TRAVEL

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Panama - Pacific Exposition San Francisco

Tickets on Sale March 1 to Nov. 30. Limit Three Months.

$113.70

—FROM—

ST. ANDREWS

Going and Returning via Chicago.

Going via Chicago and Returning via Vancouver, or vice versa $17.50 additional.

J. D. HOWARD, D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

CHANGE OF TIME

and Manan S. S. Company

From June 1, Steamer "Grand Manan" leaves Grand Manan via Campabello, Eastport and Grand Manan Mondays at 7 a.m., arriving St. John 2.30 p. m., returning at 10 a. m. Tuesday for Grand Manan.

Grand Manan-St. Stephen, Wednesday morning, returning 7 a. m. Thursday via Campobello, Eastport and St. Andrews

Grand Manan-St. John direct. Friday 7 a. m., returning 2.30 p. m.

Grand Manan-St. Andrews. Saturday morning, returning 1.30 p. m. via Campobello and Eastport.

Atlantic Standard Time

L. C. GUPTILL, Manager

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

Until further notice the S. S. Connors Bros. will run as follows:

Leave St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Musquash Bay or Letite, Deer Island, Red Store, St. George. Returning leave St. Andrews Tuesday for St. John, calling at Letite or Back Bay, Black's Harbor, Musquash Bay or Dipper Harbor, tide and weather permitting.

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

Phone 77; manager, Lewis Connors, Black's Harbor, N. B.

The Company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the Company or Captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Revd. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Revd. R. W. Weddall, M. A., Pastor. Services on Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH — Revd. W. S. Tedford, B. A., Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School, 2 p. m. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30.

ANDREW CHURCH—Revd. Father Meahan, D. D. Pastor. Services Sunday at 8.00 a. m., 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Revd. Geo. H. Wm. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

Office Hours from 8 a.m to 8 p.m.

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which a 5 cent rate applies do *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. A one cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card to be used. Post cards two cents each, to other countries. The two-cent cards *not* require the "War Tax" stamp.

Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

ARRIVES: 11.55 a.m —10 45 p.m.

CLOSES: 6.45 a.m.—5.30 p.m.

All matter for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the closing of ordinary mail.

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—

CIRCUIT COURT; Second Tuesday in May, and First Friday in October.

COUNTY COURT; First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year.

Judge Carleton.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George F. Hibbard, Registrar
Minerva P. Hibbard, Deputy Rgr.

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

The Beacon

VOL. 27 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915 NO. 3

THE FRONT: 1915.

["It is as if hell were let loose."—*Letter from the Front.*]

ARE you in hell, my son,
While I am dreaming on this grassy hill,
In the white blossoming
Of England's frail sweet spring?
I who no pain would shun
To save you from the lightest breath of ill,
My little one.

When as a child you fell
And hurt yourself on some unheeded stone,
You raised your tear-stained face,
That I might kiss the place,
And, kissing, make it well.
Now I am here, on this green hill, alone,
And you:—in hell.

Or is it Paradise,
That field where brave men fight with Giant Wrong?
Where Death is changed to Life
In the heroic strife,
The selfless struggle
Where Love gives sleep to those who suffer long,
And shuts their eyes.

Nor heaven nor hell is there,
But some dim purgatorial state between,
Where, purified by pain,
The spirit slips its chain,
And, cleaving the bright air,
The young white souls, clear-eyed, austere, serene,
Pass to God's care.

—The Spectator. B. A. LEES.

A FISHING PICNIC

I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
Filled the river full of fishes
LONGFELLOW.

NOW come to a Malay picnic.

Again, it is early morning, the guests have been invited overnight and warned to come on their elephants and bring "rice and salt." By the time the sun is well up there are fifty or sixty people (of whom about half are women), mounted on twelve or fifteen elephants, and some boys and followers are prepared to walk.

The word is given to make for a great limestone hill rising abruptly out of the plain, for, close round the foot of this rock, eating its way into the unexplored depths of subaqueous caves, flows a clear mountain-bred stream, and, in the silent pools which lie under the shadow of the cliff, are the fish which, with the rice and salt, will make the coming feast.

The road lies through six or seven miles of open country and virgin forest, and it is 9 or 10 A. M. before the river is reached, the elephants hobbled, and the men of the party ready for business.

In days gone by, the method would have been to *tuba* the stream above a pool, but this poisoning of the water affects the river for miles, and dynamite, which is not nearly so destructive, is preferred. The plan is to select a large and deep pool round which the men stand ready to spring in, while the women make a cordon across the shallow at its lower end, ready to catch the fish that escape the hands of the swimmers. Two cartridges of dynamite with a detonator and a piece of slow match are tied to a stone and thrown into the deepest part of the pool, there is an explosion sending up a great column of water, and immediately the dead fish come to the surface and begin to float down stream. Twenty men spring into the pool, and with shouts and laughter struggle for the slippery fish; those which elude the grasp of the swimmers are caught by the women. It will then be probably discovered that no very big fish have been taken; and, as it is certain that some at least should be there, the boldest and best divers will search the bottom of the pool and even look into the water-filled caves of the rock that there rises sheer out of the stream. Success rewards this effort, and, from the bed of the pool, some sixteen or eighteen feet deep, the divers bring up, two at a time, great silvery fish weighing ten to fifteen pounds each. There is much joy over the capture of these *klah* and *tengas*, the best kinds of fresh water fish known here, and, if the total take is not a large one, the operation will be repeated in another and yet another pool, until a sufficient quantity of fish has been secured and every one is tired of the water.

There is a general change of wet garments for dry ones, no difficult matter, while long before this fires have been made on the bank, rice is boiling, fish are roasting in split sticks, grilling, frying, and the hungry company is settling itself in groups ready for the meal. It is a matter of honor that no plates should be used, so every one has a piece of fresh green plantain leaf to hold his rice and salt and fish, while nature supplies the forks and spoons. Whether it is the exercise, the excitement, or the coldness of the two hours' bath, that is most responsible for the keen appetites is not worth inquiring, but thorough justice is done to the food; and if you reader, should ever be fortunate enough to take part in one of these picnics, you will declare that you never before realised how delicious a meal can be made of such simple ingredients. Some one has smuggled in a few condiments, and they add largely to the success of the Malay *bouille-abaisse*, but people affect not to know they are there, and you go away assured that rice and salt did it all. That is part of the game.

And now it is time to return, the sun has long passed the meridian, and there is a mile or two of forest before getting into the open country. The timid amongst the ladies feign alarm (Malays are sensible people who take only the young to picnics, and leave the old to mind the houses), and a desire to get away at once, but there are others who know what is in store for them.

The elephants are brought up and each pannier is found to be loaded with jungle fruit, large and small, ripe and unripe, hard and soft, but generally hard as stones. Every one knows the meaning of this and, as the elephants kneel down to take their riders, you may observe that usually two men sit in front, two women behind, and the latter are anxious about their umbrellas and show a tendency to open them here where, in the gloom of the forest, they are not needed. The first two or three elephants move off quickly, and, having turned a corner in the path, disappear. It is necessary to proceed in Indian file, and as the next elephant comes to this corner he and his company are assailed by a perfect shower of missiles (the jungle fruit) from the riders of the first section of elephants who are slily waiting here to surprise those behind. The attack is returned with interest and the battle wages hot and furious. The leaders of the rear column try to force their way past those who dispute the path with them, and either succeed or put the enemy to flight only to find a succession of ambuscades laid for them, each resulting in a deadly struggle, and so, throughout the length of the forest, the more venturesome pushing their way to the front or taking up an independent line and making enemies of all comers, until, at last, the whole party clears the jungle and, taking open order, a succession of wild charges soon gets every one into the fray and, the supply of ammunition having run out, there is nothing left but to count the damage done.

It is principally in broken umbrellas which have been used as shields, but some garments are stained, and there may be a few bruises treated with much good humour, and, by the time the party has slightened its dishevelledness, it is found that miles of otherwise tedious journey have been passed and every one is home ere the lengthening shadows suddenly contract and tell the sun has set.—From *Malay Sketches*, by Sir F. A. Swettenham. London: John Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

"Laws and authority are not the beams and end-all, they are conveniences, machinery, conduit pipes, main roads. They're not of the structure of the building—they're only scaffolding."

John Galsworthy, *The Patrician.*

PORFIRIO DIAZ, EX-DICTATOR OF MEXICO

Porfirio Diaz, ex-President of Mexico, who died in Paris on Thursday, July 1, was born in the City of Oaxaca, in the southern part of Mexico, on Sept. 15, 1830. His father, a planter, died in 1833 of cholera which, in that year, swept off an eighth of Mexico's population. Porfirio's mother was also of Austrian descent, but also had Indian blood in her veins, her grandfather having married a Mexican, one of that superb aboriginal type of whose beauty and dignity the early chronicles had much to say.

Porfirio's parents wished to educate him for the church, and at the age of seven sent him to one of the parochial elementary schools. Leaving the primary school at the age of 11, Porfirio became errand boy in a country store. After one year in that occupation he was again sent to school by his mother, and at the age of 14 he entered a seminary. During his course at the institution Porfirio practically supported himself by tutoring in his spare time. At the seminary Porfirio prepared himself for the priesthood, but his inclinations were not in that direction. When he had completed his studies at the age of 17, he volunteered to serve in the war against the United States, but was not sent to the front. Then he decided to become a lawyer and after a course of four years entered the law office of Governor Juarez and Marcos Paraz.

It was in the "War of Reform" in 1854-61 that young Diaz first saw active service in the ranks of the Liberals. Owing to his open opposition against Santa Anna, Diaz came into conflict with the party upholding the dictator. Orders were given to arrest and shoot Diaz, but he escaped and became advisor to the patriotic guerilla leader Herrera, then in revolt against the usurper. Soon after that Diaz entered the army as a student volunteer. Through his bravery and tact he won his military degrees one by one, and the close of the war in 1861 found him a brigader-general with a splendid record.

Diaz was prominent in the fight against European intervention. After the death of Jaurez, Lerdo was elected president. Diaz took the field against him and won, becoming provisional president, and being elected constitutionally in the next year, viz., 1877. From that until a few years ago, when Madero drove him out of the country, Diaz was practically Dictator. As a matter of fact he was re-elected president term after term, but he was elected because he took care to be elected. Much of the progress of the country was due to him, although his policy at times was brutal in the extreme. Since his retirement the country has been in a state of anarchy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

News in Brief

—John D. Rockefeller celebrated on July 8, the 76th anniversary of his birth, on his estate at Pocantico Hills, Tarrytown, N. Y.

—The Allan liner *Grampian* arrived in Plymouth on Sunday with the 48th Battalion of Victoria, B. C., and an infantry detachment from Winnipeg.

—The department of defence is to raise the German cruiser Emden, sunk off the Cocos Island by the Australian cruiser Sydney. She will be in Sydney, N. S. W., by Christmas and will be exhibited.

—Official announcement was made in Capetown, on July 7, that the Imperial Government had "gratefully accepted" the offer of the Government of the Union of South Africa to provide a contingent of troops to be raised in the Union, and some batteries of artillery.

—While hauling out a piece of timber from a pile at the south terminals, Halifax, N. S., July 8, David Ursulan, a laborer, aged 43 years, married, of Roumania, received injuries which proved fatal. He died an hour after his removal to the hospital.

—A dispatch on July 10 to Reuter's Telegram Company, from Alexandria, Egypt, states that while the Sultan of Egypt was going to prayers a bomb was thrown from a window and fell at the feet of the horses, but did not explode. The persons who threw the bomb escaped.

—The State Department, Washington, received on Sunday, a dispatch from Consul Silliman at Vera Cruz saying the Carranza Chief of Staff informed him that General Gonzales entered Mexico City Saturday morning, that the casualties numbered 3,000, and that the Zapata troops, which had held the city, had fled.

—The U. S. Government on July 8, took over the Sayville, L. I, wireless station, the only direct means between the United States and Germany.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced that Captain Bullard in charge of the naval radio, had gone to take over the station and would continue its operation with naval forces.

—The Eastern Power Company of New Glasgow, N. S., have received an order from the French Government for 100 railway waggons for the French State Railways. The contract was given in open competition, and the Nova Scotia Company received it in competition with some of the biggest builders in the United States.

—It is reported from Rome that Turkey is striving to prevent the withdrawal of Italian counsuls in Turkey, and a possible rupture with Italy. Turkey is especially loath to break with Italy, as the Turkish ambassador at Rome would be in a position to reach the Entente powers in case the Sultan's Government finds it advisable to sue for a separate peace.

—Frank Holt, who attempted to take the life of J. P. Morgan, and who committed suicide July 6 In the Mineola jail, was identified as Erich Muenter, the Harvard instructor, who disappeared after being indicted as the murderer of his wife, Leona, in Cambridge, Mass., in 1906. The identification was made by S. P. Smith, detective, of the District Attorney's office, Middlesex County, Mass.; Theodore Eillier, an automobile man, of Cambridge; and A. T. Brown, a Boston newspaper man.

—A dispatch from Constantinople on July 7, to the Overseas News Agency, announcing the sinking of the French auxiliary cruiser *Carthage*, off Cape Helles at the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula, by a German submarine, says that the vessel carried war material valued at more than $200,000.

The French Minister of Marine on July 5, announced that the steamer *Carthage* had been torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on July 4. Sixty-six members of the crew were saved. Six others were missing.

—An illicit still was found in the garret of a two-story brick house on Western avenue, Notre Dame de Grace, Montreal, by members of the fire department on July 7. Some gasoline which was used to operate an engine became ignited and set fire to the beams of the roof. Two men and a women tried their utmost to extinguish the outbreak but when the flames were beyond their control they made good their escape, knowing that the still was sure to be detected. An automobile capable of carrying five passengers was found in the rear of the house.

—Curtis' big powder mills at Hounslow, Middlesex, England, were virtually destroyed July 9 by a series of explosions which occurred shortly after a hundred men had commenced work. No statement of the casualties is yet available.

The explosion was heard for a distance of ten miles.

It was stated at the powder mills that only one person had been killed but a great many others had been injured by flying debris.

A preliminary explosion of small violence gave a warning which enabled most of the workers to flee from the building.

—The White Star liner *Northland*, with Canadian troops on board, arrived in Plymouth on Saturday. Among the troops on board were the Second University Company, under Captain George C. McDonald, going to serve as reinforcements to the Princess Pats. This included a number of men from McGill University, as well as graduates and under-graduates from Toronto, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Victoria, and other Canadian universities; a draft to reinforce the Canadian Field Artillery from the 27th Battery under Lieut.-Col. J. Bruce Payne; and also drafts from New Brunswick and the West.

—Major-General Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia, and members of his staff, arrived at Liverpool Sunday afternoon, and reached London late that night. He was met at Liverpool by Gen. Carson, Lieut.-Col. Garnett Hughes and Lieut.-Col. McBain. Major-Gen. Hughes, who is stopping at the Savoy Hotel, where Sir Robert Borden is also a guest, informed the *Montreal Gazette* representative that the party had enjoyed a pleasant voyage, and that all were well.

Frederick W. Sumner, the new representative in London of the province of New Brunswick, also arrived the same day.

—It was announced in Vienna on July 9, that formal apology has been made by the Austro-Hungarian government to U. S. Ambassador Penfield because of an abusive article printed in the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, attacking President Wilson and the American people in connexion with the second note protesting against German methods of submarine warfare.

As a rigid censorship is exercised over Austrian papers, Ambassador Penfield had informally asked the foreign office if the article represented the opinion of the Austrian government. The result was an apology and a sharp reprimand for the official censor.

—The third of a series of disastrous fires occurred in Kentville, N. S., shortly before midnight, July 7, when the Dominion Atlantic Railway roundhouse was totally destroyed. Only two engines were in; these are the chief loss. The firemen put up a stubborn fight and saved the machine shop, which is a continuation of the roundhouse. The fire was seen coming through the roof and at the east side of the building, in which no one had been at work during the day. The coal shed also caught but only partly burned. The night was fortunately a quiet one, and a heavy shower impending doubtless hastened plans. Though a number of houses facing Main street were near the shed none caught.

—On July 8, when coming down the steep incline that leads to the sharp curve just outside Queenstown, Ont., a car on the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway loaded with excursionists from the Toronto Sunday Schools of Woodgreen Methodist and St. John's Presbyterian Churches, returning home after a day's picnic, jumped the track and crashed against a trolley pole and turned turtle. The rear half of the car was completely wrecked and ten persons were killed outright. The car was closely packed and the number of injured was over 90. Many of the latter were hurried to Niagara Falls, but a large number was brought to Toronto on the Niagara line steamer. Of these, four died during the trip across the lake, making a total of fourteen dead.

—Following the announcement by the C. P. R. authorities to the effect that no liquor would be sold on the trains passing through Saskatchewan after July 1, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has issued an order that all buffets on the trains passing through that province after July 1, will be locked as soon as the train reaches the boundry and no liquor will be sold to the travelling public.

An official announcement from O. C. Bishop, General Superintendent of the C. N. R. Sleeping Car Service, made at Winnipeg, puts the C. N. R. buffets under a stricter regulation concerning the sale of liquor. No liquor will be sold either in this province or in Manitoba by the C. N. R. dining cars.

—Joseph Matthias, caretaker of the Union building at 43 St. Sacrament street, Montreal, on Friday night last, shot and killed his wife and then blew one side of his head off with a revolver. He died in the General Hospital Saturday morning.

The shooting occured at 9 o'clock, just as Mrs. Matthias was about to leave the apartments with a daughter of the couple. Thomas Matthias, 1065 St. James street, a brother of the murderer and suicide, had called in connexion with an appointment made between the brothers, and when the shooting began he ran for his life. This led the police at first to suspect him, but the mother of the two men straightened the tangle out for the authorities.

The murderer, who was 38 years of age, had been drinking and quarreling with his wife for some time. She was 35 years old. The pair came from a suburb of London, Eng., a few years ago.

—Two employees of the Dow Brewery in Montreal, Patrick McNally and Alexander McCann, were asphyxiated by gas in a vat which they were about to clean, Thursday afternoon, July 8. McCann is supposed to have given his life in a hopeless attempt to save his fellow workman.

The two men were instructed to clean out vats Nos 11 and 12. McNally had been in charge of this particular job for a period of sixteen years, and was thoroughly experienced and capable. Before brewing vats are cleaned they are always tested, a standing rule of the company governs this operation, and strict attention is usually applied by the men in charge.

After the accident the investigation conducted under the heads of the brewery revealed the following: That when McNally at first descended into vat No. 12 (probably which he had forgotten to clean) the effects of the asphyxiation gases came on him, he screamed to his comrade McCann, it is supposed, went down to his assistance, and both became unconscious. Nothing further was learned save the grim tragedy.

The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case was accidental death.

—The North Atlantic transport liner *Minnehaha*, before reported as having had an explosion in one of her forward hol ls on Wednesday, July 7, arrived at Halifax on the afternoon of July 9, to discharge part of her cargo and to investigate the causes of the explosion. That it was a bomb was responsible for it was not admitted by Captain Claret, master of the *Minnehaha*.

The *Minnehaha* sailed from New York at 7.14 p. m. on the 4th of July, and left the outside anchorage at New York 10.30 that night. The voyage was uneventful until the captain and officers of the ship were somewhat startled when they received a wireless message the morning of July 7, half an hour after midnight. The message warned the *Minnehaha* that bombs were reported to have been placed on steamers that had sailed from New York for England the previous week-end. Captain Claret immediately ordered the ship's boats placed in readiness for lowering in case of an explosion.

At 4.16 on the afternoon of the 7th July an explosion sounded somewhere below in No. 3 compartment. There was a violent shock, and two sailors standing on the hatch cover at the time were blown up into the air. They were thrown about ten feet away and one of them was slightly stunned. After the first excitement, the upper hatch cover was opened and freight taken out so that the workers could reach the second hatchway. This was not damaged, but smoke was coming out and a steam pipe was inserted, and it was not long before the fire was under control. At 5 o'clock that afternoon Captain Claret decided to make for Halifax.

Third Universities Company Canadian Expeditionary Force

PRINCESS PATRICIA'S CANADIAN LIGHT INFANTRY

The Canadian Militia Department has authorized the organization of a Third Universities Company for Overseas Service, similar to the First and Second Universities Companies, which are joining the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

The Company will be organized and trained at Montreal by Captain A. S. Eve of the McGill Contingent, C. O. T. C., and will proceed overseas when up to strength.

The First Universities Company under Captain Barclay is already overseas. The Second Universities Company under Captain G. C. McDonald, and Captain P. Molson, now over-strength, was raised and equipped in seven weeks, and will proceed overseas shortly.

Recruiting for the Third Company has already been started and applications from all parts of Canada are being received.

The Company will be composed of Graduates and Undergraduates of Universities (or their friends) and men of that type. Only men who are physically and medically fit will be accepted.

Conditions of Service and Rate of Pay will be the same as in the other units of the Canadian Expeditionary Force.

A married man must obtain his wife's consent; a man under 21 years, his parents' consent before enlisting. The consent must be in writing.

The Headquarters of the Company will be at No. 382 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, and any enquiries or applications should be addressed to Captain A. S. Eve

COST RECORD OF THE EUROPEAN WAR

DAVID STARR JORDON, president of the University of California, writes as follows in the San Francisco *Chronicle*:

"Edgar Crammond of London, a high authority, estimates the cash cost of a year of the European war to August 1, 1915, at $17,000,000,000, while other losses will amount up to make a grand total of $46,000,000,000. No one can have any conception of what $46,000,000,000 may be. It is four times all the coin in the world. If this sum were measured out in $20 gold pieces and they were placed side by side on the railway track, on each rail, they would line with gold every line from New York to the Pacific Ocean, the two Canadian lines included. There would be enough left to cover each rail of the Siberian Railway from Vladivostock to Petrograd. There would still remain sufficient to rehabilitate Belgium and to buy the whole of Turkey, at her own valuation, wiping her finally from the map.

"Or, we may figure in some other fashion. The average workingman in America earns $518 per year. It would take ninety million years' work to pay the cost of the war; or ninety million American laborers might pay it off in one year, if all their living expenses were paid.

"The cost of a year of the great war is a little more than the estimated value of all the property of the United States west of the Mississippi River. It is nearly equal to the total value of all the property in Germany ($48,000,000,000), as estimated in 1906. The whole Russian Empire ($35,000,000,000) could have been bought for a less sum before the war began. It could be had, on a cash sale, more cheaply now. This sum would have paid for all the property in Italy ($13,000,000,000), Japan ($10,000,000,000), Holland ($5,000,000,000), Belgium ($7,000,000,000), Spain ($6,000,000,000), and Portugal ($2,500,000,000). It is three times the entire yearly earnings in wages and salaries of the people of the United States ($15,500,000,000).

"The cost of this war would pay the national debts of all the nations in the world at the time the war broke out. If all the farms, farming lands and factories in the United States were wiped out of existence, the cost of this war would more than replace them. If all the personal and real property of half our nation were destroyed, or if an earthquake of incredible dimensions should shake down every house from the Atlantfc to the Pacific, the waste would be less than that involved in this war. And an elemental catastrophe leaves behind it no costly legacy of hate."—*Inland Printer.*

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

Dear Mother and Father:

I received your letter dated May 31, but I have not got any since. I would like to get all the letters you write, but I don't, I only get about one a month, and you say that you write every week; it is strange that I do not get them. I don't think you get all the mail I send to you. I send you a card and a letter every week, and I send Fred a card every week, but I never hear from him. I never get any letters from the States.

I am very sorry that Desmond is dead. About all of his battalion have been killed. They have had very hard luck. The last time I saw Des. was in March. I would have liked to see him again, but it is too late.

We are having great weather here at present. I am sleeping out of doors now; I have not slept in a barn or a house for two months, and some nights it is pretty cold with only one blanket and an overcoat to put over me. I have not slept in a bed since last November—that is when I was in London on pass—and I think it will be a good many more months before I sleep in one, but I hope not.

Well, I suppose St. Andrews is a busy place now. I would like to drop in and see how things are going, and have a big feed of beans for supper and some fried clams for breakfast—it makes me hungry to think of it. We are living pretty good here. We have fried bacon and bread and tea for breakfast, and stew with bread for dinner, and jam, bread and tea for supper; the same thing over and over every day, but when pay day comes we go and buy some good things from the people around here. We only get three dollars, and that does not last long. I think we will get paid our three dollars to-day. Well, it is four o'clock and no money yet, so I think I will eat jam and bread to-night. I would like very much to get some more cake from you for it is very good.

I suppose Arthur is getting tired of St. John by this time, but he is very lucky that he is not here where I am. I would like to change places if I could, but I am not downhearted yet.

Did you know that Alfred Cork who has been killed? I saw in the paper that he belonged to St. Andrews. I never knew anybody there by that name.

It is my turn for guard to-night, so I will not get much sleep as we have to keep our eyes open all the time, for we are not very far away from the Huns.

I am writing you this letter lying on the ground behind one of our guns. We have to stay close by all the time, and I sleep about three feet from it. We have six gunners to one gun, and it keeps us very busy when we are firing. I was back where we keep the horses and drivers, and I was driving for a while, but I did not like it. The last wagon I was driving lead, we were driving along a river, very close to the edge, and we went a little too close and the whole thing went in—six horses and five men. We saved all the men and horses, but the wagon was in the water for a week. We had to stay there and get the horses out, and the shells were bursting all around us and they were trying to get us with rifle bullets, but we all got out unhurt.

We have a lot of the Second Contingent men with us. They came to fill up the places of the poor boys that have been killed and wounded.

Well, I think this is all for thir time, so I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your loving soldier son,

Gr. GEO. GRANT.

*** The foregoing was received by Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Grant, the parents of the writer. The letter bears no address at top, and is undated, but the envelope bears a post-mark of June 23.

Extracts from a letter to Miss Mackubin written by her friend, a Scotch lady, serving as a voluntary nurse in the Military Hospital at Lord Lucas' home, "Wrest Park," Amthill, England:—

June 15, 1915

My Dear Nellie:

Florence tells me that you would like to hear something about my work here just now. These last few days we have been doing "Spring cleaning" which is rather troublesome as the men have to be crammed into one room while the others are being cleaned. I get tired of this general "charwoman's" work, for we nurses have to do everything; an ordinary maid would soon give notice if she were asked to do what we nurses do. However, it is all such good discipline for us and the compensation comes in the feeling that we are doing our "little bit" for our country.

This is a most beautiful place, a regular palace, so vast in size and such a paradise of nature. The walls are covered with white linen which is taken down every two months and replaced with clean, this both to protect the beautiful wall hangings, tapestries, brocades and hand painted wallpaper, and also to be hygienic.

The men are wonderful, so patient and cheerful, one gets so fond of them. My special favorite in my ward of 18 men, is a Canadian from New Brunswick, he has looked on me as a sort of compatriot since I told him that a great friend of mine had a summer cottage at St. Andrews, which is not far from his native place. He is evidently of Irish extraction his name being Donahue, and he has the blue eyes and dark hair so distinctly Irish. Poor chap! he is so homesick, so far from his family, and he has a terrible shrapnel wound in the thigh and has had to have several operations to extract the pieces of shrapnel. He is confined to bed so I have a lot to do for him.

I simply do as I am told here and hand over my inclination and will to be used as may be directed, and I have no time for anything but the fulfilment of my duties. I just manage to get through the newspaper, write a letter and darn stockings in my two hours "off time," otherwise we get up at 6 and work until 8 p.m. I often am in bed by 9 p. m., in broad daylight, one is so tired and I do not care to go to the other nurses' rooms for suppers or smokes. This beautiful summer weather goes by, and I can enjoy but little of it, for often I don't get out at all, or perhaps after supper take a stroll in the grounds. The work here is nothing but wounds, all much the same and take very long to heal owing to the poison that the men declare is in all German shells, or that gets into the wounds before they can be dressed.

I am training now to be "Theatre" nurse, that is a nurse who is responsible for sterilizing all the bowls, instruments and utensils for the operating room, or "theatre," as it is called, it is a responsible post and a tremendous rush to get ready between operations. We often begin at 2 p. m. and don't get done until 8 p. m. and all in overpowering heat and strain from the sterilizers and the heated rooms for the patients.

I wonder whether you in America can realize what the women over here are enduring? Their dearest dead, wounded or fighting, never knowing when a telegram may come with bad news, yet they are patient, and working. We have a mother who comes to see her son every day, a boy of 19, a gentleman, but enlisted as a private in the Canadian Highlanders. He nearly died from a shattered knee which was very septic. Finally the leg had to come off. There is this fine boy of 19 with but one leg, and one eye, the other being shot out, yet that mother has never said a word of complaint, but she is full of thankfulness to have her son alive. Poor fellow, he cried bitterly when he was told that he must lose his leg. One of our best nurses here is a Mrs. B. Her husband, Capt. B., was reported wounded and missing at Mons last October, and there has been no tidings of him since. The war office started her widow's pension in January, and as soon as she could she came here to nurse, having had some experience before her marriage.

I must end this and go to dinner.

Believe me always
Your affectionate friend,
F. M. C.

Wrest Park Hospital, Amthill, England

*** Miss Florence Mackubin, referred to in the above letter, and who so kindly sent it to us, wrote us from Wytheville, Va., on July 6, to say that she hopes to be in her cottage in St. Andrews in September. She will be cordially welcomed by many old friends, who have not seen her for a long time.—Ed.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Miss Maria Bradley, St. Andrews, from her cousin in Ireland, and refers to the death in action of another cousin, Wm. Cope.

"I have sad news to tell you in this letter, and I know how sorry you will be when you hear that Isabella's son Willie is killed in the fighting. She only heard yesterday (June 21). His Sergeant wrote to tell her; also a chum of his. They gave him great praise, and said what a good soldier he was, and so brave—always did his duty. It seems they were ordered out of the trenches onto the firing line, and he was one of the first to be shot. Is it not very sad? Such a fine young fellow, and so good-looking; only twenty-two. It is a great blow to Isabella, as she was looking forward to seeing him soon again. I was very fond of him ever since he was a little boy and used to stop here with us. He was with one of the first Canadian Contingents to come over. . . . His chum said that he was sure his last thoughts were of his mother and home, as he used to be always talking about them."

The following is the name and status of the young man referred to:

Pte. W. Cope 6317, 1st Canadian Contingent, 1st Canadian Battalion, 1st Infantry Brigade, British Expeditionary Force, France.

ST. STEPHEN BUSINESS COLLEGE CLOSING

The St. Stephen Business College has closed for the summer vacation, to re-open in September.

The graduates for the year are:

Marion Carter, Pennfield Centre,	N. B.
Etta Matheson, Little Ridgeton,	"
Eunice Budd, Bartlett Mills,	"
Mary Humble, Maple Grove,	"
Freda Brown, Ledge,	"
Donald Kelly, St. Thomas,	"
Byron Murchie, Calais,	Me.
Bertina Hanson, Milltown,	N. B.
Katherine McLean, "	"
Rose Baxter, "	"
Dorothy Mack, St. Stephen,	"
Mae Morrison, "	"
Isabella Towers, "	"
Aleta Sawyer, "	"
Viola Bonness, "	"
James Moore, "	"
Edgar Laubman, "	"

Where some of the recent students have obtained positions:

Annie Bell, with New England Maple Syrup Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Charles Higgins, with McNulty, Pierce & Townsend, Bangor, Me.

Hazel Clindinin, with Eastern Pulp Co., Calais, Me.

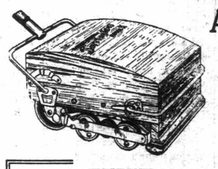
Etta Matheson, with Johnson & Appleby Co., Boston, Mass.

Katherine McLean, with James Murchie Co., Calais, Me.

Irving Thomas, C. P. R. Office, Brownville, Me.

Thelma Saunders, with Max Doten, lawyer, Calais, Me.

Ida Bell, with the Noyes Waist Co., Boston, Mass.



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