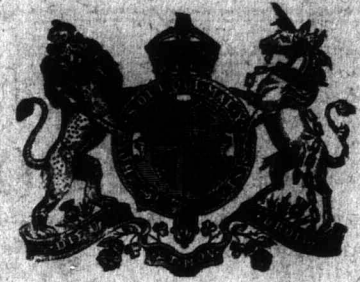




# The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

NO. 22

## THE FAKENHAM GHOST

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park.  
(Here truth inspires my tale)  
The lonely footpath, still and dark,  
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,  
And fearful hale she made  
To gain the vale at Fakenham  
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,  
But followed faster still,  
And echoed to the darkness coise  
That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush-  
ed,  
Bespoke a peopled shade,  
And many a wing the foliage brushed,  
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,  
That sought the shades by day,  
Now started from her path with fear,  
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears  
Came o'er her troubled mind—  
When now a short quick step she hears  
Come patting close behind.

She turned; it stopped; nought could  
she see  
Upon the gloomy plain!  
But as she strove the sprite to flee,  
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,  
For, where the path was bare,  
The trotting Ghost kept on the same:  
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,  
She tried what sight could do;  
When through the cheating glooms of  
night  
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of what'er she felt,  
It followed down the plain!  
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,  
And aid her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong,  
The white park gate in view;  
Which pushing hard, so long it swung  
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!  
Her heart-strings like to crack;  
For much she feared the grisly Ghost  
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,  
As it had done before;  
Her strength and resolution spent,  
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,  
Out came her daughter dear;  
God-natured souls! all unadvised  
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the  
night,  
Some short distance o'er the green;  
And there the little trotting sprite  
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam  
Within the spacious park;  
And simple as the playful lamb  
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;  
No crimes had ever known;  
They took the shaggy stranger in,  
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round  
Upon the cottage floor;  
The matron learned to love the sound  
That frightened her before.

A favorite the Ghost became,  
And 'twas his fate to thrive;  
And long he lived and spread his fame,  
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,  
And some conviction too:  
Each thought some other goblin tale,  
Perhaps, was just as true.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.  
(Born December 3, 1766; died August  
19, 1823.)

## TWISTERS

TILL last night I'd always reckoned as  
Jock McMurtree and me was the  
very best o' pals. Over three months 'im  
and me's been in the next beds in the  
'ospital, and we've always gone 'alves in  
fags and visitors, but since what 'appened  
yesterday some'ow I don't think as 'ow  
things can ever be the same again.

What would you think o' a pal as goes  
an' scares you pretty well out o' your  
wits, an' then goes an' makes you a  
laughin'-stock for the rest o' the boys? I  
asks you.

But I'll tell you all about it, and leave  
you to judge for yourself between 'im and  
me.

Yesterday dinnertime, as we was just  
finishing our brown stew, 'e says to me—

## THE SEA KINGS

SINCE the Golden Hind went round the Horn and circled a world unknown,  
Wherever the tides of God have been, and the winds of God have blown,  
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas, by the storm with the spindrift whirled,  
The sons of men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe, or out of the Golden Gate,  
They are brothers in blood, linked heart to heart, and to a resistless fate:  
For the quenchless ardor to rule the seas, which time can never slake,  
Makes the same blood race through the nation's veins that throbbled from the heart  
of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into Manila Bay,  
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought, and struggled and won his way;  
And wherever the tides of God may beat, and the winds of God may blow,  
It will be to-morrow as 'tis to-day, and 'twas in the long ago.

—New York Sun.

## THE BLOODSHED AND THE TREASURE SPENT

	Men in Arms	Lives Lost	Total Casualties	Cost in Dollars
United States	3,764,700	52,169	235,117	\$35,000,000,000
Great Britain	7,500,000	1,000,000	3,049,991	40,000,000,000
France	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,000,000	28,000,000,000
Italy	2,500,000	250,000	1,000,000	10,000,000,000
Russia	14,000,000	3,500,000	5,000,000	25,000,000,000
Belgium	350,000	50,000	300,000	5,000,000,000
Serbia	300,000	150,000	200,000	4,000,000,000
Rumania	600,000	200,000	300,000	3,000,000,000
Germany	11,000,000	2,500,000	6,900,000	40,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	7,500,000	2,000,000	4,500,000	25,000,000,000
Turkey	1,500,000	250,000	750,000	4,000,000,000
Bulgaria	1,000,000	50,000	200,000	2,000,000,000
	56,014,700	11,102,169	26,435,108	\$221,000,000,000

—Glendon Allvine, in *New York Tribune*.

29, in Old Palace-yard, Westminster, greatness of Raleigh lies, and must always lie, with his county of Devon, where about the year 1552, in the parish of East Budleigh, he was born, a younger son of an honorable West Country family somewhat fallen in fortune. Of his boyhood we know nothing but by tradition; that he was fond of the sea and of sailors, and would read eagerly such books of voyages as came his way. He inherited a handsome body, and a restless, stirring, and independent character, good equipment for a younger son; from his mother, "a woman of noble wit," something perhaps of that grace of mind which so well became him; his genius and ambitions were his own. His family was notable for Protestantism at a time when to be a Protestant needed courage; and this temper he retained and confirmed in manhood in the wars of France and Spain. Of his education little is known. "Not to name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature," says Dr. Johnson, "is a kind of historical fraud, by which honest fame is injuriously diminished." We know, however, neither his masters nor his school: a defect the less regrettable in the biography of a man who was to prove illustrious for so much else. That he was at some time before his seventeenth year a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford; that he became "the ornament of the juniors," and left a reputation for scholarship and wit, this indeed is known; but when we have added from gossip Aubrey that he borrowed a gown of one T. Child and never returned it, we have exhausted the chronicle. The under-graduate was already burning to be a man. The lines are known in which Panthino reproaches a father:

He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,  
While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the war, to try their fortune there;  
Some to discover islands far away;  
Some to the studious Universities.

The father in the end sends his son to Court. Such a catalogue would have been no news to young Raleigh; he had his items by heart, and so true an Elizabethan was he that by the age of twenty-six he had run through them all. Young men need friends, and he was by no means friendless. His family, though reduced, had many connexions in the West Country, where cousinship is understood. He counted Grenvilles, Careys, Drakes, Gilberts, and Champernoons among his kinsmen, and when he went to fight the Lesquiers in France—*admodum adolescens*, says Camden, *jam primum fati monstratus*—it was with a troop of West Country gentlemen volunteers, commanded by a Champernoon, that he first saw service. He was absent from England six years, but except for a sentence or two in his "History," where he speaks as an eye-witness of the retreat after Montcontour, and of hunting Catholics among the hill-caves of Languedoc, the haze which covers his childhood covers these years also. On his return to England the haze lightens. Raleigh had ever the art of making the best of his surroundings. He needed a club, and in 1575 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple. He desired to feel the pulse of things, and the Inns of Court were then the geographical and intellectual centre of London. He aspired to be a courtier,

and to be a Templar was already half-way to Whitehall. His assertions in later life that he had read no law, which have been held to invalidate his footing in the Temple, only prove how well he chose his club. He wrote verses, talked projects, played the gallant, and enjoyed the town. 'He even appeared in print. In 1576 Gascoigne's *Steel Glass* came out with commendatory verses by "Walter Rawley of the Middle Temple," verses which already in some of their lines have the very turn and stole of Raleigh, a certain proud terseness and melancholy scorn:—

For whose reaps renown above the rest,  
With heaps of hate shall surely be oppress'd.

He had now been at home two years, and grew restless once more. In 1577 he was off to serve against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, where his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commanded one of the English regiments. The sea claimed him, and next year he sailed with Gilbert on his first and less unfortunate expedition to Newfoundland. He made acquaintance at Court. But it was not until his twenty-eighth year that, on Gilbert's recommendation, he obtained his first employment in the Queen's service, as a captain of foot with the forces in Ireland. To this half-brother, thirteen years his senior, Raleigh owed at this period much of the practical direction of his mind. He was a notable, warm, high-handed man, bold and inventive; an experienced soldier and speculating navigator, and a patriot who believed that

not worthy to live at all who for fear of danger or death shunneth his country's service or his own honor, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal.

He had schemes for the English empire of the sea; had projected a discovery of the North-West Passage; and dreamed of the occupation, in the Northern parts of America, of territories for the Queen. His lodging at Limehouse, where he sat among his maps and instruments, was at this time a resort of voyagers and venturers; Frobisher and Davis were partners in his researches, and Raleigh, we may be sure, the aptest of learners. The Royal Charter of 1578, by which Gilbert was empowered, for six years, to discover and inhabit vacant heathen lands, and which led him to repeat, in 1583, at the cost of his life, his colonizing expedition to Newfoundland, descended as by inheritance to the younger man whom he had helped to form. On March 25, 1584, a significant date in the history of the New World and of the Old, Walter Raleigh, now in the first stages of his greatness and high in favor with the Queen, obtained a new Charter of discovery and colonization in place of the old. The country on which he had set his heart was that which lies along the Middle Atlantic from what is now Maine to the north of Florida, and with his fervent and practical imagination he saw it already peopled and rivaling in its fruits the Spanish Empire of the Gulf. Five weeks later two ships, under Captains Amadas and Barton, his "servants," set sail for the new territory, and on July 13 landed on the island of Wokoken, off the North Carolina coast, where they formally proclaimed the sovereignty of the Queen and their master's possession. The whole land was named, it is said, by Elizabeth herself, Virginia, and Raleigh had a seal made with the motto "Walteri Raleigh, Militiæ, Domini et gubernatoris Virginiae propria insignia, 1584, amore et Virtute." He was to send many more expeditions to Virginia before his fortunes fell; to lose all, and still hope. It is enough to record, at this moment in his life, the piety of his first great enterprise, his promptitude of execution, and the generosity of his hopes.

The arrival of Raleigh at Court and his first meeting with the Queen—the story of the plush cloak and the piddle—have passed into the substance of English legend. Scott has immortalized a scene which Fuller, nearly three generations after date, was the first to record. The historians, who deny themselves this scene, have been less happy in explaining the lightning promotion of this ill-paid and little-known captain of foot to his place in Elizabeth's regard. He arrives with dispatches one day in December, 1581, from rebel-hunting in Munster, his commission expired and his company disbanded, and in six weeks is acting as the personal agent on the Queen, writing her letters, escorting envoys, and breathing like a native the inner air of the Court. The Queen, it is true, loved a martial man, and Raleigh had served well in Ireland; he spoke boldly and with knowledge about Irish affairs, and for this he was valued; but when she set her mark upon him she saw, with the sensibility of a woman, much more than this. She saw a young man, infinitely gifted in mind and body, eager for service and burning for the light, with the temper of a soldier, the vision of a sailor, and the heart of a poet. She could not afford to lose him, this fisher, as Batton called her,

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(From *The Times Literary Supplement*.)

ON October 24, 300 years ago, Sir Walter Raleigh, after many examinations and interrogatories, awaiting judgement in the Tower, was brought before the Council at Whitehall and informed of his approaching end. He asked that he might be beheaded and not hanged, and so much was allowed. He was now in his sixty-sixth year, and in spite of his fourteen years' confinement and the fevers and tragedies of his Guiana voyage, still vigorous and unbroken, still rebuking by a certain Elizabethan splendor which he could not lose, the meaner world of James. His contemporaries could not think of him as old; nor, indeed, can we. Four days later the warrant was signed and sentence pronounced. Even yet there was hope, though for his part he had none. The Queen pleaded for him; his friends spoke for him—for he still had friends; but the King was stubborn and morose. On Thursday, October

The first claim to possession in the

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Nov. 19.—A British Admiralty official statement issued this evening says the British mine sweeper *Ascol* was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine November 10 off the northeast coast of England. Fifty-three members of the crew were drowned.

—London, Nov. 21.—The steamer *Campania*, once Queen of the Seas, has sunk in the Firth of Forth, Scotland during a gale. All on board were saved. The *Campania* broke from her moorings and collided with a battleship. She sank before she could be beached. The date of the sinking has not been made public.

The *Campania*, a former Cunard line trans-Atlantic liner, for several years has been the mother ship for seaplanes in the British navy. In 1883 she made a then record voyage from New York to Queenstown in five days, twelve hours and seven minutes, cutting the time of the *City of Paris* by two hours for the eastward trip.

The *Campania* was of 12,950 tons and was built in Glasgow in 1882. When the war began she was in the hands of ship-dismantlers. All the solid Spanish mahogany fittings in her saloons and cabins had been removed and sold. The British Admiralty bought the steamer at a good price before the engines, boilers, or hull had been tampered with.

During the war the *Campania* had seen considerable active service. She was in the Lutland fight and also took part in the operations by the Allied fleets at the Dardanelles.

—St. John, N. B., Nov. 22.—The three-masted schooner *Winchester*, is long overdue at this port, and grave apprehension is felt for her safety. The schooner sailed from New York in the second week in October for St. John with a cargo of coal for the City Fuel Company. On October 15 she was reported as having passed through Cape Cod Canal, but since that date nothing has been heard or seen of her or any of the crew. She was commanded by Captain Cook, of Red Brook, Me., and carried a crew of seven men.

Under favorable weather conditions she should have made the trip in forty-eight hours or a little more. J. Willard Smith is the local agent for the schooner, and he feels that she must have been lost. One of the members of the crew was a young man named Neaves, of Sheriff street, a brother of Fred Neaves, who was washed overboard and drowned recently while the tug *Mersey*, on which he was employed as cook, was en route from Bathurst to Halifax.

—Charlottetown, Nov. 25.—There is an unconfirmed report here of the loss of the steamer *Enterprise* plying between Souris, Pictou, and the Magdalen Islands. She left Souris Friday evening for the Magdalen Islands.

"for men's souls." And so he remained, at some expense to his freedom, and was liberally rewarded, being advanced in five years from plain gentleman to Sir Walter, and made, besides, Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. He was knighted in 1584, the year of the Virginia Charter, and took up at the same time his residence in Durham House, where from his study in a turret overlooking the Thames he commanded a prospect "as pleasant perhaps as anything in the world." Profitable patents supplied some part of his profuse expenditure; he had grants of land in Ireland and England; and when all else failed, or more commonly for love, he carried on the West Country trade of privateering, holding, like all West Countrymen, that to rob the King of Spain, who was the Thief of the World, could never be a sin in sea-divinity. Hardly a year passed when his ships did not strike some rich prey, hovering off the Azores in the track of the Portuguese carracks and the galleons of New Spain. His sailors loved him. When the great and rich Madre de Dios was brought into Dartmouth in 1592, Raleigh had to be sent for to the Tower, where he was then doing penance, to control his men.

I assure you, Sir [wrote Robert Cecil], his poor servants, to the number of 140 goodly men, and all the marines, came to him with shouts of joy; I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them.

His post of Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall took him often to these parts, where, but for his patents, which sometimes vexed the good citizens of Exeter, he was popular and admired. One of his first acts when he became prosperous was to offer to buy the farmhouse of Hayes, where he was born, and to the end of his life he spoke with a broad Devon accent which he had no wish to refine.

To be continued

# If You Ever Want Credit

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Decide, now, to let us help you to save. Interest paid every six months.

## THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital Paid up \$10,000,000  
Reserve Fund \$12,000,000  
G. W. BARRETT  
St. Andrews Branch

### ROLLING DAM, N. B.

Nov. 26  
Miss Edna Wrigley, of Edmundston, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wrigley, has returned to her duties.  
Miss Ethel Mitchell, of St. Stephen, visited her sister, Mrs. Joseph Wrigley, recently.  
C. D. Goodill, who has been very ill with the prevailing disease, is recovering.  
McCann Brothers expect a car load of flour and feed soon, also a car of corn.  
John Giddens has been doing a large business in fresh pork this season.  
George McShane, our veteran butcher, has been doing an extensive business in beef, lambs, and pork this summer and fall.  
Robert McKinney's health is not improving as fast as his many friends would wish.

Mrs. Arthur McRae, of Brockton, Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jane McCann.  
Miss Phyllis McCann, who has been in the hospital at Boston, has returned home much improved.  
Mrs. William Mitchell has gone to Bartlett's Mills to spend a week or two.  
A. B. McCann is in rather poor health this fall.

### LEONARDVILLE, D. I.

Nov. 25  
Quite a number of our young people attended the Basket Supper held in Chocolate Cove on Nov. 23. Proceeds in aid of Red Cross work.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rogerson and family have returned from Chamcook, where they have been spending the summer.  
The many friends of Gertrude Rogerson will learn with regret that she is confined to the house suffering from a bad cold.  
A quilting party was held at the home of Mrs. Edgar McNeill on Monday last. Among those present were Mrs. Audrey Cline, Mrs. A. Cline, Mrs. Percy Conley, Myrtle Conley, Lois Young, Alma Conley, and Bun McNeill.  
Miss Myrtle Conley is expecting her friend, Mr. Bedford Atkinson, of Philadelphia, to spend his Christmas holidays at her home here.  
Mr. Alfred Johnson, of Richardson, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Fred Tewksbury.  
Mr. and Mrs. Burpee Wilson will occupy the residence of Mr. Daniel Cameron during his Southern trip.  
Miss Blanche Munroe, of Pennfield, who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, has returned home.  
Mr. and Mrs. William Doughty and family have returned home to St. Andrews after an extended visit here.

### OAK BAY, N. B.

Nov. 26  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilman spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilman.  
Mr. David L. Hill, an aged and respected resident of this place, passed away on Nov. 20, after an illness of three days following a stroke of paralysis. He was 77 years old and leaves a widow and two

sons, Ernest, of St. Stephen, and Bert, at home.  
Mrs. Thomas Hill and son spent a day recently with Mrs. Albert Gilman.  
Mrs. Wm. Nixon is recovering from an attack of rheumatism.  
School opened on Monday after a vacation of five weeks.  
Miss Florence Murray has returned to her home after spending a few days with her grandmother at Moore's Mills.  
Service was held in the Simpson school house on Sunday last.  
Mrs. John Murray spent a day in Elmsville recently.  
Sunday school opened here on Sunday last.  
Florence, Vivian, and Kenneth Murray were calling on friends here Saturday last.

### Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Nov. 27.  
Sunday will be the first Sunday in Advent, a solemn fast kept by the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches.  
Children's services were held in all the Churches in the St. Croix towns on Sunday last.  
His Grace, Archbishop Casey, who has been spending a month in St. Stephen with his brothers, Messrs. Thomas and Patrick Casey, left on Tuesday morning for St. John en route to his home in Vancouver, B. C.  
Christ Church is to be wired this week for electric lights. All public buildings and churches must use electric lighting in the future, as the gas company have decided to discontinue the gas after Dec. 26.  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Huestis are visiting Yarmouth, N. S. this week.  
Miss Esther McFarlane has returned to her teaching duties in Campbellton.  
The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church are planning a supper in Elder Memorial Hall for Dec. 12.  
Miss Myra Maxwell, of Milltown, has returned to New York City.  
Miss Alice Boyd has returned to her home in Fredericton, after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Graham, in Milltown.  
Miss Doris Doris Bennett has returned from Beverly, Mass., where she visited her brother, Mr. George Bennett.  
Dr. Douglas Dyas, who has been overseas for the past two years in hospitals in England and France attending wounded and invalid soldiers, has arrived in St. Stephen and will again take up his practice in that town where he is most cordially welcomed by his friends and all citizens.  
Mrs. Martha Anderson has gone to Boston to spend the winter months.  
Mrs. George Tarbox has arrived from Boston and will visit friends in Calais for a few weeks before going to Montreal for the winter.  
Mr. and Mrs. Vernard C. Eye, who have been visiting Calais relatives have returned to their home in Bridgeport, Conn.  
Mrs. E. C. Bates has arrived from Houlton to spend the winter with her invalid mother, Mrs. William McK. Deinstadt.  
Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Libby are congratulated on the birth of a son at the Chipman Memorial Hospital, Nov. 8th.  
The Women's Canadian Club are to hold a short Thanksgiving service in the Town Council Chamber on Friday afternoon.  
The St. Croix Gas Light Co have decided to suspend the gas service on December 26th. It is a severe blow to those

## THE CROWNING OUTRAGE

To the Editor of *The Evening Post*:  
SIR: Like the rest of the sovereigns of this great nation, I have been interested in the world-shaking question of the President's taking a trip abroad. I hear a good deal about it—mostly from people who "never had any use for Woodrow Wilson," and who would have their doubts about the multiplication table or the Sermon on the Mount if they could really believe that Woodrow Wilson took either of them seriously. But at the last of it I come to the conclusion that I am not making such a glittering success of my own business that I ought to be required to take on also that of the President of the United States. So I shall have to leave this problem to the excited folks who apparently have no business of their own, and who, many of them, so far as that of the Government at Washington is concerned, couldn't find their way from the Treasury Building to the White House without a guide.  
When I observe, however, that the President, by the single tyrannical act of attaching his signature to the nefarious legislation enacted by Congress, has enforced prohibition upon this helpless nation, I can no longer keep silence. This, as Artemus Ward would say, is "2 mutch."

## THE ST. ANDREWS BAND

For the benefit of the citizens of the town I have been requested to publish a statement to show the average annual expense of keeping up a band. To do this I have simply prepared a memorandum of the first year in which I was secretary, which I think would be an average year. I am sure it is not necessary to give a detailed statement of the expenses, but simply to say that the total expense from Aug. 31st 1912 until Aug. 31st 1913 was \$519.96. Out of this the sum of \$149.50 was raised by assessment of the band members, the balance, with the exception of \$45.00 subscribed by the townspeople for building the band-stand, was raised in various ways by the efforts of the Band. During this entire year we bought one horn costing \$61.00, the rest of the money being spent for ordinary running expenses. We paid the leader a small salary throughout the year, and had an instructor for two months during the winter.  
Any person wishing to see a detailed statement of the accounts may do so at any time at my office. There are other years in which the expense would run much higher, for instance the year in which we purchased uniforms. In certain other years we bought several horns.  
The Town Council voted the sum of \$35 in three different years to help us. A subscription was taken when the Band was first organized, and again to build the band-stand, but all other necessary funds have been raised by the Band in one way or another, and as far as I can remember not one dollar has ever gone back into a member's pocket. About half of the instruments were bought and owned by individual members, costing anywhere from \$25.00 to \$75.00 each. The other instruments belong to the Town.  
Now then, here is the point of this preliminary explanation: The Band has "come back," and if we can believe our friends, has come back strong, and we are willing to stay back if we can get sufficient financial support from the town. We are willing to give our time and our musical ability, and raise all we can by the efforts of the Band as a whole, but we simply refuse to pay out any more money from our own pocket. We are going to ask the Town Council for the sum of \$300, and if that amount is forthcoming each year we shall engage a good instructor for the year around, and soon have a first-class concert band. We shall guarantee to play ten open air concerts each summer, and take part in any public function free of charge, upon request of the Council.  
We trust that the people of the town who so unanimously expressed their appreciation of the work of the Band in the recent celebration may express their approval of this idea to the members of the Council at once, as the petition is to be presented at their next meeting, Tuesday, Dec. 3rd.

Signed  
J. F. WORRELL,  
Sec'y Treas. St. A. Band.

## AMERICAN CASUALTIES

Washington, Nov. 25.—General Pershing reports that the total casualties in the American Expeditionary Forces are 236,117. These are divided as follows:  
Killed or died of wounds 36,154  
Died of disease 14,811  
Deaths unclassified 2,204  
Wounded 179,625  
Prisoners 2,163  
Missing 1,160  
Total 236,117

## WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

A large and appreciative audience gathered in Andrae Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st, under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club. The object of the meeting was to celebrate the signing of the armistice, and the cessation of hostilities in the great war. Mrs. Andrews, the President of the club, presided.  
The meeting was opened by a short address of welcome by the President, after which the Chorus Club sang "O Canada." This was followed by a selection from the St. Andrews Band which was in attendance.  
The first speaker of the evening was the Rev. Thos. Hicks, who dealt with the people of Saxony, their characteristics and ideals. Many of the audience realized for the first time that all our foes in the great struggle were not Huns. The Saxons are really a democratic people, but under the domination of Prussian militarism, which has ruled them for so long, they were forced into the struggle against the Allies. This was followed by another inspiring selection from the Band.  
The song "Rule, Britannia," was de-

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE

"We owe it to candor and the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (European) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. We could not view any inter-position for the purpose of oppressing them (republics) or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."—From President Monroe's Message to Congress, December 2, 1823.

## COMPLETE ACTION

Papa—"Bobby, if you had a little more spunk, you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?"  
Bobby—"Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank."—Chicago News.

## NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"Time is money," said Uncle Eben: "but jes' de same de man dat finds himself wif a lot o' time on his hands has made a pore investment."—Washington Star.

## THE RED STORE IS THE STORE

Church—"Why are all those people standing there looking at the organ-grinder and the monkey?"  
Gotham—"Because he hasn't passed around his hat yet."—Yonkers Statesman.  
"Madam, your little boy would like this

## THE CAUSE OF HEART TROUBLE

Faulty digestion causes the generation of gases in the stomach which irritate and press down on the heart and interfere with its regular action, causing faintness and pain. 15 to 20 drops of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup after meals sets digestion right, which allows the heart to beat full and regular.

## ESTATE NOTICE

Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Hazen John Burton, late of the Town of St. Andrews, intestate, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons having just and legal claims against said estate, or against the firm of H. J. Burton & Co., are required to present the same, duly sworn to, within three months from this date. All persons indebted to the said Hazen John Burton, or the firm of H. J. Burton & Co., will be required to make immediate payment to the undersigned or at the store of H. J. Burton & Co.  
Dated this 23rd Day of November, 1918.  
ALICE MARY DEWOLFE,  
HELEN RAYMOND BURTON,  
Administratrices Estate of Hazen John Burton.  
22-4w.

## MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 27th December, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 12 times per week on the route St. George to C. P. Ry. Station, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.  
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. George and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.  
H. W. WOODS,  
Post Office Inspector.  
St. John, N. B., November 13th, 1918.  
21-3w.

## A FISH TOWN, FISHLESS

Digby is a fish town,—what we mean by this is that the main industry is fishing, says the Digby, N. S., Courier. Millions of pounds of fresh, dry, and salt fish are bought and sold annually, through our fish firms. Now the question arises, why is it that the citizens of Digby cannot buy enough fresh fish at any time of the year to supply their tables? Digby has less fish to sell retail than any other town of its size in Nova Scotia. One of our purveyors of meats and provisions, informed us this week, that it was impossible to buy fish to supply the demand, and where he did give an order to a wholesale house the price charged him was as high as the retail price. If a supply was available in Digby, the citizens would eat more of a fish diet, but at the present time, they must be satisfied, apparently, with other kinds of food.  
The same difficulty in obtaining fish is experienced on the part of the householders of St. Andrews. We are in close proximity to the best fishing grounds on the Atlantic seaboard, yet the people of the Town are quite unable to obtain a regular supply of fish. This ought not to be.—Ed. BEACON.

## THE RED STORE IS THE STORE

The new Shoe Store is now opened in the corner store formerly occupied by Bucknam & Colwell. It is right at the head of the Public Slip or landing place, and right at the head of Ferry Wharf, so for out-of-town customers in a hurry it is the nearest place. It has always been my policy to make prices very low and I expect to do enough more business in the new red store to make it possible to quote even lower prices. Following are a few specials:  
Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c.  
Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25.  
Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00.  
Ladies' Extra High Cut Shoes, Brown, Black, and other colors, \$5.  
Ladies' Extra High Cut Cloth Top Shoes, Browns, and Grays, \$4.  
Men's Dark Brown Shoes, Fibre or Leather soles, \$5.  
Men's Heavy Work Shoes, \$2.50 up.  
Extra High Cut Shoes with Straps and Buckles, for Men and Boys.  
Needles, Belts, Oil, and new parts for any Sewing Machine.  
Only agent for Singer Sewing Machines. Keep a large supply on hand, and make extra specially low prices for cash.  
Any make Sewing Machine repaired.  
Three Ply Roofing, \$3.25. Two Ply, \$3.00. Plenty on hand.  
Remember the color of my new store is bright red, can't miss it, and don't forget that I am making special prices on goods to introduce my new store to the public.  
THE RED STORE IS THE STORE  
EDGAR HOLMES  
52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, N.B.  
Open Evenings

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# Partners of the Tide

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN  
Author of "Cap'n Ez"

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the schooner again. Captain Titcomb had said that he was pleased with him and hinted at a steady rise in wages and promotion later on. He was earning his living now—it cost little to live—and he sent home a few dollars to the old maids every now and then.

His first home coming was a great event. The supper that first night was almost equal in the amount of food on the table to his dinner with the captain at the New York restaurant. In fact, Bradley, released from salt junk and fo'castle grub, ate so much that he suffered with the nightmare and groaned so dimly that the alarmed sisters pounded on his chamber door, and Miss Tempy insisted that what he needed was a dose of "Old Dr. Thomas' Discovery"—her newest patent medicine—and a "nice hot cup of pepper tea."

There was no music during the meal, but the old maids talked continuously. The hemming and the shawl industry were bringing in some money, though not yet what Miss Tempy anticipated, and they had had a windfall in the shape of a contribution from the Sampson fund.

"We're all the children father had," said the oldest sister. "The letter said that there was money due us from the fund and that we was entitled to a dollar every year, most a hundred dollars. Now, I know about the Sampson thing, but I thought 'twas charity for poor people, and Tempy and me have got to livin' on charity—not yet, I hope. But it seems, 'cordin' to the letters I had from 'em, that the money belonged to us, so."

"So we get a check every once in a while," cried Miss Tempy. "And how they knew and wrote jest at this time 'tis miraculous, that's what it is—miraculous!"

Bradley thought of his conversation with Captain Titcomb and the affair did not seem so miraculous, but he knew the captain would not wish him to explain and so said nothing.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Thomas' Doane was at her dock in New York, and Bradley, now twenty years old and a "sure enough" second mate, was on her deck watching the foremast hands clearing up the coal dust that begrimed everything. The schooner had carried coal for over a year now, and her latest occupation had not improved her appearance. She was old enough before and patched and mended enough, and to turn her into a coaler seemed a final humiliation. Captain Titcomb had felt it keenly, and his disgust was outspoken.

"Well, by crimestee!" he had ejaculated, when his flatfooted rebellion had been smothered by another raise in salary. "I used to dream about commandin' a Australian clipper some day or nother, but I never dreamed that I'd come to be skipper of a coal hod at that. Blessed if it ain't enough to make the old man—dad, I mean—turn over in his grave. Come on, Brad. Let's go to the theater. I want to forget it."

The captain had another project in his mind, a sort of secret hobby he hinted at every little while, but never told. These hints usually followed a particularly disagreeable trip or when the rickety Thomas Doane behaved even more like a cantankerous old maid than was her wont. Then, when he and Bradley were alone, the captain would wake from a day dream to say: "Brad, I git more and more sick of this bein' somebody else's errand boy every minute. Some of these days I'm goin' to take a whack at somethin' different, and I have a notion what it will be too. I guess likely I may ask you to come in with me. I b'lieve it's a good notion. Tell you 'bout it some day."

But he never did.

Bradley had grown tall and broad during his term of cruising. He had learned self-reliance, and his voice had a masterful ring. When he went back to Orham nowadays the old maids took special delight in having him escort them to church, and Miss Tempy's eyes during the sermon were often fixed upon him thru upon the minister. The money that he sent the sisters amounted to something now, and he had an account in the savings bank.

Now, as he stood by the rail, with his hands in his pockets, he heard a step on the wharf behind him and turned to see Captain Titcomb jump from the stringpiece, catch the shroud and swing aboard. The captain's usually good-natured face had a scowl on it, and he was plainly not happy.

Bradley touched his cap. "How are things going up at the office?" he asked.

"Plumb to the devil," was the short reply. Then, glancing up at the young man's face and looking hurriedly away again, he added: "Come aft. I want to talk to you."

Seated in the dingy cabin, the captain took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end with a jerk and smoked in great puffs. Bradley waited for him to speak. The skipper's ill-humored and obvious discontent had come upon him the afternoon of the day the Thomas Doane reached port and had grown steadily worse. Each morning Captain Titcomb had spent at the office of Williams Bros., and when he returned to the schooner he had done little but smoke, scowl and pace the deck. The second mate was worried, but he asked no questions.

"Brad," said the captain, looking at the shabby carpet on the cabin floor, "we're goin' to have a new mate."

Bradley was surprised. "If Mr. Bailey's goin' to leave?" he asked. "The old first mate had been as much a part of the Thomas Doane as her mainmast."

"They've given him the Arrow, the new schooner. He's not to be here."

"Why, why, Cap'n Ez, I thought she was promised to you."

"I thought so, too, but I missed my reck'lin' it seems. Williams—he ain't the man his brother was—he wants me to wait till the other one, the four-master, is off the ways. Then I can have her if I want her."

"But she won't be ready for six months, though I guess from what I hear she'll be worth waitin' for. Who'll have the old Doane then?"

"Captain Titcomb crossed his legs, but didn't answer. Instead, he asked: "Brad, how would you like to sail on the Arrow? You and him got 'long first rate. I wouldn't wonder if I could git you the second mate's berth on the Arrow. She's brain 'n' clean, not like this here schooner. And he kicked at stateroom door with emphasis.

Bradley did not hesitate. "I guess if you can stand the hepcop loco," he said decisively. "I'd rather wait with you, thank you."

"I don't know's you'd better. Look here." And for the first time the captain raised his eyes. "You know I wouldn't try to influence you if 'twan't for your own good. I honestly think 'twould be better for you if you sailed on the Arrow."

"But why?"

"Oh, because Bailey's a good man, and an A1 sailor."

"He isn't half the sailor you are nor half the man either."

"Much obliged. I'll stand for the sailor part, but I ain't so sure about the rest. Brad, sometimes I wish I hadn't stuck so close to 'owners' orders and had took a few observations on my own hook. Maybe then—"

"You had for an old fog to learn new tricks, I b'p'ose I'm a fool to worry. Money's 'bout all there is in this world, ain't it?"

"A good many folks seems to think it is."

"And other folks don't think any less of 'em for it. Well, I've laid my course, and I'll stick to it till all's by. Brjd, will you, as a favor to me, chuck up your berth here and ship 'board the Arrow?"

"Cap'n Ez, if you want me to quit this packet you'll have to heave me overboard; that's all!"

The skipper looked at the clear eyes and the firm jaw of the young six footer opposite.

"That goes, does it?" he asked.

"That does, Cap'n Ez, you've been the best friend I've ever had, except the old maids and—maybe one more. I don't want you to think I'm not ambitious, because I am. I'm just as anxious to make something of myself as you can be to have me, but I've made up my mind, and for the present anyway, while you sail a vessel I sail with you—unless you really order me to quit."

The older man hesitated. "Well," he said after two or three puffs at the cigar, "I ought to order p'aps, but I'll be hanged if I can. Brad Nickerson, I think as much of you as I would of a son, and your good opinion is worth—I don't b'lieve you know how much it's worth to me. But— Shake hands, will you?"

Puzzled and troubled, Bradley extended his hand, and the captain clasped it firmly in his own. For a moment it seemed that he was about to say something more, but he did not. Giving the second mate's hand a squeeze, he dropped it and settled back in his chair, smoking and apparently thinking hard. As he thought his lips tightened, and the scowl settled more firmly between his brows. Five minutes of silence, and then the skipper threw the half finished cigar into a corner and rose to his feet. His tone was sharp, and there was no trace of the feeling so recently manifested.

"We sail tomorrow mornin'," he said, stepping to the companion ladder. "The new first mate'll be here tonight. His name's Burke."

Bradley did not move. "Just a minute, Cap'n Ez," he faltered. "You—you know it's none of my business, but— Well, you understand, I guess. You're in trouble—anybody can see that. Won't you let me help you out?"

The captain paused with his foot on the ladder. "My troubles are my own," he answered, without looking back.

swore profusely and laughed loudly at his own jokes. He seemed to know his business, and as the captain would have said, "caught hold" at once.

They sailed the next morning, and by the time the tug left them, Bradley fancied that he noticed a difference in the state of affairs aboard the schooner. The usual rigid discipline seemed to be lacking. There was no rebellion or sign of mutiny, but merely a general shiftlessness that Mr. Burke did not seem to notice. Strange to say, Captain Titcomb did not notice it either, or, if he did, said nothing. Bradley did not interfere. He had not forgotten the advice to "obey orders and ask no questions."

There was a good wind and a smooth sea, and the captain drove the Thomas Doane for all she was worth. By the afternoon of the following day they were in Vineyard sound. Bradley's suspicions had by this time come to be almost certainties. For two or three sallops to show signs of drunkenness on the first morning out of port was nothing strange, but to have these symptoms more pronounced the evening of the second day was proof that there were bottles in the fo'castle. But Captain Titcomb, usually the first to scent the presence of these abominations and to punish their owners, now, apparently, was unaware of their presence. And the first mate, too, either did not see or did not care.

Bradley was standing by the fo'castle just at dusk that evening when a sailor bumped violently into him in passing. The second mate spoke sharply to the offender, and the answer he received was impudent and surly.

"Here you," exclaimed Bradley, seizing the man by the shoulder and whirling him violently around. "Go you know who you're talking to. Speak to me again like that, and I'll break you in two."

The man—he was a new hand—mumbled a reply to the effect that he "hadn't meant to say nothin'."

"Well, don't say it again. Stand up. You're drunk. Now, where did you get your liquor?"

"Ain't got none, sir."

"You're a liar. Stand up or you'll lie down for a good while. Anybody with a nose could smell rum if you passed a mile to wind'ard. Where did you get it?"

The sailor began a further protestation, but Bradley choked it off and shook him savagely. The first mate, hearing the scuffle, came hurrying up.

"What's the row, Mr. Nickerson?" he asked.

"This man's drunk, and I want to know where the rum came from."

Mr. Burke scowled fiercely. "Look here," he shouted, "is that so? Are you drunk?"

"No, sir."

"You're mighty close to it. Why— and here the first mate swore steadily for a full minute. "Do you know what I'd do to a man that brought rum aboard a vessel of mine? I'd use his blankety-blank hide for a spare top and feed the rest of his carcass to the dogfish. Git out of here, and remember I'm watchin' you sharp."

He gave the fellow a kick that sent him flying, and, turning to Bradley, said in a confidential whisper: "Ain't it queer how a shore drunk'll stick to a man? I've seen 'em come aboard so full that they stayed so for a week afterward."

"I think they've got the liquor down for'ard here."

"I guess not. If I thought so, I'd kill the whole—half dozen descriptive adjectives—'em. They can't play with me, blank, blank, blank."

But in spite of Mr. Burke's fierce denials Bradley wasn't satisfied. He believed that if the first mate had him alone he would have found the liquor. However, he thought if neither the skipper nor Mr. Burke cared it was none of his business. But he was uneasy nevertheless.

By 9 o'clock the signs of drunkenness were so plain that even the first mate had to admit the fact. Only a very few of the men were strictly sober. One of these was the big Swede, Swensen. Ordinarily, this man had stuck to Captain Titcomb's schooner every voyage since one trip on which the skipper had knocked the fight out of him. The novelty of a good sound thrashing was, apparently, just what the giant had needed, and for the man who had "tickled" him he entertained tremendous respect and almost love.

"Cap'n Ez, he knock the tar out of me," said Swensen. "He stand no foolin'. He's a man. Hey?"

"He liked Bradley, too, and had presented the latter with a miniature model of a three masted schooner in a bottle, beautifully done and such "put-terin'" work that it was a wonder how his big, clumsy fingers could have made it.

But though Swensen and the Portuguese cook and one or two more were sober, the rest of the crew were not. Mr. Burke confessed as much to Bradley.

"They've got rum with 'em, all right," he whispered. "But we'll be to Boston tomorrow, and there ain't no use startin' a row all daylight. Then some of these shore Ales'll find out who's who in a hurry or my fist don't weigh what it used to. Better not say nothin' to the skipper," he added. "No use to worry him."

It was odd advice from a mate, but as Bradley could see, to his astonishment, there was no need of telling Captain Titcomb. It was plain enough that the latter knew his crew's condition and deliberately ignored it. Men stumbled past him, and he looked the other way. Simple orders were bungled, and he did not reprove. Only once that evening did his wrath blaze out in the old manner. A sailor was ordered by him to do something and instead of the dutiful "Aye, aye, sir," he replied with a muttered curse.

The next instant Captain Ez's fist was between his eyes, and he fell, to

be jerked to his feet again and back to the rail with the skipper's hand twisted in his shirt collar.

"Hang you," said the captain between his teeth. "I'll—I swear I'll—"

Mr. Burke came running and whispered eagerly in his commander's ear. Captain Titcomb's arm straightened, and the sailor was thrown across the deck.

"Go for'ard," roared the skipper, "and if you want to live you keep out of my sight! I can't help it, Burke. I've got some self respect left yet."

That was all, and Bradley waddled. Under such circumstances accidents were bound to occur. But the one that did occur was serious. Bradley was below when it happened. He usually took the first watch, but tonight Captain Titcomb said he would take it, and Mr. Burke would stay up with him for awhile. So the second mate turned in. He was awakened by a racket on deck and the sound of voices and footsteps on the companion ladder. Opening his stateroom door, he saw four men descending the ladder, carrying a fifth in their arms.

"What's the matter?" asked Bradley. "Who's hurt?"

"It's the skipper," replied one of the men in a frightened voice. "He fell and hurt his head. He—"

Bradley sprang into the cabin and saw Captain Titcomb unconscious and with the blood running from an ugly cut on his forehead.

"For God's sake!" he began, but was interrupted by Burke, who, with a very white face, was descending the ladder.

"Hush up!" commanded the first mate. "Don't make a row. Tain't nothin' serious, I guess. Jest cussed fool'shead. Put him on the locker there you."

This is what had happened. The schooner was passing out of the sound, and as the night was black and hazy, they were using the lead frequently. The Thomas Doane had a high after deck, and to reach the waist one must descend a five foot ladder. A sailor, not too sober, had thrown the lead and in passing aft with the line had fouled it at the ladder. Captain Titcomb, losing his temper at the man's clumsiness, had run toward him, tripped in the line and pitched head first over the fellow's shoulder to the main deck. The sailor's body had broken the fall some what, but the skull was not fractured, but it was bad enough.

The cook, who had helped bring the captain into the cabin, lingered after the first mate had gone. Bradley questioned him about the accident.

"Thoma, he done it," said the cook. "The line, she git mess up by the—"

"He was drunk," broke in Bradley. "He's been drunk all the afternoon. Isn't that so?"

The cook looked hastily at the ladder, then at the captain. Then, nodding emphatically, he whispered: "Ya-as, sir. They most all drunk. I never seen so much drink on schooner—not on Cap'n Titcomb's schooner, anyway, and I sail with him for five year."

But Bradley would not go to bed. He was worried about the captain and even more worried about the schooner. He did not like Mr. Burke, and he was by no means sure—judging by what he had seen—that the mate knew how to handle a crew. About 2 o'clock he decided to go on deck.

Bradley leaned on the rail and looked over the water toward where the shore should be. As he stood there he saw not more than two miles away and ahead of the schooner the twinkling of a light. Then it disappeared again. He walked aft. One of the new hands was at the wheel, and there was a distinct smell of rum in the vicinity.

"Who gave you that course?"

"Mr. Burke, sir."

Mr. Burke was standing by the fore-alcove, looking over the side. He started when Bradley touched his arm.

"Excuse me, Mr. Burke," said the second mate. "Where are we?"

"Turned the Rip an hour or so ago," Burke's tone was distinctly unpleasant. "I couldn't sleep, so I came on deck a minute. Isn't she pretty close in? I thought I saw the Skakit light just now."

"Saw nothin'! Skakit light's away off yonder. Water enough here to float a Cunarder. What's the matter with you? 'Fraid I ain't on to my job? When I want your help I'll ask for it. I've sailed these waters when you was a kid."

"Well, I didn't mean to—"

"Then shut up! You go below and tend to the skipper."

Bradley bit his lip and turned away. If Burke was right, he had no business to interfere. If he wasn't right, the Thomas Doane was shaving the shoal together too close. He went below, found Captain Titcomb sleeping quietly and a little later came on deck again to lean on the rail amidst a big, sure leomed close beside him. It was Swensen, and he obviously wanted to speak.

"Well, Swensen," said Bradley, "what is it?"

The Swede leaned forward and shaded his mouth with his hand, whispering hoarsely: "Mr. Nickerson, you know 'bout the first mate? He all right? What?"

Bradley had been brought up to discourage familiarity with men before the mast.

"What are you talking about?" he asked sharply.

"Newthin'! Only he know this course? Ah, see Skakit light twice just now, and only a mile 'n' half off. That not nough—not here."

"Are you sure you saw it?"

"Yas, sir."

Bradley turned away. He hated to risk another snub from the mate, and

he fully realized the danger of interfering with a superior officer, but Captain Titcomb was not in command, and here was Swensen's testimony to back his own that the schooner was running too close to the dangerous Cape Cod beaches. The course she was on was taking her still closer in, and the fog was growing thicker.

This time Burke was standing by the man at the wheel. He swore when the second mate approached and snarled. "Well, what's the matter now?"

"Mr. Burke, are you sure that wasn't the Skakit light I saw? Swensen says he's seen it twice and not more than a mile and a half away. If that's so, we are running into shoal water. Hadn't I better try soundings?"

In a blast of profanity Burke assigned both Bradley and Swensen to the lowest level in the brimstone furnace.

"Go below!" he yelled. "Go below and stay below, or I'll find out why!"

Then, as if he realized that he was showing too much temper, he added in a milder tone: "It's all right, Nickerson. We're three mile offshore, and Skakit's astern of us. Go below. Ain't the skipper enough to make me nervous without you shovin' your ear in?"

And then from somewhere forward came a frightened yell and the sound of some one running. Swensen came bounding up the ladder from the main deck.

"Breakers ahead!" he shouted. "Breakers ahead! Put her over! Keep her off, quick!"

Burke's face went white and then crimson.

"Breakers be hanged!" he cried. "Keep her as she is!"

But the Swede was darning up and down. There were confused cries forward and other men came running.

"Starboard your helm!" bellowed Swensen. "Put her over! You can hear 'em! Listen!"

He held up both hands to enforce silence, and for a moment every soul on deck stood listening. The waves clicked along the schooner's side, the wind sang in the rigging, and the masts creaked. And then another sound grew, as it were, into Bradley's ears—a low, steady murmur, now rising, now sinking. He sprang toward the wheel.

"Put her over!" he shouted. "There are breakers! Starboard your helm! Starboard!"

"Keep her as she is!" bellowed Burke, bending forward with his fists clinched. "Don't turn a spoke!"

"But for heaven's sake, Mr. Burke, are you crazy? We'll be ashore in ten minutes!"

The first mate's eyes shone in the dim light. His teeth showed white between his opened lips.

"By glory," he gasped chokingly, "I'll show you who's running this craft! Keep her as she is!"

Bradley forgot his duty as second officer, forgot that half the crew were watching him, forgot everything except that his best friend lay helpless at a berth below, while his schooner was being run into certain destruction. He leaped to the wheel, and the mate leaped to meet him.

Bradley stooped as he sprang forward, and it was lucky for him that he did so. Burke's fist whizzed past his ear, and the next moment the two mates were clinched and struggling in the little space between the deck house and the after rail. Bradley did not attempt to strike; his sole idea was to get to the wheel. Therefore he merely warded off the furious blows aimed at his head and struggled silently, but the one sided fight could not last long. Burke gradually backed his opponent to the rail, and then without turning his head he shouted:

"Thoma, pass me a handspike. Live with you!"

The man Thoma—he was half drunk and naturally stupid—obediently placed the handspike in the first mate's hand.

"Now then!" panted Burke. "By—"

And then Bradley struck—a half arm uppercut—right under the ugly, protruding chin. Burke's teeth clicked together; he seemed to rise from the deck and fall backward at full length almost under the feet of Swensen. Bradley shoved the sailor from the wheel, and gave the latter a shove. The schooner shivered, turned slowly the boom swept across her deck, and she heeled over on the other tack, with her nose pointing well away from the beach and toward the open sea.

Burke lay still for an instant, spread-eagled on the deck; then he rose to his feet. Bradley stooped and picked up the handspike. The first mate glared at the man who had knocked him down. Also he looked respectfully at the handspike. But if he had been angry before he was crazy now.

"You mutineer!" he shouted, with an oath between every word. "Just wait a minute! I'll show you how I treat mutineers!"

He ran to the cabin companion and jumped down. Bradley, trying to appear calm before the crew, glanced at the sails and then out over the side. Suddenly, so close that their ear drums throbbed with it, there boomed out of the dark a thundering, shaking roar, that swelled to a shriek and died away—the voice of the great steam foghorn of the Skakit light.

"Ugh!" muttered Swensen. "We yos that near!"

Burke came bounding up the companion ladder. Something bright and shiny gleamed in his hand.

"Now, then," he cried, "we'll see what!"

But two mammoth paws clasped his wrists, the hand with the revolver was snatched backward till the barrel pointed at the end of the gar and big Swensen's voice said calmly:

"Mind! I guess not. Yast wait a minute, Mr. Burke. Mr. Nickerson, vat I see?"



"Brad, we're goin' to have a new mate," he said. "You be thankful you ain't got any. And here!" the tone was almost savage. "You take my advice and obey orders, and don't ask questions." He went on deck immediately and after a moment, Bradley followed him. The rebuff was so unexpected and so undeserved, the circumstances considered, that it hurt the young man keenly. His pride was touched, and he made up his mind that Captain Titcomb should have no further cause for complaint so far as interference by his second officer was concerned. As for the captain, he kept to himself and said little to any one during the afternoon. The new first mate came on board that evening. He was a thick set, heavy man, who talked a great deal,

Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Cows

(To be continued)

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

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To all parts of Canada, per annum \$1.50  
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If payment is made strictly in advance a  
discount of 50 cents will be allowed in  
the rate of annual subscription.

The best advertising medium in Charlotte  
County. Rates furnished on applica-  
tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.  
Saturday, 30th November, 1918.

**THE PROGRESS OF PEACE**

THE evacuation of the territory in-  
vaded by the Germans is nearly  
completed, and they have withdrawn al-  
most entirely from Alsace and Lorraine.  
The whole of Luxembourg is now oc-  
cupied by the Allies, some of whose ad-  
vanced sections have reached points on  
the Rhine in German territory. While  
the terms of the armistice are being car-  
ried out by the German army, the con-  
ditions affecting the German navy were  
in process of fulfillment during the past  
week. Submarines to the number of 114  
have been surrendered and interned in  
Suffolk ports, and one was sunk on its  
voyage thither. The surrender of the  
surface vessels is referred to in a most  
graphic description supplied by the As-  
sociated Press correspondent, and we  
print it in full in another place, as we  
are confident a number of our readers  
will like to preserve this account of the  
most remarkable event in the history of  
the world's navies. The Allied fleets,  
have completely cleared the Bosphorus  
of mines and called at a number of ports  
on the south and east coasts of the Black  
Sea. Arrangements were completed for  
the dismantling of the German warships  
in home ports. Thus the German navy  
has practically ceased to exist as a fight-  
ing force, and the fleets of Great Britain  
and her Allies control the seas.

Allied troops have arrived at Constanti-  
nople. In a short time the Allies will  
have established military posts in all the  
enemy countries; and when the Peace  
Conference assembles next month first in  
Paris and subsequently in Versailles, the  
Allies will have it in their power to en-  
force such peace terms as the Conference  
may decide to impose. The revelations  
of the past three weeks concerning the  
treatment of Allied prisoners by the  
brutal Huns will not tend to lessen the  
severity of the terms of peace to be exacted.

The question of the future disposal of  
the Kaiser is receiving the careful con-  
sideration of the Allies, and it is unthink-  
able that he shall be allowed to escape  
personal punishment for his violation of  
international law and the crimes he has  
committed against humanity.

The situation in Russia is still obscure,  
but the doom of Bolshevism has been  
sounded. Winter, which now holds all  
northern Russia in its icy grip, is not a  
good season wherein to engage in hostilities;  
but steadily from the south, and  
more slowly from the east and north, the  
All Russian forces, with Czech-Slovaks,  
aided by the Entente Allies, will get con-  
trol of the country, and by next summer  
it may be confidently expected that  
Russia will emerge from the horrid night-  
mare of Bolshevism, anarchy, and in-  
testine chaos that has tormented it and  
held it in horrid clutches for more than a  
year.

Yes, Peace is making progress. It  
must finally be the PAX BRITANNICA  
which the world knows and admires, and  
for which the armies of Great Britain and  
her Allies have fought for over four  
years. Pax Britannica, certainly, but also  
Pax Americana; for the President of the  
great Western Republic is sailing for  
Great Britain and France on Tuesday  
next, and his personal views and those of  
the people of whom he is the distinguished  
and enlightened head and leader, will  
pervade the discussions of the Peace Con-  
ference. President Wilson is breaking all  
precedents by leaving the American Con-  
tinent during his term of office, but it is  
likely that on Monday the Houses of Con-  
gress will give unanimous consent to the  
precedent by legislative enactment, if  
necessary.

And "Johnny comes marching home."  
Canadian troops, as well as American, are  
beginning to return home, those in train-  
ing and in reserve in Great Britain being  
the first to embark. They will be  
welcomed back, and it is the ardent  
desire of all that the time may soon come  
when the last crusader, who has gone  
overseas to fight for justice, for freedom,  
and for humanity, will return to his home  
and doff his armor, breastplate, sword,  
and spear, and enter again the pursuits of  
peace.

**PERSONAL REMINISCENCES**

IN 1902 I was appointed Mining Adviser  
to the Imperial Chinese Government,  
the appointment being made by the  
Chinese Minister in London, H. E. Chang  
Teh-yi, through Sir Halliday Macartney,  
Counsellor of the Chinese Legation. I sail-  
ed for China on August 12, from South-  
ampton, in the North German Lloyd  
steamer *Preussen*. One of the Secretaries  
of the Legation booked my passage, and  
secured for me the largest and best cabin  
on the ship, one of the two opening into  
the dining saloon. At Singapore Dr. W.  
S. Solf, then Governor of Samoa, came on  
board on his way to Shanghai, and was  
given the other saloon cabin just opposite  
mine.

During the voyage from Singapore to  
Shanghai, lasting about ten days, I was  
constantly in company with Dr. Solf, who  
seemed to single me out among the pas-  
sengers for conversation and compani-  
onship. We spent the day together at Hong-  
Kong, visiting the Peak, and having lunch  
at the hotel. On our arrival at Shanghai,  
on September 21, we went to the same  
hotel, the Astor House, as my quarters  
provided by the Chinese were not ready  
for occupation. I remained two weeks at  
the hotel before starting on my first ex-  
pedition up the Yangtze River, and dur-  
ing that time Dr. Solf remained at the  
hotel, and we were in daily communication.  
Thus for nearly one month I was on in-  
timate terms with Dr. Solf, and got to  
know him very well indeed.

He is a tall, stout built, handsome man  
of most pleasing address, and remarkably  
well-informed. He speaks English per-  
fectly and fluently, without any trace of  
foreign accent.

The name of Dr. W. S. Solf is known to  
the whole world. He was German  
Secretary for the Colonies at the time the  
war began, and a few weeks ago was  
made Secretary for Foreign Affairs. His  
name appears almost daily in telegrams,  
and his letters to President Wilson, his  
description of the terrible conditions pre-  
vailing in Germany, and his appeals for a  
modification of the severity of the terms  
of the armistice are familiar to all read-  
ers of newspapers.

**MEMORIAL BUILDING AT THE  
U. N. B.**

At a meeting of the Senate of the  
University of New Brunswick held  
in Fredericton on Tuesday it was decided  
to take steps to erect a Memorial Build-  
ing in honor of the U. N. B.

graduates and undergraduates who  
have made the supreme sacrifice in  
the present war. It has not been stated  
for what particular use the building is to  
be put, but there is no doubt as to what  
is the most suitable building and the one  
in which the University stands in greatest  
need. We have heard the suggestion that  
a library building is needed, but we  
are sure that need is not pressing. The  
University already has a fair library,  
and it is as well-housed as the present  
requirements call for. But the Univer-  
sity now has no accommodation for resi-  
dent students, the young men and young  
women from places outside of Frederic-  
ton finding lodgings as well as they can  
in private houses or boarding houses in  
the City. This militates most seriously  
against the success of the venerable in-  
stitution of learning, and has done so  
ever since residency was abolished. We  
know positively that young men intend-  
ing to take a University course have  
been diverted from the U. N. B. because  
there was no residency; and though stud-  
ents continue to enter the University  
from year to year, in spite of the serious  
handicap, there is no doubt that a much  
larger number would be attracted there  
if they could enjoy all the advantages of  
a college life. One of the chief advan-  
tages of such life is for students to live  
within the College precincts, to attend  
prayers night and morning, to dine in  
common, and to enjoy compani-  
onship during hours of  
leisure and relaxation. Resident  
students keep alive the best traditions of  
an educational institution, the esprit de  
corps that counts for so much in mould-  
ing the character of youth. Parents, in  
selecting an institution for the higher edu-  
cation of their sons and daughters give  
a natural preference for one which has  
residential quarters under the constant  
control and supervision of the collegiate  
authorities. This fact is firmly establish-  
ed and is well-known, and needs no elab-  
oration.

An opportunity now presents itself for  
obtaining the much needed dormitory for  
the U. N. B., and the Committee having  
the matter in hand will be well-advised  
if they decide that the Memorial Building  
shall take the form of that which is most  
needed and will receive the heartiest sup-  
port of the graduates and friends of the  
University of New Brunswick—the old  
College which has been the Alma Mater  
of many New Brunswickers who have  
distinguished themselves in various pro-  
fessions and in many parts of the world!

*Sapere aude*—dare to be wise—we say to  
the Committee selected to make pro-  
vision of the Memorial Building.

The Committee chosen consists of the  
Chancellor of the University, Dr. C. C.  
Jones, Dr. W. W. White, Dr. Thomas  
Walker, and Sir Douglas Hasen. This is  
a strong Committee, and, unless we are  
greatly mistaken, a majority of them  
will be in favor of a residential building  
within the beautiful and sightly College  
grounds.

December 1.—King Henry I of England  
died, 1135; Sir James Ware, English anti-  
quarian, died, 1666; First ascent made in  
a hydrogen gas balloon made by MM.  
Charles and Robert in Paris, 1783; Seth  
Thomas, American clock manufacturer,  
died, 1810; Tsar Alexander I of Russia  
died, 1825; Queen Alexandra of England  
born, 1844; Ebenezer Elliott, the York-  
shire "Corn-law Rhyme," died, 1849.

December 2.—Austerlitz, 1804. Hernando  
Cortez, Spanish conqueror of Mexico, died,  
1547; Margaret of Valois, learned and  
philanthropic French princess, died, 1549;  
St. Francis Xavier, French missionary,  
died in China, 1552; Gerard Mercator  
(Kaufman), Flemish geographer, died,  
1504; St. Paul's Cathedral, London, open-  
ed, 1697; Napoleon Bonaparte inaugurat-  
ed Emperor of France, 1804; U. S. Pres-  
ident James Monroe delivered to Congress  
the Address in which is enunciated the  
"Monroe Doctrine," 1823; Ferdinand of  
Austria abdicated in favor of his nephew,  
Emperor Francis Joseph, 1848; Queen  
Adelaide, widow of William IV of England,  
died, 1849; John Brown, American anti-  
slavery advocate, hanged, 1852; Irene  
Vanbrugh, English actress, born, 1872;  
Jay Gould, American financier, died, 1892.

December 3.—Hohenlinden, 1800. Mauri-  
tius capitulated, 1810. Luigi Pulci,  
Italian poet, born, 1431; George Cabot,  
first U. S. Secretary of the Navy, born,  
1751; Samuel Crompton, English mech-  
anic, inventor of mule for spinning cot-  
ton, born, 1753; Gilbert Stuart, American  
portrait painter, born, 1755; Robert  
Bloomfield, English poet, born, 1766; John  
Flaxman, English sculptor, died, 1820;  
Lord Leighton, English painter, President  
of the Royal Academy, born, 1840; Hon.  
W. J. Bowser, former Premier of British  
Columbia, born, 1867; Newton D. Baker,  
U. S. Secretary of the Navy, born, 1871;  
Robert Louis Stevenson, Scottish author  
and poet, died, 1904.

December 4.—Cardinal Richelieu, French  
prelate and statesman, died, 1642; William  
Drummond of Hawthornden, Scottish  
poet, died, 1649; Thomas Hobbes, English  
philosopher, died, 1679; John Gay, Eng-  
lish poet and dramatist, died, 1732; Thom-  
as Carlyle, Scottish historian and philoso-  
pher, born, 1795; American Anti-Slavery  
Society organized in Philadelphia, 1835;  
Samuel Butler, Bishop of Lichfield, Eng-  
land, died, 1839; Lillian Russell, Ameri-  
can actress, born, 1861; Grand Duke  
Michael, brother of the late Tsar of Russia,  
born, 1878; Crown Prince Alexander of  
Serbia born, 1887; Prof. John Tyndall,  
English physicist, died, 1893.

December 5.—Macbeth slain by Macduff,

**THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES**

1069; Columbus discovered Hayti, 1492;  
Sir Henry Wotton, English poet and  
author, died, 1639; Martin Van Buren,  
eighth President of the United States,  
born, 1782; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart,  
Austrian musical composer, died, 1791;  
John Bewick, English artist and wood-  
engraver, died, 1795; George A. Custer,  
American cavalry officer and Indian  
fighter, born, 1830; Sir Henry Lucy  
("Toby, M. P.") English writer and con-  
tributor to *Punch*, born, 1845; Admiral  
Sir John A. Jellicoe, former First Sea  
Lord of the British Admiralty, born, 1859;  
Prof. Paul Painlevé, former Premier of  
the French Republic, born 1863; Alexan-  
der, Dumas, père, French novelist, died,  
1870.

December 6.—St. Nicholas. Rev. Richard  
H. Barham, English divine and humorous  
poet, author of *Ingoldsby Legends*, born,  
1788; Dr. Joseph Black, Scottish chemist,  
died, 1799; Max Müller, German profes-  
sor of modern languages at Oxford  
University, born, 1823; Lancing College,  
English public school, founded, 1848;  
Joseph Conrad, English novelist, born in  
Poland, 1857; E. H. Sothern American  
actor, born, 1859; Anthony Trollope, Eng-  
lish, novelist, died, 1882; Jefferson Davis,  
President of the Confederate States of  
America, died, 1889.

December 7.—Cicero, Roman orator and  
author, assassinated, 43 B. C.; Mary  
Stuart, Queen of Scotland, born, 1542;  
Washington met both House of Congress  
for the last time as President, 1796; U. S.  
Congress met for the last time in Wash-  
ington, D. C., 1801; Marshal Ney, Napo-  
leon Bonaparte's lieutenant, shot as a  
traitor, 1815; Rebels defeated at Toronto,  
1837; Count Ferdinand de Lesseps,  
engineer of the Suez Canal, died, 1894.

December 8.—Cicero, Roman orator and  
author, assassinated, 43 B. C.; Mary  
Stuart, Queen of Scotland, born, 1542;  
Washington met both House of Congress  
for the last time as President, 1796; U. S.  
Congress met for the last time in Wash-  
ington, D. C., 1801; Marshal Ney, Napo-  
leon Bonaparte's lieutenant, shot as a  
traitor, 1815; Rebels defeated at Toronto,  
1837; Count Ferdinand de Lesseps,  
engineer of the Suez Canal, died, 1894.

**Time Now to Make Your  
Christmas  
Purchases**

Everything now on dis-  
play.  
It will pay you to buy  
from US. We can supply  
you with everything in  
**DRY GOODS**

We are loaded with Blankets,  
Comfortables, Women's and Chil-  
dren's Underwear, Shaker Flannels,  
Sweaters in all makes, Knitted  
Sleeveless Jackets, Silk Skirts, Fur  
Sets. In Coats we have lately  
added fifty to our stock and it  
will be kept to the full until Xmas.  
The tremendous trade we have en-  
ables us to sell about at wholesale  
prices all the time. No cheap  
sales advertised are as low as our  
regular prices.

WATCH FOR THE BIG XMAS  
AD.  
**C. C. GRANT**  
St. Stephen, N. B.



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TO SUIT YOU**

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DANCE PROGRAMMES  
VISITING CARDS AND ALL  
KINDS OF SOCIETY, COM-  
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LEGAL PRINTING Done  
by OUR JOB PRINTING  
DEPARTMENT. :: :: ::

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OF GOODS OF ALL KINDS**

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ful or ornamental. We have just received some  
Doulton Salad Sets which are suitable for Wed-  
ding Presents, also a large stock of Jardinieres, all  
sizes and prices.  
We have some splendid values in Dinner Sets  
bought before the last advance, and we are selling  
them at the old price. Prices are not likely to  
drop, so now is the time to secure a bargain.

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beautifies and preserves the home, enhances the beauty  
of the town we dwell in. We have a good stock of  
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Ask for Color Cards.

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goods in this line; prices are reasonable too. New stock  
13c. per roll, up. We also have an assortment of other  
wall Papers which we are selling at 8c. up. Call early  
before the best is sold out.

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increase the Food Production. Better get your Rakes,  
Hoes, Spading Forks and other utensils now. We sell  
Steele Briggs' **GARDEN SEEDS**.

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many a step and a lot of time. Call and see the  
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on Accessories or any repair work you may contemplate.

Columbia Batteries, Rope, Spikes, Nails, etc. for Weir build-  
ing, and a full line of general household Hardware.

**J. A. SHIRLEY**

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Getting Your**

**SCREENS**

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and Screen Doors in several sizes.

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28 in. Wide  
30 " "  
32 " "  
36 " "

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on the market, Auto owners claim. It is  
cleaner and lasts longer.

We carry Motor Oil, Machine Oil, and  
Separator Oil.

**G. K. GREENLAW**  
SAINT ANDREWS  
(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

**Social**

Mrs. John S. M.  
Miss Maloney en-  
the tea hour on  
Tuesday.  
Mrs. W. V. La  
in St. Stephen.  
Mr. Albert Th  
evening last we  
Mr. W. Craig  
J. Burton & Co.  
Mrs. G. H. Ell  
bers of the "B"  
and the orchest  
Monday evening  
The Evening  
Miss Bessie Grim  
ing. Mrs. A. W.  
of the highest sc  
Mr. G. Newton  
Miss Nellie Mc  
Chipman Hospita  
Mr. W. F. Ken  
on Friday of last  
The Misses R  
were in St. Steph  
Mrs. Margaret  
a time, after hav  
mer in the count  
Mrs. Orville E.  
the guest of Mr. a  
Quoid.  
Mr. and Mrs. M  
son, Raymond, ha  
ant visit with rel  
Mrs. Wm. Ha  
mother, Mrs. Joh  
Dam.  
Mary and Will  
ing a few days i  
bury.  
Mr. Vincent M  
his studies in Fre  
Miss Annie Do  
ing her grandpar  
McFarlane.  
Mr. Joe Gibson  
having spent a fe  
Mr. and Mrs. S  
Centerville to spe  
The many frie  
are sorry to hea  
pneumonia.  
Mrs. G. S. Grim  
of Mrs. G. D. Gri  
Miss Mary V.  
from a visit to M  
Miss Kathleen  
Stephen.  
Mrs. Arthur G  
ing parties on M  
evenings.  
Mrs. Edwin Th  
a few days in St.  
Mr. Frank K  
Thursday evening  
Sgt. Summer  
department, Fred  
ing his family he

**NEWS**

—Halifax, N  
ernment steamer  
way to this port  
the disabled Car  
Pinto in tow. T  
to Cape Race on  
the signing of th  
cent gale on the  
her sails were bl  
more, which was  
on lighthouse se  
take her in tow o  
—London,  
members of the  
gers of the ste  
founded off Ne  
ber 17, have land  
A St. John's dis  
stated that a rad  
ceived there from  
that she was in  
Cape Race. No  
given, but it was  
been damaged in  
swept the Nova S  
coasts on Novem

**TO WE**  
If you need an  
season I will be  
at reasonable p  
orders before the  
AN  
21-5w.

**Adv. in**  
**For**

**Social and Personal**

Mrs. John S. Maloney, Mrs. Parker, and Miss Maloney entertained their friends at the tea hour on Sunday, and again on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. V. Lamb spent the week-end in St. Stephen.

Mr. Albert Thompson entertained one evening last week.

Mr. W. Craig is the new manager of H. J. Burton & Co.

Mrs. G. H. Elliot entertained the members of the "Brass Buttons" Company, and the orchestra at Cosy Cottage on Monday evening.

The Evening Bridge Club met with Miss Bessie Grimmer on Tuesday evening. Mrs. A. W. Mason was the holder of the highest score.

Mr. G. Newton is on a hunting trip.

Miss Nellie Mowat returned from the Chipman Hospital on Sunday.

Mr. W. F. Kennedy was in St. Stephen on Friday of last week.

The Misses Ray and Jennie Howe were in St. Stephen on Monday.

Mrs. Margaret McCullough is home for a time, after having spent most of the summer in the country.

Mrs. Orville E. MacQuoid, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William J. MacQuoid.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett and little son, Raymond, have returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Bayside.

Mrs. Wm. Hannigan is visiting her mother, Mrs. John McGowan, at Rolling Dam.

Mary and Willie Hannigan are spending a few days with friends at Canterbury.

Mr. Vincent McQuoid has returned to his studies in Fredericton.

Miss Annie Donovan, of Calais, is visiting her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFarlane.

Mr. Joe Gibson has returned to Halifax, having spent a few days at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rigby have gone to Centreville to spend the winter.

The many friends of Mr. E. R. Davis are sorry to hear that he is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. G. S. Grimmer has been the guest of Mrs. G. D. Grimmer.

Miss Mary V. Sheehan has returned from a visit to Montreal.

Miss Kathleen O'Neill has gone to St. Stephen.

Mrs. Arthur Gove entertained at sewing parties on Monday and Wednesday evenings.

Mrs. Edwin Thurber and children, spent a few days in St. Stephen this week.

Mr. Frank Kennedy entertained on Thursday evening.

Sgt. Summer Malloch, of the Absentee department, Fredericton, has been visiting his family here.

**NEWS OF THE SEA**

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 26.—The Government steamer *Arnamore* is now on her way to this port from Newfoundland with the disabled Canadian naval schooner *Pinta* in tow. The *Pinta* was dispatched to Cape Race on a naval mission before the signing of the armistice. In the recent gale on the Newfoundland coast her sails were blown away, and the *Arnamore*, which was then at Trepassay Bay on lighthouse service, was ordered to take her in tow on her return to Halifax.

London, Nov. 26.—Thirty-five members of the crew and three passengers of the steamer *Cascapedia*, which foundered off Newfoundland on November 17, have landed at Falmouth.

A St. John's dispatch on November 17 stated that a radio message had been received there from the *Cascapedia*, stating that she was in a sinking condition off Cape Race. No further particulars were given, but it was thought that the ship had been damaged in a terrific storm which swept the Nova Scotia and Newfoundland coasts on November 16 and 17.

**TO WEIR OWNERS**

If you need any WEIR STOCK for next season I will be able to fill a few orders, at reasonable prices, if I can get the orders before the snow gets deep.

Address,  
ANDREW DEPOW,  
Canterbury, N. B.  
21-6w.

**Local and General**

H. J. Burton & Co. will open on Monday, Dec. 1st, under the management of Mr. W. F. Craig, assisted by Mr. H. H. McNichol.

Dustin Farnum will be at King Street Theatre this Friday and Saturday in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." A picture that will please the most fastidious. Peggy Hyland next week.

A number of the young people of the Town enjoyed themselves at a dance in Paul's Hall on Monday evening. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Greenock Presbyterian Church, December 1st. Services at 11 and 7; Thanksgiving Service in the Evening; Sunday School at 2.30.

The Womens' Missionary Society of Greenock Church held their annual Thanks offering service at Elm Corner last Tuesday evening. The amount of the offering was sixty Dollars.

The Pythian Sisters are to hold a meeting on Tuesday, Dec. 3. All members are requested to attend.

Those who have collected waste paper for the Womens' Canadian Club will kindly tie it up in bundles, and it will be called for the latter part of next week.

The Chamcook W. A. will hold a sale of Fancy Work and Home Cooking, at Stinson's Cafe on Dec. 7.

Mrs. W. V. Lamb received word on Tuesday that her husband had received his majority. Major Lamb is another St. Andrews boy who has done well. In his four years of service he has served on both the eastern and western fronts. His St. Andrews friends congratulate him on his promotion.

**WAR CLAIMS**

The Government has directed the preparation of a list of claims by Canadians arising out of the illegal methods of warfare by the enemies during the war. These claims arise through the torpedoing of ships without warning, the aerial bombing of undefended places, and commandeering or requisitioning without compensation, destruction, and similar illegal acts on land. The Canadian claims are largely limited to the first class mentioned. The claims relate to loss of life as well as of property. A further list is also to be made covering claims for damage arising out of breaches of contracts with neutrals which were declared illegal because of the neutrals making the claims being on the Statutory List of persons in neutral countries, commonly called the Black List. All persons having claims indicated should file them without delay. The making of this list does not imply an undertaking on the part of the Government to put forward the claims at the Peace Conference, or any assurance that if put forward they will be paid. But the list should be completed without delay so as to enable the Government to make a demand if an occasion therefor should arise. Instructions, showing the method of filing claims and the proof to be forwarded, may be obtained from Thomas Mulvey, Under Secretary of State, the officer, appointed by Order in Council to prepare, examine and report upon the claims.

**Newspaper Waits**

Barber (about through with hair cut)—"Does that suit you, sir?" Absent-minded Professor—"You've cut it altogether too short—a little longer, please."—*Boston Transcript*

Biz—"You lost your head completely at the banquet last night." Dix—"That accounts for it. This head I've got on me this morning doesn't seem to be mine, certainly."—*Boston Transcript*

Patience—"Is that young man I saw Peggy with to-day the one she's engaged to?" Patrice—"I guess so." Patience—"But, why isn't he fighting?" Patrice—"Oh, dear, they're not married yet."—*Yonkers Statesman*

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he please?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife, "wha's you will-power?" "My will-power's all right," he answered. "You jes want ter come out hyar an' measure dis mewel's wont power."—*Nebraska Farmer*

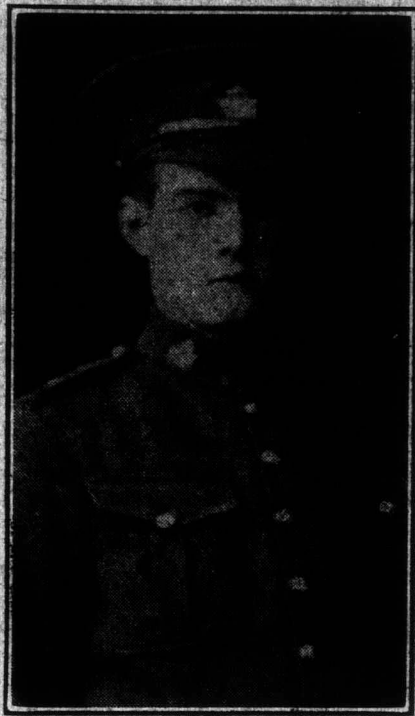
Burroughs—"I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart." Lenders (anxiously)—"You haven't paid him that five I lent you three months ago, have you?"—*Boston Transcript*

**MORE U-BOATS HAVE SURRENDERED**

Harwich, England, Nov. 27.—Twenty-seven German submarines were surrendered to-day to the Allies.

This brings the total of German U-boats turned over to 114.

**KILLED IN ACTION**



PTE. CLARENCE M. CRICHTON  
Mrs. J. D. Crichton, Boacbec Cove, has received from the British Military Authorities the following particulars of the death of her son, previously announced in the BEACON:  
"Reg. No. 742747.  
Rank, Private.  
Name, Crichton, C. M.  
Unit, 26th. Can. Batt.  
Casualty, Killed in action, 16-8-18.  
Circumstances.—Private Clarence M. Crichton was one of a party sent out to establish an advance post in front of Chilly, on August 16, 1918, when he was hit by an enemy rifle bullet and instantly killed."

We reproduce the portrait of Private Crichton by courtesy of the *Courier*, in whose columns it previously appeared.

**MARRIED**

MACFARLANE-CARSON  
A very nice wedding party met at the home of Mrs. W. J. McFarlane on Nov. 20th, to witness the marriage ceremony of her second son, Arthur H., to Mary Agnes Carson, of Montreal. The marriage was celebrated by the Rev. William Amos, of the Baptist Church, in the presence of a large party of friends and relatives, whose congratulations and best wishes for long life and happiness are with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. McFarlane.

**STANLEY-LUCAS**

The marriage of Frank W. Stanley, of North Head, Grand Manan, who returned from the front, wounded, last autumn, and Eliza Lucas, of the city of Manchester, England, was solemnized in St. Andrews, on Nov. 22nd, by the Rev. Wm. Amos.

**OBITUARY**

CHARLES CARMICHAEL  
The body of the late Charles Carmichael, who died in St. John on Thursday, was brought to St. Andrews on Saturday. The funeral was held directly from the train to the Rural Cemetery. In the absence of Rev. G. H. Elliot, the service was conducted by Rev. Thos. Hicks. Two sisters, Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, of St. Andrews, and Mrs. R. M. Jack, of Sydney, N. S., and two brothers, survive.

**THE LATE HAZEN J. BURTON**

A RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE  
At a meeting of All Saints' Church Corporation held in the vestry of the Church on Monday evening, Nov. 18, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—  
RESOLVED: That the Corporation of All Saints' Church desires to put itself on record as expressing its appreciation, and its sorrow at the loss, of Warden Hazen James Burton, lately called from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant.

He was a man of sterling character, of great faithfulness, and of deep spirituality. Had he been spared to us, he would have been a valuable asset to the Church, and also one of the leading men of the community. His going has left a vacant place in our midst that will be extremely difficult to fill.

We extend our sincere condolence to the members of his family who survive him; and look forward in faith and hope to the time when all the faithful shall meet again.

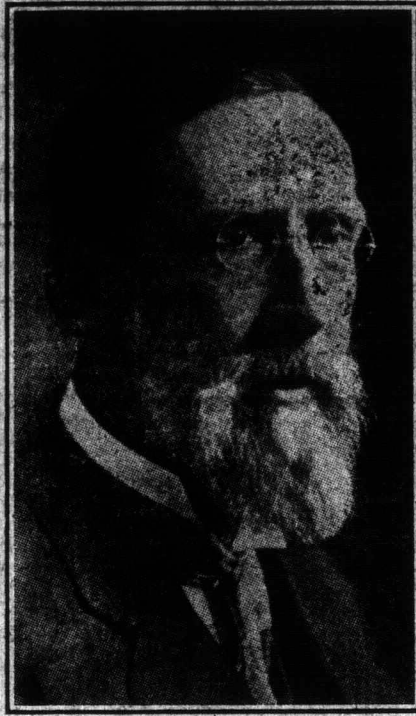
We rejoice in the words of the Master—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
REV. WM. BROWN

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
MRS. S. MASTERS.

**DESERVED HONOR**



RT. HON. SIR GEORGE E. FOSTER, G. C. M. G.  
London, Nov. 27.—At Buckingham Palace, yesterday, Sir George E. Foster was invested with the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

**PREMIER SENDS MESSAGE**

TRIBUTE TO CANADIANS  
London, Nov. 26.—Premier Borden has sent the following message to all ranks of the Canadian forces overseas:  
"Having sailed before the conclusion of the armistice I take the first opportunity after arriving in Britain to send my warmest congratulations to all ranks in the Canadian forces overseas. Your major task is finished completely and triumphantly. Never have men had greater reason for honest pride of achievement than the soldiers of Canada. Never has the country had more just cause for pride in her sons than in our Dominion.  
"Liberty and right are once more vindicated, and in that fulfilment, especially in the last decisive period of the struggle, the Canadians have shared in the foremost posts of honor. This position has not been won without sacrifices, and in this hour of triumph the people of Canada recall with you in solemn reverent memory your fallen comrades, whose dauntless spirit will remain as an inspiration and example to the nation forever."  
"The Canadian army corps has been selected to share with the other armies of the Britannic Commonwealth the further post of honor in the task of securing the fruits of victory. You will account yourselves in this mission as in the past, with honor to yourselves and to your country. The Canadian people await your homecoming with a welcome that they hope will in a measure express to you their unending gratitude and boundless admiration with which they have followed your course through all the weary years of war."

"I see a lot of business places are closing their doors." Bah, business was never better. "True, but the weather is getting a trifle sharp."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**\$5.00 REWARD!**

I will pay the above reward for information that will enable me to prosecute the mechanically inclined thief who entered my garage and stole therefrom a vise. Vise is a Machinist's model, adjustable jaws, and Service base, made by the Prentiss Co. Information, which will be considered confidential, may be sent to the Marshall, W. H. Sinnett, St. Andrews.  
C. S. SMALL.  
21-2w.

**Serve Tapioca**

Whole 20c. per lb.  
Minute and Quick 14c. per package.

H. J. BURTON & CO.  
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

**AFTER THE GRIPPE**

You who have had the grippe know how long it takes to recover. You know that for two or three weeks, perhaps longer, your strength does not return in full. Now is the time for a bracing tonic. We recommend these tonics. They have all been tried and have proved good in many cases.

WAMPOLE'S EMULSION  
NYAL'S COD LIVER COMPOUND  
NYAL'S EMULSION  
SCOTT'S EMULSION  
HYPOPHOSPHITES

Possibly you have a special tonic you have tried before and found good? Come in and tell us about it. We will procure it for you if possible.

**THE WREN DRUG STORE**

**A Timely Word**

Cold weather will soon be here. Better let us look over that FURNACE or HEATER. Perhaps it may need some repairs.

Stove Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Collars, Stove Boards, and Sheet Iron Heaters for wood, always on hand.

Book orders for repair work now and have it done early.

**Roy A. Gillman**

Market Sq. Phone 16-61

**H. O'NEILL**



Dealer in Meats, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Etc.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

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**CALENDARS 1919**

BOOKLETS  
XMAS CARDS  
XMAS TAGS  
XMAS SEALS

**ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE**

COCKBURN BROS., Props.  
Cor. Water and King Streets  
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

**A. E. O'NEILL'S**

FOR  
MILLINERY  
AND  
FANCY GOODS  
Water St. ST. ANDREWS

**Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley**

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE  
ICE CREAM  
A Fresh Supply of Confectionery, Soft Drinks, Oranges, Grapes, Cigars and Tobacco always on hand

IRA STINSON  
ST. ANDREWS  
(Canada Food Board License No. 10-1207)

Try a Beacon Adv For Results

Adv. in the Beacon For Results

**Closed on Saturdays**

Dr. Worrell has opened a BRANCH OFFICE at McADAM, which will necessitate the closing of his St. Andrews office every Saturday.

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS

DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST  
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE  
Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

**A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES**

—AND—  
**PROVISIONS**  
Always on Hand  
**J. D. GRIMMER**  
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.  
(Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

END OF GERMANY AS A NAVAL POWER

EDINBURGH, Thursday, November 21, 8 P.M.—Germany as a naval power ceased to exist today. The heart of her mighty fleet—fourteen ships of the line, seven light cruisers, and fifty destroyers—surrendered to an armada of British, American, and French vessels, the greatest fighting force that ever stood out to sea.

The minutely detailed programme of submission laid down by the commander of the British fleet was carried out strictly according to plan. The German warships, strung out in a single column, almost twenty miles long, appeared at the rendezvous at the appointed time and were led into the Firth of Forth between twin columns of Allied ships, which overlapped the Germans at each end. Tonight the enemy craft are anchored in the Firth, under guard as prisoners.

Admiral Beatty's signal, after the German fleet had been moored at the appointed place, was: "The German flag is to be hauled down at 3.57, and is not to be hoisted again without permission."

A surrender on such a gigantic scale has no precedent in naval history. Although the wonderful naval spectacle was the same as a peace review and evoked little enthusiasm, the haze blotting out the horizon, American and British officers could scarcely credit the evidence of their eyes. It was an event which shattered all naval traditions and ideals.

Men animated by the spirit of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship" and Nelson's "England expects every man to do his duty" could not conceive of such an inglorious fate as that to which the great enemy sea force was submitting. The Associated Press correspondent, standing on the deck of an American Dreadnought, heard an officer exclaim: "Even the poor old Spaniards, knowing they hadn't a chance, came out of Santiago."

But for the most part, both officers and men were silent. They realized they were witnessing the climactic act of Germany's downfall. They knew that the surrender of these vessels automatically raised the United States to second position among the world's naval powers, but they showed no elation and seemed to feel a sort of contemptuous pity for the fallen giant of the sea who had refused to fight. Their imaginations dwelt on the foe's shame.

The German ships were sighted by the Allied columns at 9.20 o'clock, docilely following their British pilot, the light cruiser Cardiff, which, with destroyers and other small craft, had ranged ahead of the Allied fleet. The enemy studiously complied with Admiral Beatty's orders, and it was well for their own sakes that they did. Every vessel steaming out to meet them flew battle ensigns and was ready for instant action with its men at battle stations and guns in position for the prompt annihilation of the enemy's forces if their mission proved to be other than peaceful.

Five American battleships, the New York, Texas, Arkansas, Wyoming, and Florida, were prepared to fire every gun in forty seconds after the signal was given by Rear-Admiral Hugh Rodman, who said to the correspondent before sailing: "There is not the slightest probability of any trouble, but we are overlooking no chances against making the wind-up of this show a big success."

The main Allied fleet extending over a line fourteen miles long in the Firth of Forth began to weigh anchor at one o'clock this morning. The Scotch mist which, for days, had obscured the harbor, was swept away by a stiff breeze, and the moon shone brilliantly out of a clear sky. The ships quickly took their stations in the long double line they held throughout the day. British battle cruisers led the way, followed by Dreadnoughts. Admiral Beatty's flagship, the Queen Elizabeth, led the squadron in the northern column. The American warships fell into line behind Admiral Beatty's craft, balancing a British squadron similar in power to the opposite file.

The rendezvous was approximately fifty miles distant and the ships gauged their speed to arrive at the appointed place at eight o'clock. At five o'clock, a signal summoned the men into battle stations and, except for the officers on the bridges, the ships' companies were hidden behind the bulwarks of steel. When dawn broke, the sea was again covered with mist, which reduced the visibility to less than 8,000 yards.

Eyes straining through the murky haze finally were rewarded. Off the starboard bow, the Cardiff, trailing an observation kite balloon, came straining in. Close behind her came the first of the German ships, the great battle cruiser Scythia, which was flying the flag of Commodore Togo. After her came four others of the same type, the Desflinzer, Von der Tann, Hindenburg, and Moltke. They moved along three cable lengths apart.

the Frankfurt, Emden, Burnberg, Braunschweig, Köln, and Bremen.

Then came another gap of three miles and German destroyers came steaming in five columns abreast, with ten destroyers to a column.

Six miles separated the Allied columns, and squarely between them the Cardiff brought her charges, all steaming at the stipulated speed of ten knots. As ordered, their guns were in regular fore-and-aft positions, and, as far as powerful glasses could determine, there was no sign to provoke suspicion. Until all the major ships had been swallowed up in the enveloping Allied columns the latter never for a moment relaxed their alert watch.

Over the Germans circled a British dirigible, which acted as eyes for the Allied ships, which, although the fog had lifted, were still too distant for accurate observation. When the leading German ship had reached the western end of the flanking columns, the Allied ships put about in squadrons. Quickly reforming their lines, they proceeded to escort the enemy into the Firth of Forth. By noon the last wisp of fog had dispersed and a splendid view of the vast array of war craft could be obtained. Holding steadily to its course, the great fleet reached May Island at two o'clock. The captive Germans were piloted to anchorages assigned to them and British ships from the southern column closed in as guards. The northern column steamed on to the regular anchorages higher up the Firth.

Inspection parties from the Grand Fleet boarded the Germans to make sure that all conditions of the armistice were observed. The enemy vessels will be interned in Scapa Flow. Part of the crews will remain for maintenance work and the remainder will be returned to Germany soon. Whether American ships have a further part to play in connection with the internment and guarding the high seas is a question which is being discussed by officers and men of the United States squadron.

King George's visit to the American flagship New York yesterday was a notable occasion throughout. British destroyers were steaming out of the harbor to take up advanced positions to act as a screen for the grand fleet to-day, and the portentousness of their mission gave a note of solemnity to the gala scene on the New York. As soon as the royal party stepped aboard, the royal ensign was hoisted to the masthead.

This was the first time since the United States entered the war that any ceremonial punctilio has been observed. King George was touched by the sight of his standard snapping in the breeze above the Stars and Stripes, and expressed his appreciation. King George, the Prince of Wales, Admiral Beatty, and other members of the visiting party were received by Admirals Rodman and Sims, and other officers of the fleet. They made a quick tour back between long lines of marines standing stiffly at attention and sailors manning the rails. The party then went below to the Admiral's cabin, where it visited for half an hour. The King appeared to have a fine time. Formalities were abandoned. Admirals Beatty, Sims, and Rodman were in high spirits, and their good-natured bantering kept the whole party laughing. It was an interesting manifestation of the extremely cordial and intimate relations cementing Great Britain and America. During his call King George voiced the brotherly feeling of the two navies, with a suggestion that arrangements might well be made for joint maneuvers every year by the American and British fleets. His proposal was quickly and heartily seconded by the American officers.

As the King entered the royal barge the order came from the officer on the bridge to the sailors and marines. "Three cheers for the King of England." Cheers were given with such a will that they brought an answering cheer from the men on the distant ships of the American squadron.

London, Nov. 22.—After the surrender of the main installment of the German fleet off the Firth of Forth Thursday, Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, commander-in-chief of the Grand Fleet, issued the following message to the men of his command: "I wish to express to the flag officers, captains, officers, and men of the Grand Fleet my congratulations on the victory which has been gained over the sea power of our enemy. The greatness of this achievement is in no way lessened by the fact that the final episode did not take the form of a fleet action. Although deprived of this opportunity, which we had so long and eagerly awaited, of striking the final blow for the freedom of the world, we may derive satisfaction from the singular tribute which the enemy has accorded to the Grand Fleet. Without joining us in action he has given a testimony to the prestige and efficiency of the fleet without parallel in history, and it is to be remembered that this testimony has been accorded to us by those who were in the best position to judge. I desire to express my thanks and appreciation to all who have assisted me in maintaining the fleet in instant readiness for action, and who have borne the arduous and exacting labor which has been necessary for perfecting the efficiency which has accomplished so much."

She—"I wonder why men lie so?" He—"Because their wives are so inquisitive." Boston Transcript.

CANADIAN CROP REPORTS

Ottawa, November 19, 1918. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics, in a bulletin issued to-day, reports on the area, yield and value of potato, root and fodder crops in Canada for 1918, as compared with 1917, the acreage and condition on October 31 of fall wheat sown for 1919 and the progress of fall ploughing.

POTATO HARVEST OF 1918. The returns already published, showed that the total area planted to field potatoes in Canada this year was 735,192 acres, as compared with 556,958 acres in 1917, both years establishing records. The estimated yield per acre for Canada this year is 143 bushels, as compared with 121 bushels last year, and with 150 bushels, the average for the ten years 1908-17. The total estimated yield of potatoes for 1918 is 105,579,700 bushels, as compared with 79,892,000 bushels last year. The yield for 1918 is the highest on record, the previous record being over 99 million bushels in 1909. By provinces the highest average yield per acre is in British Columbia, 228 bushels, the other provinces ranging in order, as follows: Nova Scotia 194, Manitoba 185, Prince Edward Island 170, New Brunswick 158, Quebec 147, Ontario 123, Saskatchewan, 116 and Alberta 70 bushels per acre.

The largest acreage and production of potatoes this year is in Quebec, the total yield being 38,936,000 bushels from 264,871 acres, Ontario being next with 20,443,000 bushels from 168,203 acres. The average value per bushel of the potato crop is 98 cents, as compared with \$1 last year, and the total value is \$103,636,100, as against \$80,804,400 last year.

ROOT AND FODDER CROPS. The total yield of turnips and other roots is estimated at 120,767,900 bushels from 343,038 acres, an average per acre of 352 bushels, as compared with last year's total of 63,451,000 bushels from 218,233 acres, the average yield per acre being then 290 bushels. Hay and clover give the record yield of 14,595,500 tons from 10,544,625 acres, an average per acre of 1 1/2 ton. The corresponding figures last year were 13,684,700 tons from 8,225,034 acres, or 1 1/2 ton per acre. The previous record yield of hay and clover was 14,527,000 tons in 1916. The average value per ton of hay and clover is \$9.75 as against \$10.33 per ton last year. Alfalfa shows a yield of 448,800 tons from 196,426 acres, or 2 1/2 tons per acre, as compared with 262,400 tons from 106,823 acres, or 2 1/2 tons per acre, last year. Of fodder corn the estimated yield is 4,203,150 tons from 502,069 acres, an average per acre of 8 1/2 tons.

The total area under root and fodder crops, including potatoes, turnips, etc., hay and clover, alfalfa and fodder corn, amounts to 12,321,351 acres, as compared with 9,576,568 acres in 1917. In total value at local prices these crops amount for 1918 to \$330,976,825, as compared with \$268,310,300 in 1917.

FALL WHEAT AND FALL PLOUGHING. The area estimated to be sown to fall wheat for 1919 is 5 p. c. less than that sown last year, the area being 840,000 acres, as against 886,000 acres, the revised estimate for 1918, based upon the returns collected in June last. As compared with the original estimate for 1918, viz. 714,000 acres, the area for 1919 is 129,000 acres, or 18 p. c. more. On October 31 the condition of the fall wheat crop was, for Canada 102 p. c. of the decennial average. In Ontario, also, the condition is 102, but in Alberta it is 98.

About 56 p. c. of the land intended for next year's crops has been ploughed this fall, this proportion being similar to that of each of the past three years. In the Prairie Provinces the percentages are for Manitoba 54 as against 40 last year, in Saskatchewan 39 against 37 and in Alberta 35 against 38.

POULTRY TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT

"Poultry and eggs alone could pay Canada's National War Debt," says Mr. Fred C. Elford, Superintendent of the Poultry Division of the Dominion Experiment Station, Ottawa. And he produced the following figures to prove it:

Canada's net national debt on October 31, 1918, was \$1,247,000,000. We have adopted the slogan, "One hundred hens to every farm, ten hens to every urban lot." That would mean taking 1,000,000,000 as the round number of Canadian farms, 100,000,000 hens in the country, and 10,000,000,000 hens in the cities, towns, and villages, a total of 110,000,000. Of course everybody in the city could not keep hens and many would not even if they could. But many people in the suburban districts, of the cities, and in the smaller towns, and the country villages could keep more than 20, 30, 50, 75 perhaps. So take an average of ten. A good selected hen will produce 200 eggs a year. But taking a low estimate of 100 dozen eggs a year (120) for 110,000,000 hens and we would produce 1,100,000,000 dozen eggs a year.

At the present time we consume in Canada 23 dozen eggs per head of population per annum in Canada. We could increase this allowance to 50 dozen, a total of about 350,000,000 dozen. We use less than 25,000,000 dozen of our eggs at the present time for incubation. Suppose we increase this to 50,000,000 dozen. That would total 400,000,000 dozen for Canadian consumption, a very liberal allowance.

We would then have left for export 700,000,000 dozen at an average price of say 40 cents per dozen. That would bring \$280,000,000 per year into the country from eggs alone. The interest on our debt of \$1,247,000,000 at 5 1/2 per cent will amount to \$68,585,000. We would pay this interest and apply a balance of \$213,415,000 to reducing the principal every year. In less than six years Canada's hens would wipe out the total monetary cost of the war to Canada, and our total net national debt.

"I do not say that Canada will do this. But I say that Canada might well aim to do it, for it is within the possibilities of what could be done without undue strain upon our present labor capacity."

FISH MEAL AS A LIVE STOCK FOOD

In these days anything that will increase the available quantities of cattle food without decreasing the quantity is of immense value. Experiments have proved that this is possible with fish meal, a food stuff that as yet is little known in this country but which is used extensively in Europe. Fish meal should not be confused with "fish scrap," "suanoo," or "pomace" or other forms of fish by-products used as fertilizers. The fish meal used is more carefully treated and includes, or should include, only fresh, sound fish, or fish offal. The value of fish meal as a cattle food is explicitly set forth in four-page pamphlet No. 17, issued by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and which can be had free on application to the Publications Branch. Results of experiments made at the Central Experimental Farm show that fish meal, where available, is a suitable concentrate for cattle, sheep, and for hogs; that fish meal contains 55% to 60% of protein, and over 15% phosphate of lime; that it is of good quality and properly fed with other meals and with roughages, it is palatable, wholesome, and a good feed for young growing stock and also for milk production; and that if given a fair trial and used in proper proportions it should become one of the most popular and profitable protein supplements for swine feeding.

SIR CLIFFORD SIFTON RESIGNS

Ottawa, Nov. 25.—Sir Clifford Sifton has placed his resignation as Chairman of the Commission of Conservation in the hands of the Government. Sir Clifford has been Chairman of the Commission since its organization and has been personally responsible for the conservation policies of that important body since its inception.

Sir Clifford's reasons for resigning from the chairmanship of the Commission, are not known. He is now en route to England after spending several weeks in Canada, and for that reason could not be seen.

James White, assistant to the chairman and secretary of the Commission, confirmed the report of Sir Clifford's resignation.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"Is your daughter a somnambulist?" "No, ma'am; she's a Presbyterian."—Baltimore American.

"Who was Titian, Jim?" "He was the chap who got up that famous hair dye."—Boston Transcript.

Her Meet.—First Westerner—"Well I'm off for New York." Second Westerner—"My wife is there. You may meet her." "What department store is she shopping at?"—Judge.

"I see they are going to tax talking machines." "Well, my dear, that probably won't affect you, and if it does I'll cheerfully pay the tax."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

First Artist—Old Roxley wouldn't buy my pictures—wouldn't even look at them." Second Ditto—"Well, he was more considerate of your feelings than of mine—he refused to buy my pictures even after he did look at them."—Boston Transcript.

Army Contractor—"Paper shoes are nothing new—we've been makin' 'em for months." Inventor—"Ah yes—but this is a substitute for paper."—Life.

Hicks—"Do you believe in second sight?" Wicks—"No, but my wife does. Whenever I go shopping with her she says to the clerk: 'I'll come in and look at these again.'"—Boston Transcript.

I couldn't refuse that man a small loan. He says he has been in the trenches the last two years." "So he has. I've often seen him laying gaspings."—Baltimore American.

HARD OF HEARING. One of the small and externally select company of bibacious citizens to appear before Magistrate Kingsford this morning was very hard of hearing. He even taxed the immense vocal powers of P. C. Anderson.

"Were you drunk," roared the gun from the western front. "Eh?" queried the accused, his hand to his ear. "How do you plead?" "Rotten." "No! not how do you feel, but how do you plead?" "Guilty." "Police Court News in the Toronto Telegram."

BRUSSELS EN FETE FOR ITS MONARCH

Brussels, Nov. 23.—There was a stirring scene when King Albert entered Brussels accompanied by Queen Elizabeth, Princes Leopold and Charles, and Princess Marie Jose. The royal party entered at the Porte de Flanders and proceeded to the Place de La Nation, receiving a tremendous ovation along the streets. Entering the Parliament house, King Albert and his family listened to an address of welcome.

Then followed a review of Allied troops which formed a line ten miles long. Flowers were thrown in the path of King Albert as the procession made its way along boulevards lined for miles with dense throngs. King Albert and his two sons were on horseback. The Crown Prince was on his right and was dressed in khaki, while his younger brother was dressed in the uniform of a midshipman. The city is wearing its gala dress.

TO-MORROW A DAY OF SOLEMN THANKSGIVING

Ottawa, Nov. 25.—Sunday, Dec. 1, has been named by proclamation as a Day of Solemn Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the victories won by the Allied armies in the war against the Central Powers of Europe and for the armistice which has been signed by the contending nations, involving a general surrender by the enemy.

Immediately after the signing of the armistice it was proposed that Sunday,

Doctor's Formula. OVER 100 YEARS OF SUCCESS. JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT. (Internal as well as External use). A soothing, healing Anodyne that speedily stops suffering. Wonderfully effective for Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills. For more than a century humanity's best "Friend in Need".

Nov. 17, be named as the day of thanksgiving, but the prevalence of Spanish influenza, particularly in the western provinces, rendered this impossible, as the churches in many districts were closed by order of the health authorities. In many places, however, the 17th was so observed. On former occasions it has been the practice of the State Department to notify the heads of religious denominations of days of prayer, but the shortness of time did not permit of this course at this time. The Secretary of State wishes to express the desire of the Government that Sunday next shall be observed as a Day of Thanksgiving.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Men of Muscle. Like Atlantic Underwear. They like its heavy weight, its warmth—the protection it gives when they have to pass from one extreme temperature to another.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR. is made particularly for men who work under trying conditions—steel men, builders, seamen, miners, lumbermen, and other men of muscle. It is stout, warm and strong—and guaranteed unshrinkable. Be comfortable this winter in Atlantic Underwear. See that every garment you buy has the Atlantic Trademark—the guarantee of satisfaction and long wear. ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED MONCTON, N.B.

Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall. October is a good month in which to paint. All the pests of summer, such as flies, spiders, and dust have gone, and the mild heat of the sun in the autumn gives the paint time to properly cure on the sides of your house. Besides it's the natural thing to put on a protecting coat to ward off the winter weather. But to paint right you must use the right paint. G. V. PAINT. is what its name stands for—Good Value. It is a good quality paint at a reasonable price, and is used with satisfaction on all classes of buildings. It is the paint to use on your buildings. Regular Colors \$3.00 per Gallon. White \$3.30 per Gallon. T. McAvity & Sons LIMITED St. John, N. B.

DEATH. By the death of G. B. E., which Royal Sailors' sommel of the B... able lady who world over as... The daughter born in London still a child her... She began her... when she took... also to Sunday-work, following the men of the 2... this, however, w... the great labors in reality started a very small inc... of a letter Majesty's ship C... mother, and, m... to send to him, I have a letter fr... who would writ... Weston speedily from other quar... at length became began to issue a... letters to the Sec... these letters—kn... account of the w... was at first only... of late years million, including In addition to th... known to write l... the course of a y... cations from offic... Navy. In this ed or written, fol... Navy regularly to... and were always... greatest eagerness... outset of her wo... Weston became t... of the Royal Nav... and the operatio... since then been... are said to be now... every ship in the... In 1876 Miss... friend and helper... "Sailors' Rest" i... vinced that work... and that the provi... a sailor could obt... recreation, and all... porary home, was... of keeping him fr... trations of all kin... as soon he put... idea that "Jack" w... stitute tea and o...

## Substitute economy for waste.

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### DEATH OF MISS WESTON

"THE SAILORS' FRIEND"

By the death of Miss Agnes E. Weston, G. B. E., which occurred last week at the Royal Sailors' Rest, Devonport, the personal of the British Navy lose an estimable lady who had become known all the world over as "The Sailors' Friend."

The daughter of a barrister, she was born in London in 1840, but while she was still a child her parents moved to Bath. She began her philanthropic work in 1868, when she took to visiting hospitals, and also to Sunday-school and Band of Hope work, following this up by visiting among the men of the 2nd Somerset Militia. All this, however, was but a preliminary to the great labors of her life; though these in reality started from what was in itself a very small incident—namely, the writing of a letter to a man on board her Majesty's ship *Crocodile*, who had lost his mother, and, missing the letters she used to send to him, had expressed a desire to have a letter from some Christian lady who would write to him instead. Miss Weston speedily had similar requests from other quarters, and the applications at length became so numerous that she began to issue a series of printed monthly letters to the Service. The circulation of these letters—known as "Blue-backs," on account of the color of their covers—was at first only a few hundreds; but it has of late years increased to over half a million, including a special issue for boys. In addition to this, Miss Weston has been known to write 10,000 personal letters in the course of a year in reply to communications from officers and men in the British Navy. In this way her letters, printed or written, followed the ships of the Navy regularly to every part of the globe, and were always welcomed with the greatest eagerness. Then, almost at the outset of her work for the Navy, Miss Weston became the active superintendent of the "Royal Naval Temperance Society," and the operations of this body have since then been so extended that they are said to be now in active working in every ship in the Royal Navy.

In 1876 Miss Weston, aided by her friend and helper, Miss Wintz, started a "Sailors' Rest" in Devonport, being convinced that work afloat was not sufficient, and that the provision of a "Rest," where a sailor could obtain food, a bed, healthy recreation, and all the comforts of a temporary home, was the only practical way of keeping him from yielding to the temptations of all kinds that surrounded him as soon as he put his foot on shore. The idea that "Jack" would be willing to substitute tea and coffee for the orthodox

grog was at this time entirely new, and Miss Weston related that it was at first regarded as "a crank which could only exist in the brain of one of two misguided women." But the "Rest" was speedily crowded with seamen, extensions became an absolute necessity, several neighbouring publichouses were brought up and their sites utilized, and finally, there was completed the present splendid range of buildings, which stands directly opposite the dockyard gates at Devonport.

In June of the present year the decoration of G. B. E. was conferred upon Miss Weston.—*The Times*, London, Nov. 1.

### BORROWED WEDDING DUDS

ROMANCE ENDS HAPPILY

The court was filled with romance this morning when Pte. R. C. Bail faced Magistrate Ellis on a charge of stealing a suit of clothes, shirt, tie, and other accessories from Robt. Johnson, a black-as-night West African. The men roomed at the same house, Brant street, and the civilian suit was to be the young soldier's wedding clothes. The colored man had left his suit in his room and, on returning home, found the King's uniform in its place. Bail's regimental number furnished the clue for Acting Detective Thomson. Bail insisted that he didn't steal the darter's clothes, in which he must have looked positively radiant as he strode up the aisle at Oshawa. He said, another colored man, evidently a great humorist, had loaned him Massa Johnson's clothes.

"I just borrowed it," declared the young soldier.

"And did you steal the girl as well?" asked Assistant Crown Attorney McFadden. Officers of the morality department had been asked by the bride's parents to find her, and had searched for a week.

"No, I didn't steal either clothes or girl," replied the prisoner, indignantly.

"Well, where are you living?" asked the Crown.

"At present I'm living in the cooler," laughed the young groom.

"And you didn't steal the colored man's clothes?"

"No, I didn't. After I got them I hid them good-night."

"Where is the bride now?"

"At her home, and her people told me to go back there when I got out of this," Magistrate Ellis joined in the spirit of the comical romance, and made the groom happy as the wedding bells he had started at Oshawa, by dismissing the case and wreathing the groom's face with smiles.—*Police Court news in the Toronto Telegram.*

### THE IRISH EXILE

OVER here in England I'm slavin' in the rain;  
Six-an'-six a day we get, an' beds that want were clane;  
Weary of the English work, 'tis killin' me that same—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, where I used to lie an' dhrame!

At night the windows here are black as Father Murphy's hat;  
'Tis fivepence for a pint av beer, an' thin ye can't get that;  
Their beef has shtrings like anny harp, for dacent ham I hunt—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' my pig's sweet grunt!

Sure there's not a taste av buttermilk that we can buy or beg;  
Thin their sweet milk has no crame, an' is as blue as a duck egg;  
Their whisky is as wake as wather-gruel in a bowl—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the poken warns yer soul!

'Tis meself that longs for Irish air an' gran' ould Donegal,  
Where there's lashins and there's lavins and no scarcity at all;  
Where no one cares about the War, but jist to ate an' play—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, wid yer feet beside the say!

Sure these Englishmin don't spare themselves in this thremenjus fight;  
They say 'tis life or death for thin, an' faith, they may be right;  
But Father Murphy tells me that it's no concern av mine—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, where the white clouds shine!

Over there in Ireland we're very fond av peace,  
Though we break the heads av Orangeman an' batter the police;  
For we're all agin the Governmint wheriver we may be—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, an' the wild wind blowin' free!

If they tuk me out to Flandhers, bedad I'd have to fight,  
An' I'm tould thin Jarman vagabones won't let you sleep at night;  
So I'm going home to Ireland wid English notes galore—  
Och, Muckish Mountain, I will never lave ye more!

—Punch.

### SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S VIEWPOINT OF THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE

#### KAISER A GREAT MAN

Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the naval debate in the House of Commons on 27th February, 1913:

"There is one fact in the situation which I think shows that there is no intention on the part of Germany to attack England, and that fact is the German Emperor.

"The German Emperor is undoubtedly one of the great men of the present age. By intellect, by character, by moral fibre, he has shown himself wonderfully endowed.

"In the first year of his reign some of his utterances sent a shiver through those who had the peace of the world at heart. Many believed he was, perhaps, hankering for the glamor of military glory. But as he advanced in years, and as crisis after crisis came, his potent influence was always directed towards peace.

"And the day may come when, like his illustrious uncle, the late King, he may be called the peace-maker."

#### GERMANS A NOBLE RACE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier at London on 19th November, 1918:

"With Germany ruled by the Kaiser we can have no alliance, because a League of Nations must be arranged by a treaty signed by men upon whom we can depend. But Germany has sent the Kaiser away. Germany is now in the throes of a revolution, and I hope democracy will triumph in Germany. There are men among us who say that the German people are responsible for the atrocities committed by their armies. I do not agree with that view. The responsibility rests with the commanders of the German armies. Unless there is at the head of an army a strong arm to maintain discipline there will always be crimes. Are you to believe that the German people, one of the noblest races in the world, in the past at all events, cannot reclaim themselves, as so many other nations have been reclaimed, by the teaching of democracy in which we believe? Whether the new Germany should be admitted to the family of nations is a question which, with the limited knowledge I have, I would not care to answer, but it is a question that we can leave to the wise decision of the diplomats who will settle the question of peace."

—Toronto Telegram.

### TWO MAIN FEATURES IN SWING OF GOLF CLUB

LIKE customs pertaining to religion, etiquette, and morals, geographical location has a great deal to do with the general character of the golf swing, which differs widely with certain players in different localities. Setting aside the trivial peculiarities which take the eye of the spectator, but are in reality quite unessential to the making of the stroke, swings differ in only two main features—they may be upright or flat, open or closed. It is hardly necessary to point out that the nature of the swing and the construction of the club are mutually dependent. The man who favors a horizontal sweep of the club will require to use one in which the "lie" of the head is flat—that is to say, the angle between the sole of the club and the shaft must be considerable. On the other hand, he who prefers a vertical swing must use a driver with an upright lie.

Failure to use a club in which the head is set at a suitable angle to the shaft will result in the heel or the toe being raised off the ground when the ball is being addressed, and the chance of a scuff is in consequence considerably augmented. One of the chief causes of bad driving is that the ball is struck not exactly at the bottom or not exactly at the outermost point of the club's motion. Now it is sufficiently obvious that the flatter and more horizontal the sweep of the club the longer time does it keep close to the ground, but, on the other hand, the more rapidly does it swing off the intended line of flight. With a vertical swing the reverse is the case; it remains for a greater time almost in the line of flight, but it swings rapidly up from the ground level.

The result is that the horizontal swing is apt to be productive of better results as regards trajectory, while with the upright method it is usually easier to keep the line. The former runs more risk of a pull or a slice; the latter is more apt to result in the shot being topped or scuffed. The choice is a matter for each individual. There are good players whose swings are

so low that the club seems to turn over their right elbow, while, one well-known golfer devoted to the other style drives in such a manner that the head of the club is in front of him all the time. These, however, are the extremes of the scale, and most players find that a middle course, in which the club head is turned over the peak of the shoulder, is best suited to their requirements.

The second question, whether the swing should be open or closed, is one about which a considerable amount of misunderstanding generally prevails, because what is properly termed an "open" swing is usually alluded to as, and confounded with, a "half-swing." Now, a half-swing, properly so called, is a definite thing; it is simply an ordinary swing of any kind, carried through to considerably less than its full extent—the word "half" being interpreted with something of the same generosity as ships' engineers are wont to accord to it in the expression "half-speed", holding it, that is to say, equivalent to what a mere arithmetician would consider about three-quarters.

But the term "half-swing" does not include every swing in which the head of the club fails to pass round the complete circle which gives the "closed" swing its name. The swing may be made in such a manner that it must of necessity be an open one, the difference being that the hands are throughout held further away from the body and the arms kept more nearly rigid than in the more ordinary closed swing. The reason for this is that instead of shoulder, elbow, and wrist all being bent to their fullest extent, the elbow is kept almost straight. The club head accordingly moves in a much wider circle, but it does not go so far round.

The open swing, because of its wider sweep, makes it much easier to hit the ball accurately, but the other is distinctly the more powerful stroke—as is only to be expected, when one considers that it brings all the arm muscles fully into play, which the open swing does not. At the same time, the difference is by no means so great as the use of the phrase "half-swing" would seem to imply.

For some people, moreover, the greater ease of the open swing makes it com-

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Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.  
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mendable. The muscles which control the motion of the golf club are used in a rather different way from that which they have been trained to for other things. Consequently the middle-aged man whose muscles have grown rather stiff is often glad to rest content with the by no means despicable results which the open swing will give him. Women also often favor this swing—and it is infinitely preferable to that vicious, jerky jab at the ball which seems to be the monopoly of the feminine novice.

It is curious also that the open swing should so often be particularly effective in the hands of the stout, heavily built player, whose avoirdupois forbids the idea of a more supple, full swing. Under the weight of a powerful forearm the ball travels well-nigh as far as from the more graceful effort of the ordinary drive.

"What is the best way to strengthen the finger grip?" was a question asked recently of Jack Hutchison, and he replied that it was merely a matter of practice. The fingers of a golfer develop in the same manner as those of a violinist or pianist. Hutchison's greatest strength is in his thumb and first finger of the right hand, which does practically all the gripping.

Harry Vardon, six times winner of the British championship, is a prominent example of a man whose wrists and fingers are abnormally developed. Edward Ray, Jim Braid, and Arnaud Massey, the great French player, also are examples, while on this side of the pond are Alex Smith and Bob Macdonald.—*The New York Evening Post.*

### CUNARD SHIPS LOST DURING THE WAR

New York, Nov. 23.—Fifteen steamships, aggregating 206,769 gross tons, were lost by the Cunard Line during the period of the war, it was learned here to-day. Of these, all except two were classed as war losses, having been sunk by torpedoes or mines. The *Campania* and the *Ascania* were lost through accidents. The tonnage sunk represents approximately one-half of that possessed by the line at the outbreak of the war in 1914. Nearly all of the Cunard liners were well known Atlantic greyhounds, the largest of which was the *Lusitania*, torpedoed on May 7, 1915.

The Anchor Line, a subsidiary of the company, also lost heavily, eight ships, including the 14,340-ton *Tuscania*, falling victims to the German sea depredations, the total tonnage loss of this line being 65,488.

The following are the ships of the two lines which were sent to the bottom:

Cunard Line:	<i>Lusitania</i> , 30,396
<i>Franconia</i> , 18,150	<i>Laconia</i> , 18,099
<i>Transylvania</i> , 14,500	<i>Ibernia</i> , 14,278
<i>Carpathia</i> , 13,603	<i>Alania</i> , 13,405
<i>Andania</i> , 13,405	<i>Aurania</i> , 13,936
<i>Campania</i> , 12,950	<i>Royal Edward</i> , 11,117
<i>Ultonia</i> , 10,402	<i>Ascania</i> , 9,121
<i>Ansonia</i> , 8,153	<i>Faltria</i> , 5,254
Anchor Line:	<i>Tuscania</i> , 14,340
<i>Cameronia</i> , 10,963	<i>Caledonia</i> , 9,223
<i>Athenia</i> , 8,668	<i>California</i> , 8,662
<i>Tiberia</i> , 4,880	<i>Perugia</i> , 4,376
	<i>Assyria</i> , 4,376

Bacon—"I had Stringer up to the house last night." Egbert—"You mean the violinist?" Bacon—"Yes. He certainly is a finished musician." Egbert—"Your cigars, old man, would finish almost anybody."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. Brown—"How do you manage to have such delicious meats?" Mrs. Jones—"Well, I select a good, honest butcher, and then stand by him." Mrs. Brown—"You mean that you give him all your trade?" Mrs. Jones—"No, I mean I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."—*Life.*

### THIRD SECTION OF GERMAN U-BOATS SURRENDERED

London, Nov. 23.—The third instalment of German submarines was surrendered to Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt off Harwich yesterday morning. The contingent left German waters twenty-one strong, but one of the U-boats sunk in the rough water when nearing the coast.

The total of underwater craft surrendered up to date is 59.

German officers on board defended the practice of shooting drowning men, on the plea that they might escape and attack Germany again.

### BRITISH NAVAL CASUALTIES IN THE WAR

London, Nov. 26.—The British naval casualties from the outbreak of the war to November 11 numbered 39,766, the Admiralty announced to-night. These were divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 2,466; men, 30,895.

Wounded, missing or prisoners—Officers, 1,042; men, 5,363.

In addition 14,661 officers and men of British merchant vessels and fishing boats lost their lives while pursuing their ordinary vocation, by enemy action, and 3,295 were taken prisoners.

Uncle Ezra—"I hear your boy has joined the Aviation Corps." Uncle Eben—"Yes, and I'm afraid he won't make good." Uncle Ezra—"What makes you think so?" Uncle Eben—"He's so durn forgetful that he's liable to take the machine up and come down without it."—*Puck.*

"So you've given up drinking, have you, Rastus?" said the grocer. "Yes, sah, said the old fellow, 'I ain't teched a drop in fo' weeks.'" "Well, you deserve credit for that." "Yes, sah; dat's jes' what I thinks. Mistah Brown, I was jus' gwine ter ax yo' if yo' cud trus' me fo' some groceries."—*Boston Transcript.*

### Suffered Since Childhood

#### Kidneys at the Root of the Evil

Think of it! The joys of youth marred by agonizing pains, and all hopes of a bright future blotted out by thoughts of a life burdened with backache and other sufferings.

Such was the case of Mr. A. Call until a good friend advised him that there was a remedy for his trouble and he would find it if he used Gin Pills. Read what Mr. Call says:

"I was troubled with my Kidneys since childhood and spent a large amount of money on doctors trying to get cured. Instead of getting better I kept getting worse until a friend of mine advised me to try Gin Pills. I did so, and after taking one box I was able to get out of bed and walk around. Two more boxes relieved me completely and since then I have had no return of the trouble."

This remarkable testimonial was written by a man whose statement cannot be doubted. Mr. Call's reason for writing this history of his case was gratitude for the relief that Gin Pills brought him. Wouldn't you do the same if your case was similar? If you suffer now—don't suffer any longer. Use Gin Pills and obtain relief from Kidney or Bladder Trouble, and the pain, suffering and inconvenience that they cause.

50c buys a box. Sold everywhere. Write for sample box.

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario. U.S. residents should address N.-Dru.-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 176

## STIR YOUR TEA

Stir the pot of Tea a minute or so before pouring. This evenly distributes the tea essence that has been drawn from the leaves, but is lying mostly at the bottom of the pot. You will then get the full flavor from your Tea. And if it is KING COLE Orange Pekoe, note when you stir, the delightful fragrance of the infused leaves. Note also the rich color of the Tea when poured—both indications of unusual quality.

**KING COLE Orange Pekoe is different from other Teas.**  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT BY THE FULL NAME  
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THE EXTRA CHOICE TEA

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. By JAMES MORRIS MORGAN, late of the Confederate States Navy.

There is the waft of the breathless cinema actor in Mr. Morgan's chapter headings. "I am Born—I Take to the Gutter—I am Saved from an Alligator—I Fall off Mustangs—Pleasant Habits of the Seminole Indians—Choctaws—The Burning of the Steamer Princess—Charles, the Negro Horse Doctor, Teaches me Trick Riding."

The Confederate Navy made some remarkable experiments in ironclads. The Louisiana was a square box, divided aft into two hulls, with two paddle-wheels shipped between, the smaller in front, so as to insure the larger one working in a mill race when both were turning at the same time.

The National Conference which met at Moscow on August 26 seemed likely to succeed in steadying the career of the Revolution and setting it upon a secure basis. The composition of the Conference, we read, was as follows:—188 members of the four Dumas, 100 representatives of the peasants, 229 representatives of the Soviets of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, 147 delegates of the municipalities, 113 representatives of the Union of Zemstvos and Towns, 150 representatives from industrial organizations and banks, 313 representatives and cooperative organizations, and 176 representatives of trade unions.

Mr. Morgan has produced a consistently readable and racy account of many years stuffed with vivid adventure and quaint experiences. He is justifiably proud of the fact that of June 30th, 1914, at the graves of the Confederate dead in Winchester, Virginia, he lifted up his voice against "our deluded peace-at-any-price people," and "the American braggarts who maintain that no preparation for war is necessary."

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Morgan's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOVIETS

(Concluded)

ON July 17 the Petrograd Bolsheviks endeavored to seize power by an armed rising, the date of which was known beforehand to the German General Staff. The All-Russian Soviet promptly repudiated the rising, which was easily suppressed on July 19. Kerensky on July 20 issued an appeal to the Army and Navy in which he denounced the insurgents for opposing the "revolutionary authorities" both in the Provisional Government and in the All-Russian Soviet, and called upon the soldiers and sailors to rally round the Provisional Government and the All-Russian organs of the democracy.

Recognizing that the country is menaced by a military débacle on the front and by anarchy at home, it is resolved that (1) The country and the Revolution are endangered. (2) The Provisional Government is proclaimed the Government of National Safety. (3) Unlimited powers be accorded the Government for re-establishing the organization and discipline of the Army for a fight to the finish against the enemies of public order and for the realization of the whole programme embodied in the Government's latest manifesto.

At the same time the Executive Committee of the Soviets appealed to the Army to stand fast. General Kornilov was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and the death penalty was restored at the front, subject to the judgement of "military-revolutionary courts, consisting of soldiers and officers." On July 25 the Executive Committee of the Soviets, representing the united delegates of the workmen, soldiers, and peasants, passed this resolution by 300 votes to 11:—

The whole Revolutionary Democracy desires that the group of Bolsheviks accused of having organized disorders or incited revolt or of having received money from German sources, be tried publicly. In consequence, the Executive Committee considers it absolutely inadmissible that Lenin and Zinoviev should escape justice, and demands that the Bolshevik faction immediately and categorically express its censure of its leaders' conduct.

In view of the exceptional situation, the Executive Committee of the All-Russian Soviets of Workmen's, Soldiers' and Peasants' Delegates demands from all members and from all factions, as well as from all members of local Soviets, the putting into absolute practice of all decisions adopted by the majority of the central organization.

The Soviets then, which had previously accepted part responsibility for the acts of the Provisional Government by allowing their members to enter the Coalition Cabinet, were now by these last two resolutions handing over all the residue of their political power to the Government. In order to do this the Soviets, as we have seen, had been forced to become more and more centralized, until at last the joint Executive Committee (alias the All-Russian Soviet) claimed to represent the whole of the Soviets—workmen's, soldiers', and peasants' alike—throughout the country and at the front. The central committees, however, had tended by this process of centralization to become dangerously separated from their local bodies, a position of which the Bolsheviks now and afterwards took full advantage.

The National Conference which met at Moscow on August 26 seemed likely to succeed in steadying the career of the Revolution and setting it upon a secure basis. The composition of the Conference, we read, was as follows:—188 members of the four Dumas, 100 representatives of the peasants, 229 representatives of the Soviets of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, 147 delegates of the municipalities, 113 representatives of the Union of Zemstvos and Towns, 150 representatives from industrial organizations and banks, 313 representatives and cooperative organizations, and 176 representatives of trade unions.

Mr. Morgan has produced a consistently readable and racy account of many years stuffed with vivid adventure and quaint experiences. He is justifiably proud of the fact that of June 30th, 1914, at the graves of the Confederate dead in Winchester, Virginia, he lifted up his voice against "our deluded peace-at-any-price people," and "the American braggarts who maintain that no preparation for war is necessary."

have succeeded in co-ordinating the principle of liberty with order." He suggested that political meetings in the Army should be forbidden, that the Army committees should be "strictly limited to the management of the soldiers' economic affairs," and that "central as well as local government must be undivided. A stop must be put immediately and abruptly to the usurpation of power by the central and local committees and Soviets."

Soon after the Conference, just when the definite establishment of Government's power seemed in sight, the disastrous Kerensky-Kornilov blunder occurred. In his proclamation of defiance to the Provisional Government, General Kornilov declared that it was getting under the influence of the Bolshevik majority in the Soviets; it is probable, however, that the General, or rather secretary who drew up his proclamation, meant by "Bolshevik" all the influence against which the Army leaders had had to fight. Be that as it may, the Kornilov affair entirely destroyed the new harmony between the Government and the Soviets.

Overwhelmed France. In a telegram to Munich from Berlin on July 31, 1914, Count von Lerchenfeld said that Sir Edward Grey's efforts to preserve peace would "certainly not succeed in arresting the course of events."

WANTED, on the Van Horne Estate, Minister's Island. Man to milk and work in barn; write to run boarding house. Apply to the Superintendent. 22-tf.

FOUND, Adrift at the south, east of White Head, Grand Manan, a boat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to WEBSTER COSSABOOM. 17-6wp.

TO LET—House to let after Dec 1. Apply to MRS. ROBERT SHAW. 20-tf.

FOR SALE—at a bargain. One No. 4 Stafford hot water furnace in perfect condition. Apply to W. F. KENNEDY. 22-3w.

FOR Weir Stakes apply early to—OSCAR WILKINS, Canterbury Station, N. B. 21-6wp.

FOR SALE—Desirable property, known as the Bradford property, situated on the harbour side of Water St. St. Andrews, consisting of house, ell, and barn. House contains stove, seven rooms, and large attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply to THOS. R. WRAN, St. Andrews, N. B. 44-tf.

FARMS FOR SALE. THE Department of Agriculture wishes to publish a more complete list of farms for sale during the coming winter. All persons having improved farms for sale, are requested to communicate with the Superintendent of Immigration, 108 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. 22-6w.

CAMPABELLO. FOR SALE.—Eleven room dwelling house and outbuildings with nine acres of first class farm and garden, Herring Cove Road, Campobello. Commodious sheds, stable, and henry buildings, all in good condition; about three-quarters of a mile from Herring Cove Beach; well situated for permanent or summer occupation, and for summer boarders, market gardening; near telegraph and telephone, and ferry connections with Eastport and Lubec. For further particulars apply, F. H. GRIMMER, St. Andrews, N. B. 22-tf.

Notice Re Dog Licenses 1918-1919. All persons residing in that part of the Town of St. Andrews known as the First District who own, keep, or harbor within said district a dog or dogs are notified to pay to the Town Clerk the license fee fixed by Town By-law. Formal receipts will be delivered by the Town Clerk upon payment of the license fees. Male dogs, \$1.00; female dogs, \$2.00. E. S. POLLEYS, Town Clerk. 21-4w.

"SERBIA CANNOT ACCEPT" "THERE MUST BE WAR"

London, Nov. 25.—Publication of official reports from the Bavarian Minister at Berlin to his home Government confirm evidence already in the hands of the Entente that Germany and Austria conspired to bring about the war. It was for this reason that the terms of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia were made so drastic that hostilities were bound to follow. These revelations have been published in Munich after permission had been asked by the Bavarian Premier and Foreign Minister of the German Federal Government. They are in the form of a report sent to Munich on July 18, 1914, by Count von Lerchenfeld, the Bavarian Minister at Berlin.

According to the report, the delivery of the ultimatum to Serbia was delayed until President Poincaré and Premier Viviani, of France, had gone to St. Petersburg, which would make it difficult for the Entente nations to arrive at an understanding and take counter measures. FEARED SERBIA WOULD YIELD. Count von Lerchenfeld said that "Serbia obviously cannot accept such conditions as will be laid down," and that as a consequence "there must be war."

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MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON December New Moon, 3rd 11h. 19m., a.m. First Quarter, 10th 10h. 31m., p.m. Full Moon, 17th 3h. 18m., p.m. Last Quarter, 25th 2h. 31m., a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Day of Month, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m.

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: Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min. Seal Cove, 30 min. Fish Head, 11 min. Welshpool Camp, 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. Wran, C. Hector, 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. CAMPABELLO. W. Hazen Carson, Sub Collector. NORTH HEAD. Charles Dixon, Sub Collector. LORD'S COVE. T. L. Trearton, Sub Collector. GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer. WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer.

SHIPPING NEWS

Arrived Foreign Nov. 21 Ella M. Cline, Robbinston, 22 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. Eldorado, Price, Eastport. A. T. Haynes, Ross, Eastport. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston. Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport. 25 Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston. Laura S., Phillips, Robbinston. A. T. Haynes, Ross, Eastport. 27 Eldorado, Price, Eastport. Joker, Mitchell, Robbinston. Arrived Coastwise 26 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, St. George. Cleared Foreign 21 Ella M. Cline, Robbinston. 22 Eldorado, Price, Eastport. A. T. Haynes, Ross, Eastport. Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston. 25 Julia & Gertie, Calder, Robbinston. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston. 26 Laura S., Phillips, Robbinston. A. T. Haynes, Ross, Lubec. 27 Eldorado, Price, Lubec. Joker, Mitchell, Lubec. Cleared Coastwise 22 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen. 26 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, Beaver Harbor.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. George F. Hibbard, Registrar. Office hours 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., Daily. Sundays and Holidays excepted.

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

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE. Fredericton, N. B. on NOVEMBER 20, 1918. We trust that all our old students will be able to return on that date. Information regarding our courses of study will be furnished on request.

The Board of Health Permits Schools to Re-open

Monday, Nov. 18th. St. John has escaped very lightly compared with most other places. We have had a good long rest and will welcome old and new students on the 18th, or as soon after that date as they can come.

S. Kerr, Principal.

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company. After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p. m., returning Wed. 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1.30 p. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove. Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 8 a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. This 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—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7.30 p. m. during July and August.) Sunday School 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30. METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 p. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30. ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. 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 2 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening. The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents; for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

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, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such 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 the 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. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 1.30 p.m. Closes: 4.50 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1.30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted till 10 hours previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address on any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.

VOL.

NOVEMBER

By the time is used to and no longer frers or hides then year is resigned, off from impatient and effort. Exuber is ready to fa up the buds to pierce their over in the woods with spreads a little je ing before the otherwise lives in has been through sometimes, in a bluejays and pers day of Indian S. There has been ing about Indian's way is not to pers since youth belie forever that it co have acquired this they will go throo hot spell after Lab Every year one ex brief season of pe late as Thanksgiving will be heard to sa "Well we are havi Let them go their the deserting robin Indian Summer co now it it wanted to days of it already, itself in one burst ed gentians lightu rims, damson-color yellow pumpkins, that the corn is be and comes again, v one time of year th ed. There is a small, who like November months, and it these are often a b their refined perce look down upon the fer the daisy-field hills take on the t But the whims of t splendor from the t place beside a m whose shadow dan is never seen throo ews on the snow unlike the illuiva over the brown gra ers so quaint as the November. What white with age, car it will shake out see snow, standing with hood who have gon on the day. June's thousand colors and gray dews have no r June's incorrigible s brave we brown bi forage, once we hea blizzard. June is a hymn. The squirrels hav nuts to last throo after that they com thing else—no one They have gone of acorns, leaving the autumn supply of cu fighting with are left not notice them, so t -runks. The muskr ready, but no happ good citizenship dese him, because soon th their patrol of the w