

Canterbury Youth Restores Stolen Car to Woodstock Man, Bought It At St. Stephen

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 9.—The light touring car owned by Colonel J. Jarvis Bull, Woodstock, stolen while parked in front of the local armory on the evening of July 24, was returned to its owner yesterday by Cecil Stewart, Canterbury. Young Stewart, while in St. Stephen a few days ago, was offered by a man giving his name as Smith, a bargain on a light touring car, which he took at \$125.

Thirteen Miles Out at Sea

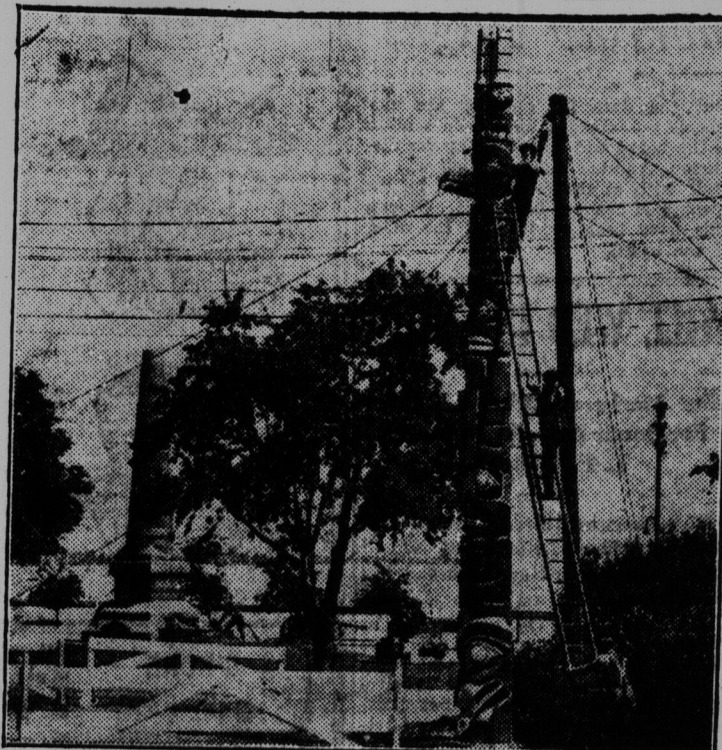
By F. V. Williams in Red and Gun. AN OILY swell undisturbed by any breeze rolled in from the Atlantic, sending great green billows crashing against the masses of rock that raised the boulder-strewn ridge above the swift flowing tide of the Yellow Murr Ledge; half asleep he seemed, sitting there balanced on one foot. Suddenly he came to his wide awake with a start, stood at attention on both feet, head up, and with a great hissing of white plumes he went sailing out and upward from his perch. Up he went, and around, in an eye-widening circle, and as he went he called hoarsely a warning to every living thing within hearing, that all was not right out there in the fog that hung low over the sea.

As his first warning cry a seal that had been sleeping raised his head and glanced nervously about, and the gull continuing its cries at last succeeded in alarming the seal so that he sounded down to the water's edge where he paused, and glanced back; and others, their light slumbers disturbed by their companion's panty flight at once roused up from their sleeping places and went helter skelter for the sea, into which friendly element they alighted as natively as so many great fish, reappearing off shore at distances varying from sixty to one hundred and fifty yards, from which vantage point they continually rose up in the water, gaining inquisitively back at their late resting place.

INDIANS CREEP OUT. The gull disappeared in the fog that covered the surrounding sea. The surf broke with a monotonous crash on the seaward side of the ledge; the tide rushing in from the Atlantic, had just turned-foed, and gave to the seaward side of the ledge in appearance of being much rougher than it really was, but truth to tell that particular side of the ledge was no place for a small boat or canoe to attempt a landing. On the seaward or land side, however, it was an altogether different looking place; the eddy caused by the ledge made the water here comparatively smooth, and here in a little cove was to be seen the cause of the big gull's warning—four canoes, one birch bark, three canvas, two green, and a red, were silently approaching the rocks. They had approached from the seaward side, what light draught of a breeze that was moving was directly in their faces, and the Micmac Indians that paddled those canoes had the wind in their favor for the stalling of the seal that they were morningly certain would be on the Yellow Murr Ledge that foggy morning.

Quietly as shadows the Indians crept up to the top of the ledge and peered down. Their eyes were fixed on the water, their shotguns loaded with heavy

HISTORIC GROUND



A British Columbia totem pole being erected in an historic corner of the Canadian National Exhibition grounds at Toronto, just beside the monument which marks the site of Fort Rouille, the first white dwelling place in Upper Canada.

he imagine it? He stood and listened for a long time, peering expectantly out across the sea to the very edges of the fast receding fog banks; surety that could not have been a shot in answer to the signal gun.

THIRTEEN MILES OUT AT SEA. For some five minutes this race was on, the porpoise all unsuspecting were travelling at a leisurely rate of speed, while the Indians were putting forth all the speed it was possible for them to muster. At last the man in the bow thrust his paddle behind him into the canoe, picked up his shotgun which had been lying in the bows, the man in the stern held the canoe as steadily as possible with his paddle, the while the man with the gun held close, and the ready, sweeping the water in front of him from left to right, from right to left.

local Dogfish. For over a mile they had to paddle through them, almost every stroke of a paddle striking the fish, and the canoes constantly grating on their rough backs; they were fearful lest the small sharks should take a notion to attack the canoes, in which case they would have made short work of them. The fish were in no wise disturbed evidently, and were merely basking on the surface, thousands of them.

And now that you have heard of the Indians hunting porpoise off shore in the fog in the Bay of Fundy tide rip, the light keeper went on, "What do you think I saw on the 'screen' in a motion picture show—just an announcement, before the picture was flashed on the screen, that the Indian seldom went more than a mile from shore in his canoe. An Indian no doubt does for reasons of his own, at times follow the shores of lakes and rivers, but to say that he seldom ventures far from shore in his canoe, is to be laughed at."

Forthwith. He—"That little prother of yours is a bright boy. He just told me he should expect a quarter if I kissed you." She—"The young wretch! You didn't give him anything, did you?" He—"Yes, I gave him a dollar in advance."

HAMLET IN A TOP HAT.

(Ottawa Citizen). Sir Barry Jackson, director of the famous Birmingham Repertory theatre, is going to produce "Hamlet" in present-day costume, a cablegram states. The decision of the director offers a rich field for humorous speculation, and it has already been asked if Hamlet wears a bolero shirt for his scenes with the ghost and during the performance of the players, will Polonius be permitted to wear one of those gaudy King Tut sweaters and the Queen the latest creation from Paris? But Sir Barry is serious, and he gives the following reason for producing "Hamlet" in modern costume. "The whole idea is the belief that when the ordinary person goes to see the play, as it seems unreal to him, he does not realize that the characters, strangely garbed and wigged, are flesh and blood people, so I propose to popularize "Hamlet" for the average citizen. The convenient "average citizen" it seems, is to me the beneficiary of this innovation. But it is extremely doubtful whether "Hamlet" will be more real in present-day habiliments than in the doublet and hose of ancient Denmark. It is true that Shakespeare's pageantry, the gorgeousness of his stage pictures, the beauty and color of his scenes, serve to distract attention

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