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CHANGE OF TIME
Grand Manan S. S. Service
1914—Fall and Winter Season—1915
GRAND MANAN ROUTE
Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7.30
m. for St. John, via Eastport and
Campobello.
Returning, leave Turnbull's Wharf, St.
ohn, Wednesday at 7.30 a. m., for Grand
Manan via Campobello and Eastport.
Leave Grand Manan Thursday at 8 a.
m. for St. Stephen via Campbellton, East-
port, and St. Andrews.
Returning, leave St. Stephen at 7.30 a.
m., Fridays, for Grand Manan via St.
Andrews, Eastport and Campobello.
Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7.30
m. for St. Andrews.
Returning same day, leave St. Andrews
t 1.30 p. m.
Atlantic Standard Time
L. G. GUPTILL, Manager

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.
Steamer Connors Brothers has been taken
off the route for inspection.
Until further notice the auxiliary schrs.
"Page" and "Happy Home" will perform
the service in place of the Connors Bros.
Leave St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf
and Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a.
m. for St. Andrews, calling at Dipper
Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor,
Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island, Red
Store, St. George. Returning leave St.
Andrews Tuesday for St. John, calling at
Letete or Back Bay, Black's Harbor,
Beaver Harbor and Dipper Harbor, tide
and weather permitting.
AGENT—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse
Co., St. John, N. B.
'Phone 77; manager, Lewis Connors,
Black's Harbor, N. B.
The Company will not be responsible
for any debts contracted after this date
without a written order from the Com-
pany or Captain of the steamer.

Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application has been made by The Canadian Pacific Railway Company to the Minister of Public Works, Ottawa, in accordance with clause 7, Chapter 115 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, for permission to build a wharf in the St. Croix River, in the Town of St. Stephen extending from the property now occupied by the Dominion Fertilizer Company Limited, towards low water mark all in the Town of St. Stephen, in the County of Charlotte and Province of New Brunswick. Plans and description of said wharf and site thereof have been filed in the office of the Register of Deeds, in the County of Charlotte, in the Province of New Brunswick.

WELDON & McLEAN,
Solicitors for The Canadian
Pacific Railway Company.

St. John, N. B.,
June 23rd, 1914.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.
R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF.

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—

CIRCUIT COURT: Second Tuesday in May, and First Tuesday in October.

COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year.

Judge Carleton.

The Beacon

VOL. 26 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1915 NO. 30

THE BELLS OF BERLIN

(Which are said to be rung by order occasionally to announce some supposed German victory.)

THE Bells of Berlin how they hearten the Hun
(*O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee*);
No matter what devil's own work has been done
They chime a loud chant of approval, each one,
Till the people feel sure of their place in the sun
(*O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee*).

If Hindenburg hustles an enemy squad
(*O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee*),
The bells all announce that the alien sod
Is damp with the death of some thousand men odd,
Till the populace smiles with a gratified nod
(*O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee*).

If Tirpitz behaves like a brute on the brine
(*O dingle dong dangle dang dongle ding dee*),
The bells with a clash and a clamour combine
To hint that the Hated One 's on the decline,
And the city gulps down the good tidings like wine
(*O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee*).

The Bells of Berlin, are they cracked through and through
(*O dingle dong dangle ding dongle ding dee*),
Or deaf to the discord like Germany too?
For whether their changes be many or few,
The worst of them is that they never ring true
(*O dangle ding dongle dong dingle ding dee*).

—*Punch.*

MRS. MURPHY ON HONESTY

IF you goes out to work at houses, same as I does, and you happens to have a basket, you burn it. Leastwise, leave it at home. For if you takes it to the place where you're working you're making trouble for yourself. A charwoman what carries a basket ain't popular, and only attracts attention.

I remember what happened when I were a deal younger nor what I am now. I was but fifty-four then, and sent for sudden to a job at the "Sycamores," where I'd never been afore. I takes my basket and off I goes. I does my work, and were just starting back when up sails her ladyship with her chin stuck ont. She were titled, though not born to it, nor looking it neither.

"I wish to see what you've got in your basket," says she.

So I took and showed her what I'd got. It were my apron, and the key of my door, and my teeth, what I only wears for meals, waste not being a fault of mine.

"Which of these is yours?" says I.

"Don't address me in that way," says her majesty. "I merely wish to know. I have had things taken out of my house before by dishonest charwomen."

"And I hopes you may again," I says. "Goodbye, ducky. Take care of yourself."

And with that I leaves her.

No, I hadn't got nothing of hers in my basket. And all I'd got in the pocket under my skirt was a bit of bacon as were too cornerwise for the diningroom rashers, a few potatoes, half a bar of soap, and a box of matches. And most of that had been give me by the cook.

I never took no basket with me after that, not when I were going out to work. It puts ideas into the lady's head, and leads to unpleasantness. I've had to take the rough with the smooth all my life; but suspiciousness is just one of them things as I can't stick. Never could. No honest woman could. Besides, if the pocket under your skirt's large enough, you don't need no basket.

Yes, I'm honest according to my views. And if the lady ain't got the same views, then that's her misfortune. Just look into it for yourself.

Suppose I was to find a diamond tarara when I were doing out the scullery—I ain't never found none yet, but you never knows your luck—what should I do? I should up and take that tarara to her ladyship at once. Shouldn't even stop to wipe my hands and adjust my toilette. There you are. Property worth hundreds, and give back instantaneous by a poor woman out for two-and-a-kick and her dinner.

I've thought that out, and it's right every way. It puts your character right for all time, and the meanest lady as ever stepped couldn't shed less than a sovereign for a tarara come back. And what else are you to do? A nice old sight I should look, round at my uncle's, and asking for fifty on a diamond tarara. Six month's with the usual bonus is about what I should get. Not for me, thank you. I comes of a family what has kept theirselves respectable.

But when the cook gives you a trifle, that's a different thing altogether. It's my duty to do what the cook says, and act respectful. If she says: "Hand me this here, Mrs. Murphy," then I hands it. If she says: "Reach me that there," then I reaches. And if she trims a chop off of the end of the loin before she puts it in, and says I can fry that for my supper, then I borrows a bit of last week's paper to wrap it in.

And I'm right again, and I knows it. It's the lady herself as has given me that chop, acting through the cook, which is her agent. She mayn't know it, and maybe she wouldn't like it if she did, but there it is just the same. That's the law of this land, and I ain't making no mistake about it, for I got it from a solicitor's clerk what lodged with us in brighter days. And a fine upstanding gentlemen he was—doing time now, poor chap.

There's a motto as should be chalked up in letters of gold over the bed of every charwoman. And the words of it is, "Keep in with the cook." If she speaks of her rich relatives with the motorcar, keep your temper and listen for all the world as if you believed it. When she tells you what they said about her looks when she were a girl, tell her they might say the same to-day, and not be so far out. When she starts on the men what she might have married, but wouldn't don't let yourself go. And if she shows you her new hat, break out into a cold sweat over the marvel of it at the price. Kind words is a good investment, as the hymn says. And so you'll think next morning when you warms up them cold sausages for your breakfast.

I'm not saying as it was the cook as give me that bit of soap and the box of matches. There's many a woman as will leave soap in the water to waste. That's a thing I never did in my life. And what I saves I has a right to half a bar of now and again. As for the matches, matches is cheap enough. It would be a measly sort of lady as would make a song over a box of matches. I acts on principle, and I has what matches I requires, and I a'int bought a box for the last eighteen years, and I ain't going to begin now.

If no lady never comes across no worse sort nor what I am, then she's lucky.

But I do remember one time when I were suspected wrongful, and never spoke back, nor nothing. And why? Because I'm one as can make allowances, where reasonable. For one thing, the party in question were a young couple, hardly old enough to blow their own noses, and had just started housekeeping. And then, again, I'd been recommended to them by the parson's wife, and we all knows what that is.

Mostly, the parson's wife recommends them as has been brought to see the error of their ways and is wishful to make a fresh start. We must go as far as it goes. She's got to back her husband up in his business, same as any other woman. Still, anybody taking anybody on what I calls a rector character, so to speak, naturally counts the spoons and tries the cupboard where the decanters is kept to see if it's really locked. You've got to look after yourself in this world. And though nothing of the kind in my case, how was that young couple to know?

The first time they sent for me was when the housemaid were upset internal, which was put down to the new paint. That is a thing as may happen, a niece of my own being one as the smell of new paint is death to, as she's proved more than once. However, cook asked me to take a cup of tea up to that suffering housemaid, so I see the girl myself, and what was the matter with her were not paint. On, no! And it didn't take me two minutes to find out what her trouble really was. I were right, too. A week later she was sent out on the quick jump, with her box to follow per C.P., and they found the actual whisky bottles.

But that were nothing to do with me at the time. I were there to do her work, and start in on the breakfast-room, which I did. Soon as I come to the mantelshelf I see a silver shilling lying there. Now them as is used to doing out rooms knows when a thing has been put there, and when it's been left there accidental. Ask me the difference, and there I confess you has me, for I couldn't put it in words. All the same, I won't never make a mistake about it. That shilling had been put deliberate, as I'd have swore to before a magistrate. So I ups with it and turns it over, and it were no surprise to me to find a small cross scratched left-hand of the lion.

To think of it—them two poor young Canterbury lambs trying to lay the marked-money trap for me as would be sixty-seven next quarter day! Simply look at it. Their cook ordered what she like from the tradesmen, and no weights was never checked. Their housemaid was making life one long beano. Smoking fags in the shed were the gardener's principal work. They was done all round, them turtle-doves was. They could never have caught nobody at nothing. And there they was playing at being C. I. D. along of me.

Well, you couldn't be angry with them—it were too heart-breaking. Made me smile, I can tell you. So to carry the fun on, I put that shilling under a bronze figure of Venus, or Gladstone, or some such person. Then I finishes off there, and hops down to the kitchen for my elevenses. I don't want to drink better beer nor what they kept in that house.

Presently orders was brought me to go up to the breakfast-room, which was what I had expected. There they both was, a nice-looking couple, though nervous. She were pretending to read the paper, and not looking a bit like it. He'd been put up to do the talking, and were standing back to the fire and heartily ashamed of himself, which was to his credit. So I opens the ball by dropping my curtsey, which is old-fashioned but earns money.

"I say, Mrs. Murphy," says he, "I left a shilling on the mantelpiece here this morning, and it seems to have gone. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir," I says, "It's still there. I slipped it under that little small bronze statute by your elbow, sir, out of sight, sir, and was meaning to have mentioned it. For it didn't hardly look safe with the painter's men coming and going. Of course, they may all be as respectable as the day, but sudden temptation is what finds out the sore point in the armour. And I'm sure I hope I haven't done wrong, sir."

Then she up and spoke, and very pleased with me she were. She said I were a most honest, intelligent, and careful woman. He said he only wished everybody who worked for him had got my commonsense. Then they gave me the shilling, and said I deserved it.

Later in the day she brings out a pair of very handsome, showy vases. They'd been given them as a wedding present, but seemingly was not to their taste, and she asked me if I could do with them. So I thanked her warmly, and said they'd make my little home look very bright and gay. And so I dare say they would, if I hadn't sold them that night for half-a-crown and a pie-dish, and believe now I ought to have got more.

And that were not all. Just as I were leaving they were turning out a nice bit of linoleum, as they'd bought, and then not fancied, and I could have it if I liked. So I did. What with them things, and a few trifles as cook had said I could take I could hardly carry the stuff home.

I still works for that couple, but it ain't the little gold mine here below what it used to be. It's cocoa at eleven now, and all the extra I've had this last twice has been a pair of his old pyjamas. It's a wonderful thing how much a girl picks up in a few months after she's become a married woman.

Now don't what I've told you go to show that the old proverb is right which says as honesty is the best policy? Use it with discretion, same as I have done, and don't make too much of a hobby of it, and you won't go far wrong.

From *Mrs. Murphy*, by Barry Pain. London: T. Werner Laurie. 1s. net.

THE WINDFALLS OF SOLDIERING

THAT there is a way of getting into the fighting line for those who have the will to be there has been hitherto a common experience of warfare. Campaigns, since war is composed of surprises, run unexpected courses; and before they reach their end they generally provide openings for adventurous and persistent men which would have seemed blankly impossible at the beginning. One might take any past war waged by Britain since the Army became a highly regular body, and the War Office a strict and jealous controller, and not fail to find instances of the irregular soldier or amateur having found his way to the front after taking his own line across country to get there. We are talking, we repeat, of past wars. This war is different from any other ever waged by Britain, and the casual adventurer has no right to try to break through the strict and necessary rules which are framed for the very purpose of putting the whole of the national resources to the best possible use. All patriotic men should abide by these rules and serve just as they are asked to serve, understanding that irregularities are an impediment to the smooth progress of the whole machine. The first law of success in the past seems to have been importunity; and by this we mean not importunity towards the War Office, but towards what seemed to be fate. The "Nay" of circumstances was never to be taken for an answer. The ordinary procedure was to write to the War Office or to call there, and then to be civilly informed by letter or in person that the applicant's case was being noted, and that it would receive consideration if events rendered his services necessary, but that there was already a long waiting list. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred who had gone so far as that waited—waited till the end of the war ended their waiting. But the hundredth man acted differently. He knew that the War Office must be governed by rules, and that it was precisely rules which barred the way of all casual or amateur seekers of jobs, whether they were real soldiers who wanted to be seconded temporarily, or civilians who wanted to add a taste of fighting to their experience of life. Accordingly the hundredth soldier left the Service and turned up at the scene of fighting, and, sooner or later, wormed his way into employment; or the hundredth civilian went straightway to the scene of the fighting, and was sure to discover that the red-tape which fettered his limbs at home was very fragile and of a very mild color in the neighbourhood of camps. If we are not mistaken, Lord Kitchener himself was a "butter-in" in the first Egyptian campaign. The War Office had placed him elsewhere, but when, with his great knowledge of Arabic and Arabic-speaking tribesmen, he turned up at the scene of action, his services were far too valuable to be refused by the men on the spot. At the beginning of the South African War hundreds of young Englishmen went out to South Africa by the mail steamers on the chance of picking up a job on their arrival. They mostly kept their own counsels on the voyage, and their fellow-passengers did not know whether they were going out for pleasure or on business, or for what purpose. All of them found places in the Imperial Light Horse, the South African Light Horse, Thorneycroft's or Bethune's Mounted Infantry, or similar corps. True, they might after all have joined the Yeomanry and have taken part in the war just the same, but they made sure of their soldiering, and entered the field earlier than most of the other amateur soldiers. No one knew at the opening of the war that an army would be improvised at home.

Englishmen have furnished classic examples of the value of being on the spot if a man's desire is to get into military employment by back alleys. We referred to two well-known cases last week, and each of them is worth telling with a little more detail. William Fenwick-Williams, an English officer who had lived among the Turks and could talk Arabic, was appointed British Commissioner with the Turkish Army in Anatolia when the Crimean War broke out. His business was simply to observe and report. If he had requested to be made a General in the Turkish Army, his request would certainly have been refused. What he did was to make use of his opportunities on the spot, so that he gradually gathered power into his hands and transformed the ragged and discouraged Turkish troops. He impressed his personality so deeply on Turkish officers and men that his example was nothing less than an inspiration to them. When he was appointed a General in the Turkish Army in 1855, the appointment was merely a giving of official sanction to what was already a reality. Fenwick-Williams fortified Erzerum against the Russians, and then went to Kars, on which the main Russian attack was developing. The defence of Kars is one of the well-known chapters of military history. When the town fell through famine, the Russian General Muravieff said to Fenwick-Williams, who was allowed to emerge with all the honours of war: "You have made yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has ca'led forth in the remains of an army!" A similar case was that of Charles Nasmyth, the "Defender of Silistria." He was a Lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery, but was travelling on sick leave, when the Crimean War gave him the opportunity of becoming a correspondent of the *Times*. On March 28th, 1854, he entered Silistria, and was as much shocked as Fenwick-Williams was at Erzerum and Kars by the destitution and disorganization of the Turks. Helped by a kindred soul, Captain J. A. Butler, he rapidly put a new heart into the defence, and in his rollicking, jovial way took the whole thing as excellent fun. Yet this fun kept the Russians in check, and on June 22nd, 1854, they raised the siege and abandoned their Danubian campaign.

In spite of all the rules, there have been some windfalls in the present war. The writer has in mind, for example, the case of a professional man in London. He was tied to his work and his family, and was over the military age; but he gave up his spare time to being trained as a member of a gun crew of one of the anti-aircraft guns. He never expected his military experience to go further than that. But it so happened that an anti-aircraft gun crew were required recently somewhere within the British lines abroad to fill a temporary gap. Our friend's crew were invited to go. They consulted one another with unbounded joy. Here was a windfall! To go to the war under the ordinary rules had been impossible for them all. But all could get away for three or four weeks, even if an annual holiday were consumed for the purpose. These amateurs went and gave an excellent account of themselves. Who knows when a similar invitation will come to others? It is certain that others are holding themselves in instant readiness.

The moral of all this is fortunately clear enough. This war is unlike all our previous wars, in that it was known from the very beginning that a vast number of men would be required. Thus it was plain at once that the only speedy way of reaching the front for the civilian of military age was by enlistment. But for the man over military age who has never had any military training, yet burns to do something active, the windfalls of soldiering still seem to be just possible. No doubt the vast majority of the older men would find it impossible to leave the country, or give their services for the whole war, even if they had the opportunity, but they can be drilled in Volunteer Training Corps. No man can yet forsee the end of the war, and no man can say with certainty that there will not be fighting on English soil. If windfalls come, they will unquestionably come to the men above military age who have been trained, and not to those who have not thought it worth while to submit themselves to any drilling. Meanwhile, the spectacle of men, of whom no one would think badly if they said that they had no time for drilling, deliberately making time to be drilled on the off-chance that a brief military employment may offer itself, will be an incentive to the younger men. The latter will be shamed—those who are capable of shame. A few days ago a friend of the writer's was walking in a London street when a soldier in the Regulars asked him the way to another street. They walked together talking for a time, and then our friend announced that he must go to his drill. The soldier seemed surprised at these words coming from a comparatively elderly civilian. When, however, the nature of the drilling, for a few hours every week in a Home Guards Corps, had been explained to him, he said: "Well, Sir, you are doing all you can, and you ought to be proud of it." And they shook hands upon it.—*The Spectator*, London. Jan. 16.

MACDONALD COLLEGE WOMAN OFFICIAL KILLED BY TRAIN

Montreal, Feb. 21—Miss N. L. MacMillan, superintendent of the men's residence at Macdonald College, was killed instantly Saturday afternoon by a Grand Trunk train near St. Anne De Bellevue, while watching a C. P. R. train pull out of the station with friends on board whom she had just seen off to Ottawa.

The two railways run parallel where the accident occurred, about a quarter of a mile west of the G. T. R. station.

Miss MacMillan was born at Mount Forest, Ont. Rev. J. W. MacMillan, Halifax, and Dr. MacMillan, president of Wells College, Aurora, N. Y., are brothers of the deceased.

DEATH PENALTY FOR SLAYER OF SYDNEY WOMAN

Sydney, N. S., Feb. 16.—After a trial lasting about four hours, John West, a native of Halifax, was convicted to-night of the murder of Miss K. C. Dunn, and sentenced to be hanged on April 19. Judge Russell was the trial judge. The jury was empanelled at 2 o'clock and sentence was pronounced at 9.30. The murder of which West is to die was committed at North Sydney on December 21, and was of a particularly atrocious character. West confessed the crime at the preliminary examination.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

MEN WHO DIE FOR ENGLAND

Men who die for England
Never die in vain.
Dying conquerors, dying masters,
Dying firm mid fierce disasters,
England's every son
Dying duty done,
Gives the life she lent him back again.
Men who die for England
Never die in vain.

Rushing seas they rode victorious,
Conquering seas have made them glorious,
Where in marshalled rank
Down to death they sank,
Met in order stern the roaring main
Proud for pride of England
Died and not in vain.

Fell our noblest once forsaken—
Ay, betrayed—the soul unshaken!
Dead he spoke a word
Sleeping, waking heard,
Till we reared an Empire for his fane,
Peace to Gordon! England
Mourned him not in vain.

Jungle, desert, heights, and valleys,
Know the dwindling square that rallies
Steady back to back,
Fronts the yelling pack;
Wild Shangani knows the grim refrain
Sung ere men of England
Fell above their slain.

Sons of Viking! old the story,
Desperate odds and death-fight gory.
Over all your graves
Late or soon there waves
Proud the flag ye held us high from stain,
Floats the flag of England,
Fought for not in vain.

Beacon fires are ye whose ashes
Fade, yet forth their splendour flashes,
Answers height on height
Bright and yet more bright,
Answers all your England, hill and plain,
Men who die for England
Do not die in vain.

Prince and labourer, clerk and yeoman,
One we rise to front the foeman.
Who can dare forget
Now to pay his debt,
Give what England gave to her again?
Men who died for England
Have not died in vain.

—*The Spectator.* MARGARET L. WOODS (1899)

THROUGH THE STREETS

Through the dim London morning
The soldiers rode away;
The crowd, in sable, round them;
The sky above them gray.

Two strains of music played them,—
One mournful and one glad,
It was the mournful music
That sounded the least sad.

—*The Spectator.* ELLA FULLER MAITLAND (1899)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY'S WORK

The British and Foreign Bible Society and its auxiliary branches have already distributed nearly 1,500,000 Bibles to soldiers of the belligerent countries. Of this number 60,000 copies of the New Testament have been given to Canadian soldiers—35,000 to the first contingent and 25,000 to the second contingent, the latter including 1,200 recently given to the soldiers at the local armory.

Rev. A. B. Cooper, representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society of Canada, who has been touring the maritime provinces addressing annual meetings of Bible societies, passed through the city last night on his way to Halifax.

Speaking to a Telegraph reporter concerning the work of the society, he said its particular mission at the present time is to provide Testaments to the soldiers fighting in the war. The society has been busy in all parts of the world, distributing in Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Turkey and in the colonies. He said that at the present time he is receiving contributions and assistance at his headquarters, Toronto, so that he can provide the soldiers of future Canadian contingents with Testaments.

Throughout the world where the "war" Testaments are being distributed they are of a uniform design and the only difference is the language. The copies given recently to the soldiers of the 26th battalion were khaki in color and bore on the front the Canadian coat-of-arms, beneath which was inscribed the following—"Gift of the Canadian Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society to the soldiers of the war of 1914. Be strong and of good courage."—*Telegraph*, Feb. 18.

A FRENCH CREDO

Sir,—I send you a rough translation of a Credo by M. Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, which seems to me to express the spirit of that France which is our ally:—

"I believe in the courage of our soldiers and the skill and devotion of our leaders. I believe in the power of right, in the crusade of civilization, in France, the eternal, the imperishable, the essential. I believe in the reward of suffering, and the worth of hope. I believe in confidence, in quiet thought, in the humble daily round, in discipline, in charity militant. I believe in the blood of wounds and the water of benediction; in the blaze of artillery and the light of the votive candle; in the beads of the rosary. I believe in hallowed vows of the old and in the potent innocence of children. I believe in women's prayers, in the sleepless heroism of the wife, in the calm piety of the mother, in the purity of our cause, in the stainless glory of our flag. I believe in our great past, in our great present, in our greater future. I believe in our countrymen, both the living and the dead. I believe in the hands clenched for battle and in the hands clasped for prayer. I believe in ourselves. I believe in God. I believe, I believe."

—I am, Sir, &c., Susan Buchan.—*The Spectator*, London, Jan. 16.

NEW IRISH VICEROY ASSUMES OFFICE

Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 18—Baron Wimborne was to-day sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at a meeting of the Privy Council held in Dublin Castle. The ceremonial which is customary on this occasion was fully observed.

Baron Wimborne succeeds Lord Aberdeen, who has held the post of Lord Lieutenant for the past nine years.

BRITISH VESSELS DESTROYED

Havre, Feb. 17—The British steam collier Dulwich, bound from Hull to Rouen, was torpedoed by a German submarine, twenty miles northwest of Cape de la Heve at six o'clock last night. The torpedo struck the middle starboard side.

As the crew took to the boats, the submarine which torpedoed the ship was seen speeding away. The Dulwich sank in twenty minutes.

Twenty-two members of the crew of thirty-one men were picked up by the French destroyer Arquebuse and brought to Havre. Seven others rowed to Fecamp. The fate of the other two is unknown. The Dulwich was of 3,289 tons and was owned by the British Steamship Company.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 18.—Four British steamers and a British schooner, of a total tonnage of 11,874, have been sunk off the east coast of South America by the German converted cruiser Kron Prinz Wilhelm, which before the war was a North German Lloyd liner. This was learned to-day from Capt. Dreyer, of the German steamer Holger, which arrived last night bringing 314 persons, comprising the crews of the destroyed British ships.

The steamers sunk by the Kron Prinz Wilhelm were the Highland Brae, 4,842 tons; the Potaro, 2,810 tons; the Hemisphere, 2,230 tons; and the Semantha, 1,811 tons. The three-masted schooner Wilfred M., 199 tons, was also sent to the bottom by the cruiser.

After the vessel had been sunk by the Kron Prinz Wilhelm, the Holger was summoned from Pernambuco by the captain of the cruiser to take aboard the passengers and crew of the British vessels. After leaving the Kron Prinz Wilhelm the Holger was pursued near Montevideo by two British cruisers, but succeeded in escaping, owing to a heavy fog.

The Highland Brae, which was the most important victim of the Kron Prinz Wilhelm, was sunk two weeks after leaving London for Buenos Ayres. She was sent to the bottom near Pernambuco, after her cargo, coal, crew and passengers had been removed to the Kron Prinz Wilhelm.

The passengers stated to-day that they had received good treatment from the Germans, both on the cruiser and on the Holger, to which they were transferred near the Brazilian coast a few days after the Highland Brae was sunk.

They complained, however, of a lack of comfort on board the Holger, which is a coal carrying tramp.

Capt. Dreyer stated that after he left Pernambuco, in response to an aerogram from the cruiser, he had considerable difficulty in locating the Kron Prinz Wilhelm. She was on the high seas for several days before she came up to the cruiser.

The Holger, which is bringing a cargo from Bremen, had a crew of 40 men, who will be compelled to remain here because they have no health certificates.

SARAH BERNHARDT TO LOSE A LEG

Bordeaux, France, Feb. 17—Sarah Bernhardt, who is in a hospital here awaiting the amputation of her leg, necessitated by an injury to the knee, continues to maintain her strength and spirits. Her cheerful courage has won the admiration of all her friends. In answer to one of hundreds of inquiries regarding her condition, she telegraphed that her leg would be amputated next Monday, and after that she would be quite happy.

SOLDIERS GUARDING BRIDGE AT VANCEBORO

The squad guarding the Canadian Pacific international bridge at Vanceboro, consists of 26 soldiers under the command of Lieut. Thompson of the 62nd Fusiliers of St. John, N. B. They are quartered in Canadian Pacific Railway cars on a spur track on the New Brunswick side of the river.

The bridge is guarded by three shifts of eight men each, and no one is allowed to pass over it without permission of the commanding officer.

AT MR. McMASTER'S HOME

London, Feb. 16—Some Canadians who contracted illness at Salisbury Plain are convalescing at Virginia Water, in the residence of Donald McMaster, M. P., a former Montreal barrister. Mr. McMaster has provided medical and nursing services for the men.

RURAL SCIENCE SCHOOL

Under the Department of Agriculture and Education two Rural Science Schools for teachers, will be held in New Brunswick during the coming summer; one at Woodstock and one at Sussex.

The purpose of these schools is to give practical instruction to teachers in Nature Study and Agriculture under the divisions,—Plant Life, Animal Life, School Gardening and Home Plots, Farm Mechanics and Rural Domestic Science.

These subjects supply to the teacher an opportunity to vitalise rural education, to bring the schools into closer relation with the life of country communities, while at the same time they afford a means for making that education broad and cultural.

"The principle of learning by doing" will be strongly emphasized at these summer schools. The length of session will be four weeks. They begin on July 14.

All teachers holding provincial licenses and actually engaged in public school work in the provinces are eligible for admission. Information may be obtained of R. P. Steeves, Director of Elementary Agricultural Education, Sussex, N. B., to whom all applications for admission should be made.

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