TRAVEL

ANADIAN PACIFIC

OMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

FROM

RITIME PROVINCES

TO

VESTERN CANADA

TICKETS ON SALE

EVERY WEDNESDAY

March 8th to October 25th

TO

NNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY EDMONDTON, ETC.

lids good for Two Months from date of issue

TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM MONTREAL

full particulars apply to Agent or write M. G. MURPHY, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

STERN STEAMSHIP LINES

ALL-THE-WAY-BY-WATER.

FRONTIER LINE

STEAMER ST. ANDREWS

ve Eastport Tuesdays, Thursdays and days at 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, mston and Calais. Return, leave s Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays a. m., for Robbinston, St. Andrews Eastport.

INTERNATIONAL LINE

CALVIN AUSTIN AND GOVERNOR COBB

ave St. John Mondays, Wednesdays Fridays at 9 a. m., Eastport at 2.30 for Lubec, Portland and Boston. rn, leave Central Wharf, Boston, ays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 , for Portland, Eastport, Lubec and hn.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

ect between Portland and New York

eamship North Land leaves Franklin rf, Portland, at 6 p.m., May 25, 30, June 3.

eight steamer every Tuesday, Thurs- and Saturday at same hour.

week day trip in each direction leaves land and New York Mondays at 0 a.m., June 19 to Sept. 11.

METROPOLITAN LINE

rect between Boston and New York Steamships Massachusetts and Bunker Hill

rom Boston leave north side of India urf week days and Sundays at 5 p.m.

me service returning from Pier 18, th River, foot of Murray St., New k city.

Eastern Standard Time

. E. CHADWICK, Agent, Calais, Me.
. H. LEAVITT, Supt., Eastport, Me.

CHANGE OF TIME

and Manan S. S. Company

nd Manan Route—Season 1915-16

ommencing May 8th, 1916, and until her notice, while steamer "Grand nan" is undergoing her annual repairs, service will be maintained as follows: ail boat "Harvey and Ralph" will e Grand Manan at 7 a. m., on Monday, dnesday and Friday for St. Andrews, turning leave St. Andrews on arrival of n train for Grand Manan on Tuesday, rsday and Saturday. Both ways via mpobello and Eastport.

On Wednesday mail boat "Harvey and lph" will continue on from St. Andrews St. Stephen, leaving St. Stephen Thurs- morning on the tide for St. Andrews, ere she will wait arrival of train and ntinue to Grand Manan.

Freight boat "Jennie T." will leave and Manan Monday 7 a. m. for St. John ect; loading freight at Market Slip, l leave St. John Wednesday 7 a. m. for lson's Beach, Campobello and Grand nan with freight.

Atlantic Standard Time

L. C. GUPTILL, Manager
Grand Manan.

ARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On March 3, and until further notice, e S. S. Connors Bros., will run as llows:

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

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

'Phone 2581; manager, Lewis Connors, ack's Harbor, N. B.

This Company will not be responsible r any debts contracted after this date thout a written order from the Com- ny or Captain of the steamer.

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

R. A. STUART, High Sheriff

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County Charlotte:—

CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 9, 16, Justice Barry; Tuesday, October 1916, Chief Justice K. B. D., Landry.

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

Judge Carleton.

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

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

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

ARRIVES: 12.10 a.m.
LOSES: 5.10 p.m.

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

The Beacon

VOL. XXVII — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1916 — NO. 49

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to precide o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till [illegible] Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I languish in pain
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL. Born June 3, 1774: died May 17, 1810.

THE MEDICINE MAN

ONE could not say that Dr. Bobbett had lost caste, for his birth was of the humblest, and education had done little towards polishing his manners. His social decline seemed very much in the nature of things; cursing his folly, he none the less adjusted himself to circumstances, and without any great effort. For a moment he had emerged; thanks to his father, the shoemaker, he found himself a qualified medical man, and became the assistant of a respectable practitioner in a London suburb; then his father died, and, with the help of a small sum of money that fell to him, Bobbett ruined himself It was all very well to start an independent practice, but less advisable to marry a woman of no character and inclined to drink. At thirty or so Bobbett was adrift. After some years of grimy experience, he managed to open his 'dispensary,' and a year or two more brought him the only kind of professional successs he could now hope for. To work as a healer, amid the press of obscure and miserable mortality, would appear to some men no ignoble lot; but Dr. Bobbett was incapable of illusions concerning the people with whom he lived, and had no temptation to mask his own motives. He had got rid of his fatal wife, but, at the same time, had lost all ambition. Like the wise man of old, though in a somewhat different sense, he knew that he knew nothing. His scientific acquirements, never more than the barely sufficient, were blurred in a squalid past, and rule-of-thumb answered well enough for his day and night practice among folk infinitely more ignorant than himself.

He was strongly built and coarse-featured, with a distrustful, defiant eye, a flattish nose, a broad mouth showing teeth the worse for tobacco. When attending patients in his dispensary (which stood between a pawnbroker's shop and a small eating-house), he wore no coat, and often no collar; the wrist-bands of his shirt were frayed and dirty, and his hands never fastidiously clean; from his waistcoat pocket protruded a pair of scissors; under his arm-pit was thrust a handkerchief. At intervals he came forth from his consulting-chamber, and surveyed, with a genial grin, the coughing, hawking, chatterirg group that sat in the bare, ill-smelling ante-room.

'You there again?' he would perchance remark to some haggard scarecrow. 'Got the money?'

The reply, as likely as not, would begin with semi-articulate irrelevancies, which the doctor speedily cut short.

'Off with you! Go to the hospital. Now then, next patient.'

There was no hospital less than a mile away—a fact not disregarded by Dr. Bobbett when he chose the locality of his practice. For an ordinary consultation, with medicine, he charged one shilling, occasionally smaller sums, and it was no unusual thing for him to see thirty patients in the course of an 'evening. When summoned to a house, which generally happened after midnight, his charge was regulated by circumstances. In every such case he thrust his head out of the window, and, after hearing what was the matter, asked, 'Have you got the money?' Unless payment were made in advance, he firmly refused to set forth. In Dr. Bobbett's part of London this behaviour was strictly professional; it could only be taxed with inhumanity by one completely a stranger to Dr. Bobbett's experience.

In course of time he found it necessary to engage an assistant. The applicants for such a post would be numerous enough, but Dr. Bobbett was saved the trouble of choice by a happy accident. Late one night, in the West-End, where he had sought an hour's relaxation in casual society, he encountered an old acquaintance, a fellow 'medical' of his earliest student days. This man, Dent by name, having even less aptitude for the profession than Bobbett himself, had never reached a diploma: by ways of vulgar dissipation he fell to shifts for bare life, and now, after years of vagabondage, was hungering as clerk in the office of a moneylender. Mr. Dent suffered from the common complaint of indolence: in conversation with Bobbett he called it rheumatic gout. They recognized each other at a drinking-bar, where Bobbett's peculiar voice, raised in facetious colloquy with a female companion, struck on the ear of his quondam friend. Dent, much given to the melting mood when his pocket allowed him to frequent places such as this, shed tears of joy. He was a weak, aimless, soft-hearted fellow, incapable of rascality as of reasonable effort, wont to chide the fates that had dealt so hardly with him, and abounding in foolish gratitude to any one who gave him even contemptuous notice. Walking eastward, arm-in-arm with Bobbett, who was nearly twice his size, he poured forth a very honest account of himself. The Doctor listened and reflected.

'I tell you what,' said Bobbett bluntly; 'I want a dispenser. Ten bob a-week and your grub. What do you say?'

'How can I dispense? I've forgotten—'

The Doctor interrupted with an unsavoury expletive. Half-an-hour's instruction would be all that was needed. In short, he would take no refusal; and the very next day Mr. Dent compounded drugs at the dispensary. Truly, it was no difficult matter to make up Dr. Bobbett's prescriptions. What the patients chiefly regarded was quantity. Having to bring their own receptacles, most of them came with wine bottles, and Bobbett rarely sent them away with less than full measure. The assistant, who retained something of a fair education, viewed with astonishment many of his employer's proceedings, but he allowed himself no comments, and only after a week or two of shrewd observation did Bobbett disclose the purpose which had been in his mind from the first.

'Look here, Jack, my work's getting a bit too heavy for me. I want you to give a hand; take an evening or two with the patients, and go out at night now and then. What do you say?'

Dent was startled, but less seriously than he would have been a few days ago. He made a timid objection, met by the Doctor with good-natured ribaldry. As they sat over their drinks in the consulting-room Dr. Bobbett grew communicative and philosophical.

'We've got to live, my son, and there's many a less honest way. The——fact of the matter is that you and I are just as good doctors for people of this sort as if we'd both got our——M. D. Yes, and a damned sight better! As you see, it's mostly women, and I defy any man living to put low-class women through a course of treatment unless he's got them in a hospital. Do you suppose they do what I tell them? Do you suppose they take the right doses or at the right times, or do any single thing as they are told to do it? They *can't!* If their——lives depend upon it, they can't! They come to a doctor just to ease their minds with talking, and get a quart or two of stuff to swallow whenever they think of it. I'm telling you the plain God's truth. They're so blasted ignorant that they don't understand what medical treatment means. It's a superstition; a bottle of colored stuff, for internal or external use, is a *charm*, and nothing else. Know what I mean by that? Yes, of course you do. You remember the "medicine man" in Indian stories; that's what we are. If I gave them a bit of wood to hang round their necks, they'd do it, and be as pleased as Punch, and come telling me it had done them no end of good. And what's the use of science for people of that sort? Of course, I'm speaking of ordinary complaints. There's midwifery and surgery—I shouldn't put you on to those jobs—at all events, not just yet. But the bulk of a practice such as this is just fooling, and you're as competent as I am, or any other man. We have to treat pretty much as we should have done if we'd lived in the Middle Ages. If they get well so much the better. If they don't, why, there was no help for it—out of a hospital. You shall begin to-morrow. You may have a bit of trouble at first: they'll be wanting to see *me*; but you've got a soft way of speaking, and I shouldn't wonder if a lot of them come to prefer Dr. Dent to Dr. Bobbett. He's a rough-tongued sort of ——, is Dr. Bobbett!'

So, on specified terms, the arrangement came about, and with issue satisfactory to all concerned save, perhaps, to those patients whom neither of the practitioners could save from gloomy Avernus. For Dr. Bobbett, though in unpolished phrase, had uttered a truth which should be laid to heart by all excessively anxious about the ignorant poor. The day arrived when Dr. Dent, long since instructed out of scruple, did not shrink even from furnishing a death certificate. To be sure, he signed it with the name of his qualified partner, but that was a mere formality.—From *Human Odds and Ends*, by George Gissing. London: Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. net.

FAMOUS SMITHY OF "THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH" GONE

Bedford, Mass., May 28—The old blacksmith shop in Swan street, Medford, that inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to write the poem, "The Village Blacksmith," and that was occupied for more than forty years by Henry Francis Moore, the "Village Blacksmith" of the poem, was torn down this week to make way for a modern structure.

Hundreds of men, women and children from all about the city gathered about the historic building as it was being razed. All manner of souvenirs were taken from the old smithy's stand. Horseshoes and horseshoe nails were especially sought by the souvenir hunters.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

AN EXPOSURE

By PAUL HERVEY FOX

I HAVE been cheated. I have been tricked. I want justification and revenge. I am out for the scalp of Arthur Mapleson. I want to see him ruined, and have him come crawling to me with tears in his eyes. Only a debauch of magnanimity would now heal the gaping hurt in my pride.

I saw Mapleson two weeks ago. At noon one day I dropped into the office where he stages the majority of his failures, and suggested that we lunch together. Mapleson retorted that he did not want any lunch; besides he was too busy.

At that cordial insinuation, I removed my coat, selected a comfortable chair, lit a cigar that was lying conveniently on his desk, and proceeded to deliver moral encomiums upon toil. Mapleson, however, wasn't interested. In fact, he interrupted me in a particularly graceful period in which I had managed to lower my voice to the right sympathetic pitch and was offering him advice like a father.

"Can that!" said Mapleson, in his unfeeling way. "See here, do you want to get in on a scheme that's going to make millions within a year?"

"Sure!" I told him. "I'll put a whole quarter in it. I've never lost money before. In the future I shall be able to mention my unlucky investments when any one suggests that I pay for something. How would this do?—" Yes, I had losses. Heavy, by George, damned heavy! . . . But I have learned my lesson. Finance is a tricky game, a tricky game, a tricky game, a tric——'"

"All right, all right," broke in Mapleson rudely. "You can say that later. I mean you can't. Because this is a sure-fire thing. And I'll take that quarter now. It'll pay for about two of the cigars you've stolen from me."

"Two—of your cigars?" I retorted viciously.

But Mapleson did not attempt to reply. He dropped my quarter into his pocket in a manner that I could not help but admire. It was the manner of a man who is always dropping other people's quarters into his pocket so that he has finally attained the mechanical perfection and simplicity of a slot-machine. Besides that, he did it with the calmness of a great financier. One could see that handling large sums in the lump did not excite him.

"Now," said Mapleson, "I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm working the business end of a new invention. It's a safety razor. It will shave off the steel bristles of an electric hair brush, yet leave not a scratch on the smooth complexion of the wood."

"But who ever raises a beard of steel bristles?" I protested.

Mapleson shook his head sadly. "You mustn't take an advertising phrase too literally," he declared. "By the way, you might help us in our advertising, now that I think of it. Yes, you're just the man. . . . Will you let me use your photograph on an advertising poster? You know, the posters they put in subways and trolley cars. And perhaps you had better write a brief testimonial along with it."

"What!" I ejaculated, I stared at him bewilderedly. Had Mapleson taken leave of his wits? Then the explanation suddenly dawned upon me. He wanted my face as a model, a face such as collar-manufacturers and wholesale tailors delight in, a face that would say quite plainly: "If you use Mapleson's Marvelous Safety Razor you will inevitably look like me!" After all, Mapleson was not a bad fellow, quite an appreciative chap down deep, you know, and——

"We want some prominent person," said Mapleson, "to endorse the razor, and your face will do as well as any other Besides, it is so, well perhaps not extraordianry, but say queer—no offence, my dear fellow—that it's bound to attract attention."

So that was it! Ah, well, Mapleson might be blind in some ways, but he was sharp-sighted in others. A person of prominence, eh? Good! I was his man.

"You see," Mapleson went on again, "people don't know who half the celebrities are who endorse things. That's why they look at 'em; to find out. We might list you as a famous Russian doctor—no, let me see. . . . An explorer! That's the ticket. 'Capt. Bob Battersby, the great explorer, just returned from the wilds of Africa, says——' How does that strike you?"

"Mapleson," I answered, "I am disappointed in you. But, no matter. . . . For the sake of old friendship, I will agree to appear under your management as the Captain. And as I have bought stock in your company, I may as well do something else for the undertaking. I will give you a splendid idea in advertising. Have you ever noticed an advertisement marked with crude pencil additions by unknown humorists?"

"Yes," said Mapleson coldly.

"Then you have noticed that every one looks at such an advertisement. They smile, but the fact remains that they look. In other words, instead of detracting from the value of the advertisement, these scrawls are a positive addition."

"Go on," said Mapleson, with more interest in his voice than before.

"Well, why not take these posters of yours as soon as they are printed and have your office boy make a crude picture of a cow on each one? Or, if not a picture, have him write something like: 'This razor will shave goats' beards with ease.' Of course they must obviously be hand-done. A printed absurdity wouldn't be absurd."

"Hm!" said Mapleson. "That isn't a bad idea, not a bad idea, at all—for you. I'll think it over."

"As a stockholder," I answered, "I demand that you accept the suggestion."

That was two weeks ago. In the meantime, Mapleson, who is a man of business, has had my photograph printed in vivid colors on a smart placard. The other day, when I saw him, they were merely waiting for the final artistic embellishment of his office-boy. I was a little embarassed when I saw myself heralded so familiarly as a famous, it mythical, explorer; but I confessed to a certain pleasure in being in an advertising secret—or I should say, in being an advertising secret.

To-day, for the first time, I have learned what the atrocious Mapleson has done. Previously, I asked him what he decided to have his office-boy write on the posters, he replied, a trifle uneasily, that he didn't know. . . . I ought to have guessed!

This morning, when I got in the subway, I saw the poster of Mapleson's razer in the advertising rack. And on it, on, in short, my photograph, was pencilled a vile and unspeakable crop of whiskers! They were straggly, unkempt, thick, preposterous. Beneath them appeared this line: "I wish I had a Mapleson Razer now!" And every eye in the car was directed at my unfortunate double, the late Capt Battersby.

Now you know why I want Mapleson's blood. Dignified anonymity I could have stood, but to behold myself, even though masquerading, defaced and ridiculous, enrages my soul. I can aptly paraphrase the Captain with "I wish I had a Mapleson and a razer now!" In a more peaceful manner, however, I am doing my best. Despite the fact that I am an investor (a whole quarter) in the company's stock, I am prepared to sacrifice my interest and ruin the business for the sake of vengeance. Therefore, I ask you to remember, if you happen to see the Captain in a train or a trolley, that he is bogus, and that the whiskers on his chin were not drawn by some rowdy when the guard wasn't looking, but by Mapleson's office-boy. One other point: Mapleson told me in confidence that the razor blades were to be manufactured of some tin compound. For what it may be worth I pass on that fact to you.—The *New York Evening Post*.

COMPULSION BILL SIGNED BY KING

London, May 26.—The signature of King George has now been affixed to the Military Service Bill recently passed by Parliament. In giving the Royal sanction to the bill, King George issued the following message to the nation:

To enable our country to organize more effectively its military resources in the present great struggle for the cause of civilization, I have, acting on the advice of my ministers, deemed it necessary to enroll every ablebodied man between the ages of 18 and 41.

"I desire to take this opportunity of expressing to my people my recognition and appreciation of the splendid patriotism and self-sacrifice they displayed in raising by voluntary enlistment since the commencement of the war no less than 5,041,000 men—an effort far surpassing that of any other nation in similar circumstances recorded in history, and one which will be a lasting source of pride to future generations.

"I am confident the magnificent spirit which has hitherto sustained my people through the trials of this terrible war will inspire them to endure the additional sacrifice now imposed upon them, and that it will, with God's help, lead us to a victory which shall achieve the liberation of Europe.'

RECRUITING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The official report of the result of recruiting in the Province of New Brunswick, for overseas service, for the week ending May 27, is as follows:

St. John—	
For 115th Battalion	4
For 140th Battalion	3
For 65th Battery	2
For C. A. S. C.	3
For 3rd Regiment, C. G. A.	1
	— 13
Carleton—	
For 65th Field Battery	11
For 104th Battalian	1
	— 12
Westmorland—	
For 65th Battery	1
For 165th Battalion	4
For 145th Battalion	3
	— 8
Charlotte—	
For 65th Battery	3
For 145th Battalion	2
For C. A. S. C.	1
	— 6
Northumberland—	
For 132 Battalion	5
York—	
For 65th Battery	1
For 140th Battalion	3
	— 4
Restigouche—	
Campbellton	3
Dalhousie	1
	— 4
Albert—	
For 145th Battalion	3
Madawaska—	
For 165th Battalion	2
For Pioneer Corps	1
	— 3
Queens and Sunbury—	
For Composite Battery 3rd Regiment, C. G. A.	2
Victoria—	
For 115th Battalion	2
Kent—	
For 165th Battalion	1
For 145th Battalion	1
	— 2
Gloucester—	
For 165th Battalion	2
Kings—	
For 58th Howitzer Battery	1
Total	67

AN OISLE OF GREECE

As a boy at school Colonel Roosevelt was not great at reciting. Once he had to recite a piece beginning:—

At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay, dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

"Teddy," only got as far as "When Greece, her knees," when he came to a halt. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knees," and then he broke down.

The old Professor beamed on the future President over his glasses, and remarked with fine humor, "Greece her knees once more, Theodore; perhaps she'll go then."

News in Brief

——Kingston, Jamaica, May 26.—Jamaicans continue to pour steadily into the recruiting camp here to form contingents who hope to help the Motherland and her allies in the great war. A big influx of men of fighting age from the Bahamas arrived at the recruiting camp to-day. Hundreds are also coming from Honduras to enlist.

——London, May 26.— Major-General Sir Julian Byng, who has now been given command of the Canadians at the front, was in command of the British troops in Egypt from 1912 to the outbreak of war, when he assumed command of the 3rd Cavalry Division. Subsequently he took command of the cavalry of the 9th Army Corps at the Dardenelles.

For his services at Gallipoli he received mention in the dispatches and the K. C. M. G., last year.

CANADIAN NEWS

——Montreal, May 30—A London dispatch from Paris says: "A post card received here to-day (May 27) from Dr. Beland states that he has been released; leaving Germany immediately via Holland."—*Globe*.

——Ottawa, May 27.—According to the latest news which has reached the Naval Service Department, Viljhalmir Stefansson, the explorer, after spending the winter on the Banks Land, has gone north according to his expressed intentions, to Prince Patrick Island. North of Prince Patrick Island is the new land which the explorer discovered, and he is understood to be now making a sort of circuit around it, which will take him north and east of it, in the course of which he hopes to discover the extent of his new land, or to find further unknown territory. In the Artic springtime, which is the month of August, he will turn south again and land at Herschell Island, from whence he will make his way to civilization about October.

——Ottawa, May 26.—The restoration of the Federal Parliament buildings is to be done partly on the per centage basis, and partly by contracts based on competitive tenders. An arrangement has been made with the Peter Lyall Construction Co., Montreal, which cleared away the debris, to reconstruct the main walls of the building and do certain other work, the total estimate of which is around two million dollars. The company will be paid 8 per cent. on the actual cost of the operation. For the inside of the building such as the construction of the chambers, plumbing, heating, painting and decoration, competitive bids will be asked. The arrangements are in the hands of a joint committee of Parliament, representing both Houses and both sides of politics.

——Ottawa, May 29.—The Nova Scotia provincial elections have been fixed for June 20, and the soldiers of the province who are in Canada, are going to vote. The provincial legislature, which fixes franchise qualifications, made an order some time ago providing for soldier voting. The Militia Department has desided to co-operate. Two officers are to be sent immediately from Ottawa to Nova Scotia to look after the necessary arrangements to enable Nova Scotia soldiers to reach their polling places on election day. The officers who are leaving from Ottawa are Assistant Judge Advocate General Captain Harold Daly and Assistant Adjutant General Lieut-Col. C. A. MacInnes.

The proposal was the subject of discussion in Parliament last session. This will be the first case of soldiers voting in Canada.

——Ottawa, May 26.—Canada has sold her new giant icebreaker, the J. D. Hazen, launched two weeks ago from the yards of Canadian Vickers, Ltd., at Montreal, to the Russian Government. The vessel will be completed during the coming fall and it is hoped will be delivered in time to aid in the work of keeping open Russia's winter port of Archangel.

This is the third Canadian vessel of the same kind to be turned down by the Government to the Czar's Empire.

The J. D. Hazen is the greatest icebreaker in the world and represents absolutely the last word in this class of construction. It will cost, roughly a million dollars and is being turned over to the Russian Government for exactly what it cost. It develops 8,000 horse-power and it is of exceptionlly strong construction The vessel will be used for the carrying of a certain number of passengers as well as for icebreaking purposes proper.—*Globe*.

SHOT A BIG BEAR

Mr. Robert Lowe of Kingsclear, the well known hunter and guide, whose territory is in the Crook Lake district, parish of Canterbury, came in on the St. John Valley train to-day with the pelt and head of a monster bear which he brought down with his rifle there yesterday. The shot apparently was a lucky one in different ways, as the hunter got his prise not in a trap but while the victim was disputing his encroachment on a she-bear that had sprung one of his traps not far distant. So far as known no hunter in the province has dropped a bear of such a size this season. From tip to tip the pelt measures 7½ feet. Mr. Lowe has placed it in the hands of a local taxidermist.—*Gleaner*, Fredericton, May 26.

FORMER INDIAN CHIEF DEAD

The death occurred this week at the Indian reservation at French Village, Kingsclear, of Noel Sapier, one of the best known Milicetes in New Brunswick. Deceased, who was aged between 75 and 80 years, had been chief of his tribe for three terms, retiring two years ago because of old age coming on. His funeral took place from St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church at French Village on Wednesday. —*Gleaner*, Fredericton, May 26.

News of the Sea

——Rome, May 30.—A large transport steamer was torpedoed and sunk by an Italian warship in the Austrian harbor of Trieste, on the night of May 28, it was officially announced this afternoon.

——Bomieacio, Corsica, May 26—Twenty-four survivors of the crew of the Spanish steamer *Aurrera*, which was sunk by a submarine, have arrived at this port in two of the ship's small boats.

——Hong Kong, May 26.—The British steamer *Wiseley*, from New York, Feb. 29, via Port Natal, April 15, for Vladivostok, is reported on fire and beached off Cape Varela, Cochin China. Assistance has been sent to her.

——Halifax, N. S., May 30.—The American schooner *L. T. Wetmore*, from Port Greville for Ireland, with deals, caught fire this morning at Spencer's Island and was burned to the water's edge. She was 240 tons register.

——London, May 26.—The seizure by German warships of the Norwegian steamer *Olaf Kyrre* in the Cattegat is reported in a Copenhagen dispatch. The steamer, which was bound for New York, in ballast, was taken into Swinemunde.

——London, May 25.—The British steamer *Washington*, 5,580 tons, has been sunk by a submarine, according to announcement made to-day at Lloyd's.

On her last eastern trip across the Atlantic the *Washington* left Newport News April 12 and Norfolk two days later, bound for Genoa, where she arrived May 8.

——Algiers, May 29.—The crew of 26 men of the British steamer *Trunkby*, sunk by a submarine of unknown nationality, have arrived here.

The *Trunkby* measured 2,635 tons gross, and was owned by R. Ropner & Co. of West Hartlepool. She was built in 1896. The steamer was last reported as having arrived in the Clyde March 23.

——London, May 29.—A Berlin message received at Copenhagen says that the Dutch vessel *Holland* has been captured by a German warship and taken to Borkum Island. The dispatch adds that the vessel was arrested on suspicion of being engaged in spying.

There are several Dutch steamers, most of them trawlers, and a Dutch sailing vessel named *Holland*. All these craft are small boats.

——Washington, May 26.—Consul-General Skinner, at London, forwarded to the state department to day Lloyd's Agency dispatches reporting the sinking of the French steamer *St. Corentin*, from a cause not stated; the torpedoing of the Italian steamer *Cornigliano*, and the damaging, by a submarine, of the Italian brigantine *Teresa A*.

Th dispatch also said the captain of the French collier *Mira*, previously reported sunk in the Mediterranean by a German submarine, was taken prisoner and the crew picked up by a British steamer.

——London, May 26.—Lloyd's reports that the British steamer *El Argentio*, the Italian steamer *Cornigliano*, and the Italian ship *Australia* have been sunk.

El Argentino was a vessel of 6,809 tons, and was last reported as arriving at Marseilles April 24, from La Plata.

The *Cornigliano* sailed from the Clyde, April 24, for Genoa, and was last reported as pasing Gibralta May 1. She was a vessel of 2,663 tons.

The *Australia*, a vessel of 1,586 tons, sailed from Norfolk, April 10, for Savona, Italy.

——London, May 29.—A Berlin message received at Copenhagen, says the Exehange Telegraph Company's Copenhagen correspondent, reports that the Dutch vessel *Holland* has been captured by a German warship and taken to Borkum Island. The dispatch adds that the vessel was arrested on suspicion of being engaged in spying.

There are several Dutch steamers, most of them trawlers, and a Dutch sailing vessel named Holland. All these craft are small boats.

——London, May 30.—Lloyd's announces the sinking of the two British steamers, the *South Garth* and the *Delegarth*. Twenty-two members of the crew of the *South Garth* were picked up. The fate of the crew of the *Delegarth* is not stated. The scenes of the disasters are not mentioned.

The *South Garth* was a vessel of 2,414 tons. She was built in 1891. Her home port was North Shields. Her recent movements are not given in available shipping records.

The *Delegarth* was a vessel of 2,265 tons and was owned in Newcastle. Last reports of the steamer showed her in the Tyne, April 14.

——Berlin, May, 28.—Bombardment of Porto Ferrajo, capital of the Island of Elba, in the Mediterranean, by an Austrian submarine is reported in a statement issued by the Austro-Hungarian admiralty May 26. The announcement says:

"An Austro-Hungarian submarine, on the morning of May 23, very successfully shelled important blast furnaces at Porto Ferrajo, on the Island of Elba. The fire of the land batteries was without effect.

"The submarine later sank the Italian steamer *Washington*."

Porto Ferrajo is situated on the north side of the Island of Elba. On a height overlooking the town is the village of San Martino, in which Napoleon was confined from May 1814 to February 1815.

Lloyd's shipping agency on May 25, reported the sinking of the *Washington*. The nationality of the *Washington* was not given at the time, and it was generally believed that the vessel was the British steamship of that name, having a tonage of 5,050 gross. The Italian boat was built at Glasgow in 1880, and was 2,819 tons gross. She was 352 feet long, and 38 feet beam.

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LETTER TO MRS. LEWIS FRANKLAND, WHITE HEAD, G. M.

France, April 7, '16

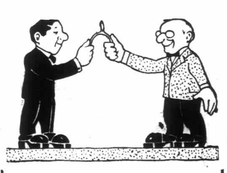
Dear Mrs. Frankland:—

A few lines to let you know that I was the lucky soldier to receive the socks that you sent, for which I thank you very much. It is rather hard to keep one's feet dry out here and its so nice to know that you have a dry pair to put on. The first thing the boys look for is the sender when they receive socks. Sometimes the boys get an address from their own town, but it is almost impossible for me to get an address from my own town, because I live in the United States, but I am happy just the same to have the pleasure of writing Canada, or any place that side of the water. I wish I could tell you something about the routine of things but its not allowed. We are all quite cheery, but of course we have our hardships sometimes. There is one thing we are certain of and that is, we are going to win the war. I hope that I am alive to see the end. If you care to answer, Mrs. Frankland, you can address your letter to Pte. J. P. Wilson, A27334, A. Co., 10th Batt., C. E. F., France, that will reach me alright. Well I will bring my letter to a close now, as I don't want to tire you with my first letter.

Good-bye and write when you can. I remain,

Yours very truly,
J. P. WILSON.

Angry Piper—"Waiter, you are not fit to serve a pig!" Waiter—"I'm doing my best, sir."



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