POOR DOCUMENT

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Cap'n Bob of the Screamer

By F. Hopkinson Smith.

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Captain Bob Brandt dropped in today, looking brown and ruddy, and filling my office with a breeze and freshness that seemed to have followed him all the way in from the sea.

"Just in, Captain?" I cried, springing to my feet, my fingers closing around his—no more welcome visitor than Captain Bob ever pushes open my office door.

"Yes—Teutonic."

"Where did you pick her up—Fire Island?"

"No; 'bout hundred miles off Montauk."

Captain Bob has been a Sandy Hook pilot for some years back.

"How was the weather?" I had a chair ready for him now and was lifting the lid of my desk in search of a box of cigars.

"Pretty dirty. Nasty swell on, and so thick you could hack holes in it. Come pretty nigh missin' her"—and the Captain opened his big stormcoat and reached out his long, brawny arm for the cigar I was extending toward him.

I have described this sea-dog before—as a younger sea-dog—twenty years younger, in fact. He was in my employ then—he and his sloop Screamer. Every big foundation stone in Shark Ledge Light—the one off Keyport harbor—can tell you about them both.

In those lighthouse days this Captain Bob was "a tall, straight blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-two, with a face like an open book."

He is precisely the same kind of man today, plus twenty years of experience. That he should now rank as the most expert pilot on the station was quite to be expected. He could have filled as well a commander's place on the bridge, had he chosen to work along those lines.

And the modesty of the man!

Nothing that he has done, or can still do, has ever stretched his hat measure or swelled any part of his thinking apparatus. The old pilot cap is still number seven, and the sensible head beneath it is number seven, too.

As I look at him now, sitting in my office chair, the smoke of the cigar curling about his bronzed, weather-tanned face, my eyes taking in his slim waist, slender thighs and long, sinewy arms and hands that have served him so well all his life I can hardly believe that twenty years have passed over his head since we worked together on Shark Ledge. But for the marks chalked on his temples by the Old Man with the Hour-glass and the few tally scores of hard work crossing the corners of his mouth and eyes, he has the same external appearance as in the old days.

"This pilotin' 's pretty rough sometimes," Captain Bob continued between the puffs of smoke, "but it ain't nothin' to the old days. When I look back on it all, seems to me as if we was out o' our heads most o' the time. I didn't know it then, but 't was true all the same. Think now o' layin' the Screamer broadside on that stone pile at Shark Ledge, unloadin' them stone with nothin' but a couple o' spar buoys to keep 'er off. Wonder I didn't leave 'er bones there. Would if I hadn't knowed every stick o' timber in 'er and jest what she could stagger under."

"But she was a good sea boat," I interpolated. "The Screamer was always the pride of the work."

"None better. You'd a-thought so if you'd been with us that night off Hatteras; we layin' to, hatches battened down. I never see it blow wuss. It came out o' the nor'west 'bout dark, and 'fore mornin' I tell ye it was a-humpin' things. We started with a pretty decent set o' sails, new eyelets rove in and new clew lines, but, Lord love ye, we hadn't taken old Hatteras into consideration.

"We lay 'round till mornin' and then 'long come a coaler bound for Charleston. She see us a-wallowin' in the trough and our mast thrashin' for all it was worth.

"'What d'ye want?' the skipper says, when he got within hail.

"'Some sail needles and a ball o' twine' I hollered back; 'we got everything else.' 'You should just a-heard him cuss—" and one of Captain Bob's laughs rang through the room. "Them's two things I'd forgot—didn't think o' them in fact till the mainsheet give 'way.

"Well, he chucked 'em aboard with another cuss. I hadn't no money to pay no salvage. All we wanted was them needles and a little elbow grease and gumption. So we started in, and 'fore night, she still a' thrashing, I'd fixed up the sails, patched the eyelets with a pair o' boot legs, and was off again."

"What were you doing off Hatteras, Captain Bob?" I asked. I was leading him on, professing ignorance of minor details, so that I could again enjoy the delight of hearing him tell it.

"Oh, that was another one o' them crazy jobs I used to take when I didn't know no better. Why, I guess you remember 'bout that wreckin' job off Hamilton, Bermuda?"

He was settled in his chair now, his legs crossed, his head down between his shoulders.

"You see after I quit work on the Ledge,' I was put to 't for a job, and there come along a feller by the name of Lamson—the agent of an insurance company, who wanted me to go to Bermuda and git up some forty-two pieces o' white Italian marble that had been wrecked three years before off the harbor of Hamilton. They ran from three to twenty-one tons each, he said. So off I started with the Screamer. He didn't say, though, that the wreck lay on a coral reef eight miles from land or I'd stayed to home in New Bedford.

"When I got to where the wreck lay you couldn't see a thing 'bove water. So I got into an old divin' dress we had aboard—one we used on the ledge—oiled up the pump, and went down to look her over, and by Jiminy Criminy, not a scrap o' that wreck was left 'cept the rusty iron work and that part o' the bottom plankin' of the vessel that lay under the stones! Everything else was eat up with the worms! Funniest lookin' place you ever see. The water was just as clear as air, and I could see every one o' them stone plane as daylight—looked like so many big lumps o' white sugar scattered 'round—and they were big! One of 'em weighed twenty-one tons, and none on 'em weighed less'n five. Of course I knew how big they were 'fore I started, and I'd fitted up the Screamer special to h'ist 'em, but I didn't know I'd have to handle 'em twice; once from where they laid on that coral reef in twenty-eight feet o' water and then unload 'em on the Navy Yard dock, above Hamilton and then pick 'em up agin, load 'em 'board the Screamer and unload 'em once more 'board a Boston brig they'd sent down for 'em—one o' them high-waisted things 'bout sixteen feet from the water line to the rail. That was the worst part of it."

Captain Bob stopped, felt in his pocket for a match, found it empty, rose from his chair, picked one from a match safe on my desk, lighted his cigar, and resumed his seat again. I have found it wisest to let him have his own way in times like these. If I interrupted the flow of his talk it may stop for the day, and I lose the best part of the enjoyment of having him with me.

"Pretty decent chaps, them Englishmen"—puff-puff—the volume of smoke was all right once more. "One Monday morning I ran out of the Navy Yard dock within sight of the wreck. I had been layin' up over Sunday to get out of the way of a norther, when I luffed a little too soon and bang went my bowsprit and scraped off about three feet of red paint from the end of the dock. One of the watchmen was on the stringpiece, and saw the whole thing. 'Come ashore,' he says, 'and go and see the admiral; you can't scrape no paint off this dock with my permission.'

"Well I waited four hours for his nibs. When he come to his office quarters he was 'bout up to my arms, red as a can buoy, and white hair stickin' up straight as a shoebrush on his head. He looked cross enough to bite a tenpenny nail in two.

"'Ran into the dock, did ye—ran into Her Majesty's dock, and ye had room enough to turn a fleet in! Do you think we paint these docks for the fun o' having you lubbers scrape it off You'll pay for paintin' it over, sir—that's what you'll do, or I'll libel your boat, and send a file of marines down and tie her up,' and away he went up the dock to his office again.

"'Gosh!' I said to myself. "Guess I'm in a fix.' The boys stood around and heard every word, and I tell ye it warn't no joke. As to money, there warn't a $10 bill in the crew. I'd spent every cent I could rake and scrape to fit the Screamer out, and the boys were workin' on shares, and nobody was to get any money until the last stone—that big twenty-one ton feller—was 'board the brig. Then I could go to the agents in Hamilton and draw two-thirds of my contract. That twenty-one ton chunk, I forgot to tell ye, I had pickwed up the day before and it was then aboard the Screamer, and we was on our way down to Hamilton, where the brig lay, when her nose scraped off the admiral's paint.

"It did look kind o' nasty for us, and no mistake. One day more, and we'd a been through and had our money.

"'Go up and see him,' said the watchman. 'He gits cool sometimes as sudden as he gits hot.' So Bill Nevins, my engineer, who was workin' the h'ister, and I went up. The old feller was sittin' on the piazza in a big rattan chair.

"'Come aboard,' he hollered, soon's he see Bill and me a-standin' in the garden path with our hats off, looking' like two jailbirds about to be sentenced. Well, we go up on the porch, and he looked us all over, and said:

"'Have you got that money with you?' 'No,' I said, 'I haven't,' and I ups and tells him just how we was fixed, and how we had worked, and how short we was of grub and clothes and money, and then I said, 'an' now I come to tell ye that I hit the dock fair and square, and it was all my fault, and that I'll pay whatever you say is right when I put this stone 'board and get my pay.'

"He looked me all over—I tell you I was pretty ragged; nothin' but a shirt and pants on, and they was almighty tore up, especially where most everybody wants to be covered—and Bill was no beter. We'd 'bout used up our clo'es so that sail needles nor nothin' else wouldn't a-done us no good, nothin' else wouldn't a-done us no good, and we had no time nor no spare cash to go ashore and get others.

"While I was a-talking the old feller's eyes was a-borin' into mine—then he roaded out. 'No, sir; you won't!—you won't pay one d—d shillin', sir. You'll go back to your work, and if there's anything you want in the way of grub or supplies send here for it and you shall have it. Good day.' I tell ye he was a rum one."

"Was that the last time you saw him?" I asked.

"Not much. When we got 'longside the brig the next day, her cap'n see that twenty-one-ton stone setting up on the deck of the Screamer, lookin' like a big white church, and he got so scared he went ashore and started a yarn that we couldn't lift that stone sixteen feet in the air, and over her rail and down into the hold, and that we'd smash his brig, and it got to the admiral's ears, and down came two English engineers, in cork helmets and white jeckets and gold buttons, spic' an span as if they'd stepped out of the chart-room of a yacht. One was a colonel and the other was a major. They were both just back from India, as natty-looking chaps as you ever saw. And clear stuff all the way through—you could tell that before they opened their mouths.

"I was on the deck of the Screamer, overhaulin' the fall, surrounded by most of the crew, gettin' ready to h'ist the stone, when I first saw 'em. They and the cap'n were away up above me, leaning' over the rail, lookin' at the stone church that some o' the boys was puttin' the chains 'round. Bill Nevins was down in the fo'c's'le, firin' up, with the safety-valve set at 125 pounds. He had half a keg o' rosin and a can o' kerosene to help out wich in case we wanted a few pounds extry in the middle of the tea party. Pretty soon I heard one of 'em holler:

"'Ahoy! Is the captain aboard?'

"'He is,' I said, steppin' out. 'Who wants him?'

"'Colonel Throckmorton,' he says, 'and Major Severn.'

"'Come aboard, gentlemen,' I says.

"'So down they come, the colonel first, one foot at a time touchin' the ladder, the major following. When he reached the deck and wheeled around to look at me you just ought to have seen his face.

"'Are you the captain?' he says, and he looked me over 'bout as the admiral had done.

"'I be,' I said, 'Captain Robert Brandt of Pigeon Cove, Cape Ann, master and owner of the sloop Screamer, at your service'—I kep' front side to him. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Well, Captain,' he began, 'perhaps it is none of our business, but the captain of the brig here,' and he pointed up above him, 'has asked us to look over your tackle and see whether it is safe enough to lift this stone. He's afraid you'll drop it, and smash his deck in. Since I've seen it, and what you propose to lift it with, I've told him there's no danger, for you'll never get it off the deck. We are both officers of the Engineer Corps, and it is our business to know about such things.'

"'What makes you think the Screamer won't lift it?' I asked.

"'Well,' says the colonel, looking aloft, 'her boom ain't big enough, and that manila rope is too light. I should think it wasn't over three and three-quarters inch rope. We all know fifteen tons is enough weight for that size rope, even with a four-fold purchase, and we understand you say this stone weighs twenty-one.'

"'I'm sorry, gentlemen,' I said, 'and if you are worried about it you' better go 'board the brig, for I'm now about ready to pick the stone up and land her.'

"'Well, the major said he guessed he would, if I was determined to pull the mast out of my sloop, but the colonel said he'd stay by and see it out.

"'Just then Bill Nevins stuck his head out of the fo'c's'le. He was blacker than I was; all smeared with grease and stripped to his waist. It was hot enough anywhere, but it was sizzlin' down where he was.

"'All ready, Cap'n,' he says. 'She's got every pound she can carry.'

"I looked everything over—saw the butt of the boom was playin' free in the wooden socket, chucked in a lot of tallow so it could move easy, gave an extra twist to the end o' the guy, and hollered to Bill to go ahead. She went chuckety-chuck, chuckety-chuck for half a dozen turns; then she slowed down soon as she struck the full weight, and began to pant like an old horse climbin' a hill. All this time the colonel was callin' out from where he stood near the tiller: 'She'll never lift it, Captain; she'll never lift it.'

"Next thing come a scrapin' 'long the deck, and the big stone swung clear with a foot o' daylight 'tween it and the deck. Then up she went, crawlin' slowly inch by inch, till she reached the height of the brig's rail.

"Now comes the worst part. I knew that when I gave orders to slack away the guy-rope so as to swing the stone aboard the brig, the Screamer would list over and dip her rail in the water. So I made a jump for the rope ladder and shinned up the brig's side so as to take a hand in landin' the stone properly on the brig's deck. I had two big yellow pine sticks laid on the brig's deck so as to save her beams and break the jar when I lowered the stone down. I had one eye now on the stone and the other on the water which was curling over the Screamer's rail and makin' for the fo'c's'le hatch. Should the water pour down this hatch out would go my fires and maybe up would come her b'iler.

"'Ease away on that guy and lower away easy,' I hollered to Bill. The stone dropped within two feet of the brig's deck and swung back and for'ards. Then I heard Bill yell. I was expectin' it.

"'Water's comin' in!'

"I leaned over the brig's rail and could see the slop of the sea combin' over the Screamer's fo'c'stle hatch. Bill's fires would be out the next minute. There was just two feet now 'tween the stone and the deck where I stood—too much to drop; but there was nothin' else to do, and I hollered:

"'All gone.'

"Down she come with a run, struck the big timbers on the deck, and by Jimmy! ye could a-heard that old brig groan from stem to stern.

"I jumped on top of the stone and threw off the shackles, and the Screamer came up on an even keel as easy as a duck ridin' the water.

"You just oughter seen the colonel when the old boat righted herself, and he had climbed up and stool 'longside the major a-talkin' it over.

"Pretty soon he came up to where I was a-gettin' the tackle ready to lower the stone in the hold, and he says:

"'Well, you made your word good, Cap'n, but I want to tell you that nobody but an American could a-done it. It would cost me my commission if I should try to do what you have done.'

"'Well, gentlemen,' I says, 'what was wrong about it? What's the matter with the Screamer's rig?'

"'Well, the size of the rope for one thing,' says the colonel, 'and the boom.'

"'Well, p'haps you ain't looked it over,' I says, and I began unraveling an end that stuck out near the shackle. 'If you'll look close here'—and I held the end of the rope up—'you'll see that every stran' of that rope is made of the best manila yarn, and laid as smooth as silk. I stood over that rope myself when it was put together. Old Sam Hanson of New Bedford laid up that rope, and there ain't none better nowhere. I knew what it had to do, and I warn't goin' to take no chances of its not doin' it right. As to that boom, I want to tell ye that I picked that boom out o' about two hundred sticks in Tom Carlin's shipyard, in Stonington, and had it scraped and ironed just to please me. There ain't a rotten knot in it from butt to finish, and mighty few of any other kind. That stick's growed right—that's what's the matter with it; and it bellies out in the middle, just where it ought to be thickest.'

"Well, they didn't say nothin' for a while, 'cept to walk round the stone once or twice and slap it with their hands, as if they wanted to make sure it was all there. My men were all over it now, and we was gettin' things in shape to finish up. I tell ye the boys were mighty glad, and so was I. It had been a long pull of six months' work, and we were out of most everything, and as soon as the big stone was down in the brig's hold and warped back and stowed with the others—and that wouldn't take but a day or two more—we would clean up, get our money and clear out for home.

"All this time the colonel and the major were buzzin' each other off by the other rail. Pretty soon they both come over to where I stood, and the colonel reached out his hand.

"'Cap'n Brandt,' he says—and he had a look in his face as if he meant it—and he did, every word of it—'it would give Major Severn and myself great pleasure if you would dine with us tonight at the canteen. The admiral is coming, and some brother officers who would be pleased to know you.'

"Well, I was struck all of a heap for a minute, knowing what kind of clo'es I had to go in, and so I says:

"'Well, gentlemen, that's very nice of you, and I see you mean it, and if I had anything fittin' to wear there's nothin' I would like better; but ye see how I'm fixed,' and I lifted my arms so he could see a few holes that he might a-missed before, and I motioned to some other parts of my get-up that needed repairs.'

"'That don't make no difference, Cap'n, what kind of clo'es ye come in. We dine at 8 o'clock.'

"Of course I knew I couldn't go, and I didn't want 'em to think I intended to go when I didn't, so I says, rather positive-like:

"'Very much obliged, gentlemen, but I guess I'll have to get you to count me out this time.' I knowed I warn't fittin' to sit at anybody's table, especially if that old admiral was comin'.

"The colonel see I was in earnest, and he stepped up, quick-like, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"'Captain Brandt,' he says, 'we ain't worryin' 'bout your clo'es, and don't you worry. You can come in your shirt; you can come in your socks, or you can come without one damned rag—only come!'"

The captain stopped, shook the ashes from his cigar, slowly raised himself to his feet and reached for his hat.

"Did you go, Captain?" I asked.

The captain looked at me for a moment with one of those quizzical glances which so often light up his face when something amuses him, and said, as he blew a cloud of smoke to the ceiling:

"Well, I didn't forget my manners. When it got dark—dark, mind ye—I went up and sat on the piazza and had a smoke with 'em admiral and all. But I didn't go to dinner—not in them pants."

"So I Got An Old Divin' Dress and Went Down to Look Her Over."

THE ARGONAUTS ROWING IN CHAMPION FORM

Montreal, June 24—(Special)—A special London cable says: Should the Argonauts lift the cup it will be one of the most popular wins in years, especially among river men and trades people at Henley. On all sides the wish for their ultimate success is heard. This morning the Argonauts in practice did the half-course to Fawley in 3.29. Third Trinity followed, doing the half-course to Fawley in 3.34, finishing out in 7.24. Last evening's time would show the Argonaut's full course to be a shade under 7.18, not 7.24. The Argonauts have done the half-course and full course faster than any other crew at Henley this year.

BILL TO RELEASE G. T. P. $5,000,000 CASH DEPOSIT

Ottawa, June 22—(Special)—Hon. Mr. Fielding has given notice of a bill to amend an act respecting the National Transcontinental Railway. It is understood that the measure does not affect the general provisions of the act but relates entirely to the form of security which the government may accept.

Under the present act the government have exacted from the company a deposit of $5,000,000 in cash or approved government securities. Strictly government securities not being available the Grand Trunk Pacific were obliged by the government to put up cash and did so. The present amendment is to permit the government to accept for its purposes a deposit of any securities of undoubted commercial value.

Forest Fires Near Sydney.

Sydney, N. S., June 22—(Special)—The forest fires burning on the outskirts of the city today threatened to spread to some neighboring houses. A stubborn fight on the part of the fire department and a number of volunteers saved the buildings. Some of the fires are still burning.

Detective Murray Left Big Estate

Toronto, June 22—(Special)—The will of the late John Murray, government detective, will be entered for probate immediately. He leaves an estate of $40,676.

CLOSING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE CITY

Vacation Time On--Letter from Mayor Regarding High School.

The public schools closed for the summer vacation Friday and in all appropriate exercises were held.

There was a very large attendance at the High School, every seat in the auditorium being taken up and many visitors being compelled to stand. The exercises proved very interesting and the scholars were given generous applause. The assembly hall was very prettily decorated with flags, botanical specimens, pictures of class groups, potted plants, etc. The blackboard at the rear of the platform was nicely decorated with chalk drawings in color of the city and the provincial coat-of-arms, while between them was the class motto in scroll. The motto for 1906 is: "Finis Coronat Opus."

The programme was as follows;—

High School orchestra—Silverheels..Moret
Essay—Modern Methods of Transportation.. .. ..Beatrice McGinley
Essay—Work..... .....Margaret Ross
Violin solo—Sixth Air Varie, De Beriot (with orchestral accompaniment).... ....Edmund Lunney
Shakespeare—The play scene Hamlet —Outline of play.....Mary Gilliland

Cast of Characters.

Queen.... ....Lyle Kennedy
Player Queen.... ....Hazel Phipps
Ophelia.... ....Alice Scott
King..... .... Robin Johnston
Hamlet.... .....Willard McIntyre
Polonius.. ....Wallace Jennings
Rosencrantz.. .... ..Malcolm Somerville
Guildenstern.. ....George Kierstead
Player King.. .... ..Herbert McCafferty
Horatio.... ....Lloyd Estey
Lucinius.... ....Clarence Dale;
High School Orchestra—Gavotte from Mignon ....Thomas
Declamation from Cicero..Geo. Kierstead
Valedictory.. ....Willard McIntyre
Presentation of Diplomas.

God Save the King.

After the programme had been carried out, Rev. D. Hutchinson addressed the scholars. He referred to the value of education to young people, and contrasted the difference between educated and uneducated people.

Dr. Bridges, in presenting the diplomas, made reference to the honors taken by students who had gone out from the High School, in various colleges. He pointed out the necessity of careful study and work throughout life. His remarks were listened to with great attention.

The diplomas were then awarded to the graduates. The following is the grade XII. graduating class: John Teed, Edith Trecartin, Frank McDonald, Minerva Henderson, Jean Barr, Helen Fotheringham, Allston Cushing, Lillian Elliott, Gordon Millican, Dorothy Manning, Robert Stailing, Clifford Wilson and Barbara Dobson.

The honor list of grade XI. is as follows: Willard McIntyre, G. Kierstead, Mary Gilliland, Robin Johnston, Gertrude Hamilton, Blanche Geldart, Louise Perkins, Margaret Ross, Helen Camp and Gertrude Fowler.

The grade XI. graduates are: Anna Attey, Douglas Archibald, Katie Bates, Nettie Bridges, Parker Baker, Helen Camp, Sarah Craig, Fred. Clawson, Lillian Dobbin, Clarence Dales, Florrie Essington, Lloyd Estey, Gertrude Fowler, Bessie Foster, Ralph Fales, Blanche Geldart, Mary Gilliland, Gertrude Hamilton, Mary Harrison, Jessie Hartt, Margaret Hetherington, Joseph Hamm, Ralph Hayes, Gertrude Jones, Wallace Jennings, Robin Johnston, Lyle Kennedy, Jennie Kerr, George Kierstead, Stanley Lewis, Edmund Lunney, Annie McDonald, Beatrice McGinley, Hazel McMurray, Herbert McCafferty, Gordon McIntyre, Willard McIntyre, Hugh McLean, Doris Murray, Minnie Myles, Joseph Marry, Louise Perkins, Hazel Phipps, Evan Peterson, Jessie Ratcliffe, Muriel Reid, Annie Roden, Mabel Rogers, Nellie Rogers, Margaret Ross, Alice Scott, Hazel Seely, Hazel Smith, Sarah Steeves, Stockwell Simms, Malcolm Somerville, Egbert Thompson, Alice Vanwart, Chas. Wright.

The programme was carried out in excellent manner. The scene from Hamlet was well given, the orchestra music was well played, and Edmund Lunney's violin solo won him a well merited encore.

An Earnest Word from Mayor Sears.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—I very much regret that although at the high school closing this morning with Mrs. Sears at as early an hour as I could arrange, I found the hall so overcrowded I could not communicate with Dr. Bridges, who had thoughtfully sent me an invitation, and I had to leave without an opportunity of addressing the pupils. I was more than pleased to be with the citizens gathered there today. It is one of our annuals. The one that appeals to all branches of our home and civic life. As parents, we have stood by our young people and have watched them from the cradle, through all the chances and changes of infancy, the gradations of childhood and with feelings of mingled pride and fear have transferred a portion of this sacred trust on their arriving at the school age to others, and we come to these examinations and closings with an interest deep and absorbing as to something indicative somewhat of the value our child or children will have in the great world market beyond them. We mark each improvement—we should note every failing ,and if we are ourselves faithful we should gather lessons and facts here the better to do our duty in substantiating and confirming the efforts of the teacher foster parent, in all that tends to improve and to develop what is best in the child. As friends we meet to show how much we prize the efforts being made to help the upbuilding and forwarding of that intelligence, and the education of that common sense possessed by children, which carried in its natural design produces wealth that can never fail—that thieves can never steal—that moths cannot corrupt.

As citizens we gather to congratulate each other—the teacher, the scholar, and the community on the possession of the channels and appliances we have in such large measure, furthering the cause of education, and to express our pride and pleasure in seeing to what satisfactory use they have been turned.

And after all education, its quality, system and practical nature, is the determining factor in the development and growth of a people.Environment and conditions have so much to do with results. Coming from the schools of our boyhood and comparing them with the schools of modern ideas and experience we realize how increased is the assistance given the youthful mind in the several directions of improvement. Well ventilated rooms, large and arranged to a plan, kept clean, neat and comfortable, with all the paraphernalia for instruction to hand such as today obtains, and the surroundings intimating at least ideas of harmony and restfulness. Teachers versed in all the necessities of scholarship, prepared to take advantage of opportunities and unharrassed by any uncertain returns for labors performed, proud of their profession and happy in seeing at least a measure of their reward in the progress of their proteges from season to season. All this is surely a matter for congratulation and these are occasions to accentuate our sense of all the great blessings we enjoy in this particular.

I am sure the boys and girls who attended the exercises yesterday as scholars of our high school, fairly represented our community and we have every reason to feel proud of them, and I do think our teachers are doing a great work in a masterly and praiseworthy manner and are entitled to our unbounded respect and regard.

I feel the citizens generally will unite with me in wishing them and their pupils pleasant weeks of recreation, and a vacation full of enjoyment and repose, coupled with a consciousness of duty fulfilled in the earnest endeavor to secure the higest standard.

Not only in the high school classes would I wish this to apply but to the work and to the workers in all the schools of our city generally.

Believe me, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
EDWARD SEARS.

St. John, June 22.

St. Vincent's.

In St. Vincent's School the graduates were Misses M. Florence Reed, Mary Doherty, Frances Traynor, Mary T. McMenamon, Annie Terry, B. Theresa Doyle, Grace H. Doherty, Theresa H. Abbott and Agnes Scully. His Lordship Bishop Casey addressed the graduates, his words being listened to with great attention.

The valedictory was by Miss Reed.

$10,000 YEARLY BONUS IS NOT ENOUGH

Brandam-Henderson Company Notify Halifax Council They Want Better Terms to Build Plant.

Halifax, N. S., June 22—A letter was read tonight at a civic committee, from the Brandram-Henderson Company, which proposed establishing lead corroding works in Halifax, and which the city of Halifax had agreed to subsidize at the rate of $10,000 a year for ten years on condition that they paid out $50,000 annually in wages and employed 75 men. The company declines to accept the bonus alleging that they cannot agree to the stipulations imposed. The works, therefore, will not be established in Halifax, unless the city modifies its terms in the direction of still greater liberality to the company.

NEW CUNARDERS THE LARGEST AND FASTEST IN THE WORLD

In a year from now Britain may again claim to have the largest, fastest and most luxurious ship in the world, an honor that belongs to Germany at the moment. Then the Lusitania will be in commission, and the Kaiser Wilhelm II. will look like a fallow dip compared with an arc light. Great things are expected of the Cunards' new vessel, and that she will cut the journey from Queenstown to Sandy Hook to four days and a half is freely predicted; but despite the most scientific calculations, she may prove to be a failure, for in her motive power the turbine principle has been used to an extent never approached before. There is a tremendous gap between the largest vessel on which turbines have been heretofore applied, and the gigantic Lusitania. Hence the building of the vessel is watched with an interest that has not attached to any such event for years.

That the Lusitania was designed to gratify national pride, as much as to make money for her owners, is the theory of the New York Tribune's London correspondent. At any rate, the government has backed the enterprise and the Admiralty has placed all its knowledge at the disposal of the builders. A handsome subsidy awaits the owners of the vessel if records are broken. The Lusitania will be qualified as an armed cruiser, and will be fitted for an armament of twelve 6-inch guns. Should she prove a success, she may be reckoned as one of the most important assets of the navy in time of need, for she would then be the largest and fastest cruiser afloat.

The Lusitania's dimensions are as follows: Length, 790 feet; breadth, 88 feet; depth (moulded), 60 feet; gross tonnage, 32,500 tons; displacement tonnage, 45,000; load draught, 37 feet 6 inches; height of funnels, 155 feet; diameter of funnels, 24 feet, height of masts, 216 feet. She will have 192 furnaces and 25 boilers, and the aggregate heating surface will be 160,000 square feet. Six turbine engines are building for her, four to be located ahead and two astern, the largest rotor, with its blades having a maximum diameter of 19 feet 4 inches. These engines will be capable of developing 70,000 horse-power, for a designed speed of from 24 to 25 knots an hour. Her crew will number 800 persons, and she will be able to carry 2,200 passengers. Her first cost will be $6,250,000, and for each round trip $100,000 will be spent in wages, victualing and coal. Of the latter commodity she can carry 7,000 tons.

Almost every one of these figures surpasses the maximum in its particular department hitherto attained, although the Kaiser Wilhelm will carry more first-class passengers. The accommodation, apart from mere area, will also eclipse past records. In all there will be nine decks, consisting of the lower orlop, orlop, lower, main, upper, shelter, promenade, upper promenade, and boat. In addition there is a double bottom, and 175 water-tight compartments. The Lusitania will contain eight elevators, two for passengers, and six for mails and baggage. She will be especially well lighted, having no fewer than 1,200 windows and sidelights, besides 5,000 electric lights, for which not less than 200 miles of cable is necessary. There will be telephones in the staterooms, and between different parts of the ship, and through this system most of the administrative and navigational work will be done.

Not fewer than 26,000 steel plates will cover the Lusitania's ribs, the largest being 40 feet in length, and weighing from four to five tons. Four million rivets, weighing 500 tons, will be used to fasten the plates together and to the ship. The main frames and beams, if placed end to end, would reach 30 miles, as calculated by the Dundee News. The rudder has two sets of steering gear, one above and the other below the water-line, and weighs 65 tons. The castings for the stern, sternpost, shaft bracket and rudder together weigh 280 tons. The three anchors are of ten tons each. The propellors are of manganese bronze The Lusitania's keel was laid in September, 1904, launched June 7, 1906, and is expected to be ready for business twelve months hence.

The Lusitania and the Mauritania, a sister ship, soon to be launched, are to be equipped with turbines because the Admiralty has concluded that the ordinary reciprocating engines have reached their highest point of development in the Kaiser Wilhelm II. and other large ships. If advance was to be made, a new principle had to be applied. The same idea has been impressed in the Dreadnought, also a turbiner, and although the designers of these vessels are essaying by a single leap to attain results that might require a generation of evolution, little doubt is entertained by experts that they will succeed, and the vessels justify all their hopes.—Mail and Empire.

Kings County Deaths.

SUSSEX, N. B., June 22.—(Special). —Today at 12 o'clock occurred the death of Mrs. George White, Jr. Mrs. White had been sick with heart trouble nearly two weeks. She was a daughter of Gordon Kelly of Fredericton, and 32 years of age.

Mrs. Boyle, wife of James Boyle, died this morning at her home, Anagance. A husband and four children survive.

J. A. Gregory has been informed by fishermen that a forest fire was raging on Squaw Mountain, about five miles from Lepreaux and that two of Mr. Gregory's camps were destroyed.

METHODIST CONFERENCE

Appeal for New Chair of Theology at Mt. Allison Strongly Endorsed

Delegates Elected to General Conference--Committee on Education Submits Report--Other Business Transacted.

Marysville, N. B., June 22—After devotional service, led by the president, Rev. Wm. Dobson, the minutes of yesterday's session were read and after some corrections, approved. The matter of securing reduced rates on the railroads caused a long discussion but was finally referred to a committee consisting of ex-Secretary G. M. Young and J. Hunter White, of St. John.

Dr. Paisley introduced a memorial to be forwarded the general conference dealing with the work of the board of trustees for the administration of legacies to the conference.

Prof. Watson, of Mount Allison, in a stirring address, appealed to the conference for assistance in establishing a new chair of theology at Mt. Allison. He brought forward a scheme which was endorsed by several members in earnest speeches and a liberal response was made by the conference.

The board of trusts reported their work and urged greater confidence and assistance from the conference in their work. A long discussion followed in regard to the action of the conference and the board in connection with property on the Upham circuit. The general superintendent solved the difficulty by ruling the action of both bodies ultra vires.

After a short ministerial session the conference proceeded to the election of delegates to the general conference.

The ministerial delegates are: Revs. Dobson, Sprague, Steel, Paisley, Marshall, Rogers, J. Crisp, Evans and W. F. Harrison.

The laymen elected were T. A. Smith, Dr. Allison, Dr. Inch, Machum, White, Baskin, Fripp and Pickering.

Dr. Paisley presented the following report from the committee on education:

Fredericton district, $152.85; increase, $14.20.
St. John district, $329.24; decrease, 21.24.
Woodstock district, $39.40, decrease, $2.64.
Chatham district, $38.45; decrease, $2.40.
Sackville district, $247.10; decrease, 3.05.
St. Stephen district, $62.50; decrease, $8.02.
Charlottetown district, $214.52; decrease, $11.27.
Summerside district, $73.80; increase, $2.90.
Total, $1,177.86; decrease, $27.24.

The open session of the conference this evening was marked by interest and enthusiasm. The report of the education committee was read by Rev. Dr. Paisley, which showed that the funds were in a most encouraging condition. Dr. Paisley outlined the way in which money was expended and emphasized the importance of upholding the work of the theological faculty.

The second speaker, Rev. Wm. Dobson, emphasized the need of a trained ministry. He was convinced that they must be ready to meet the advance of knowledge in other branches with an equal advance on Biblical and theological lines. The new truths of science and higher criticism cannot be ignored. Inquiry in these branches must be met, and the preacher who cannot find some solution to such problems is unfit for his work. Some knowledge, perhaps such as the Hebrew language, is unnecessary, but a thorough knowledge of Greek and an understanding of its literature were essential to effective preaching. Such knowledge as this is given at Mt. Allison institutions, and for that reason they merit support.

Dr. Allison, the next speaker, after mentioning the seeming indifference of many Methodist people to educational matters, went on to speak of the history of the institutions which he represented. The problems of the present, while great, seemed as nothing when compared to past difficulties.

He then referred to the many encouraging signs of the future. The attendance at the academy, university and ladies' college had in each year been larger than the previous. The affiliated course in engineering had already proved its efficiency, and Prof. Tory, of McGill, on his visit, had expressed himself as delighted with the work done. The speaker, in closing, urged the necessity of continued liberality in order that the work might be carried forward successfully in the future.

NEARLY $10,000,000 RAILWAY SUBSIDIES TO BE REVOTED

Ottawa, June 22—The minister of railways has given notice of the railway subsidies to be voted this session. There are no new subsidies. They are all renewals. The total to be voted, calculating at the minimum of $3,200 a mile, amounts to $9,399,900. By provinces they are:

Ontario	$2,925,000
Quebec	3,574,100
Maritime Provinces	1,697,600
Western Canada	1,203,200
Total..	$9,399,900

EARTHQUAKE SHOCKS AT SANTIAGO, CUBA

Santiago, Cuba, June 22—Two earthquake shocks, half an hour apart, the first occurring at 2 o'clock this morning, slightly damaged many buildings in this city and smashed crockery and drug stores. Several persons were slightly injured by falling articles. The first shock lasted 15 seconds and the second was heavier and shorter.

Thousands of people remained in the streets and plazas the rest of the night.

BRITISH WAIFS FOR CANADIAN HOMES

Halifax, N. S., June 24—(Special)—The Allan steamer Siberian arrived Saturday from Liverpool with 160 children from Middlemore Home for various points in Nova Scotia.

N. S. Diocesan Synod.

Halifax, N. S., June 22—The thirtieth session of the diocesan synod assembled in Halifax today with a large attendance of clerical and lay delegates. The charge of Bishop Worrell, his first, was delivered and referred to a special committee. Rev. Dr. Armitage was appointed rural dean of Nova Scotia.

St. John Man's Success.

Ottawa, June 22—(Special)—John Allen MacKenzie, of St. John, stands sixth on a list of thirty-five candidates who passed for entrance to Kingston Royal Military College.