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Voters' List--1915.

Municipality of the Village of Watford, County of Lambton.

OTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in section of "The Ontario Voters" List Act," the serquired by said scotions to be so transmitted or vered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of vered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of seasons appearing by the last revised assessment of the said Municipality at elections for members of the islative Assembly and at Municipal Elections, that said list was first posted up at my office, at ford on the 21st day of June, 1915, and remains re for inspection, and I hereby call upon allers to take immediate proceedings to have any sent or omissions corrected according to law, ed at Watford this 21st day of June, A. D. 1915.

W. S. FULLER,

Olerk of Watford,

A SMALL JOB OF PIRACY

It Happened In the Bay of Naples.

By JOHN Y. LARNED

of April as first mate of the steamer Pelican with a cargo which was to be sold out at Mediterranean ports. We reached Naples on the 5th of May, havng disposed of all the cargo except a few things that we sold there, and took nothing aboard, intending to load up with Arabian goods on the African coast. The purser went ashore with money he had taken in for the goods we had sold, got it changed into gold that would pass readily in the places we expected to make purchases, and it was brought aboard in bags.

We had a promiscuous crew of white and copper colored men, the latter having been picked up on the Medi-terranean coast, while the former had come from the low grade of sailors one will find in the shipping districts of New York. Since we were not loading they had nothing to do, and when the of gold were taken aboard a lot of them were looking over the side of the ship. And from the weight of the gold and the clinking of the coins when bag was placed on the deck it was plain to them that they contained money.

I noticed an expression on the faces of several of the worst of the crew which indicated, to say the least, covetousness. I mentioned the matter to the captain, suggesting that bringing gold aboard so openly was throwing temptation in the men's way. He poohpoohed the matter, and, having warned him, I did not press it further.

That evening a liberty party went ashore. We were at anchor in the bay of Naples, and the captain concluded to let all the men go, while he and I and the purser remained on watch. This again seemed to me to be taking a risk. Naples is noted for the crimes committed in and about it. If we had nothing to fear directly from the crew we had something to fear from those to whom they might talk about the gold they had seen carried aboard the Pelican.

The bay of Naples is probably the most beautiful bay in the world. At any rate, I have in my voyages visited many, but none other impressed me in the same way. The night we lay at anchor there I remember as more beautiful than any other I have spent. A full moon stood in the heavens, lighting up the city. Vesuvius and the islands of Ischia and Capri, while it left its shimmer on the water. Then, the temperature was delightful. The day had been hot, but the nights n Italy are usually cool. On this night it was just warm enough to sit out on eck in light clothing.

Facing eastward from the bay one looks to his right upon Mount Vesuvius, beneath which lie the half buried, half exhumed cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Directly before him the city of Naples rises with the ground on which it is built, and to me, viewing it at night, it was successive tiers of light.

By 10 o'clock all who were aboard except myself had turned in, I having volunteered to stand watch till the liberty party returned. The men had orders to return at 11 o'clock, but that hour arrived without them. I was not especially surprised, for sailors ashore are not very reliable. I didn't mind their not coming, for the night was so beautiful that I had no desire to turn in.

Twelve o'clock came and still no crew. I began to get a bit drowsy and dozed in my chair. Opening my eyes, I saw a boat heading for the ship. I did not doubt that it was the liberty party returning till I noticed that there was no sound of oars or voices. Sailors who go ashore for a good time don't usually come back quietly. Besides, it very soon dawned upon me that the oars in the approaching boat

were muffled. What I have said about the gold and the crew and crime in Naples flashed through my brain. I ran downstairs to awaken the captain and the

"Arm yourselves and get on deck as soon as possible!" I cried, shaking

them at the same time. I then ran to where the arms were kept and, seizing a musket, a cutlass and a revolver, got up the companion-way just in time to see the boat about 100 yards distant. From the gunwale amidships I cried out to the approaching party to keep off, though if they were Italians they would not under-

stand me. They stopped rowing, and I could hear them talking in the guttural sounds of the low grade of the Italian



Then without heeding my people. warning they resumed their course to-ward the Pelican. I fired a shot from the musket, but, not being sure of their intentions, simed above their heads, If they were not bent on crime this would stop them. It did not stop them. for they pulled forward with lusty strokes.

Hearing the shot hastened the cap tain and the purser, who arrived half dressed, but armed, a few moments after I had fired. They joined me when the boat was within thirty yards of the ship. The party had come in a large yawl, and there were about a dozen of them. They had an advantage over us in numbers, while they were at a disadvantage as to position for it is not an easy matter to board a vessel from a boat much lower than the ship to be boarded. Unfortunately we were at some distance from the shore or any other vessel. One or two ships had been near us when we anchored, but they had sailed or docked during the day.

While I could not tell who these me were, I presumed that they were Italians who had heard the crew talking in Naples about the treasure in the ship. Quite likely some members of the crew had been heard talking about the practicability of boarding the Pelican, seizing the gold and making off with it. There was no time to conjecture who they were. Our main business was to stand them off.

The captain and the purser were ignorant of what had appeared to me, and since I had no time to enter into an explanation in words I decided to do so by a shot. I put a ball in among the men huddled together in the boat. That I hit some person or persons was evident from the fact that there was a commotion aboard. But the rowing was not long interfered with. A jab-bering in the Italian language followed, but they did not reply to my fire attributed this to their having intended a surprise and that they had not expected to attract the attention of the police by the sound of firing. My companions were by this time

convinced by ocular demonstration that there was mischief in the boat near us, and both blazed away. But the boat was under the bulwarks, and we were obliged to lean over to see her. We heard one clear, composed voice, evidently that of a commander giving orders, but since we did not understand the Italian language we were ignorant of what he said. This convinced me that we were attacked by a party of brigands under a competent leader and would all be murdered un-less we could drive them off.

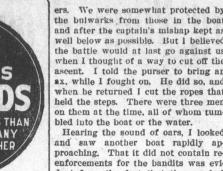
The Pelican's crew had gone down

into their boat by means of the wooden steps roped together, used for taking on and letting off pilots and such other purposes. It was hanging ready for them when they should return. I would have pulled it up on seeing suspicious boat approaching, but had not time. The brigands began to climb it. Captain Wainright claimed the position to receive the first man who came up. The bandit must use his two bands and could not very well fight his way on to the ship, but he was protected by a man in the boat, who threw a knife at the captain, which struck him in the chest. I pushed him away and took his place. A knife whizzed by my ear so close as to clip off enough of it to draw blood, but I cceeded in landing a blow on the head of the top man on the ladder with the butt of my revolver that dropped

His fall disconcerted the man below him, and before he could reach the top step the purser brought a cutlass down on him which sent him after his

Meanwhile I had noticed a man be low take to the water and swim to-ward the stern. I surmised that he was making for the anchor chain to climb on board. Captain Wainright had pulled the knife out of his chest, and, thinking he might be able to protect the bow from the swimmer, I suggested that he do so, leaving me and the purser where the principal danger lay. Wainright said that he was up to the job and started forward with a musket, stanching the blood flowing from his chest at the same time. He was not seen by the man in the water, who seized the anchor chain and was beginning to shin up it when the captain dropped him by a shot from his

Meanwhile the purser and I were fighting at the steps to keep off board-



the bulwarks from those in the boat and after the captain's mishap kept as well below as possible. But I believed the battle would at last go against us when I thought of a way to cut off the ascent. I told the purser to bring an ax, while I fought on. He did so, and when he returned I cut the ropes that held the steps. There were three men on them at the time, all of whom tumbled into the boat or the water. Hearing the sound of oars, I looked

and saw another boat rapidly approaching. That it did not contain reenforcements for the bandits was evi dent from the fact that they pushed off and pulled away as fast as they could. They were chased by the other boat and were fired at. As the latter passed near the Pelican I could see in the moonlight that the men in it wore the showy uniforms of the carabineers. or national police of Italy. We watched them till we saw them overhaul the bandits and take their boat in tow.

They pulled back to the Pelican and eft a carabineer who spoke some English on board to get what information we had to impart concerning the attack and to inform us that we would be expected to appear against the bandits. The police had been attracted by our shots.

At 2 o'clock in the morning our crew returned minus three men we had picked up at Tangier. These men formed the plan of attacking us and getting the gold we had on board, taking with them an organized band. The authorities offered to give up these men of our crew to us that we might try them for mutiny, but our captain preferred to leave them to be dealt with by the Italian courts.

Such was my experience in the bay of Naples, an experience which spoiled that body of water for me ever afterward. I have been there a number of times since, and, while it is always a scene of beauty, the memory of that night, which might have been my last on earth, always threw a gloom over ts shimmering waters.

A WITTY STATESMAN.

ngustine Birrell Is Also a Popular Member of the British House.

"Recreation: Pedestrianism, golf, book-hunting." Thus "Who's Who," in its biographical notes on Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland since 1907, who, is is announced, will resign at an early date. To which might be added the genial pastime of increasing not a little the gaiety of his fellows, for Mr. Birrell, being a confirmed optimist, as he has more than once confessed, loves to look at things through rose-colored contents. spectacles, and to seize the oppor-tunity to enliven even the most seri-ous situations with light-hearted wit-

ticisms and epigrams.

Men of all parties have a sincere affection for him. When Birrell is "up" in the House, lobby, smoking-rooms, and dining-rooms are at once emptied, for members are sure to hear a speech witty, informing, and

eloquent.
Some of his witty sayings will live long after he is dead. It was he who on one memorable occasion referred to the House of Lords as "representing nobody but themselves, and they enjoyed the full confidence of their constituents," while in the same vein he declared that "a pension of five

shillings a week was not much inducement to longevity."

And then there was his witty retort, when things were going badly with his Education Bill in 1907, to a Church dignitary who, meeting him one day, observed, "I am afraid your Bill is dead, Mr. Birrell." "Yes, it may be, my lord," was the prompt reply. "But I believe in the resurrection of the dead."

As an example of the gentle art of

subtle sarcasm, it would be difficult to beat Mr. Birrell's description years ago of the Front Bench of the House of Commons. Referring to what is known as a full-dress debate,

"On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying-ground, where all the clothes of a neighborhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are nightgowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the gar-ments of a race of giants rather than of poor mortal man. Even the stock-ings of slim maiden when puffed out by the lawless wind assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washerwoman unpegs the garments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-irons, and, lo and behold! these giants' robes are reduced to their familiar domestic and in-significant proportions."

Needless to say, this was in the days before Mr. Birrell dreamt that he himself would occupy a seat on the bench of horor. the bench of honor.

No one laughed more heartily than himself when he perpetrated a "bull" in the House of Commons on a certain occasion when he was being heckled by Earl Winterton regard-ing a statement said to have been issued by the Chief Secretary in connection with certain industrial troubles in Dublin.

bles in Dublin.

"What appeared," said Mr. Birrell: "was a wholly garbled version rell: "was a wholly garbled version and 25c, at Drug and Country Stores and 25c, at Drug and Country Stores. of what never took prace."



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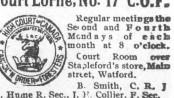
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A Detroit woman is the inventor of a wire screw hook that will hold a plate above it and a cup below it at the same

Why Men Raise Their Hats When a gentleman raises his ha

he does it simply as a mark of re spect, but the custom originate long ago in the time when men wor heavy armor. When knights wen to war (and that seemed their chie business) they wore heavy stee armor from head to toe, to protect them from the spear thrusts of th enemy. The head and face also wer covered, with a place to breath through and two little holes to se through. The only way one knigh could be distinguished from anothe was by the plume on his hat or the crest he wore, each family having it own particular mark. Naturally when a knight came into a castle h took off, for comfort, the armor cov ering his head, and so originated the idea of tipping the hat, which in this day has become a common mark o respect to ladies .- Unidentified.

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