SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN HENNIKER HEATON, Bart. By his daughter, MRS. ADRIAN PORTER. London: John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

HENNIKER Heaton well deserved a biography; and a large number of readers will be grateful to his daughter, Mrs. Adrian Porter, for having written one which not only tells, concisely and well, the story of his great work as a Postal Reformer, but gives an entertaining picture of his adventurous career and of those social qualities which made him popular and successful. Lord Curzon, in a passage quoted on the title-page, said in 1912: "In my opinion the work of Sir John Henniker Heaton has done more to draw the Empire together than all the speeches of all the statesmen on both sides of the ocean." That is strong language, which ought to make everyone curious to know how the work was done. Another witness who sat opposite to Heaton in Parliament for many years, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, contributes a whole chapter to the book, and remarks that he was an example of a man who carved out his little niche in the world of politics by sheer force of character, by tenacity, and by a genial temper that disarmed criticism and won ubiquitous friendship. He was not a speaker, he was not a writer, and was not even much of a politician, and yet he made a deep mark upon his times, and effected more practical work than nine out of ten of his contemporaries in the House of Commons. That work, as everybody would know were not political memories so lamentably short, was the compelling, after something like twenty years of effort, the Governments of Great Britain and of her dependencies throughout the Empire to adopt a general Imperial penny postage; a boon which was shortly afterwards extended to the United States, though not, as Heaton so eagerly desired, to the other countries comprised in the Postal Union.

John Henniker Heaton was born at Rochester, in Kent, in 1848, and died on September 8, 1914, at Geneva, on his way home from Karlsruhe, where he had been taking the waters till the outbreak of the present war. His father was Colonel Heaton, of an old Lancashire family, and his mother one of the Kentish Hennikers. He was a clever boy with a taste for books and adventures; and at sixteen, having no prospects and very little money, he went to Australia. But neither then nor later did he have much success either with sheep-farming or with tin-mining, and it was only when he turned to journalism at Parramatta that he fairly found his feet. It was a quaint trick of fortune, considering what the great achievement of his life was to be, that the first newspaper he edited was called *The Penny Post*. At the age of three-and-twenty he moved to Sydney, and put himself under Mr. Samuel Bennett, "the doyen of Australian journalists," and a man of influence and great knowledge; a most fortunate step for Heaton, since after a year or two he married Mr. Bennett's daughter, and appears in due time to have succeeded him as the owner of more than one prosperous newspaper. The young couple remained in Australia for ten years, the wife proving herself in every sense a helpmeet, for not only was she, then and afterwards, an admirable head of this household, but her sound critical judgement was of great use to him in his profession and seems to have kept in check some of that excess of energy to which he was always rather liable. In 1882 he stood for the New South Wales Parliament, taking the denominational side in the education controversy; he was defeated by a small majority; but the contest gave him a taste for active politics, and turned his thoughts to England and a Parliamentary career. So in 1884 he, with his wife and young family, came home; and in the following year he was returned as Conservative member for Canterbury, which he continued to represent in the House of Commons for twenty-six years, till in 1910 he retired on account of ill-health. It was a remarkable Parliament into which he was admitted, with Gladstone' Chamberlain, and Bright in great force, Lord Randolph very prominent, and Parnell and his men the very centre of the situation; and very soon Heaton had come to be on excellent terms with men of every party, several of them being leaders. The writer tells sn amusing story of Parnell, who, after briefly denying in the House of Commons the authorship of certain letters, walked into the lobby and entered into earnest conversation with Heaton. It was a moment of intense excitement, and everybody as he hurried by thought that Parnell was talking about Ireland—perhaps persuading Heaton to defend him to his Australian friends. He was doing nothing of the kind; he was discussing some recent gold discoveries in Western Australia, his special reason being that, as readers of his brother's memoir will recollect, he himself was at that time trying to find gold in the Wicklow mountains.

Heaton did not wait long before specializing on postal reform, so that when, at some evening party, the Prime Minister introduced him to Lady Salisbury, he spoke of him as "a supporter of mine who is engaged in sticking the Empire together with a penny stamp," an amusing little speech and very characteristic of Lord Salisbury, who could seldom utter a witticism that was not ever so slightly tinged with contempt. But besides postal business, then and afterwards, Heaton gained a distinct position in the House by his hearty geniality, by his readiness to make friends with people of all kinds of views and to welcome them at a table that has seldom been outdone in hospitality. Another special claim that he made upon the affection of his fellow members was his re-discovery for their benefit of the game of chess. It was he who found in a cupboard the old House of Commons box and board, and installed them in the smoking room, where they soon became a centre of attraction, among the players being that strange combination Lord Randolph, Charles Bradlaugh, and Parnell. "Bradlaugh," says Heaton, "was by far the most astute player, but Sir George Newnes, who was the greatest player in the House in those days, could beat him. Parnell was not a particularly strong player." Soon a chess club came into existence; and in 1897 the House of Commons played by cable a match with the Houses of Parliament at Washington. Lest the reader should think that this was done at the cost of the country, we may mention, as the author does, that "the late Mr. Arthur Walter offered a magnificent trophy of Persian chessmen and paid the whole of the expenses." The match was drawn; and the story goes that when an American defeat seemed imminent the Washington Chairman cabled "We don't think this fair: we'll play you poker."

We have no space to dwell upon one side of Heaton's life, upon which the book has a great deal to say—his incessant travels by land and sea, which included at least thirty visits to Australia; let it suffice to say that he honestly believed "that every member of Parliament should be sent on a voyage round the world before being permitted to take his seat at Westminster." Indeed, it is evident that his travels and his one political achievement were closely interconnected. So far as the Empire is concerned, he saw the vital importance of maintaining Imperial unity and the immense help that could be given to this end by enabling families and friends to communicate easily and cheaply, whatever the distance between them. So from the beginning he set to work to break through the protective armour of the Post Office, and to worry successive Chancellors of the Exchequer until he had achieved his purpose. Of course, he never would have achieved it had he been, like some other "inveterate questioners" in the House, a mere bore. He was not a bore, because he was giving expression to a real need felt all over the world, a need which not only he, but a number of leaders so practical as Mr. Chamberlain and as the Postmasters and Agents-General of half a score of Colonies, and so Imperially-minded as the late Lord Roberts, were determined to satisfy. With help like this he brought it about that Imperial Penny Postage came into force on Christmas Day, 1898; ten years later came Anglo-American penny postage, and in 1911, after a long struggle, Australia joined the magic circle. About the same time Heaton received his baronetcy, and it need hardly be said that honours and acknowledgments in the form of public luncheons, "freedoms," and gold caskets had been his in abundance during the previous years.—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

LINKS OF EMPIRE

SOBER historians are fond of noting the absent-minded way in which our Empire has been acquired. "Specks it grow'd" has become the accepted explanation of its being. But it may be laid down fearlessly that no empire ever merely grew or merely cohered, as the conglomerate is formed by so many old pebbles cohering in one lump of plastic and retentive clay,—a mere stick-in-the-mud process. The empires of history were all made by sheer force, whether outside pressure or a dominating magnetic power within, or (as in our own case) by a double interlocking effect—outward, of expanding growth, and inward, of a need for common defence.

Perhaps we shall find our best analogy in the history of an East Anglian farmhouse. The first builders set up a stout and spacious chimney, and grouped around it a few spacious rooms. Their grandchildren find the dwelling too narrow; with a larger family and increasing wealth they throw, as it were, more rooms about it—rooms of different levels and different heights, odd joinings and uneven gables, but yet forming a solid and habitable dwelling, penetrated by the warmth of the patriarchal chimney and by the homely and comfortable smell of the ancestral kitchen. So it goes on, with always changing styles, till you have a mansion where quaintness and old-world variety are curiously blended with a severely practical modernity. It is only when its very size makes the structure seem unsafe that experts are called in to advise ties and clamps to make it sure; while there will always be found some who cry to have the old thing pulled down.

Most certainly our Empire is of irregular strucrure; no doupt, "*mole laborat sua*"; but it will hold together for centuries yet, if we only find the right ties. What then shall they be? There is a crowd of ready answers; but they must not too hastily be accepted. The tie of blood, for instance, can apply only to a small number of our fellow-subjects. The great empires of bygone days were not built up of blood-relations. Kinship has been no barrier to war, and, in happier times, those who are certainly flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone find often their most pleasurable amusement in twisting the British Lion's tail.

Political uniformity, too, is not to be sought among dominions and nations of diverse ages, traditions, aspirations. Civilisations far more ancient than ours would laugh at any attempt on our part to set up ready-made forms of government amid their immortal cities. Nor must we expect too much of the spirit of affection for the Motherland, or of the mere sense of Imperial unity—that *esprit de corps*, so new even among ourselves that we have had to borrow its very name. Much as this spirit is fostered in the public schools, it must remain a fostered growth; and our Imperial gardners may, likely enough, one day lose it by letting in either too much warmth or too much cold. Mereover, any such sentiment of loyalty or affection must be based on an element of admiration, and in these last months we have come to see that our race is most admirable when transplanted. Here, with all our multitudinous energies, we are apt to grow "cabin'd and confin'd"—there they breathe a wider air, sleep beneath a broader sky, and see life whole. It was not in Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, that the "recruiting poster" found work to do. There is, of course, the tie of education—already a strong one, and made stronger every day by the munificence of a great Empire-builder, This is, however, for the few; and here, too, it may be questioned whether there is not more gain to those who from the Mother Country go to school, so to speak, with the fresher outlook and inspirations overseas. It would be a good day for Britain if our great public schools made a certain amount of experience overseas a condition of their higher appointments.

All these ties of empire have their value; none has the element of universality or permanence. We are left with two which have been tested already in the past; the two which bound together the Hellenes of old and bind together the Welsh of to-day. One of these has, of it self, held in unity a people living scattered and in exile through centuries of change, and imposed upon medieval Europe as much unity, perhaps, as she can ever attain. These two bonds are Religion and Competition—not of trade, which brings its peculiar difficulties and disunions, even among kindred, but, as at the Greek games and the Celtic Eisteddfodau, of strength and skill both of mind and body.

Religion no longer means *odia theologica* "priestcraft," and smoke of Smithfield fires. English religious feeling, with its obvious faults and weaknesses, has evolved in these later days something worth forging into a definite link of Empire. Rather, the forging has already begun; war is the hammer, and sacrifice the anvil, and the beating out of something better and stronger than we are yet aware of is going on day by day.

A writer early in the War told of a remote Cossack village where the fiery cross had come, and tough men on wiry horses were pricking to the assembly. "What is it?" was asked. "It is war," cried a horseman. "Against whom?" "We do not know, perhaps the English, but it is war!"

Something of that spirit was, no doubt, at the root of the first impulse which sent peaceful clerks and business men flocking to the colors, and which stirred the long sinewy limbs of many a brave man in India, Africa, Canada, Australasia.

Such an impulse may start, but does not carry on or carry through, a war like the present. Those Cossacks know now from what enemy Holy Mother Russia is in danger; and all the defenders of our Empire have known long since that they are bringing their treasure and manhood to the rescue—and we trust salvation—of little states outraged by a heartless bully, and to the planting among the nations of the eternal standard of Truth and Right. It is, then, in point of fact, the highest religious instinct (care for the weak, and vindication of right) which is at this moment knitting together not only our so-called Christian brethern, but also our Mohammedan and Buddhist brethren overseas.

Will it pass the wit of man to turn this bond "of peace and all virtues" into a permanent and workable bond of Empire?

Have we not quite enough common ground—positive ground—of practical, solid, belief and practice—on which to plant every flag and banner that flies within the Empire? Most surely we can stretch out hands of fellowship—without abating one jot of private convictions and pious opinions—to all who look upward to the eternal verities, as they shine down upon our petty likes like the great luminaries of the firmament. As "prophets new inspir'd", we may see our "noble and puissant" Empire not only "renewing her mighty youth", but also "kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam" of those universal truths and those foundation virtues which the best religious element of all ages and climes has believed and practised. The War has for all time stamped as the Empire's precious conviction the great basic truths that self-sacrifice is the highest, and brutal greed the lowest, thing that is—that love is heavenly and selfish force is devilish—that to risk your life for your pal is finer that blowing down whole Antwerps and Verduns. To this inward bond (which must have also, of course, its visible expression) must be added an outward bond, something that will represent all that the Hellene found in his great games, and the Welshman in his Eisteddfodau; some opportunity at stated times, not for the costly and rather unproductive "Olympic Games" of recent years, but for a gathering both of physical excellences and of the triumphs of art, music, science and literature, from every part of the community. It must have been a life-long link indeed, to all the motley crowd gathered for such a festival, to have heard in its first utterance, the tragic undertone, and the graceful charm of the "Father of History."

The great bonds of a righteous cause, and of a joy in youthful vigour, have bound together, in a great world-crisis, whatever lives beneath the flag: let these twin bonds of Justice and Strength be made good, and we need never heed the talk of gloomy historians who tell us that empires rise to fall.

E. LIFF ROBSON,
in *United Empire*, June, 1916

GERMAN EAST AFRICA

Governor (Dar-es Salaam).
His Excellency Dr Schnee

GERMAN EAST AFRICA occupies the east central portion of the African continent, between 1°-11° 45′ S. lat. and 28° 50′-40° 38′ E. long. The territory is conterminous with British East Africa, Uganda and the Belgian Congo on the north, with Nyasaland on the south-west, and with Portuguese East Africa on the south, the western boundary crossing Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, and Kivu. The eastern boundary is the Indian Ocean. The district has an area estimated at 384,079 English square miles, with a population of about 7,645,000. Wanyamwesi, Swahili, and other Bantu races, and Masai and Wakuafi tribes of Hamito-Negroid origin, the majority being spirit worshippers, amongst whom Muhammadan and Christian missionaries are spreading their respective creeds. The principal part of the country is occupied by the Central African Plateau, from which rise many mighty mountains, including Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest point in the continent (18,321 feet) and Mount Meru (14,955 feet). The Rovuma, Rufiji, Pangani, Wami and Kingani Rivers flow into the Indian Ocean; the Mara and Kagera into Victora Nyanza; the Malagarasi and some smaller streams into Tanganyika; the Songwe into Nyasa; and the Saisi and Rupa Songwe into Lake Rubwa. Coffee, rubber, coco-nuts, tobacco, sugar-cane, cotton, vanilla, bananas, sorghum, maize, rice and hemp are cultivated, and rubber, teak and mahogany are obtained from the forests, the live stock including large herds of cattle, sheep and goats. Gold, coal, iron, graphite, copper and saltare produced, and garnets and other precious stones are found. The exports (valued in 1912 at 31,418,000 marks) include fibre, rubber, hides and skins, cotton, coffee, copra, ground nuts, beeswax, gold, sim-sim, ivory and mica; the imports (45,891,000 marks in 1912) being textiles, metals and hardware. Fifty-three per cent. of the trade is with Germany. A railway runs from Dar-es-Salaam to Tabora (500 miles), and is being extended towards Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika, in a north-westerly direction. *Another line runs from Tanga (on the coast, opposite Pemba) to Moschi (219 miles). In 1912, 1,034 vessels (2,000,000 tons) entered the ports of German East Africa.

The CAPITAL is Dar-es-Salaam, population (1910) 967 Europeans and 21,248 natives. Other towns are Tanga (6,000), Bagamoyo (5,000), Kilwa (5,000), Pangani (4,000), Sadani Lindi and Mikindani on the coast, and Tabora (40,000), Korogwe, Mrogoro, Ujiji or Kavele (15,000) and Wiedhafen in the interior.—*The International Whitaker.*

* This line is now completed to Ujiji.—Ed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

WEATHER OF THE SOUL

THERE is a world of being
We range from pole to pole,
Through seasons of the spirit
And weather of the soul.

It has its new-born Aprils,
With gladness in the air,
Its golden Junes of rapture,
Its winters of despair.

And in its tranquil autumns
We halt to reenforce
Our tattered scarlet pennons
With valor and resource.

From undiscovered regions
Only the angels know,
Great winds of aspiration
Perpetually blow.

To free the sap of impulse
From torpor of distrust,
And into flowers of joyance
Quicken the sentient dust.

From nowhere of a sudden
Loom sudden clouds of fault,
With thunders of oppression
And lightnings of revolt.

With hush of apprehension
And quaking of the heart.
There breed the storms of anger,
And floods of sorrow start.

And there shall fall—how gently!—
To make them fertile yet,
The rain of absolution
On acres of regret,

Till snows of mercy cover
The dream that shall come true,
When times makes all things wondrous,
And life makes all things new.

BLISS CARMAN, in "April Airs."

A BRIGHT SPOT IN MARITIME INDUSTRY

New Brunswickers are apt to have the impression that aside from our great lumber industry, we in the East have to take a back seat when compared with Upper Canddian and United States manufactories.

There are, however, a half dozen concerns at least whose products are known from coast to coast as leaders in their line, whose name attached to their goods is a Hall Mark for Quality.

Among these is the large modern plant of T. S. Simms & Company Limited at Fairville, just across the River from St. John City. Built in 1912, of absolute fire proof construction, it is the last word in comfort and convenience for the employees; and this care and foresight on the part of the management has been rewarded, in that but in very few factories indeed can such an intelligent, high class of employees be found.

The surroundings of this modern plant are very pleasant and beautiful. Built in a five-acre field owned by the firm, surrounded by roads that permanently insure an open airy atmosphere and outlook, the Reversing Falls nearby give exceptional charm to the view: and on all sides green fields, hills and trees meet the eye as one glances up from one's work. The modern method of building a factory, practically all windows, lights every nook and corner and yet fails to find any dirt, as cleanliness is the motto; and, in fact, attractive awards are made to those keeping their work benches (which are all new and well painted and varnished) in the neatest order throughout the year.

It is a fact not always appreciated but none the less true that a person's character and intelligence are largely reflected in the work they do; and realizing this keenly, this firm has won a most enviable reputation for the highest quality in brushes and brooms, because of the superior class of employees they have succeeded in gathering around them, and the careful training these have received.

Girls as well as men and boys are earning high wages, the earnings of many of the former being decidedly above that received by the average stenographer. An interesting fact revealed by the management is that the girl from the country, on the average, soon outstrips her city rival in earning power, doubtless because of her greater ambition to get ahead. The great bulk of the work done is light handwork, done sitting down.

Most Maritime manufacturers are feeling keenly these days the shortage of labor, especially girl-labor, on account of the war and the demand made in filling vacancies left by our soldiers. In another column Messrs. T. S. Simms & Company Limited are advertising for girls, and the opportunity afforded is doubtless a very attractive one. For many months past their output has only been limited by their ability to get labor.

The East is but in its infancy in manufacture, but the Maritime ports have advantages in location for world-wide trade only now beginning to be realized, and the manufactories already so well established have indeed an attractive prospect in store.

THE HAMPSHIRE'S GRAVE

Many people are asking, Where is Birsay Bay in which the *Hampshire* sank? writes the President of the Viking Society. It is on the west coast of the Mainland of Orkney, 18 miles of road north-west of Kirkwall, and 14 north of Stromness. It is not unknown to antiquarians and historians; for there was there a Church of Columban foundation, whose bell, a precious relic, buried lest the ninth century Vikings should take it, was found in 1862. Afterwards the greatest of the Jarls of Orkney, Thorfinn, first Earl of Sutherland and Caithness, grandson of Malcolm, the Second of Scotland, and son of the Jarl Sigurd of Clontarf fame, lived at the Skali of Birsay, and after conquering most of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isles, and raiding England, died at Birsay in 1064.

The site of Christ's Kirk, for some time the Metropolitan Cathedral of Orkney, which Thorfinn built, and where he is buried, and the ruins of the palace, must have been full in view from H. M. S *Hampshire*, as she steamed north of Marwick Head, and our greatest Earl could have seen the great Jarl's last resting-place. Both alike were much travelled men, each had returned from Rome just before his death; both were great Commanders and great organizers, but certain expressions in the Saga's description of Thorfinn so strikingly fit Lord Kitchener that I may be pardoned if I translate a few of them:—

"He was early in coming to full growth, tallest and strongest of men, dark-haired, sharp-featured, and of complexion swarthy a man of energy, fortunate in battle, skilful in war, and of high courage."

So too, was Kitchener; and the scene of both their deaths was, it seems, at Birsay Bay—and "the loss" of each "was great to his dominion."

If Thorfinn has his tomb, might not Kitchener have there a cenotaph?

—*The Weekly Scotsman.*

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

July 18.

The fishing has not been good so far this season, but the fisherman are hoping that the catches may be better soon.

Rev. H. D. Worden exchanged pulpits on Sunday last with Rev. Mr. Ross, of Letite. Mr. Ross spoke to a large congregation here on Sunday evening and all were much interested and impressed with the able discourse on "Heaven, what it is and where it is."

A great many from here attended the celebration at St. George on the twelfth and all report a good time.

Mrs. G. W. McKay is visiting friends at North Head, Grand Manan.

Mrs. Frank Cross and daughter, Myma, of Yarmouth, Me., are visiting here.

Capt. William Kelson has arrived home and expects to spend some time here before again going to sea.

Rev. Mr. Ross and family, of Letite, were guests last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Outhouse.

Mr. Whitman, of Annapolis, was here on business last week.

Basil Paul is spending a few days in St. Stephen.

Miss Edna Dakin has accepted a position as clerk in the store of the Beaver Harbor Trading Co.

Miss Stanley, of St. John, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Thompson.

Miss Lloyd, of Seeley's Cove, spent a few days of last week in the village at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wadlin.

BAYSIDE, N. B.

July 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Newman and family, of Red Beach, were guests of Mrs. John McNabb on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanson, of St. Stephen, visited Mrs. L. J. Nutter on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McFarlane visited relatives in Houlton recently.

Miss Lena Greenlaw has returned from a visit with friends in Eastport.

Miss Mildred Mowatt, of Houlton, is the guest of her cousin, Miss Margaret Hannay.

Miss Evelyn Newman is spending a few weeks with her grandmother, Mrs McNabb.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFarlane visited relatives here on Sunday.

Mrs. E. B. Moore arrived from Boston on Saturday and will spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Nutter.

Mrs. Leigh Campbell visited her husband, Corp. Campbell, 140th Battalion, in St. John previous to his departure for Valcartier.

Pte. Charles Mowatt, 65th Battery, Woodstock, visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Mowatt, last week.

Mr. Ransom Greenlaw, of Patten, Me., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlaw, last week.

Mr. Hollis Bartlett spent Sunday with friends here.

NORTH HEAD, G. M.

July 18.

Mrs. Robertson, of Gardner, Mass., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Lambert, and niece, Mrs. Hugh Bell.

Miss Dora Donelly, of Boston, is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Jack Smith.

Miss Elizabeth Ryan, of Lubec, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Annie Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane have as their guests their daughter, Mrs. Hanna, and three grandchildren, of Sullivan, Me., their sister Mrs. Hamilton, and brother, Mr. L. E. McFarlane.

Mrs. McKay, of Beaver Harbor, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Gilmore.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Jones and baby, Ruth, will spend two weeks with Mrs. Jones's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore, who are arranging for a family reunion.

Provincial Minister of Agriculture Murray, Mrs. Murray and children, of St. John, have taken a house here for the summer.

Miss Scovil went to Lubec on Monday to visit her niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Scovil Beal, who is very ill.

Miss Martha MacGregor, of Lubec, is visiting her friend, Miss Helen Griffin.

CAMPOBELLO

July 17.

The report of the annual school meeting contains the appropriation for the ensuing year, is being the same as the preceding year, namely $1450; and the reinstating of trustee G. M. Byron, and minor matters.

During the electrical storm which prevailed here on Thursday afternoon of last week, the house occupied by Mrs. Milton Batson, two children and Miss Mitchell, was struck by lightning and much shattered outside and inside, and considerable damage was done to a number of articles of furniture, while the occupants remained unharmed except for a slight nervous shock. Mr. Batson was away at the time.

The storm was felt very severely on the fishing grounds, where many of the fishermen from here were engaged at the time, but all were enabled to return safely home.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Master Winston Mitchell spent the past week with relatives at Lubec, Me.

Mrs. Arthur Mitchell, Miss Louisa Calder, and Miss Hazel Calder attended the Orangemen's celebration held at St. George on Wednesday last.

Those to arrive last week to their summer homes here were, Miss Brune, Miss Harper, and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and family.

The "Sunbeams," a band of busy workers being instructed in the art of needlework by Miss Gertrude Mitchell, held a picnic and day of outdoor sports on the commons on Thursday last, much to the delight of the young lasses.

Miss Edith Calder spent a few days of the past week very pleasantly at St. John.

Miss Corena Calder, who has been attending the spring-term at Business College in St. John, has returned home.

Miss Agatha Casey, who has been employed here for a short time, returned to her home at Milltown on Saturday.

The convention in connexion with St. Anne's Sabbath School will meet here this week, beginning on Tuesday.

The schooner *Rebecca*, Capt. Young, with a load of lumber, became wrecked on Pope's Folly Island on Friday noon. The tug *Dolphin* went to her rescue and succeeded in towing her up river for repairs. The Eaton Lumber Co., Calais, Me., were the parties concerned.

Mr. Smith, of Boston, Mass., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Calder for a time, recently returned home.

Private Clarence Calder, of the 115th Battalion, Valcartier, spent a few days of the past week at his home here.

Schooner *Mollie Gaskill*, Capt. Mitchell, sailed for Grand Manan on Friday with a load of salt.

LAMBERTVILLE, D. I.

June 17.

Mrs. Harold Lord and her children, of Richardson, spent a few days with her mother, Mrs A. C. Lambert.

Miss Ina Stuart, who spent the winter in Amherst, Mass., returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Phil. Buchnam, of Eastport, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Lambert.

Mrs. T. W. Stuart, of Eastport, is visiting Mrs. Percy Pendleton.

Miss Arla Lambert, of Eastport is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lambert.

Mrs. Harold Lambert, and her daughter, Alice, are visiting her mother, Mrs. T. O'Brien, at St. George.

Miss Berna Sturat, of Eastport, was over-Sunday guest of her mother, Mrs. F. M. Stuart.

Mrs. Herbert Knight, of Detroit, Mich., and her children, are visiting her mother, Mrs. A. W. English.

Rev. Mr. Emery, of Prince Edward Island, is renewing old acquaintances on the Island, and his many friends are glad to see him after a lapse of about thirty years.

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and
Lantic Sugar
make delicious and economical preserves

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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 B. A., Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30

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

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Revd. Geo. H. 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.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF

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

CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 9, 1916, Justice Barry; Tuesday, October 3, 1916, Chief Justice K. B. D., Landry.

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

Judge Carleton.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

PHASES OF THE MOON

July	
First Quarter, 8th	7h. 55m. a.m
Full Moon, 15th	0h. 40m. a.m.
Last Quarter, 21st	7h. 33m. p.m.
New Moon, 29th	10h. 15m. p.m.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	H. Water a.m.	H. Water p. m.	L. Water a.m.	L. Water p.m.
22	Sat	5:08	8:01	5:21	5:49	11:51	0.18
23	Sun	5:09	8:00	6:20	6:46	0:23	12:52
24	Mon	5:10	7:59	7:21	7:56	1:24	1:57
25	Tue	5:11	7:58	8:23	8:44	2:30	2:59
26	Wed	5:11	7:57	9:22	9:35	3:32	3:55
27	Thu	5:12	7:56	10:12	10:19	4:26	4:44
28	Fri	5:13	7:55	10:54	10:58	5:10	5:25

The Tide Tables given above are for the Port of St. Andrews. For the following places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case:

	H.W.	L.W.
Grand Harbor, G. M.,	18 min.	....
Seal Cove, "	30 min.	....
Fish Head, "	11 min.	....
Welshpool, Campo.,	6 min.	8 min.
Eastport, Me.,	8 min.	10 min.
L'Etang Harbor,	7 min.	13 min.
Lepreau Bay,	9 min.	15 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

CUSTOMS

Thos. R. Wren, ... Collector
D. C. Rollins, ... Prev. Officer
D. G. Hanson, ... Prev. Officer
Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturdays, 9 to 1

OUTPORTS

INDIAN ISLAND.
H. D. Chaffey, ... Sub. Collector
CAMPOBELLO.
W Hazen Carson, ... Sub. Collector
NORTH HEAD.
Charles Dixon, ... Sub. Collector
LORD'S COVE.
F. L. Trecarten ..... Sub. Collector
GRAND HARBOR.
D. I. W. McLaughlin, ... Prev. Officer
WILSON'S BEACH.
A. Newman ..... Prev. Officer

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Entered Coastwise

July 13—19, 1916.

13 Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, St. Stephen.
" Motor Schr. Casarco No 3, Foster, Lord's Cove.
" Motor Slp. Pythia Knights, Ingersoll, North Head.
" Motor Schr. Mollie G. Gaskill, Mitchell, North Head.
14 Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, St. Stephen.
" Motor Slp. Maple Leaf, Rigby, St. George.
15 Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, North Head.
" Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, St. Stephen.
" Motor Schr. Page, Matthews, Black's Harbor.
17 Motor Slp. Shoo Fly, Stover, Lordis Cove.
" Motor Slp. Saucy Imp, Green, Lord's Cove.
" Motor Slp. Pythia Knights, Ingersoll, North Head.
18 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, Lord's Cove
19 Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Lord's Cove.
" Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, North Head.

Cleared Coastwise

13 Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, North Head.
" Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Lord's Cove.
" Motor Schr. Mollie G. Gaskell, Mitchell, North Head.
" Motor Slp. Pythia Knights, Ingersoll, North Head.
14 Motor Slp. Maple Leaf, Rigby, St. George.
15 Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, St. Stephen.
" Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, North Head.
" Motor Schr. Page, Matthews, Black's Harbor.
17 Motor Schr. Casarco No 3, Foster, St. Stephen.
" Motor Slp. Shoo Fly, Stover, Lord's Cove.
" Motor Slp. Pythia Knights, Ingersoll, North Head.
" Motor Slp. Saucy Imp, Green, Lord's Cove.
18 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, St. George.
19 Stmr. Grand Manan, McKinnon, St. Stephen.
" Motor Schr. Casarco No 3, Foster, Lord's Cove.
" Motor Slp. Casarco No 3, Foster, St. Stephen.

Entered Foreign

13 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Eastport.
" Motor Slp. Neptune, Hooper, Eastport.
" Motor Slp. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston.
" Motor Slp. Abbie, Malloch, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Olive G. Green, Eastport.
14 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Schr. Joker, Mitchell, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Charlie Ross, Hersey, Eastport.
15 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Eastport.
" Motor Barge G. B. Otis, Calder, Eastport.
" Motor Slp. Mildred, Banscroft, Eastport.
17 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Schr. Joker, Mitchell, Robbinston.
" Motor Slp. Elephant, Small, Eastport.
" Motor Barge G. B. Otis, Calder, Eastport.
" Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Eastport.
18 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Olive G., Green, Lubec.
19 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Schr. Joker, Mitchell, Robbinston.
" Motor Bt. Thedus, Clark, Eastport.

Cleared Foreign

13 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Bt. Abbie, Malloch, Eastport.
" Motor Slp. Trilby, Marshall, Eastport.
" Motor Slp. Neptune, Hooper, Eastport.
14 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Joker, Mitchell, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Charlie Ross, Hersey, Eastport.
15 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Barge G. B. Otis, Calder, Eastport.
" Motor Bt. Casarco No 3, Foster, Eastport.
17 Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Eastport.
" Motor Barge G. B. Otis, Calder, Eastport.
" Motor Schr. Joker, Mitchell, Eastport.
" Stmr. St. Andrews, Grant, Calais.
" Motor Schr. Casarco No 3, Foster, Eastport.

TRAVEL

CANADIAN PACIFIC
HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS
FROM MARITIME PROVINCES TO WESTERN CANADA
TICKETS ON SALE EVERY WEDNESDAY
March 8th to October 25th
TO
WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY EDMONDTON, ETC.
Tickets good for Two Months from date of issue
TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM MONTREAL
For full particulars apply to Agent or write M. G. MURPHY, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B