirks had disappeared, and the grey sky appeared, to touch the surface of the moor. A whitish dew hung on the grass and made the seeded plants appear gigantic in the gloom. Nothing was to be heard except the roaring of the burn and the sharp ringing of the high caulkins of the horse as he struck fire amongst the stones on the steep, rocky road.

Leaning against the doorpost, the widow stood and gazed after the vanishing procession till it had disappeared into the mist, her tears, which she had fought so bravely to keep back, now running down her face.

When the last sound of the cart-wheels and of the horse's feet amongst the stones had vanished into the thick air, she turned away and, sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smoor the peats and tidy up the hearth.—From "Scottish Stories," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Duckworth & Co. 1s. net.

ORDERLY REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA

The fortunes of Russia to-day are not in the hands of a "mob" that can destroy an evil system but must itself learn the difficult art of Government. The new national Cabinet contains the best thought and energies of the nation. Prince Lvoff, head of the Ministry, is the president of the Union of Zemstvos which has wrought marvels of organization in behalf of the sucessful conduct of the war. The Minister of War and Marine is Alexander Guchkoff under whose leadership Russia's young Parliament weathered the perils that beset it during the first years of existence. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is Paul Milyukuff, in whom the conscience and intelligent aspirations of Russia have had their most eloquent voice from the first dawn of constitutional rule. Associated with these men and with Rodzia ko, present head of the Duma, are representatives of labor and of radicalism like Kerensky and Tchekheidze, but the overwhelming influence is wielded by the Moderates. Russia for the duration of the war has nothing to fear from the extreme elements which ten years ago sought to establish social revolution at a stroke, and so played into the hands of reaction. Russia up to last Sunday was like a disorganized railway property in the hands of men working for private loot. To-day the unparalled assets of the Empire are in the hands of her honest and her ablest men.—*New York Evening Post.*

"Why do you dislike your teacher so, Willie?" "I don't exactly dislike her, but it's perfectly plain to me why she never got married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

News of the Sea

——Washington, March 14—Torpedoing, without warning on March 9 of the British steamer *East Point*, London for Philadelphia, with two Americans in her crew, was reported to-day in dispatches to the State Department. All on board were saved.

The steamer was sunk at 5p. m. off the English coast, about fifteen miles west of Eddystone Lighthouse. She carried one gun aft, and an armed patrol boat was nearby. The crew of 45 left the ship in small boats. The two Americans, John Webber, of Buffalo, fireman, and Edward Ellis, of Brooklyn, seaman, have made affidavits before Consul-General Skinner at London.

——London, March 14—The Norwegian steamer *Lars Rodsum*, bound from America for Rotterdam with grain, has been sunk without warning outside the blockade zone, according to the Norwegian *Mercantile Shipping Gazette.*

——London, March 14—The following official announcement was made to-day:

For the week ending March 11: Merchant vessels of all nationalities of over 1,000 tons net, United Kingdom ports, exclusive of fishing and local craft: Arrivals, 1,985; sailings, 1,959; total number passing through danger zone, 3,944.

British merchant vessels sunk by mine or submarines, over 1,600 tons gross, 13, including two sunk during the week ending March 4; under 1,600 tons, four.

British merchant vessels unsuccessfully attack by submarines, 16, including four attacked the week of February 25, and two the week ending March 4.

British fishing vessels, three.

One merchant vessel under 1,600 tons reported last week last week as sunk has since been towed in.

——New York, March 14—The *Algonquin* was torpedoed and sunk on March 12, according to a cablegram received here to-day by the owners. Where the torpedoing took place was not mentioned in the message which came from Penzance, Cornwall. Officers of the American Star Line said the vessel was worth approximately $450,000, and that the cargo, consisting mostly of foodstuffs, was worth more than $1,250,000. There were ten Americans, including the captain, on the *Algonquin*, the owners announced to-day.

The *Algonquin*, a freighter, was one of the first American vessels to sail from the United States after Germany announced her submarine campaign of unrestricted warfare. She carried about 2,000 tons of cargo and was commanded by Capt. A. Nordberg, a naturalized American of Norwegian birth.

There are two American steamers *Algonquin.* The one sunk was recently transferred from British registry. She was a vessel of 1,806 tons gross, 245 feet long and 40 feet of beam. She was a single screw steamer and was built at Glasgow in 1888.

Formerly a Canadian-owned boat under British registry, the *Algonquin* was transferred to the American flag last December, when she was purchased by the American Star Line. While under Canadian ownership she was engaged in trade between New York and St. John, N. B.

——Washington, March 16—The British steamer *Lucy Anderson* was reported sunk, in a dispatch received to-day from United States Consul Hathaway at Hull, by two submarines by means of gunfire, which was continued during the time the crew was taken to the boats. The steamer was bound from Hartlepool to Gothenburg with coal, and was sunk sixty miles north of Rattray Head, March 12, without warning. The steamship *Lucy Anderson* registered 1,052 tons gross and was 220 feet long. She was built at Newcastle in 1904.

——London, March 18—The American steamer *Illinois*, 5,220 tons, from London for Port Arthur in ballast, was sunk this morning. Her crew was landed safely.

The American steamer *City of Memphis*, 5,252 tons in ballast, from Cardiff for New York, has been sunk by gunfire. The second officer and fifteen men of the crew have landed. A patrol boat has gone in search of the other members of the crew.

The American steamer *Vigilancia*, 4,115 tons, has been sunk without warning.

——Washington, March 15.—The British steamer *Memnon*, from Dakar Africa, was sunk without warning March 12 by a submarine, presumably German, according to reports to the state department today from Consul Washington at Liverpool. Three Americans were aboard the ship and were saved. Six members of the crew were killed by a boiler explosion after the torpedo had struck. The vessel sank in ten minutes. Consul Washington said the submarine was submerged, but was presumed to be German.

——Boston, March 15.—Agents of the Warren Line announced to-day that they had received indirect word that the British steamer *Sagamore*, which sailed from Boston on February 21 for Liverpool, had been sunk by a submarine. The *Sagamore* was in command of Capt. P. Cummings and had a crew of fifty. There were no Americans aboard. She carried a general cargo and was armed astern with a 4.7 inch gun. Vessel and cargo were valued at $1,500,000.

The *Sagamore*, which registered 5,057 tons, had accommodations for twenty-five passengers, but had been engaged exclusively as a freighter since the early days of the war. She was built at Belfast in 1892.

——New York, March 16.—The Norwegian steamship *Davanger*, of 5,876 tons, which left here January 22 for Rotterdam, has been sunk according to reports received in marine circles here to-day. The crew is said to have been saved.

——London, March 16.—A British torpedo boat destroyer of an old type struck a mine in the English Channel yesterday and was sunk. All the officers were saved. One man was killed and 28 sailors are missing. It is presumed these men were drowned.

——Queenstown, March 16.—The French ship *Eugenie Perogaira* is reported to have been shelled and sunk. Her crew has been landed.

Available shipping records do not mention a French vessel named *Eugenie Perogaira*, which is probably a new ship.

——New York, March 16.—The arrival here to-day of the captain and fifteen members of the crew of the French freight steamer *Georgstown* disclosed that the vessel foundered at sea on February 27, when about 700 miles east of New York, on her voyage toward Havre, France. The entire crew of twenty-four officers and men were rescued, and those who did not reach here to-day on the French line freighter *La Perouse* in small boats. The two Americans, John Webber, of Buffalo, fireman, and Edward Ellis, of Brooklyn, seaman, have made affidavits before Consul-General Skinner at London.

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The *Sagamore*, which registered 5,057 tons, had accommodations for twenty-five passengers, but had been engaged exclusively as a freighter since the early days of the war. She was built at Belfast in 1892.

——New York, March 16.—The Norwegian steamship *Davanger*, of 5,876 tons, which left here January 22 for Rotterdam, has been sunk according to reports received in marine circles here to-day. The crew is said to have been saved.

——London, March 16.—A British torpedo boat destroyer of an old type struck a mine in the English Channel yesterday and was sunk. All the officers were saved. One man was killed and 28 sailors are missing. It is presumed these men were drowned.

News in Brief

——Washington, March 14—China has severed diplomatic relations with Germany, taking possession of all German merchant ships in Shanghai, about six in number, placed their crews on shore under guard and placed armed guards on the vessels. Advices to the Navy Department to-day from the senior officer in Chinese waters gave no further details.

—Peking, March 19.—The Chinese troops have occupied without opposition the German concessions at Tientsin and Hankow. The Dutch have taken over the German consulates.

——London, March 20.—In a by-election held to-day at Stockton-on-Tees, made necessary through the recent death of Ivor-athen Samuel, Liberal member of parliament, the Liberal coalition candidate, Bertram Watson, won the seat. He received 7,641 votes, as against only 596 for the "peace by negotiation" candidate, Edward Backhouse.

London, March 20.—The ministers to Greece of the Entente nations have again taken up their residence in Athens. Reuter's correspondent there reports. The discharge of a cargo of wheat destined for Piraeus begins to-day.

The admission of wheat to Greece indicates the lifting of the blockade which had been in effect for several weeks. The Greek government has made repeated representations that widespread suffering has been caused by the shutting off of food supplies, to which the Entente replied that the blockade would be lifted when Greece complied with its demands.

——Amoy, China, March 17.—The Chinese officials who took possession of a German steamer interned here found her completely disabled, all the vital parts of the machinery having been removed.

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 17, is as follows:

St. John County—	
216th Battalion	6
236th Battalion	7
Canadian Engineers	1
Machine Gun Draft	4
C. A. S. C.	11
Forestry Company	1
Skilled Railway Employes	2
Div. Signallers	1
No. 2 Construction Corps	1
16th Field Ambulance Train	7
	— 41
York County—	
236 Battalion	7
9th Siege Battery	2
Forestry Company	1
Home Service	1
	— 11
Westmorland County—	
216th Battalion	2
236th Battalion	1
Canadian Engineers	3
Field Artillery Draft	2
Forestry Company	2
	— 10
Kings County—	
Forestry Company	10
	— 10
Northumberland County—	
Canadian Engineers	5
Forestry Company	1
	— 6
Charlotte County—	
16th Field Ambulance Train	1
236th Battalion	1
65th Field Battery	1
R. C. N. V. R.	1
Home Service	1
	— 5
Carleton County—	
Field Artillery Draft	1
65th Field Battery	1
Forestry Company	2
	— 4
Restigouche County—	
Forestry Company	1
C. A. S. C.	1
Field Artillery Draft	2
	— 4
Kent County—	
Home Service	3
	— 3
Victoria County	0
Albert County	0
Queens and Sunbury Counties	0
Madawaska County	0
Gloucester County	0
Total for week	94

POSTMASTER-GENERAL RESIGNS

Ottawa, March 20—Hon. P. E. Blondin, postmaster-general, has tendered his resignation from the Government in order to serve in the overseas forces. This sensational announcement of which no hint had previously been given, was made in a statement given out to-day by the Minister of Militia, Sir Edward Kemp.

Mr. Blondin has handed in his resignation to the acting premier, Sir George Foster, who has sent a cable message to Sir Robert Borden acquainting him of the situation. To Sir Edward Kemp, Mr. Blondin has written the following letter:

"Dear Sir Edward,—I must inform you that I have put my resignation as Postmaster-General in the hands of the acting premier in order to offer my services in the overseas forces. I am willing to put myself at your orders, and consequently I apply for enlistment in the overseas forces of Canada.

"Yours truly,
"P. E. BLONDIN."

Sir Edward Kemp will ask Mr. Blondin to recruit a battalion for service at the front as a part of the Canadian expeditionary force.

LEATHER FROM FISH SKINS

Washington, March 15.—Government experiments to develop leather from shark and other fish skins are progressing satisfactorily, the Bureau of Fisheries announced to-day. A large number of the skins have been tanned by manufacturers, many of which appear very promising, it was said. In addition to the skins of sharks, experiments were made with the skins of such fishes as cod, hake, grouper and stingray.

The Bureau will furnish samples of the finished products to manufacturers as soon as they are available. It also will determine to what special uses the new leather products are best adapted.

CANADA'S MINERAL PRODUCTION

The mineral production of Canada for 1916 is estimated at $107,040,035 for metallics; $53,015,693 for nonmetallics and structural materials, and clay products $17,301,726 making a grand total of $117,357,454.

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A NEW DEFINITION.

The word "gentleman" has always been a difficulty, and great writers, particularly Newman, in a famous passage, have been at pains to define it. Probably the higher you ascend the social scale the more seldom you hear the word. But a new measure of gentility came my way recently (writes a correspondent). The landlord had sent his men to mend a gap in the fence, and the maid, observing them through the kitchen window, remarked: "There are two men in the garden, and one of them's a gentleman—he's wearing a mackintosh!" A gap, according to Carlyle, used to be the standard of respectability—a standard more difficult to attain than this new one of gentility.—*Manchester Guardian.*