t school building through the prin-streets of the town after which returned to the school grounds and ed out an elaborate programme of

the exhibition hall, wher they gave two ours to a patriotic programme of musical and literary numbers of great interst with an address by the Rev. A. R. rowfoot on the day and its purpose. This evening the people gathered in the same hall and listened to two fine addresses, the first by F. M. Sproul, on Palations to the Empire and Obli-

frequent applause.
I fine chorus of members of the school g three patriotic songs between the dresses. Inspector of Schools A. J. ooks presided and paid a deserved bute of Principal Wetmore and his ssed to the speakers, who briefly and

GOLD OR NOT?

ply and until he does all the coun-ide are pruning their imaginations weird tales of buried treasures, bank

claims.
happened in this way:
bout three weeks ago Nason and his
her-in-law, James Josie, were reing a stump near Nason's house,
ch is between the railway track and
road, when the pick struck metal,
ceeding blows uncarthed a glistening
erial which sent the two men workstrengenity and sentiadly. At length the tangled rootlets, two bars of tetal, apparently gold. Each was about teen inches long, and three inches in ameter and weighed more than fifty bunds. There was evidence that the tetal had been poured into a wooden ould and allowed to harden. Nason was elated at the find, which naturally thought was a precious one.

matter was much discussed at his e during the next few days and the usiasm aroused caused a little laxity ne usual working of the farm. Howafter the advice of neighbors had

The find has created all sorts of stories. Some of the older residents tell of bank robberies, where ingots of gold were stolen and never recovered. Others, more imaginative, tell of buccaneers and bandits, who melted their horded loot and buried the bars of gold. The contributions are varied and elaborate, and it is doubtful if ever in the history of the village if as much interest of the kind has ever been created.

Why shouldn't there he excitement? If the ingots should prove to be pure

Why shouldn't there be excitement? the ingots should prove to be pure d, then the find will be worth apximately \$272,000, figuring the value gold at £3 17s. 10½d, per troy ounce. Teighbors of Nason are divided in ir opinions. Some very optimistic ut Nason's luck, but others are ined to fear that he has nothing but of comper or same of the other

CAPT. H. F. R. GRIFITH



Captain H. F. R. Griffith, whose ton trait is reproduced, is the new actual of the 26th Battalion. Captain Griffit is a native of England, and as his namimplies, is of Welsh fighting stock ohis father's side. He has been in the Royal Canadian Regiment since 1900 but in fulfillment of the scheme b forces he has served for the years in India. He has been to many of the Indian regim cluding the 2d Sikh Ploneers North Staffords while they wer dian service. When war broke mere, but he at once voluntee service at the front and was se at once to Canada to join his uni

NO DEAL WITH NORRIS STATES SIR RODMAN

Ex-Premier Roblin, Tired of Office, Quotes New Premier as Saying, "We'd Have Battered You to Bits Before Long, Anyway"—How Norris Heard News.

(Toronto Globe.) "They made the charges. We have pleaded guilty. There is no need for a trial, but they can go on with it if they want to. The old government has admitted its negligence and responsibility."—ex-Prenier Roblin in Toronto.

They made the charges. We have pleaded guilty. There is no need for a trial, but they can go on with it if they want to. The old government has admitted its negligence and responsibility.—ex-Pre-Prier Roblin in Toronto.

Sir Rodmond Roblin would not wait. The Manitoba premier of ten days agowas tired of "hanging on by an eyelish," as he put it himself yesterday in an interview in Toronto with a representative of The Globe. Had he had his own way he would have attempted some months ago to reach a solution of the "rapidly-growing impossible political conditions" in the western province by some endeavor to form a coalition administration. He was prepared—and anxious—personally to step aside. But his "colleagues and advisers were not then willing." So he waited until ten days ago. Then he took action on his own initiative.

While he was waiting the dominion government at Ottawa hastened preparations for a federal "khaki" election. While he was ready when the storm of public indignation broke. Premier Borden was deluged with protests from pariotic citizens in all parts of Canada. He hesitated and —went for a holiday. Meanwhile instructions went out to the more docile of the government press to "start a campaign of education"—education of the public mind to the idea of war-time politics and war-time election-eering. The soldiers' ballots went forward. The khaki campaign project was not abandoned. It was postsponed. An autumn election was the next best thing to a June election to desperate politicians.

But part of the plan has gone wrong. Sir Rodmond Robbin wouldn't wait—free to go to the country for a function of desperate politicians.

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is no need for a trial, but they can go on with it if they want to. The old government has admitted its negligence and responsibility."

Officialdom Ran Riot,

Sir Rodmond was emphatic in stating his own personal position. He spoke of the difficulties which had best hin throughout the whole building project by reason of the falling-health of the late Hon. Colin Campbell and the subsequent lithess which seized Hon. Dr. Montague. These matters he declined to discuss in detail, but pointed out that it had been impossible, under the circumstances, to keep striet ministerial eye upon the contracts and work.

"As a consequence," he added, "officialdom ran riot, and we must take responsibility. Tim not trying to dedge anything, but the thing was a shock to me."

The ex-premier declared that he was willing to let his own record stand for history. "Of course I fought for my party," he declared, but francing in the legislature yet, but I'm going to. I will not take my seat in the louse again."

No Election Necessary.

Asked as to whether he regarded it is likely that the new government would have to appeal to the people for endorsement at the polls, or whether; it was true, as had been reported, that sufficient Conservatives proposed to resign their seats with the view to avoiding un lection, Sir Rodmond said be hought the latter course likely, although he could not speak with assurance. "I'm going to get out, anyway," he repeated. He was on his way to Pitchu to visit his father there and have a rest."

As to Manitoba the ex-premier is an aptimist. Prospects are exceedingly bright erroge having been Increased and weather conditions having so far been formed the proposed have a rest."

As to Manitoba the ex-premier is any throughout the whole province. Harvest prospects are exceedingly bright erroge having been Increased and weather conditions having so far been formed the province of the solitons of the proposed having been increased and weather conditions having so far been formed the proposed having bright erroge havin

ideal. Sir Rodmond left Toronto yes-terday afternoon. No Deal, Says Free Press.

in ask the lettentant-governor to send for you. How long do you want to get ready?

"It mearly knocked him off his pins."
It took him a minute to get his breath. Then he came back at me: 'Well, we would have battered you to pieces before long, anyway? You've got to give him credit; 'some' fighter, all right; a bit too radical for me, and for his own good; but straight as a string—honest as the day is long.

"And," proceeded the ex-Premier philosophically, 'he'll need it all when the heelers get buzzing round him. And there's plenty of them."

Sir Rodmond added that Premier Northis had secured "a first-class bunch" of cabinet colleagues. He paid special tribute to Attorney-General Hudson, who, he said, was "a coming man."

Pressed further as to the future investigations of the Royal Commission, Sir Rodmond reiterated his declaration that no understanding of any kind existed concerning it. "They made the charges. We have pleaded guilty. There is no need for a trial, but they can go on with it if they want to. The old government has admitted its negligence and responsibility."

Difficialdom Ran Riot,

Imm he was accepted by the elder Mr. Babcock without question as a fitting groom.

To the chief of police at Eastport, across the limpid bay yesterday, came a message from the chief of police of Lynn to arrest William Carter at any and every cost. On making inquiries, however, he found that after taking refuge on Canadian territory an escaped paramoic, if Mr. Carter was really one, as alleged, could not be arrested. Recourse was therefore had to the immigration authorities to get him deported as an undesirable alien. These authorities visited Wilson's Beach and prepared to take away the bridegroom of a day. But they had counted without their host.

Carter could not be found. Mrs. Carter, the bride of a few hours, was at home calmly esconced in her father's home. It was almost a repetition of Scott's poem:

There was racing and chasing on Canopie lea, and the island was searched high and low, in and out, not a trace o

UP IN PORTS OF U.S. GOVERNM'T BOARD

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAD (Sir Clive Phillips-Wolley, in Vancouver World.) Shall we half-mast our flags? The question has been on many lips during the past two weeks, as the list of our gallant dead has been coming in from the front. Our readers will remember that on the day of Paardeberg, when the British Columbia men, for the first time, fell in considerable numbers, flags fluttered down to half-mast from one end of the province to the other. Then Captain (now Sir) Clive Phillips-Wolley rallied everyone like a bugle blast with the stirring poem which we reproduce here, and every flag went back to the mast-head. Sir Clive was among the first in the present was to be compelled to adopt his own philosophy, as his son, Lieut. Phillips-Wolley, went down on the Hogue. "The last I saw of him," said his commanding officer, "was on the after deck, doing well."

Why is it that ye grieve, oh weak in faith, Who turn toward high heaven upbraiding eyes? Think ye that God will count your children's death

Half-mast your flags? Nay, fly them at the head! We reap the harvest where we sowed the corn; See from the red graves of your gallant dead

Do ye not know ye cannot cure a flaw Unless the steel runs molten red again;.
That mere men's words cannot together draw

Grew less than kin on every continent; That brothers had forgotten in their greed What."brother" meant?

Do ye not hear from all the humming wires Which bind the mother to each colony How He works surely for our best desires

With blood of freemen into one grand whole, To open all the gates of all the earth? Do ye not see your Greater Britain's soul Has come to birth?

Do ye not hear above the shrieks—the song

From all those outland hearts which peace kept dumb "There is no fight too fierce, no trail too long, Can ye beat steel from iron in the sun

Or crown earth's master on a bloodless field:
As Abram offered to his God,—his son, Our hest we yield. And God gives answers In the battle smoke; Tried in war's crucible, washed white in tears, The Saxon heart of Greater Britain woke,

Lift up your eyes. Your glory is revealed, See through war's clouds the rising of your sun! Hear ye God's voice. Your testament is sealed And ye be One.

One for all years,

Trade Unionists Delighted With Entrance of Arthur Henderson in Cabinet

"DEAD SET" BEING

cism of War Secretary - Other Papers Rallying to His Support.

LABOR MEMBER IS OFFICIAL RECORD OF NEW HEAD OF LOCAL CANADIAN HEROISM

Officers Climbed Moat to Succor Wounded Men and Bring Them to Hospital — Medical Men Adapt Themselves Readily to Battlefield Conditions-"A Handful From the Harvest of Stories."

(By Sir Max Aitken, Canadian Eye-Witness). London, May 21—A wave of battle is like a wave of the sea. While it advances one is only conscious of its rush and roar, only concerned to measure how far it may advance. As it ebbs, the known

London Times and Other Harmsworth
Papers Indulging in Severe Critiminion into Nationhood: the mere written word "Canada" glows now with a new meaning before all the civilized world. She has proved herself, and not unworthily; but those who survive of the men who have won us our world right to pride are too busy to trouble their

The series bridging in Miss opinion of the control of the series with the control of the control

heads about history. That may come in days of peace.

Edith—How did Jack look when he proposed?

Ethel—Why, I couldn't see anything but his necktie.—Boston Transcript.

And here is a story of a brigade head—and De Geneve, via Paris, May 23—The Journal De Geneve, via Paris, May 24—The Journal De Geneve, via Paris, May 25—The Journal De Geneva, via Paris, May 23-The Jour