

The Beacon A Weekly Newspaper. Established 1889. Published every Saturday by BEACON-PRESS COMPANY WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES To all parts of Canada, per annum \$1.50 To United States and Postal Union Countries, per annum \$2.00 If payment is made strictly in advance a discount of 50 cents will be allowed in the rate of annual subscription.

The best advertising medium in Charlotte County. Rates furnished on application to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. CANADA.

Saturday, 28th July, 1917.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[July 19 to July 25]

THE week under review it may be said that it witnessed some of the fiercest fighting of the war, and some of the most serious and lamentable disasters that have occurred in any war.

In the Western campaign the British made some small gains and took some prisoners on the front which is their hold, but their expected offensive in great force had not begun.

The Russian campaign during the week it is difficult to give anything like a fair summary owing to the scant news furnished, and while it is undoubtedly that the Russian army in Galicia, through disorganization and lack of discipline, practically abandoned the contest in ignominious retreat, at other points, especially where it was in cooperation with the Rumanian army in Bukovina and Rumania, and in Volhynia and further north, it maintained its positions and even gained some ground.

The reports of the week relating to the Mesopotamian campaign told of British progress on the Euphrates, where they had successful encounters with Turkish troops in the vicinity of Ramadie. It was not made apparent how a point so far up the Euphrates had been reached, or if the whole river from Ramadie to its confluence with the Tigris was in the control of the British.

Reports were received of active hostilities in Palestine south of Gaza, the British having repelled a Turkish attack made from the direction of Beer Sheva, and aerial activity and trench fighting were reported southwest of Gaza, to the advantage of the British.

The week provided news of the East African campaign, in which the British were in contact with several separated bodies of German troops in the southeast, and were driving them to points where they must eventually surrender; and in the north a small body of Germans was fleeing southward, pursued by Belgian troops. It is not unlikely that the final stand of the Germans will be at Mahenge, or somewhat further to the southeast.

The week furnished very little news of the Balkan campaign or of political events in Greece; but it appeared to be the case that conditions were becoming more favorable to the Entente Allies.

The Austro-Italian campaign yielded no news of events of outstanding importance, but hostilities seem to have been vigorously maintained without any decided advantage to either side.

of chaos, of countering schemes of disintegration hatched by extremists, and of ridding the country of the swarms of German spies and conspirators that infest it like a plague of vermin, is prodigious in the extreme; but those who should know are hopeful of good results in the immediate future.

The eagerly-looked-for speech of the new German Chancellor was made on Thursday, July 19. It contained nothing that inspired hope of an early peace, nothing that indicated a change in the policy pursued under former Chancellors, nothing that portended parliamentary reform, nothing that hinted at an abandonment of the ruthless submarine campaign. It was a war speech; and war it must be till the Germans are exhausted.

PARLIAMENT AT OTTAWA

THE parliamentary event of the week was the taking of the vote on the third reading of the Bill, the Military Service Act, 1917, in the House of Commons. The vote was 102 for and 44 against the Bill, the majority in favor of it being 58.

The measure has now to run the gauntlet of the Senate, and its fate at the hands of that august legislative body it would be futile to guess.

Satisfactory progress was made in the House of Commons in Committee on Supply, and important matters of legislation were disposed of. No approximate date has yet been set for prorogation.

A LONDON AIR RAID

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following account of an air raid over London was written by an Englishwoman who is doing accountant's work in one of the big London insurance companies in the City of London. The extract is taken from a letter written to her mother.

"I have so much to tell you this week that I don't know how I shall do it, but I must begin with the air raid, as that is the most important of all. Such a horrible raid you never knew. It is only three weeks since the last raid on the City and they haven't finished clearing up from that when we get another. Many people had warning of it at 8.30 in the morning, including Mr. G. (Manager of the insurance company) I had heard nothing. It was my Saturday up at the office, but there were only a few girls and women up besides myself—I should say about one-fourth of the female staff—and many of the men were away, too. As soon as I arrived I heard a gun which I mistook for the dressing-room. I took no notice; gun shots are so frequent, and I supposed it was heavy gun practice at Woolwich, which we constantly hear. Ten minutes at my desk, Miss Harding came round to speak to me, and while she spoke I heard another distant report. 'Hear that?' said I. 'That's a bomb.' 'Go along,' said she. 'You have bombs on the brain.' After that I settled down to steady work up in my window, my angle's best, with tail-end of one eye turned down on—the look-out for possible excitement in the way of troops or transport passing, or street accidents. By and by I noticed two men on the roof of the—building opposite, looking hard at the sky through field glasses. Still I was unmoved. Two minutes later, however, I noticed everybody in the street running for dear life, someone way some another, all making for buildings or the Tube station. I knew they couldn't be looking for troops or they would all have been running the same way. All traffic stopped. Buses and motors stood still, deserted alike by passengers and drivers. Everybody looked at the sky before they disappeared into buildings and passages. Then I saw some soldiers absolutely flying out of the street. That settled it. If the soldiers were running away there was no shame for me to make a move, so I jumped off my stool and ran round to Mr. G. and told him. He looked out of my window. 'Ladies down to the third floor,' said he. There were only three of us, and himself and young F. in our room. Down we trooped, but at a window on the staircase stood a big group of men and boys staring at the sky. 'Twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six,' says someone, 'Aren't we going to get it!' 'Come and see,' said one of them drawing me to the window. I looked. A crowd of aeroplanes were moving leisurely towards us, a whole fleet of them. A more beautiful sight can hardly be imagined. They were like graceful birds, the sun on their wings, the blue sky and fleecy clouds their background, sailing gracefully towards us. 'Come away from the window,' yelled a man's voice, and down we all went to the third floor. All the men were there and about fifteen girls. Everybody looked still, with faces drawn, but one of the men, a Mr. M., with a nice kind face (he's a friend of Mr. G.'s), was talking nonsense to everyone and laughing and the girls giggled a bit with nervousness; but everybody was quiet and there was no panic. We passed a few deadly minutes, waiting for the bombs to begin to fall. We were crowded together, boys and girls, directors and office boys, managers and typists. I said we waited minutes—it may only have been seconds, I don't know when the bombs began to rain down. As the first explosion shook our building a man's loud voice called 'Ladies to the second floor!' Jolly good advice thought I, and down I went. Some of the girls were crying

quietly, the young ones, poor things! and most of them stayed on the third floor, shutting themselves into the secretary's office; but two others dashed down with me. They didn't stay on the second floor, but fled downstairs, whether to the ground floor or the basement, I know not. They may be still descending to the bowels of the earth for aught I know. We have no offices on the second floor, so I stood on the landing. Explosion followed explosion, getting nearer, louder, more thrilling. There was a 'barrow' on the second floor such as we use to send the ledgers down by lift to the strong room. It's a wicker contraption I sat on, all by myself. As the next explosion reverberated through the air, shaking my very frame, Mr. G. appeared from below, where he had been scouting around. He saw me on my barrow and came and sat down beside me. 'I was thankful I can tell you. His steady, kind, untroubled face gave me great confidence. We smelt the awful smell of the explosives, and he told me I had a bad cold, and I commiserated. We even laughed once when a ghastly bang nearly split the space between us. I had a dozen young fellows who had taken fright, by down-stairs past us, their coats flying out behind them. They moved them,' said he grimly. Two dear little round-faced office boys ran to us, but before they had time to say a word they were flung down on the ground, there and curled themselves up like a couple of cats. Then I saw something that did upset me, a man who was afraid. He long as I take a little of my own medicine, and pressed it up against the lintel of a door, and covered his ears and his eyes with his hands. The explosion was so close to him. It sickened me, for fear we must all feel at times, but never show, it is a really ugly thing to see. And all the while (naturally, being your daughter) some lines of poetry filtered through my mind through my brain. They were these:—

Put your ugly mug out Of your dirty little dug-out, And you won't need your hair cut any more.' Then came a fiendish explosion which I remember with a shudder, such as my dear old barrow when the roar had died away. The noise was intensified by our gun-fire, and even before the bombs began to fall we could see the puffs of our own shrapnel hitting the German planes. Our planes fought them in the sky, but though I see our planes every day, I don't see the German ones. I can tell an enemy plane from a British. The whole thing did not last nearly so long as it seems. I hid behind my desk. The sergeant was still shepherding his flock as usual. We saw the smoke of the big fire from the machine gun. I mounted the fire-escape to the roof, and there I saw a sight I shall never forget. One of my sisters and brother-in-law were there. They were very much surprised to see me. They were very much surprised to see me. They were very much surprised to see me.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Shaughnessy are registered at the Queen. Mr. Shaughnessy has recently returned from England.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd and a party of friends motored to St. George on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young entertained a party at dinner at the Algonquin on Friday. They motored to St. Andrews returning in the early evening.

Miss Vera Murchie, of Manchester, N. H., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Harry Haley in Milltown.

Miss Winnifred Smith is visiting friends in St. George.

A very happy event was the reception given on Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Algar to celebrate the fiftieth, or golden anniversary, of their wedding day. There were a number of guests, who vied with each other in good wishes and congratulations to their host and hostess. Rev. W. Tomalin, rector of Trinity church, made a few happy remarks, and Rev. Dr. W. C. Goucher in a neat speech presented Mrs. Algar with a silver salver filled with envelopes containing a goodly sum in gold as a token of the esteem and friendship of their guests. Mr. Algar, in a few brief words, thanked Mr. Goucher and his guests for Mrs. Algar and himself. There was some piano music by Mrs. J. M. Scott and dainty refreshments were served by Mrs. Gillespie and the Misses Thompson, Dunton, and McCoy. The house was decorated with bouquets of beautiful flowers, and flags of the Allies, which gave the long spacious rooms and hall a gay and suitable to such a rare happy occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom is in St. Stephen for a few days visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom, at their summer cottage near the Ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. MacNichol were summoned to Denver, Colorado on Saturday, by the illness of their son, Frank, who has been travelling through the Western States for several months.

Mr. Stephen Kelly, of River Hebert, has arrived in Calais to make his usual summer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tannahill Griley has returned to her home in Moncton, after a visit of a month in St. Stephen.

Dances are held in the Agricultural Hall every Saturday night and are well patronized and enjoyed.

Mrs. D. H. Bates with her guests, Prof. and Mrs. McKusich and daughter, Frances, of Vermilion, South Dakota, are at Mrs. Bates's cottage for the rest of the summer.

Mr. Fred. W. Gillespie and Mrs. Gillespie, of Chelsea, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie in Calais.

Mrs. W. H. Torrance and Mrs. E. G. Vroom arrived from Montreal on Saturday to visit their sister, Miss Stevens.

Early Saturday afternoon Ralph D. Hartford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hartford, of St. Stephen, an employee in the shoe factory in Calais, was drowned in the river. Shortly after he had eaten his lunch he felt the extreme heat of the day and went for a swim in the river. Diving from a high wharf near the factory he struck a sharp rock and immediately sank. His body was not recovered for nearly an hour. He was 21 years of age and had during the week received notice that he had been selected by the United States draft for overseas training at the Chipman Hospital, and who has been ill for several weeks, was

Miss Mildred Leonard, a young lady who has been taking a course of nurse training at the Chipman Hospital, and who has been ill for several weeks, was

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest and daughter, Mrs. Ernest, are in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mr. Austin Budd was in town. He is with regard to his new front. Mr. Robert M. brother.

Mrs. and Mrs. Cougle been the guests of Miss Roland during the past few days.

Miss Margaret B. spent a few days in town.

Hon. C. J. and Mrs. on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest and daughter, Mrs. Ernest, are in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mr. James Mills, of St. John's, is in town on Sunday.

The Misses Brennan to visit their uncle, Mr. J. E. Skellin, of Mannan, one of the Liberal candidates in the election, spent a few days at Kennedy's Hotel.

Mr. F. P. McColl arrive at his summer view, Chamcook, yesterday.

Mrs. Walter Stickney is in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Douglas Cowans a few days from St. Andrews she is spending the summer at the Algonquin.

Mrs. A. Allan Mackenzie left last trip to St. Andrews, N. B., will be guests at the Algonquin.

Mrs. E. J. E. Hawking morning night for St. Andrews spend two or three weeks.

Mrs. Douglas Seely, of St. Andrews, is in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Douglas Seely, of St. Andrews, is in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Douglas Seely, of St. Andrews, is in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Douglas Seely, of St. Andrews, is in town on Thursday last and remainder of the summer.

able to leave on Monday morning for her home in Kings County.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd and a party of friends motored to St. George on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young entertained a party at dinner at the Algonquin on Friday. They motored to St. Andrews returning in the early evening.

Miss Vera Murchie, of Manchester, N. H., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Harry Haley in Milltown.

Miss Winnifred Smith is visiting friends in St. George.

A very happy event was the reception given on Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Algar to celebrate the fiftieth, or golden anniversary, of their wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom is in St. Stephen for a few days visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom, at their summer cottage near the Ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. MacNichol were summoned to Denver, Colorado on Saturday, by the illness of their son, Frank, who has been travelling through the Western States for several months.

Mr. Stephen Kelly, of River Hebert, has arrived in Calais to make his usual summer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tannahill Griley has returned to her home in Moncton, after a visit of a month in St. Stephen.

Dances are held in the Agricultural Hall every Saturday night and are well patronized and enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd and a party of friends motored to St. George on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young entertained a party at dinner at the Algonquin on Friday. They motored to St. Andrews returning in the early evening.

Miss Vera Murchie, of Manchester, N. H., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Harry Haley in Milltown.

Miss Winnifred Smith is visiting friends in St. George.

A very happy event was the reception given on Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Algar to celebrate the fiftieth, or golden anniversary, of their wedding day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom is in St. Stephen for a few days visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom, at their summer cottage near the Ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. MacNichol were summoned to Denver, Colorado on Saturday, by the illness of their son, Frank, who has been travelling through the Western States for several months.

Mr. Stephen Kelly, of River Hebert, has arrived in Calais to make his usual summer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Tannahill Griley has returned to her home in Moncton, after a visit of a month in St. Stephen.

Dances are held in the Agricultural Hall every Saturday night and are well patronized and enjoyed.

Mrs. D. H. Bates with her guests, Prof. and Mrs. McKusich and daughter, Frances, of Vermilion, South Dakota, are at Mrs. Bates's cottage for the rest of the summer.

Mr. Fred. W. Gillespie and Mrs. Gillespie, of Chelsea, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gillespie in Calais.