

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night, The Tide is full, the moon lies fair Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand, Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. Come to the window, sweet is the night-air! Only from the long line of spray Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land, Listen! you hear the grating roar Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling, At their return, up the high strand Begin, and cease, and then again begin, With tremulous cadence slow, and bring The eternal note of sadness in. Sophocles long ago Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought Into his mind the turbulent ebb and flow Of human misery; we Find also in the sound a thought, Hearing it on the distant Northern sea. The sea of Faith Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore Lay like the folds of a bright girdle fur'd. But now I only hear Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, Retreating, to the breath Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear And naked shingles of the world. Ah, love, let us be true To one another! for the world, which seems To lie before us like a land of dreams, So various, so beautiful, so new, Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain; And we are here as on a darkling plain Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLO (Born December 24, 1822; died in 188

COMMON ERRORS MADE BY GOLFERS IN BUILDING TEES

WHEN the golfer thinks back on the tees he has seen made by both players and caddies, he will realize that there is an art to the operation. It is amusing to notice the tee made by the beginner—the great mountain of sand, nearly two inches high, which he carefully builds up and then delicately places his ball on the pinnacle. It is not, however, only the novice who goes wrong, but both players and caddies who should know better. Of course, there are great differences in taste in the height that golfers prefer their tees, and it can be properly built of different heights. There will always be this phase, even for the same player; for instance, playing with and against the wind, high and low, respectively. One of the common faults in tee-making is the error of taking too much sand and of kneading it closely and compactly with the finger. Now this must provide a certain resistance to the head of the club as it is the act of hitting the ball. Of course, it is infinitesimal, but it is there all the same. Then there are those players who not only do this, but aggravate it by having the caddie place the ball delicately on top of the tee, and then press it down until it has formed for itself a little groove or cup on the mound, which would plainly show the markings of the ball, if the latter were carefully raised up again. Another case is where the player acquires the habit of tapping the ball with the head of his driver before proceeding to address it. The correct way is to have the tee made of the proper height in itself, so that no pressing down of the ball will be required and therefore when the player takes his stance, if he thinks the tee is too high, he should not push it down with the club head. Instead he should ask the caddie to make it a little lower, which is done by taking off the ball and remaking the tee with less sand. The really correct method of making a tee is to take a pinch of sand with the thumb and two fingers, form it into a cone-like shape with the same three digits, and then press it gently with the palm of the hand.

STORY OF EACH TEE There are one or two curious facts about a tee. For instance, a story may be read from it after a shot has been played as to what sort of shot it has been. If the stroke has been sent clean and fair, the tee will still be there, with only a slight scuffing off the top. If the shot has been foisted, the tee will be all swept away, and part of the turf underneath as well. And if it has been a topped drive, there will be a slice off the tee, sloping from the top of it at the back right down to the ground in front, showing the ball to have taken a downward motion. Another thing about them is that if you are off your driving, a change in the height of the tee might help to regain form. This is of course obvious, for if a player doesn't seem to be getting down to his ball, but is topping them all, the tee should be raised; and just the contrary if he is inclined to schaff. The importance of selecting a good place whereon to put the tee cannot be over-estimated, and often such a place is difficult to find, especially on courses where due respect and consideration are not given to the choosing of a teeing ground. It seems to be thought by some green-keepers that any sort of place will do, whether all hanging over or with a sharp rise of ground in front. This difference is surely a mistake, for a teeing ground is only second in importance to the putting green. The proper location is on a slight sloping-up ground, with no sudden rise in front for at least twelve or fifteen yards. But given a good teeing-place, the player must select his own location. He should be careful not to select a hanging position or one with a bump in the ground, either immediately before or behind. All these positions will be fatal to his drive. Take the same precautions suggested for the green-keeper—place the tee on a place where there is a mound upward slope, and free from a gully before or behind, and then the golfer will at least be giving himself a fair chance of getting the ball safely away.

GOLF IN THE ARCTICS

Records have it that on the 10th of May, 1896, there sailed out of Amsterdam one William Barant, of whom it has been written, "Nothing in all the history of Arctic adventure is more full of romance, and heroism, than the three voyages of this man. A born leader, a true devotee of science, endless in resources, of seal unquenchable, great-hearted, blithe and lovable, he stands in the front rank of the world's greatest sailors." The story is that the valiant pilot sailed away into the

great unknown Arctic, and after making a loop around Spitzbergen, headed towards Nova Zemba, which was sighted on the 17th of July. By September 11 they had made up their minds that they were frozen in for the winter, the first of all Arctic adventures to be so caught. Fearing the ice would crush their ship, they built themselves a house of wood. After suffering therein fearful privations, so snowed in that they only exit from the house was up the chimney, the end of winter came around. It is recorded that the "16th of February" was Shrove Tuesday, the last day before the Lenten fast. Then we made ourselves somewhat merry in our great grief and trouble, in remembrance that winter began to wear away and fairer weather to approach," and by passing up the chimney, as well they might, for it had long been innocent of smoke, to the roof, and so on the snow, and thence to the ice, they kept up their courage as health and good spirits by playing "coffe" on the ice whenever it was possible. For two hundred and seventy-four years after no human being visited the ice-haven where the enthusiastic "coffers" preserved their health by the exercise of that game, until on September 9, 1871, a Norwegian fishing vessel made its way there and found the house standing. The clock, the bunks, the books, a flute, and many other articles were still in their old places. A halibut was leaning against the wall just as it had been left in 1597. If some modern golfer should visit the Naval Museum at The Hague he will settle for himself the question as to whether or not the "coffe clubs" are still there, for the relics are housed in an exact counterpart of the hut in which the adventurer lived.—New York Evening Post.

THE RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE. Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Company

Chapter 15

THE new firm plunged busily into pressing activities. Orde constantly interviewed men of all kinds—rivermen, mill men, contractors, boat builders, hardware dealers, pile driver captains, builders, wholesale grocery men, cooks, axmen, chow boys—all a little world in itself. Downstream eight miles, below the mill, and just beyond where the draw-bridge crossed over to Monrovia, Dup can McLeod's saltpetre steamed, and bent and boiled away at two tugboats. The spring burst into steam and, settled into summer. Orde was constantly on the move, as soon as the water came with midsummer he departed for Redding. Here he joined a crew which Tom North had collected and sent to the head of the river. For lack of the headwaters he built a dam. The gate operated simply and could be raised to let loose an entire flood. And, indeed, this was the purpose of the dam. It created a reservoir from which could be freed new supplies of water to eke out the drooping spring freshets. The crew next moved down ten miles to where the river dropped over a rapids full of bowlders. Here were built a row of stone filled log cribs in a double row downstream to define the channel and to hold the drive in it and away from the shallows. At the falls twenty-five miles below Orde proposed his most elaborate bit of rough engineering. The falls, only about fifteen feet high, fell straight to a bed of river rock. This had been eaten by the eddies into potholes and crannies until a jagged, irregular scarp hollow had formed immediately underneath the falls. In flood time the water roared through this obstruction in a torrent. The logs plunged end on into the scarp hollow, hit with a crash and were swept out below, where they were battered. Sometimes, when the drive brought down a hundred logs together, they tumbled to shoot over the barrier of the ledge. They followed a jam, a bad jam, difficult and dangerous to break. This condition of affairs Orde had determined, if possible, to obviate. "It," said he to North, "we could carry an apron on a slant from just under the crest and over the potholes it would about both the water and the logs off a better angle." "Sure," agreed North, "but you'll have fun placing your apron with all that water running through. Why, it would drown us!" "I've got a notion on that," said Orde. Into the forest went the axmen. The straightest trees they felled, trimmed and dragged down travoy trails they constructed, on sleds they built for the purpose, to the banks of the river. Here they bored the two holes through either end to receive the bolts when later they should be locked together side by side in their places. As first as they were prepared men with cant-hooks rolled them down the slope to a flat below the falls. After the trees had been cut in sufficient number Orde led the way back upstream a half mile to a shallows, where he commanded the construction of a number of exaggerated sawhorses with very widespread slanting legs. When the sawhorses were completed Orde directed the picks and shovels to be brought up. Orde set his men to digging a channel through the bank. It was no slight

job, as the slope down into a swamp began only at a point forty or fifty feet distant from the other bank, the soil was soft and free from rocks. When completed the channel gave passage to a rather feeble streamlet from the outer fringe of the river. Next Orde assigned two men to each of the queer shaped sawhorses and instructed them to place the horses in a row across the shallowest part of the river and broadside to the stream. This was done. The men, halfway to their knees in the swift water, bore

down heavily to keep their charges in place. Other men laid heavy planks side by side perpendicular to and on the upstream side of the horses. The weight of the water clamped them in place. Big rocks and gravel shoveled on in quantity prevented the lower ends from rising. The wide slant of the logs had also been tapered back downward so that the horses were prevented from floating away, and slowly the bulk of the water, thus raised a good three feet above the former level, turned aside into the new channel and poured out to inundate the black ash swamp beyond. A good volume still poured down to the fall, but it was so far reduced that work became possible. "Now, boys!" cried Orde. "Lively while we've got the chance!" The twenty-six foot logs were placed side by side, slanting from a point two feet below the rim of the fall to the four holes bored for that purpose. The task finished, they piled the flash boards from the improvised dam, piled them neatly beyond reach of high water, rescued the sawhorses and piled them also for a possible future use. A blocked temporary channel, the river restored to its immortal channel by these men who had so nonchalantly turned it aside, roared of foam and eddies, now the water flowed smoothly, almost without a break, over an incline of thirty degrees. "Eggs!" he called out as a gun barrel, said Tom North. Quite cheerfully they took up their long, painstaking journey back down the river. The trail led the crew through many labor, all of which consumed time. At Redd's mill Orde entered into diplomatic negotiations with old man Reed, he found a sturdy, amenable. The skirmish in the spring seemed to have taken all the fight out of him, or perhaps, more simply, Orde's attitude toward him at that time led him over to the young man's side. Orde's crew built a new sluiceway and gate far enough down to assure a good head in the pond above. In September the crew had worked down as far as Redding, leaving behind them a river harassed for their uses. Remained still the forty miles between Redding and the lake. Orde here paid off his men. A few days work with a pile driver would fence the principal shoals from the channel. He stayed overnight with his parents and took the train for Monrovia to meet Newman. "Hello, Joe!" greeted Orde, his teeth flashing in contrast to the tan of his face. "You done." "Anything new since you were last?" "Newman had acquired his articles of incorporation and sold his stock. Perhaps his task had in it as much of difficulty as Orde's naming of the river. Certainly he carried it to as successful a conclusion. The bulk of the stock he sold to log owners. Some blocks even went to Chicago. His own little fortune of twenty thousand he paid in for the shares that represented his half of the majority retained by himself and Orde. The latter gave a note at 10 per cent for his proportion of the stock. Newman then borrowed fifteen thousand more, giving a security mortgage on the company's newly acquired property—the tugs, booms, buildings and real estate. Thus was the financing determined. It left the company with obligations of \$1,500 a year in interest, expenses which would run heavily into the thousands and an obligation to make good outside stock worth at par exactly \$100,000. In addition Orde had charged against his account a burden of \$2,000 a year interest on his personal debt. To offset these liabilities, outside the river improvements and equipments, which would hold little or no value in case of failure, the firm held contracts to deliver about 100,000 feet of logs. After some discussion the partners decided to allow themselves \$2,500 apiece by way of salary. "The only point that is at all risky to me," said Newman, "is that we have only one season contracts. If for any reason we hang up the drive or fail to deliver promptly we're going to get left the year following, and then it's bust—bust!"

BOVRIL Repels Colds, Chills, and Influenza

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 19. Miss Branscombe, matron of the Chipman Memorial Hospital, and Mrs. Harold Beek, a graduate nurse, who went to Halifax soon after the tragedy, have returned home, as there are so many nurses and doctors they were not really needed and could return to their homes. The funeral service of the late Mr. Fred S. Newman was held from Christ Church on Saturday afternoon. Rev. Canon Smithers, of Fredericton, and Rev. Wm. Tomalin, of Trinity Church, St. Stephen, conducted the service. The pallbearers were Messrs. E. W. Ward, J. W. Scott, Harold Newman, Godfrey Newman, and Dr. Everett Gray. The interment was in the Rural Cemetery. Monday was a very exciting day in St. Stephen. The Town was astir early, and voters were ready to deposit their votes as soon as the polling places were open, and both Unionists and Liberal Laurierites were in fighting trim. The women of the Unionist Association were at their post at the polls and have good reason to be proud of the splendid work they did to help Mr. Thomas A. Hartt, the Unionist Candidate, win his election. The women who came forward to organize their Association, did it with the high patriotism, and left nothing undone that would in any way interfere with their work, and gave their best energy and vigor to help on their Country's honor. In the evening the Unionists gathered at their headquarters to await the news from other provinces. Mr. John W. Flewelling most kindly placed his handsome office at the disposal of the Women's Unionist Association, where about fifty ladies gathered, also, to await with impatient interest the result of the Election. Miss Myrtle Ganong sat at the head of the table before a telephone and when the messages came from the Unionist headquarters, the President, Mrs. A. E. Fessy would announce them to the ladies; nearly all were industriously knitting for the soldiers, as they awaited the glorious news. The Liberal Laurier party occupied the Liberal Committee rooms, and also gathered in the Todd Store to talk over the great defeat and wait the results from other parts of the Dominion. Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Haley are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, on Dec. 12th. Mr. J. H. Stannard, of New York City, has been a recent visitor in St. Stephen. Mrs. Annie Kerstead, who was Mrs. Culey's guest, has returned to Amherst, N. S., to spend the winter. Mrs. Ansell, who has been visiting in Calais, has returned to her home in Portland, Maine. Dr. E. J. Haner and bride, have returned to their home in Calais, after spending their honeymoon in New York, and other American cities. Mr. Frederick Greenlaw, left Calais on Friday, for Quincy, Mass., where he will be employed during the winter. Mrs. Greenlaw will remain in Calais until spring. Mrs. Benjamin Sherten, who has been visiting friends in Boston for several weeks, has arrived home. The stores in Calais and St. Stephen have begun to make a showing of holiday goods, but there is a great lack of novelties compared with former years. Mrs. Hill Grimmer has been spending the past two days with relatives in Boston.

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Dec. 20. Mrs. Fred Lambert, of Richardson, called on Mrs. Sumner Hartford on Sunday. Mr. Austin Parker, and sister, Mrs. Grant A. Stuart, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogerson, of Leonardville, on Sunday. Mr. Gilmore Stuart, of Lubec, Me., is the guest of his cousin, Miss Hazel Stuart. Miss Lettie Doughty and Miss Effie Doughty, of Leonardville, called on friends in Lord's Cove on Tuesday. The Ladies of this place are making preparation for a grand concert to take place on Christmas Eve. LAMBERTVILLE, D. I. Dec. 18. Mrs. Alvah Ellis, who has spent a few weeks at her home at Maces Bay, returned to the Island on Saturday. Mr. Frank Leamas and son, Frank, who are working in the woods at Mascarene, spent Sunday and Monday at their home. Miss Anna Treacren, who has been teaching at New River, is spending the holidays at her home. Mrs. Hannah Leeman, an aged lady, fell and hurt herself very badly last week and is now confined to her home. Misses Hazel and Dorothy Lord spent Sunday with Miss Marion Pendleton. Mr. and Mrs. Butler Stuart, and family, who spent the summer at Black's Harbor, have returned home. BOCABEC COVE, N. B. Dec. 12. Miss Marjorie Pendlebury, of St. Andrews, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Matthew McCullough. Mrs. Chas. McCullough and daughters, Beattie, Adelaide, and Priscilla, of Upper Bocabec, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Holt on Sunday last. The school closes here on Friday for the Christmas holidays. We are pleased to say that Miss Helen Young, of St. Andrews, who has been our teacher for the past year, is to remain with us for another term. The only women of this section to attend the polls and cast their vote on Dec. 17th, were Mrs. James Crichton and Mrs. Matthew McCullough. We are proud to say that these women both have a brave son overseas, and that they understand the great issues at stake in this election. Private Clarence Crichton is still in France, in the trenches, according to last report; while Private LeRoy McCullough is in England having his wounds cared for. Mrs. Albert Brownrigg and daughter, Mildred, spent last week with Mrs. Brownrigg's mother, Mrs. Thomas Stor, of Lower Bayside. Mrs. Jennie Foster and Mr. Ernest Foster spent a few days in St. Stephen recently. Mr. Angus Holt made a business trip to St. Stephen on Thursday last.

What's the difference between a drama and a melodrama?

"Well, in a drama the heroine merely throws the villain over in a melodrama she throws him over a cliff."—Judge.

A Kidney Remedy

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by a little digested food which overtaxes these organs to eliminate the irritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15 to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, sold as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and your kidney disorder will promptly disappear. Get the genuine.

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