TRAVEL

Manan S. S. Company

Oct. 1 and until further notice
nd Manan leaves Grand Manan
7.30 a.m., for St. John, return-
St. John Wednesdays 7.30 a.m.,
via Campobello, Eastport and
Beach.

Grand Manan Thursdays 7.30
St. Stephen, returning Frida
ia Campobello, Eastport and St.
both ways.

Grand Manan Saturdays 7.30
nd trip St. Andrews, returning
oth ways via Campobello and

ic Standard Time.

SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Mgr

ME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

arch 3, and until further notice
S. Connors Bros., will run as

St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf
rehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a.
St. Andrews, calling at Dipper
Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor,
ay or Letite, Deer Island, Red
t. George. Returning leave St.
Tuesday for St. John, calling at
r Back Bay, Black's Harbor,
Harbor and Dipper Harbor, tide
ther permitting.

—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse
St. John, N. B.

e 2581; manager, Lewis Connors
Harbor, N. B.
Company will not be responsible
debts contracted after this date
a written order from the Com
Captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

TERIAN CHURCH—Revd. W. M.
r, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every
ay, 11 a m. and 7 p. m. Sunday
l, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Fri
vening at 7.30.

DIST CHURCH—Revd. R. W. Weddall
Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11
and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00
Prayer service, Friday evening at

ANDREW CHURCH—Revd. Father
han, D. D. Pastor. Services Sun-
at 8.00 a. m., 10.30 a. m. and 7.30

AINTS CHURCH—Revd. Geo. D.
tt, B. A., Rector. Services Holy
munion Sundays 8.00 a m. 1st
ay at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer
Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m.
ings—Prayer and Sermon on Sun-
at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening
er Service 7.30.

T CHURCH—Rev. William Amos,
or. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m.
7 p. m., Sunday School after the
ning service. Prayer Service, Wed-
ay evening at 7.30. Service at
ide every Sunday afternoon at 3
ck except the last Sunday in the
th when it is held at 7 in the
ing.

ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

ce Hours from 8 a.m to 8 p.m.
ey Orders and Savings Bank Busi-
ransacted during open hours.
ers within the Dominion and to the
d States and Mexico, Great Britain
and all parts of the British Empire,
s per ounce or fraction thereof. In
on to the postage necessary, each
etter must have affixed a one-cent
Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5
for the first ounce, and 3 cents for
additional ounce. Letters to which
cent rate applies do *not* require the
Tax" stamp.
Cards one cent each to any address
nada, United States and Mexico.
ent post cards must have a one-cent
Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card
used. Post cards two cents each,
her countries. The two-cent cards
require the "War Tax" stamp.
spapers and periodicals, to any ad-
in Canada, United States and
o, one cent per four ounces.
VES: 12.20 p. m. CLOSES: 5.05 p. m.
Matter for Registration must be Posted half an
utes to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

FF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. STUART, High Sheriff

e of Sittings of Courts in the County
arlotte:—
URT COURT: Tuesday, May 9,
Justice Barry; Tuesday, October
6, Chief Justice K. B. D., Landry.
NTY COURT: First Tuesday in Feb-
and June, and the Fourth Tuesday
tober in each year.
ge Carleton.

ARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George F. Hibbard, Registrar

ce hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Daily.
Sundays and Holidays excepted.

TY
UR
BETTER BREAD"

ERLAND"
T CIGAR FOR
ENTS

The Beacon

VOL. XXVIII — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1916 — NO. 26

To You and Yours We extend the

Season's Greetings.

We wish you all

A Merry Christmas

and a very

Happy New Year.

Beacon Press Company,
St. Andrews, N.B.

OLD CHINA

I HAVE an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I can not defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of two ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tintured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favorable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but their was a middle state;"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—"in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A pnrchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it)—and while I was reparing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity, with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Leonardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch;' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money,—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was their no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Leonardos. Yet do you?

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holiyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savoury cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth - and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging—and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savourily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout-Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the battle of Hexham, and the surrender of Calais, and Bannister, and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was, the better for a little shame—and when, the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up of those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but their was still a law of civility to woman recognized to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual pour can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decressing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with "lusty brimmers" (as you used to quote it out of *hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton*, as you called him,) we used to welcome in the "coming guest." Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked: live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Crœsus had, or the great Jew R—— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half Madona-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house."

—From "The Last Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb. (Born February 10, 1775; died December 27, 1834.)

TRAFALGAR DAY FUND

His Honor Lieut.-Governor Josiah Wood acknowledges the receipt, from various collectors throughout the Province, of the sum of $7,348 54. The contributions from Charlotte County, included in the total, are the following:

By the Town of St. Stephen	$300.00
Milltown Red Cross Society	527.10
Collected by ten school girls of St George	100.00
Beaver Harbor Red Cross Society	30.00
Wilson's Beach, Campobello, Red Cross Society	28.00
The Anglican Church, Grand Manan, per Rev. J. Mason	33.75

A Sterling Draft for £1500, has been forwarded to Lord Lansdowne, leaving a small balance still in hand. The account will remain open until after the first of the year, and in the meantime, if there are any remittances yet to be sent in, they will be thankfully received.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

Christmas Hymn

SING, Christmas bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Whereon our Saviour-King is born;
Sing to all men,—the bond the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go,—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, angel host!
Sing of the star that God has placed
Above the manger in the east;
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight,—
Sing to all men where'er they be
This Christmas morn;
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, sons of earth!
O ransomed seed of Adam, sing!
God liveth, and we have a king!
The curse is gone, the bond are free,—
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,
By all the heavenly signs that be,
We know that Israel is redeemed;
That on this morn
The Christ is born
That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!
And as thy songs shall be of love,
So let my deeds be charity,—
By the dear Lord that reigns above,
By Him that died upon the tree,
By this fair morn
Whereon is born
The Christ that saveth all and me!

EUGENE FIELD. (1850-1895).

HAND TO HAND

There is a story of Gallipoli that deals with a fight in the open and exhibits the unspeakable Turk as a fair and worthy enemy—not the least what the British troops thought him to be when they went out. This is the story:

A young English officer, doing observation work alone, was suddenly confronted by a Turkish officer, similarly engaged. The Turk was as surprised as the Briton, but came forward, revolver in hand. The Englishman had no revolver. He stood his ground, his hands in the large pockets of his tunic.

Seeing that his adversary was unarmed the Turk, much to the surprise of the Briton, threw down his gun and put up his fists in approved prize-ring style. The Englishman put himself on guard, and the next moment the Turk flung himself upon him, and the pair began to fight desperately.

The men were about the same age, the same weight, and had equal knowledge of the art of boxing. They fought without stopping for about ten minutes. By that time each was fairly exhausted, and they paused for a brief rest, only to continue their little private accounting when they had found their breath. Round after round the fight went on, while out in the Gulf of Saros the ship fired automatically, and back of each of them the field artillery thundered. Neither seemed to be able to get any decisive advantage over the other, and at last Turk and Englishman rolled over on the ground and laughed and laughed. Just then the Englishman's hand touched something. It was the Turk's pistol. He picked it up and handed it to his enemy. The two young men shook hands and each returned to his own lines.

RECRUITING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The official report of the result of recruiting in the Province of New Brunswick, for home and overseas service, for the ceek ending Dec. 15, is as follows:

St. John County—	
Canadian Engineers	6
236th Battalion	4
8th Field Ambulance Train	4
Machine Gun Draft	2
R. C. N. V. R.	2
Home Service	1
	—19
York County—	
236th Battalion	1
8th Field Ambulance Train	5
Canadian Engineers	1
	—7
Carleton County—	
236th Battalion	2
9th Siege Battery	1
65th Field Batttery	1
	—4
Westmorland County—	
165th Battalion	2
Canadian Engineers	1
	—3
Queens and Sunbury County—	
236th Battalion	1
Charlotte County—	
236th Battalion	1
Northumberland County	0
Victoria County	0
Gloucester County	0
Albert County	0
Kings County	0
Restigouche County	0
Kent County	0
Madawaska County	0
Total	35

"Experience is a good asset." "I'd much prefer the bankroll I exchanged for mine."—*Boston Transcript.*

ON CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE approach of Christmas is heralded in Archey Road by many of the signs that are known to the less civilized and more prosperous parts of the city. The people look poorer, colder, and more hopeful than at other times. The bakeries assume an old country appearance of gayety. The saloons are well filled. Also, if you have your eyes about you, you may catch a glimpse, now and then, through a frosted window-pane of a stunted Christmas tree, laden slenderly with glass balls and ropes of red popcorn, the work of painful hands after the childher are abed. Mr. Dooley knew Christmas was coming by the calendar, the expiration of his quarterly license, and Mr. Hennessy coming in with a doll in his pocket and a rocking-chair under his arm.

"Prisints?" said the philosopher.

"Yis," said Mr. Hennessy. "I had to do it. I med up me mind this year that I wudden't buy anny Chris'mas prisints or take anny. I can't afford it. Times has been fearful ha-ard, an' a look iv pain comes over th' oi' woman's face whin I hold out fifty cints fr'm me salary on Saturdah night. I give it out that I didn't want annything, but they'se so much scurryin' ar-round an' hidin' things whin I go in that I know they've got something f'r me. I cudden't stand it no longer, so I wint down town to-night, down be Shekel an Whooper's place, an' bought these things. This is a fine doll f'r th' money."

"It is," said Mr. Dooley, taking the doll and examining it with the eye of an art critic. "It closes its eyes,—yis, an', bedad, it cries if ye pinch it. They're makin' these things more like human bein's ivry year. An' does it say pap-pah an' mam-mah, I dinnaw?"

"No," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' pap-pah an' mam-mah dolls costs too much."

"Well," continued Mr. Dooley, "we can't have ivrything we want in this wurruld. If I had me way, I'd buy goold watches an' chains f'r ivrybody in th' r-road, an' a few iv th' good Germans. I feel that gin'rous. But 'tis no use. Ye can't give what ye want. Ivry little boy ixpects a pony at Chris'mas, an' ivry little girl a chain an' locket; an' ivry man thinks he's sure goin' to get th' goold-headed cane he's longed f'r since he cune over. But they all fin'lly land on rockin'-horses an' dolls, an' suspindhers that r-run pink flowers into their shirts an' tattoo them in summer. An' they conceal their grief Chris'mas mornin' an' thry to look pleasant with murdher in their hearts.

"Some wan has always give me a Chris'mas prisint, though no wan has anny r-right to. But no wan iver give me annything I cud wear or ate or dhrink or smoke or curl me hair with. I've had flasks iv whisky give me,—me that have lashin's iv whisky at me elbow day an' night; an', whin I opined thim, blue an' yellow flames come out an' some iv th' stuff r-run over on th' flure, an' set fire to th' buildin'. I smoke th' best five-cint see-gar that money can buy; yet, whin a good friend iv mine wants to make me a prisint f'r Chris'mas, he goes to a harness shop an' buys a box iv see-gars with excelsior fillin's an' burlap wrappers, an', if I smoked wan an' lived, I'd be arristed f'r arson. I got a pair iv suspinders wanst fr'm a lady,—niver mind her name,—an' I wurruked hard that day; an' th' decorations moved back into me, an' I had to take thim out with pumice stone. I didn't lose th' taste iv th' paint f'r weeks an' weeks.

"Wan year I wanted a watch more thin annything in th' wurruld. I talked watches to ivry wan that I thought had designs on me. I made it a pint to ask me frinds what time iv night it was, an' thin say, 'Dear me, I ought to get a watch if I cud affoord it.' I used to tout people down to th' jooler's shop, an' stand be th' window with a hungry look in th' eyes iv me, as much as to say, 'If I don't get a watch, I'll perish.' I talked watches an' thought watches an' dhreamed watches. Father Kelly rebuked me f'r bein' late f'r mass. 'How can I get there befure th' gospil, whin I don't know what time it is?' says I. 'Why don,t ye luk at ye'er watch?' he says. 'I haven't none,' says I. Did he give me a watch? Faith, he did not. He sint me a box iv soap that made me smell like a coon goin' to a ball in a State Sthreet ca ar. I got a necktie fr'm wan man; an', if I wore it at a meetin' iv th' Young Hebrews' Char'table Society, they'd've thrun me out. That man wanted me to be kilt. Another la-ad sint me a silk handkerchief that broke on me poor nose. Th' nearest I got to a watch was a hair chain that unravelled, an' made me look as if I'd been curfyin' a Shetland pony. I niver got what I wanted, an' I niver expect to. No wan does."

"I'll get ye what ye want," said Mr. Hennessy, "if ye'll tell me what it is, an' it don't cost too much."

"Will ye?" said Mr. Dooley, eagerly.

"I will," said Mr. Hennessy, "if 'tis within me means."

"Ye're jokin'," said Mr. Dooley.

"I'm not. I mane it."

"Do ye, honest?"

"I do so."

"Thin," said Mr. Dooley, "get me th' Audjitooroom. I've wanted that to play with f'r manny years."

And Mr. Hennessy went away with the rocking-chair under his arm, the doll in his pocket, and dumb anger in his heart.—From "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War," by Finley Peter Dunne.

"Has the investigation of the high cost of living had any result?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum: "I think it has called the attention of everybody who had anything to sell to the fashion of shoving up the price."—*Washington Star.*

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."—*Boston Transcrip.*

LLOYD GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO CANADA

Ottawa, Dec. 19.—Premier Lloyd George has sent through the colonial secretary and the Governor General of Canada the following stirring war message to Sir Robert Borden for transmission to the people of Canada:

"On taking up the high office with which his majesty has charged me I send to you, on behalf of the people of the old country a message to our brothers beyond the seas. There is no faltering in our determination that the sacrifices which we and you have made, and have still to make, shall not be in vain, and that the fight which we are waging together for humanity and civilization shall be fought to a triumphant issue.

We realize that we shall still need every man that we can put in the field, every pound or dollar that rigid private and public economy can provide, and every effort which a united people can put forth to help in the heavy task of our soldiers and sailors.

The splendid contributions to the common cause already made by the dominions give me sure confidence that their determination is no less high than ours and that, however long the path to final victory, we shall tread it side by side."

(Signed) LLOYD GEORGE.

PREMIER BORDEN'S REPLY

Ottawa, Dec. 20.—Sir Robert Borden has sent the following reply to the stirring war message received by him yesterday from Mr. Lloyd George, British prime minister:

"On behalf of the Canadian people I send to our kinsmen of the Motherland the assurance that our hearts are as undaunted and our determination as resolute as when we ran ourselves in the empire's battle line two years ago. All our sacrifices would be worse than useless unless the purpose for which this was undertaken is achieved in such a victory as assures the future peace of the world.

Your message reached me in the western provinces of Canada, while engaged in commending and supporting proposals for better organization of our national service and for more effectual utilization of our natural resources from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I have found everywhere the strongest determination that both the human energy and the national resources of this dominion, shall be utilized to such purpose as will throw the full strength of Canada into the struggle.

At Regina and Brandon I read your words to two great gatherings, and the response which they evoked was splendid and inspiring. We shall indeed tread the path side by side, in full realization that the sacrifice, however great, is for a cause transcending even the interests and destiny of our empire, and in supreme confidence that this path alone can lead to the ultimate triumph of democracy, liberty and civilization."

COST OF CLEARING LAND BY TWO METHODS

When time is no object, the best way to clear land from timber growth is to let nature and live stock assist. When the growth is removed and the brush burned off clean, which, with most growths, may be made a profitable operation by the sale of the timber and fire-wood, clover and grass seed may be sown, and, while cattle and sheep are pasturing and eating down the sprouts, the stumps will slowly but surely decay, and their removal becomes an easy operation. This process will require from six to ten years before clearing can be completed.

At the Experimental Station, Fredericton, N. B., where it was desired to bring the land into cultivation at the earliest possible moment, two plans of stump removal have been tried, and herewith are given figures of the relative cost on land from which an average tree growth had been removed.

The two methods employed were, stump pulling by power, and removal by dynamite.

A stump puller of the drum and long lever type was employed, giving a lifting power of 25 tons with an ordinary team. With one hundred and twenty stumps, 10 inches and over, to the acre, and seventy-two smaller stumps, it required an average of twenty minutes with a team and driver and two men to remove each of the large stumps and 5 minutes to remove each of the smaller ones. The 120 stumps required 40 hours, and the smaller ones 6 hours.

The relative cost, therefore, stood as follows:—

Where Power machinery was used, cost per acre was:

46 hours work Team and driver @ 32¢	$ 14.72
92 hours work helpers @18¢	16.56
350 hours work cleaning and piling @ 18¢	59.40
60 hours work burning @ 18¢	10.80
	$ 101.48

Where explosives were used, the cost per acre was:

150 lbs. Stumping powder @ $14.90	$ 22.35
500 feet Fuse @ 60¢	3.00
300 Caps @ $1.00	3.00
40 hrs. Labour of Dynamite operator @23¢	9.20
40 hrs. Team and driver @ 32¢	12.80
80 hrs. helpers @ 18¢	14.40
60 hrs. Labour piling @ 18¢	10.80
40 hrs. Labour burning @ 18¢	7.20
	$ 82.75

On other areas, where there were heavy boulders and small stones, the cost of clearing ran up to $186.00 per acre, while, where the land was free from stone, and stumps were small and comparatively few, the land was made ready for the plough at a cost of less than $40.00 per acre.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

For Automobiles
For Motor Boats
For Lighting
For Telephones
For Alarms

"Black Cat" AND "Columbia" DRY Batteries
STAND FOR HIGHEST EFFICIENCY

You'll make no mistake in selecting either of these Batteries which, for High Power and Long, Satisfactory Service, have stood the test of time, and are ruling favorites wherever Batteries are used.

W. H. THORNE & CO., LTD.
HARDWARE, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL
St. Andrews, N. B.
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.
All Rooms Steam Heated and supplied with Hot and Cold Running Water.
RATES—$2.00 to $2.50 per day. Special rates by the week.

THE ROYAL HOTEL
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., LTD.
200 Rooms, 75 with Private Bath. Elevator and All Modern Conveniences. Rate, American Plan, $3.50 a Day
Room and Private Bath $1.00 Extra
H. A. DOHERTY & T. K. RAYMOND, MANAGERS

Gifts For The Man
Ties, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Braces. Armlets, Umbrellas, Cuff Links, Sweaters, Caps, Mufflers, Garters, Hose, Tie Pins, Shoes, Slippers.
Special Discount on Our Sweater Coats
It's a Pleasure to Show Our Goods—Give Us a Chance. A Prompt, Courteous and Efficient Service Rendered to Every Customer, no Matter How Small the Purchase.
Profit Sharing Checks Given With Every Dollar Purchase at
STINSON & HANSON
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

AS THE EVENINGS GROW LONGER
THE LAMP QUESTION
IS IMPORTANT
We have Hall Lamps, Hanging Lamps, and Table Lamps at ALL PRICES
We have also a complete stock of Dinner Sets, with many open stock patterns where you can buy just what you need, and match up when you break a piece. Everything in the way of Fancy China. Give us a call and look over our stock.
Mail orders promptly attended to.
R. D. ROSS & CO.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B. NEAR POST OFFICE

CITY DEBTS

The net indebtedness of two hundred and four cities in the United States having a population of thirty thousand or more is now two and a quarter billion dollars—two and a half times the debt of the federal government.

And there's nothing wrong about that. It's perfectly all right, as the ladies say. That's what cities—big, live cities with an aim—are for. They have to get ready for the next generation, whether it ever gets here or not.

One of the sickliest sights on earth is a city that isn't in debt. Keeping the debt down means muddy streets, Kerosene street lamps, a lazy, worthless marshal, a hand-power fire engine, board sidewalks, and a slovenly coterie of back-room checker experts cussing the tax levy and holding the balance of power. Running the debt up may mean waste and graft, but holding it down means darkness and filth and inconvenience and a lot of other small town stuff that there is no sense in putting up with.

It is a pleasing thing to see a really big town spending plenty of money. It is pleasant to live in such a town and enjoy the convenience and the satisfaction that the spent money affords. We are almost persuaded that it would be a wholesome thing if some dread power would force al the cities of less than thirty thousand into a debt drift about ten billion dollars deep. Life would then be worth while to those who choose to enjoy it, and the dill pickle economists could whine and howl and point forever and ever and ever.—*Judge.*

POTATO SHOW

The second annual convention and potato show, under the auspices of the New Brunswick Potato Growers' Association, open to all interested in the potato industry in the province of New Brunswick, wi l be held in the Agricultural High School Building, Woodstock, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 27 and 28, 1916. Address all exhibits to secretary of potato show, Woodstock, N. B. For further information address G. C. Cunningham, secretary, Fredericton, N. B.

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

WEDDING INVITATIONS, DANCE PROGRAMMES VISITING CARDS AND ALL KINDS OF SOCIETY, COMMERCIAL, LODGE AND LEGAL PRINTING Done by OUR JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Beacon Press Co.
SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE
Stevenson Block
Next Door to the Custom House