



The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1918

NO. 14

JIM BLUDSO

WALL, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the *Prairie Belle*?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike,—
One wife at Natches-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keertless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if the *Prairie Belle* took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last,—
The *Monstar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
Yelled out,
Over all that infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure, you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell.—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint,—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

—From "Pike County Ballad," by
COL. JOHN HAY.
(Born October 8, 1833; died 1905.)

FAREWELL TO THE "MALABAR" TROOPER

The *Malabar*'s in harbor with the *Junmer*
at her tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders
for to sail.

SO wrote Kipling. The trooper *Malabar*,
a relic of Victorian days, now
lies, a prey for ship wreckers, in the harbor
of Hamilton, Bermuda. Although
almost forgotten, she has one friend left,
and he is Sir James Willcocks, Command-
er-in-Chief and Governor of Bermuda,
and the man who led the Indian troops in
France in the early days of the war. Gen.
Willcocks is not only an old Indian soldier,
but an author and poet of distinction,
and recently he visited the trooper ship,
to renew her acquaintance and say farewell.
His reminiscences of the *Malabar* have
been published by the *Bermuda Royal
Gazette*, and are given here in part:

"It was with recollections of many years
ago that I recently paid a visit to the old
Malabar, lying off Front Street. I had
voyaged in her as a young subaltern from
Bombay to Portsmouth, I will not say
how many years ago; and being of a
peculiarly sentimental nature, I reverently
saluted as I entered by the once famili-
ar gangway. What a change in the good
old trooper! My heart sank as I looked
on the shattered woodwork, the decks
deserted by all save scraps of brass, iron,
and timbers; the dismantled cabins, and
empty mess-room. I paused for a few
minutes to ponder on the mutability of
life, and I rejoiced to think I was alone.
What memories welled up; what scenes
came back to me. In a moment I was
forty years younger. Ah! I would it
were so, but why ask for the impossible;
better as it is. Give the younger ones
their chance; if they avail themselves of
it as fortunately as I did they will not
have much to regret.

"The first ship I saw as I entered Ber-
mudian waters more than a year ago was
this same *Malabar* as she lay off the
dockyard. It appeared a good sign to me,
and at once connected me with my new
home, so far across the Atlantic from the
Indian Ocean.

"The five old Indian troopships were
named *Junma*, *Crocodile*, *Malabar*, *En-
phirats*, and *Serapis*. They were espec-

THRIFT HALLMARKS A NATION

Saving the almighty dollar in order to gratify one's desires in the matter of personal purchases has been a working force in society for all time. To save for the sake of hoarding the golden ducats is a form of insanity that has afflicted the misers of all time. To save in order to make another stronger is the highest form of thrift known. And in exercising this, time of laying aside extra dollars from our present surpluses, for the better living of society when times may not be so generous, we carry in us the marks of the true Canadian patriot.

He who loves his country is no waster. He knows his savings form the capital that makes business go. The dollar soon doubles itself, and total savings of a thrifty people mark out the nation as a really great one. Love of our Canadian home land demands of every resident from the Yukon to Cape Breton, that he save his surplus dollars against a possible rainy day. The thrifty man is one of Canada's big patriots.

MOROCCO DAYS

THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE

EXCEPT for the writer's house, half hidden in its gardens and woods, the valley was uninhabited. True that to east and west, on the crown of the hills, lie two Arab villages of thatch huts, with storks' nests perched on their ridge-poles, and half hidden in thick hedges of cactus. But in the valley itself the only inhabited dwelling was the house until the Spaniards, Antonia and her husband and her adopted son, came to the deserted cottage in an abandoned garden half a mile farther up the valley. It had evidently been an irrigated grove at one time, for the remains of its distorted olive trees, cruelly lopped for firewood, still stood gaunt and grotesque, and here and there was the trunk of an almost dead orange tree. The hedges of brambles and cactus had grown out of all shape and form, and cattle had broken great openings where they had passed through to graze on the more fertile land within. In front lies the sea, edged with yellow sands that stretch unbroken, except for the outlet of the little river that flows down the valley, to the town of Tangier over three miles away to the west.

The cottage was the mere wreck of a hut. The door no longer boasted hinges, and there was no glass left in the windows. Many of the tiles of the roof had been blown off by the gales, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more inhospitable and sad.

ANTONIA'S STORY

In a few days the family were installed with their miserably inadequate goods and chattels, and already the writer's native servants had been across to offer to help, and the ice had been broken. The reports were not very favorable. The man drank, and his wife Antonia—it was the only name they had discovered—evidently lived in terror of him. The adopted son was a deaf mute, and apparently wanting in the most ordinary intelligence. Their poverty was extreme. But the men, one and all, praised Antonia, her goodness, her cheerfulness, and her patience. They had found out that she could sew, and the next day they brought her across to see the writer—a middle-aged, tired-looking woman, who had evidently known better days. Yes, she could sew. She had been lady's maid to a great Spanish lady before she married, and she would be pleased to come over and work in the mornings. So every morning she came and sat with the Arab servants in the kitchen and won their hearts. She told them of her marriage, of her childlessness, and of how she had found her adopted son, a tiny baby, by the roadside and had brought him home—and of how he had grown up deaf and dumb. Of her husband's cruelty, of his drunkenness, she said nothing, but the Arabs had heard her cries, as in his fury he had beaten her, or, what pained her still more, beaten the boy. They had found out that he had taken the little money she earned, and that had it not been for what she ate at the writer's house, and what she took back for the youth, they would have starved.

The Arabs, in pity for her, waylaid her husband and threatened him, and for a time his behavior was better, but only for a little while. The cloths that had been given to the boy he took and sold, the fowls and pigs went one by one, and he seemed perpetually drunk; and then one day Antonia sent to say that he had forbidden her to come again. He accused her of having told the story of her miseries, and what she suffered at his hands. It was not true, but she dared not come, so the Arabs took her food, and went and talked to her when the drunken

husband was away. Even then she did not complain, but bore with him. Then he began to attack the boy—he was useless; now that there were no pigs and fowls for him to look after he ate their food, and he was accursed of God—a deaf mute and idiot; but to her he was all the world, with his strange, plaintive face and dark eyes, well behaved and retiring, but without intelligence, except that he seemed to realize Antonia's love for him.

The writer was sorely troubled, for he feared for Antonia and the boy, so one day the great lady with whom she had been in service came to his house and Antonia was sent for and came. She was much changed, her look was pitiful and scared, her clothes were almost in rags, but clean and neat as they could possibly be made to look. The great lady kissed her, and Antonia wept; and she told her she must come back to her, and live in her service again, and leave the man who ill-treated her. She should have protection against him; there was nought to fear. To Antonia the gate of heaven was opened. She closed it. In tears she spoke of the boy, she could not leave him. The writer said he would take him into his service to work in the garden—he could sleep with the grooms in the stable and would want for nothing. But still she refused. She was happy with her husband—and she tried to smile through her tears—yes, he drank, but so did so many men, and if he beat her probably she deserved it; women were often unconsciously very annoying. The great lady expostulated; she urged; she commanded, but with no effect. Antonia was obstinate. Then she took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said to her, "Antonia, you must tell me. Why will you not accept happiness for yourself and the boy?" For a moment they stood silent facing one another. Then Antonia shuddered a little, tried to speak and failed, and then whispered, "The sacrament of marriage!"

Argument was of no avail—Antonia closed the door of happiness. The recollection of the accumulated misery of all those years of married life, in fear of death always, beaten and bruised, her spirit broken, victim of abuse and cruelty—the sacrament of marriage overruled everything.

And Antonia returned to her hut. At sunrise she came across, carrying a bundle of clothing. She was pale but quite calm, and a strange, indefinable beauty illumined her face.

"I have brought you back the things that remain of what you gave me," she said, and she opened the bundle—a towel or two, an old blanket, some clothes, pitiful sad things, but neatly folded.

"Why?"

"Because," she replied, "we have no need of them. The boy is dead. My husband came back from town last night. He had been drinking, and asked for money. He beat me because of the boy, because he had to be fed. Then he called the boy outside into the stable, and there he shot him. He is there now lying dead."

See was so calm, so gentle. "It is better so," she went on, "but I loved him with all my heart—and he is dead. Your men were so kind to me always—they had these few things. It is so little, but it is all I have."

"And your husband?"

"I no not know. He did not come back into the house. He was drunk. Probably he went back into the town."

"And you, Antonia?"

"I," she asked, as if surprised; "I can die now. I could not die before, you know, because of the boy."

They went over to the hut. The boy lay face down, dead upon the stable floor, with a terrible gunshot wound in his chest. The Spanish authorities were notified, but it was long before they came to take the body away, and when the writer got back to his house he found Antonia unconscious, talking a little to herself at times, but quite happily.

They took her to the Spanish hospital on a stretcher, and the Arabs walked beside her along the yellow sands. In the night she died. The great lady who had been warned, went to see her, and told the writer afterwards that just before she died she seemed to regain consciousness, and said, "You see, I could not leave him—the sacrament of marriage."—*The Times*, London.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| Customs returns for September, 1918: | |
| Duties collected | \$7684.22 |
| Value free goods imported | \$1195.89 |
| " dutiable goods imported | \$82922.99 |
| " goods exported | \$75727.63 |

She—"I trust, Jack, dear, that our marriage will not be against your father's will." He—"I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it."—*Boston Transcript*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Paris, Sept. 29—The French submarine *Circé*, was sunk by an Austrian undersea boat on September 20, according to an official statement issued to-night. The second officer was the only survivor. The *Circé* was built at Toulon in 1907 and its gross tonnage was 490. Its peace time complement was twenty-three men.

—Washington, Oct. 1—Naval submarine chaser No. 60 was sunk early today in a collision with the oil steamer *S. W. Walter*, off the coast of New Jersey. Two men from the chaser are missing, but the other members of the crew were rescued.

—Copenhagen, Oct. 2—Four German torpedo boats, whose crews mutinied and attempted to take them out of harbor during August, were pursued by cruisers and sunk, according to information received here to-day. The occurrence is said to have been confirmed by the washing ashore of 160 bodies.

Thirty-six German sailors were executed at Kiel recently as the result of a mutiny against submarine duty, it is reported.

—An Atlantic Port, Oct. 2—The master of the Nova Scotia fishing schooner *Jellicoe*, got a bad scare this morning when his vessel was a few miles off shore. Without warning, the roar of a gun was heard, and a cannon shot passed the bow of his schooner. He turned thinking to see a Hun submarine near at hand. Instead, he discovered the shot had come from a patrol boat, which had sent the shot across to attract his attention and to have the schooner come close for a message. When within hearing distance, the captain of the patrol boat told him that he had sighted a submarine off Cape Sable and apparently headed in the direction of Halifax.

He also advised the master of the *Jellicoe* to make for the shore with all possible speed, saying that the patrol would be engaged in warning other fishing craft in the waters. In port, the master of the *Jellicoe*, which arrived safely, said that no vessels were reported as having been sunk by the Hun submarine.

ADVICE TO MERCHANTS

Those who had the privilege of hearing Frank Stockdale in the board of traders' stock evening carried away with them many new ideas which will be of benefit to them in getting the best results from their employees. The basic idea as emphasized by Mr. Stockdale was co-operation between the merchant and his sales force. "A man who isn't trying to lift up his help shouldn't be in business," he said, and on the other hand "An employe should be willing to uplift his employer."

"The customer comes before the clerk though it is hard to make some people believe this. The customer runs all merchants' stores. In other words the merchants carry what the customer needs or wants," said Mr. Stockdale; and he went on to say that the way to bring this before the people was to study their needs from past experience and to keep them posted through the medium of advertising from time to time as to what they could produce to meet their wishes.

The clerk could be of the greatest assistance only in knowing the goods and where to find them readily. This meant proper classification and intelligent display.

Mr. Stockdale advised the merchants to cater to the needs of the people, and his point was well illustrated by suggesting that at this time druggists should advertise special preventions for Spanish influenza and should have a list prepared of the best remedies. Yesterday after a special round-table talk for the druggists was given by Mr. Stockdale in the association rooms, Germain street. *St. John Telegraph*.

DISILLUSIONMENT

"when yo' sees acullud puhfessah rise up and pick at dem crinkly side whiskers o' his'n and smooove down dat fangy vest yo' am amazed at de ponderosity o' de spectacle," said old Brother Buckaroo. "But when yo' listens to his transplavication yo' finds dat when ye behilt dem whisker and dpt vest yo' seed it all. Ain't dat 'bout so, Brudder Jurdan?"—*Kansas City Star*.

Miss Passay—"Children nowadays do not pay the proper amount of respect to old age." Miss Pert—"And I suppose that annoys you a great deal."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What are your reasons for wanting to get out of public life?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "this is the era of brand-new talent. I thought maybe it might be a good idea for me to retire for awhile and see if I can't get a reputation for inexperience."—*Washington Star*.

Canada Calls On You To Save

Thrift is the outstanding quality
which people at home must display
in order to help win the war.

One of the best incentives to
thrift is a Savings Account in The Bank
of Nova Scotia. It is a pleasure to see it
grow by systematic weekly deposits, how-
ever small.

Call or write for full information.

—THE
Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,500,000
Reserve Fund . . . 12,000,000
Resources . . . 130,000,000.

G. W. BABBITT
Manager
St. Andrews Branch

CAMPOBELLO

Sept. 29.
The following is the programme of an
entertainment given in the Church hall
on Saturday evening, Sept. 21st

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| Chorus | Over There |
| Remarks | Rev. G. E. Tobin |
| Song and Dance | Mr. D. Holland, colored |
| Recitation | Miss Helen Calder |
| Song | Minnie Cline, Evelyn Lank |
| Recitation | Miss Alice North |
| Song | Miss Helen Calder |
| Trio | the Misses Porter |
| Recitation | Miss Effie Townsend |
| Trio, Mrs. Arthur Mitchell, Miss Lavonia Cline, Miss Olive Mitchell. | |
| Reading | Mr. W. M. Patterson |
| Song | Miss Helen Calder |
| Reading | Miss Virginia Williamson |
| Reading | Miss Caroline Patterson |
| Selection | Miss Betty Porter |
| Duet | the Misses Patterson |
| Male Quartette | |
| Speech | Mr. John L. Calder |

The proceeds, \$42, were for Red Cross
funds. During the past week both Red
Cross Societies have shipped Christmas
Stockings for overseas.

Mrs. Sidney Harvey entertained on
Wednesday evening last, the guest of
honour being Miss Martin, of Calais, Me.

A whist club was recently organized at
the library, and will meet on Wednesday
evening, during the coming months.

On Saturday afternoon a cobweb party
was held in the library, for the children,
which was very much enjoyed; also a
dance for the older folks in the evening.

Mrs. H. M. Merriman and daughter,
Miss Maude are guests on the Island.

Mrs. Carroll Mitchell and Miss Estella
Mitchell were passengers to St. John on
Monday last.

Born, on Friday, Sept. 27, to the wife of
Colewell Calder, a daughter.

Those called for examination from here
recently were Frankland Parker and
Medley Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Calder and family
spent Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas McLellan, Mr. and
Mrs. Sidney Harvey, and the Misses
Gertrude Mitchell and Olive Mitchell
were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, at
Bayside, on 22nd.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

Sept. 30.
On Thursday evening last a number of
young friends of Mr. and Mrs. Will Mc-
Neill tendered them a surprise party.
After a social chat a good old-fashioned
sing was enjoyed. This was followed by
light refreshments, and at 11.30 the guests
departed for their homes, after extending
to the host and hostess many good wishes.
Mr. McNeill has been confined to his
home for over two weeks suffering from
a cut on the leg.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cummings and little
daughter, Helen, of Eastport, are guests
of the formers parents.

Mrs. Albert McNeill and little grand-
son, Ernest Wentworth, were guests of
Mrs. Allan Mosher on Thursday last.

Mrs. Chester Dixon and little daughter,
Muriel, spent Thursday with Mrs. Edwin
Conley at Leonardville.

Mrs. E. V. Hooper returned recently
from Portland, Me.

Mrs. Lindsay Wallace and Miss Flora
Fountain are quite seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chaffey are receiv-
ing congratulations on the birth of a baby
girl.

Our School is supposed to open to-
morrow, Oct. 1st, under the management
of our former teacher, Miss Nina Field, of
St. Andrews.

Miss Geneva Fountain has taken charge
of the School at Well's Post Office, Kings
Co.

Capt. and Mrs. Ingalls expect to occupy

their new bungalow, the last of this week.

Miss Hilda Fountain left on Saturday
to resume her position in Worcester,
Mass., after a pleasant vacation spent at
her home here.

ROLLING DAM, N. B.

October 1.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McCann attended the
Presque Isle fair recently.

Mrs. William Mitchell has been spend-
ing a week at Mrs. C. E. McCann's.

Miss Florence Lord, of Pleasant Ridge,
has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred
Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel McCrum, and
others, of Mars Hill, Me., have been visit-
ing friends in this place.

The McCann Brothers have moved into
the store which they bought from W. S.
Thompson.

Messrs. Wrigley and Scullin are doing
good work with their threshing machine.

W. S. Thompson and daughter, Mrs.
Fred Richardson, have moved to St. Steph-
en.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Oct. 1.
Last week was bad for grain, and
farmers were kept busy turning their cuts
over between the showers. The crop is a
good one, the biggest probably ever
harvested in this vicinity. Potatoes are
excellent, with rot reported in some
sections.

Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Brine and Miss
Lillian Brine, of Boston, were guests last
week of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brine, at
Bryn Derwyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Ino. Mooney are visiting
relatives in Stellerton, N. S. During
Mr. Mooney's absence Miss Betts, of St.
John, is playing in the Imperial Theatre.

Henry Murray, of St. John, is visiting
relatives. Harry is in khaki, though
away below military age.

Mrs. Thomas Coyne, of St. Stephen, is
visiting her brother, Steven Conley.

Mr. and Mrs. Bleuis Dick, of Letite, are
rejoicing over the arrival of a young
daughter.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs.
Campbell on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGrattan returned
on Saturday from their wedding trip and
are living in the Crickard house.

Miss Blanche Haynes, of St. Stephen, is
the guest of her sister Mrs. George F.
Meating.

Private Albert Buckley, returned
soldier, returned this week to Fredericton.
He will take an engineering course.

Rev. N. I. Lynds preached in St. Mark's
church Sunday to a large congregation.
Rev. Mr. Lynds was a former pastor of
St. Mark's and is now located in New
York State. He is enjoying a vacation.

Miss K. McCarten spent the week-end
the guest of Mrs. D. Spinney at Utopia.

Mr. B. Moore, of Moore's Mills, has
been appointed manager of the Saw Mill
owned by the Walsford Company.

A large number of young people
enjoyed themselves on Thursday evening
at a party in honor of Mr. Frank Chaffey,
Jr., given at the home of Mrs. Harry
Chaffey.

Miss Elsie Crickard entertained a
number of her school friends on Friday
evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Russell and their daugh-
ter, Miss Ruth, have closed their summer
home, at the mouth of the river and re-
turned to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Craig have return-
ed from a trip to Montreal and Ottawa.

The hunting season so far has been in
favor of big game. The heavy rains hav-
ing made travel difficult, few of the local
hunters have been out, but two moose

have been reported shot. Partridge are
very plentiful, according to reports; sever-
al bears have been seen in the Pocologan
district, and bobcats are said to be every-
where.

The trout season closed the last of Sep-
tember. Quite an agitation is on to have
the season close in August and to permit
fishing through the ice. A close season
for several years has been suggested for
Trout Lake. This is the spawning ground
for the trout in Lake Utopia, at least the
outlet to Trout Lake, Spear's Brook, is,
and many are of the opinion that the Lake
should be closed. Many of the large fish
are caught in the fall on their way up the
brook, and beyond a question thousands
of trout are destroyed by thoughtless
anglers.

Miss Gertrude Wallace, of the Bank
staff, spent the week-end at her home in
Black's Harbor.

CHAMCOOK, N. B.

Oct. 2.
A most enjoyable birthday party was
given at the residence of the Misses
Hilda and Nina Mathews on Saturday
evening in honor of Miss Annie Dines, of
Letite. After a number of games and
songs had been played and sung, refresh-
ments were served, and music was enjoy-
ed until midnight.

The Table Centre which was drawn on
Saturday last, at Mr. John Thom's Store,
was won by Mrs. William King, Cham-
cook. Lucky ticket No. 5. \$5.25 being
realized.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaney, who left
here for Lubec sometime ago, are both
suffering from Spanish influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bucknam have
moved into Miss Simpson's house on
Water Street. They are greatly missed in
Chamcook.

Mrs. George McCoubrey was hostess at
a very enjoyable farewell party given for
those people leaving Chamcook to live in
St. Andrews. There is a general exodus
of the families who have spent so many
winters together, and they will leave
Chamcook quite desolate this winter.

Mrs. Geo. McCoubrey has received
word from her sister, Miss Allene Clinch,
that she is now in The Kitchener Military
Hospital, Brighton, England, where she
expects to be stationed during the winter.
Miss Clinch went overseas with the
Harvard Unit in 1916, from Boston, was
promoted Nursing Sister, and transferred
into the Canadian Army Medical Corps.
She has seen much suffering and endured
many privations with our men in France

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 1.
The farmers in this vicinity are finding
it very difficult to harvest their grain on
account of the heavy rains. It is feared
that much will be spoiled.

The Red Cross Society was very pleas-
antly entertained at the home of Mrs.
George A. Eldridge, Moose Island, last
Wednesday evening. Selections from the
victrola were much enjoyed during the
evening. Messrs. Lyman and Blanchard
Outhouse kindly gave the use of their
cars to carry the ladies to and from the
place of meeting.

Miss King, of Westfield, is the guest of
Mrs. Charles Tatton.

Martin Eldridge suffered from a stroke
last Friday morning, but is now improv-
ing.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Best motored, to
Dipper Harbor and Mace's Bay on Mon-
day.

Miss Lila Hawkins has returned to her
work in Portland, Me.

Miss Jennie Hawkins has entered a
hospital at Malden, Mass., to train for a
nurse.

Mrs. Edgar Wadlin returned last week
from a pleasant visit with friends at Is-
land Falls, Me.

CANADIAN TROOPS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND

Ottawa, Sept. 27.—It is officially an-
nounced, through the chief press censor's
office, that the following troops have
arrived safely in England:

Infantry—Western Ontario; British
Columbia; Saskatchewan; central Onta-
rio.

A. M. C.
Imperial and Serbian recruits—C. O. T.
C. candidates and details.

R. C. H. A.
Field artillery—Central Ontario regim-
ent.

Infantry—Halifax.
V. A. D. nurses.
Imperial recruits and details.

"FOGHORN" McDONALD CASE

No doubt the trouble with Major "Fog-
horn" MacDonald over the fact that he
persisted in wearing his uniform after he
had been struck off the strength of the
C. E. F. is the cause of a recent order
issued by the militia department which
deals with the case of officers, men and
N. C. O's wearing the king's uniform after
having been struck off the rolls. The
order states that officers, warrant officers,
and non-commissioned officers and men
must wear the uniform of the department
of service to which they belong and must
not wear that uniform after thirty days
after their discharge except on special

An Advertisement by Charles Dickens



CHARLES DICKENS is one of the world's great teachers.
Here is what he has to say in one of his books:

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19. 19. 6—result, happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20. 0. 6—result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of Day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are forever floored. As I am."

The saving of a part of one's in-
come was always a good policy.

Prudent men and women have
always maintained a margin of
saving.

But to-day we must go farther in
our efforts to save than ever before.

To-day it is a matter of the
gravest importance that each
Canadian seek ways and means
to economize by cutting down ex-
penditures for unnecessary things,
saving the money he spends on
things he could do without, so
that when the Nation needs to
borrow money he will be in a po-
sition to do his full duty.

There is war-shortening work wait-
ing for every dollar that can be
saved.

IF Charles Dickens were writing
to Canadians to-day he would
probably give us advice to this
effect:

"My other piece of advice, Canadians,
you know. No matter what percentage
of your annual income you have pre-
viously saved, your efforts to-day should
be to save more. The advantage of so
doing is threefold: By the practice of
economy you conserve the material and
labor which must be devoted to the grim
task before us; you cultivate the priceless
habit of thrift; you gather more and
more money to lend to the Nation for the
prosecution of the war to a quick and
certain Victory."

Published under the authority of the
Minister of Finance of Canada

ON REVIEW

**In the County Court for the City and
County of St. John, City of St.
John; at Chambers.**

William Sinnott, Complainant and Edwin
Perry, Defendant.

In the matter of a conviction made by
James Stoop, Esquire, Police Magistrate
for the town of St. Andrews, in the Town
of St. Andrews Civil Court, Charlotte
County, under the Provisions of Chapter
123 of the Consolidated Statutes of New
Brunswick, 1903, at St. Andrews in the
County of Charlotte, on the 14th day of
August, A. D., 1918. Upon reading the
Order by me granted, in the above cause,
upon application for a review of the pro-
ceedings and judgement rendered in this
cause, and conviction made, which Order
bears date the 20th day of August instant
and is returnable this day instant, at the
County Court House in the City of Saint
John in the City and County of Saint
John, at 12 o'clock noon, and upon read-
ing the Affidavit of Melville N. Cockburn
of the due service of the said Order, and
the Affidavit of Edwin Parry, upon which
said Order was granted, upon James
Stoop, Esquire, the Police Magistrate be-
fore whom the said cause was tried and
by whom said conviction was made, and
on William Sinnott, the complainant; and
upon hearing Mr. M. N. Cockburn, K. C.,
on behalf of the Defendant, and no one
appearing on behalf of the Complainant,
and it appearing to me, upon examination
of the proceedings in the said cause, and
the papers used upon this application,
that the Justice of the Peace or Police
Magistrate, before whom the complainant
in his cause was tried and by whom the
said conviction was made, acted wholly
within jurisdiction, in as much, (1) The
information charges no offense pun-
ishable by Statute, (2) There is no evi-
dence that the alleged offense was com-
mitted within the limits of an incorporated
Town, to make the alleged offender liable
to a penalty under a Town by-law or

Town ordinance. (3) That there is no
evidence of a Town by-law or town ordi-
nance where the alleged offense was com-
mitted regulating the traffic with auto-
mobiles or the rate of speed, at which
they are allowed to travel, (4) There is
no evidence as to the rate of speed at
which the accused or Defendant was
travelling at the time of the alleged
offense, (5) That the conviction is not
in the form prescribed by law and is
therefore bad from uncertainty. I do
order that the conviction made in the
above matter be quashed and set aside,
and that the Complainant pay in to the
Justice's Court the costs which were then
adjudged to be paid by the Defendant,
and I allow the costs of review in said
cause, and do tax the same at ten dollars,
and order that the same be paid by the
Complainant, William Sinnott, to the
Defendant Edwin Perry, or his Attorney,
within six days from demand thereof.
Dated this 27th day of August, A. D.,
1918.

(Signed)
J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Judge Saint John County Court.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

Prohibition Worker—"Is your husband
wet or a dry, Mrs. Jingle?" Mrs. Jingle
—"He's a periodical."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "talks
about heaven like it was one o' dem ex-
clusive hotels whur a few prosperous
people kin ingage accommodations in ad-
vance for demselves and families."—*Wash-
ington Star*.

Wife (during squabble)—"You can't
deny that I made you what you are."
Hub—I certainly can't, for what I am is
head over heels in debt."

"De man dat never complains," said
Uncle Eben, "mebbe ain't takin' enough
notice of whut's goin' on to make his
opinions worth noticin' nohow."—*Wash-
ington Star*.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

A Dysp

M. D. Adams
suffer from
and constipa-
tion
thirty drops
after each
Srigel's Carel
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and \$1.00 B

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

CHAPTER XV. The Turn of the Game.

STRICKEN with amazement at the hatred in the tone, Sedgwick stood staring. But Kent stepped before the advancing man. "This won't do," he said firmly. "We can't any of us afford killing."

"I can," contradicted Mr. Blair. "You would gain nothing by it. If one of us is killed the other will finish the task. You know what I am here for, Mr. Blair. I purpose to open the coffin and then go."

"No," said the master of Hedgerow house. And it was twenty years ago since his "no" had been overborne.

"Yes," returned Chester Kent quietly. Mr. Blair's arm rose, steady and slow, with the inevitable motion of machinery.

"If you shoot," pointed out Kent, "you will rouse the house. Is there no one there from whom you wish to conceal that coffin?"

The arm rose higher until the muzzle of the pistol glared like a baleful, interlocking eye into Kent's face. Instead of making any counter motion with the sheriff's revolver the scientist turned on his heel, walked to Sedgwick and handed him the weapon. "I'm going to open the coffin, Frank," he announced. "That pistol of Mr. Blair's is a target arm. It has only one shot."

"True," put in his owner, "but I can score 120 with it at a hundred yards."

"If he should fire, Frank, wing him. And then, whatever happens, get that casket open. That is the one thing you must do for me and yourself."

Sedgwick stepped to within two paces of Blair. "Blair," he said, with a snarl, "you so much as think with that trigger finger and you're dead!"

"No; no killing, Frank," countermanded Kent. "In his place you'd perhaps do as he is doing."

He worked the blade of a spade craftily under the lid and began to pry. The cover gave slightly. Mr. Blair's pistol sank to his side. "I should have shot before warning you," he said bitterly. "Violating graves is, I suppose, your idea of a lawful and orderly proceeding."

The rending crackle of the hard, heavy wood was his answer. Kent stooped and struggled up, bearing a shapeless heavy object in his arms. The object seemed to be swathed in sacking. Kent let it fall to the ground, where it lopped and lay. "All right," said he, with a strong exhalation of relief. "I knew it must be. And yet—well, one never is absolute in certainty. And if I'd been wrong I think, Frank, we could profitably have used that gun on ourselves. You can drop it now. Come over here."

Courageous though Sedgwick was, his nerves were of a highly sensitive order. He shuddered back. "I don't believe I can do it, Chester."

"You must. As a witness. Come, brace up!"

Setting the bullseye lantern down, Kent produced a pocketknife. Sedgwick drew a long breath, and, walking over, crouched, steeling his nerves against the revelation that should come when the cords should be cut and the swathings reveal their contents. "If I feel over, don't let me tumble into the grave," he said simply and choked the last word off from becoming a cry of horror as he beheld his friend drive the knife blade to the hilt in the body and then whip it across and downward with a long ripping draw under which the harsh cloth sang hideously.

"Open your eyes! Look, look!" cried Kent heartily.

A strong trickle of sand flowed out of the rent in the sack and spread upon the ground.

"That is all," said Kent. Relief clamored within Sedgwick for expression. He began to laugh in short choking spasms.

"Quiet!" warned Mr. Blair, in a broken tone of appeal. "You've found out the secret. God knows what you'll do with it. But there are innocent people in the house. What is this matter? Blackmail?"

Kent's face withdrew, as it were, behind his inscrutable half smile.

"Peace, if you will," said he. "A truce at least."

"I should like to know just how much you know."

"An offer. I will tell you whenever you are ready to tell me all that you know. I think we are mutually in need of each other."

"I wish you were at the bottom of that pit," retorted the other grimly. "You and your accomplice of a friend with you."

"Thank you for myself," said Sedgwick. "If you were twenty years younger I would break every bone in your body for that."

"Steady, Frank," put in Kent. "Judge no man by his speech who has been through what Alexander Blair has been through tonight. Mr. Blair," he added, "you've refused my offer. It is still open. And as an extra I will undertake for Mr. Sedgwick and myself that this night's affair shall be kept secret. And, now, the next thing is to cover the evidence. Spades, Frank."

The two men took up their tools. "I'll spell you," said Alexander Blair, and they hurriedly reentered the sack of clean sand which bore the name of Wilfrid Blair.

"And now," said Chester Kent, petting his blistered palms as the last shovelful of dirt was tamped down, "I'll take you back with me, Mr. Sheriff, to Sedgwick's place and do the best I can for you till the morning. About 6 o'clock we'll find you unconscious below the cliffs where you fell in the darkness. Eh?"

Despite his pain the sheriff grinned. "I guess that's as good as the next life," he acquiesced. "You fight fair, professor."

"Then answer me a fair question. What were you doing at Hedgerow house tonight?"

"Why, you see," drawled the official, "I saw you flash that stream, and it came to my mind that you was castin' around for more than trout that wasn't there. But I didn't hardly think you'd come so soon, and I was asleep when the noise of the spade on the coffin woke me."

"Bad work and clumsy," commented Kent, with a scowl. "Come along. My car will carry three. Sedgwick can sit on the floor. Good night, Mr. Blair. All aboard, Frank."

There was no answer.

"What became of Sedgwick?" demanded Kent.

"He was here half a minute ago. I'll swear to that," muttered the sheriff.

Kent stared anxiously about him. "Frank, Frank!" he called half under his breath.

"Not too loud," besought Alexander Blair.

The clouds closed over the moon. Somewhere in the open a twig cracked. Sedgwick had disappeared.

Hope had surged up sudden and fierce in Sedgwick's heart at the gleam of a candle in Hedgerow house. Silent as he laid his revolver beside his spade and slipped into the shadows.

He heard Kent's impatient query. He saw him as he picked up the relinquished weapon and examined it, and, estimating the temper of his friend, was sure that the scientist would not stop to search for him. In this he was right. Taking the sheriff by the arm, Kent guided him through the creek and into the darkness beyond. Mr. Blair, walking with heavy steps and fallen head, made his way back to the house. Sedgwick heard the door close behind him. A light shone for a time in the second story. It disappeared. With infinite caution, Sedgwick made the detour, gained the rear of the house, and skirting the north wing, stepped forth in the bright moonlight, the presence of passion throbbing wildly in his breast.

She sat at the window, head high to him, bowed in roses. Her face was turned slightly away. Her long, fine hands lay, inert, on the sill. Her face, purely itself in the pure moonlight, seemed dimmed with weariness and strain, a flower glowing through a mist.

With a shock of remembrance that was almost grotesque, Sedgwick realized that he had no name by which to call her. So he called her by the name that is Love's own.

She did not change her posture. But her lips parted. Her lids drooped and quivered. She was as one in a lovely dream.

He stepped toward her and spoke again.

"You!" she cried, and her voice breaking from a whisper into a thrill of pure music, "You!"

Bending, he pressed his lips on her hands and felt them tremble beneath his kiss. They were withdrawn and fluttered for the briefest moment at his temples. Then she spoke, hurriedly and softly.

"You must go—at once! At once!"

"When I have just found you?"

"If you have any care for me—for my happiness, for my good name—go away from this house of dread."

"What?" said Sedgwick sharply. "Of dread? What do you do here, then?"

"Suffer," said she. Then bit her lips. "No, no! I didn't mean it. It is only that the mystery of it—I am so strong and weak. Tomorrow all will be right. Only go."

"I will," said Sedgwick firmly. "And you shall go with me."

"Where?"

"He caught her hand again and held it to his breast—"Do you see the gold air and the silver fade And the last bird fly into the last night," he whispered.

"Don't!" she begged. "Not that! It brings back that week too poignantly. Oh, my dear; please, please go."

"Listen," he said. "Heart of my heart, I don't know what curse hangs over this house, but this I do know that I cannot leave you here. Come with me now. I will find some place for you tonight, and tomorrow we will be married."

With a sharp movement she shrank back from him.

"Married! Tomorrow! The words seemed to choke her. "Don't you know who I am?"

Fear chilled his mounting blood as

Kent's analysis of the probabilities came back to him.

"If you are married already," he said unsteadily, "it—it would be better for me that Kent had let him shoot."

"Who?" she cried. "What has been passing here? You have been in danger?"

"What does it matter?" he returned. "What does anything matter but—"

"Hark!" she broke in, a spasm of terror contracting her face.

Footsteps sounded within. There was the noise of a door opening and closing. Around the turn of the wing Alexander Blair stepped into view. His pistol was still in his hand.

"Still here, sir?" he inquired with an effect of murderous courtesy. "You are spying to your other practices, then?" He took a step forward and saw the girl. "My God, Marjorie!" he cried.

Sedgwick turned white at the cry, but faced the older man steadily.

"I fear, sir," he said, "that I have made a terrible mistake. The blame

is wholly mine. I beg you to believe that I came here wholly without the knowledge of—of your wife."

"Of whom?" exclaimed Blair, and in the same moment, the girl cried out, "Oh, no; not that!"

"Not?" exclaimed Sedgwick. "Then—"

"Marjorie," interrupted Mr. Blair, "I think you had best go to your room."

The girl's soft lips straightened into a line of inflexibility. "I wish to speak to Mr. Sedgwick," she said.

"Speak, then, and quickly."

"No; I wish to speak to him alone. There is an explanation which I owe him."

"And there is one which he owes you," retorted Blair. "As he seems to have been too cowardly to give it, I will supply his deficiencies. In order that there may be no misunderstanding let me present Mr. Francis Sedgwick, the murderer."

A low cry, the most desolate, the most stricken sound that Sedgwick had ever heard from human lips, trembled on the air. Before he could gather his senses to retort and deny she had drawn herself to her feet, and the rose bowed window framed only emptiness.

"Is it possible that you really believe it?" Sedgwick exclaimed.

"So possible that but for the scandal I would do what I cannot invoke the law to do and exact life for life. And, to crown all, I find you with my son's wife."

"Your son's wife?" The cry burst from Sedgwick's lips.

"—in the dead of night at a rendezvous," concluded Blair.

"That is a lie," said Sedgwick very low, "for which I shall kill you if you dare repeat it even to your own thoughts. It was no rendezvous. Is your mind so vicious that you can't believe in innocence? Stop and think: How could it have been a rendezvous when I came here, as you know, for another purpose?"

"That is true," said the other thoughtfully. "That still remains to be explained."

"By you," returned the artist. "You speak of your son's wife. To carry out the face of the sham burial shouldn't you have said his 'widow'?"

"The widow of a day, as you well know," answered Mr. Blair bitterly.

"As I do not know at all. But I think I begin to see light. The rose topazes on the dead woman's neck. Her topazes. That helps to clear it up. The dead woman was some past light o' love of Wilfrid Blair's. She came here either to reassure her away over him or to blackmail him. He gave her his wife's jewels. Then he followed her to the cliffs and killed her, perhaps in a drunken frenzy. And you, Mr. Alexander Blair, to save your son have concealed him somewhere, bribed the sheriff and the medical officer, contrived this false death and burial and are now turning suspicion on a man you know to be innocent further to fortify your position. But what damnable lie have you told her?"

During this exposition Alexander Blair's face was a study in changing emotions. At the close his thin lips curled in the suggestion of a sardonic grin.

"I leave you to the company of your theory, sir," said he, and the door closed sharply after him.

Three hours later, wet and bedrag-



"If you are married already," he said unsteadily.

ged, but with a fire at his heart, the nightflier came to his home and roused Kent from slumber on the studio couch.

In brief outline Sedgwick told of the moonlight interview.

"Do you know," Kent said, "I would not wonder if Blair really thought you the murderer. Yours is a very interesting and ingenious theory. But the fact is that Wilfrid Blair was dead before his father ever learned of the tragedy of Lonesome Cove."

CHAPTER XVI. Chance Sits In.

SIT case at his side, Chester Kent stood on the platform of the Martindale Center station waiting for the morning train to Boston. Before him paced Sedgwick, with a face of storm.

"This is something I must do for myself," the artist declared. "Chet, I must see her again," pleaded Sedgwick. "I must—"

"Exhibit that tact and delicacy which you displayed at your last meeting," broke in Kent curtly. "Asking a woman to marry you on the day of her husband's burial!"

"It wasn't her husband's burial."

"She supposed it was."

Sedgwick checked his nervous pacing. "Do you think so? You believe she wasn't a party to that ghastly fraud?"

"Certainly not. She attended the funeral ceremony in good faith. In my belief the real circumstances of Blair's death are as unknown to her as they are to—you."

"Assuming always that he is dead. Your confidence being so sound, it must be based on something. How did he come to his death?"

"If I knew that I shouldn't be going to Boston to consult an astrologer. And you?"

"I am going back to Hedgerow house," concluded the artist obstinately.

"Do you know Room 571 at the Elyrie?" asked Kent abruptly.

"No. Yes; I do too."

"Walk up to the hotel. Give this card to the clerk. Get the key. Go to that room at once. Lie down on your back with your eyes open and think for one hour by the watch. If at the end of that time you still believe you're right go ahead. Will you do it?"

"Agreed. It's a bargain. But it won't change my mind."

"A bargain's a bargain. It won't need to," said Kent coolly. "By that time, if I have any understanding of Mr. Alexander Blair, he will have put your lady of mystery on the morning train which leaves for Boston by one of the other roads. If not, why, you may take your chance."

"Ticked!" said Sedgwick. "Well, I owe you too much to go back on my agreement. But—see here, Kent. She's going to Boston. You're going to Boston. You can easily find out where the Blairs live. Go to her for me and find—"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Kent piously.

"Why?"

"Haven't I told you that I am a timid creature and especially about females? Over seventy I like 'em, and under seven I love 'em. Between I shun 'em. I'll do anything for you but that, my boy," he concluded as the train came rumbling in.

"Then I shall have to follow and look her up myself," returned his friend. "I'll wire you before I come. Goodby."

"By the way," said Kent, leaning out from the car step upon which he had swung himself, "don't be disturbed if you miss that drawing which we bought from Elder Dennett at a bargain."

"Miss it? Why, where is it?"

"In my suit case."

"What's it doing there?"

"Why, you see, it's a sketch for a finished portrait by Elliott, as I suspect, some of the art people in Boston might recognize it. Good luck! I hope not to see you soon—too soon, that is!"

Chance and a deranged railway schedule conspired against the peace of mind of the shy and shrinking Kent. Outside of Boston a few miles is a junction and a crossing. Here Kent's train was held up by some minor accident. Here, too, the train from the north on the other road stopped for orders. Thus it was that Kent, stepping out to take the air, found himself looking into an open Pullman window at a woman's face framed in deepest black.

"Mrs. Blair?"

For once in his life Chester Kent's controlled tongue had broken the leash. Immediately he would have given a considerable sum of money to recall his impulsive exclamation. He was in an agony of shyness. But it was too late. The girl's face turned.

"I beg p-p-pardon," stammered the man. "Are you Mr. Blair? I'm Mrs. Kent."

At this astonishing announcement, amusement gleamed in the woman's eyes and gave a delicate up twist to the corners of the soft mouth.

"I don't recognize you in your present attire, Mrs. Kent," she murmured.

"No. Of course not. I—I—meant to say—that is, you know"—Kent gathered his forces, resolved desperately to see it through now. "There are things I want to speak to you about. I wish to get on your car."

"Certainly not," replied she decisively. "I do not know you."

"I am a friend of Francis Sedgwick. Try to believe me when I tell you that I wish only to save both of you misunderstanding and suffering—"

"It is too late," she said hopelessly.

"Now, what cock and bull story has Alexander Blair told her?" Kent demanded of his mind. "How much does she know or how little?"

The jar and forward lurch of the car before him brought him out of his reverie.

"Can I see you in Boston?" he asked hurriedly.

She shook her head. "Not now. I can see no one. And, remember, I do not even know you."

Kent cast about rapidly in his mind as he walked along with the car for some one who might be a common acquaintance. He mentioned the name of a very great psychologist at Harvard. "Do you know him?" he asked.

"Yes. He is my mother's half brother."

"And my valued friend," he cried. "May I get him to bring me?" He was almost running now beside the window.

"Yes," she assented, "if you insist. But I will hear no word of—of your friend."

"I understand. Agreed," called Kent. "Tomorrow morning then."

Kent went direct to Cambridge. He found his friend, one of the finest and profoundest philosophers of his time, sitting in a closed house over a game of that form of solitaire appropriately denominated "idiot's delight."

"It is long since you have done me the honor to consult me," said the old scholar, smiling.

Kent outlined the case to him.

"You see," he said, "there is an obvious connection between the unknown body on the beach and the Blair tragedy."

"Poor Marjorie!" exclaimed the old man. "For her marriage I blame myself largely. When Marjorie Dorrance was left an orphan I was her nearest relative of an age and position such as to constitute a moral claim of guardianship. She visited here when she was eighteen—came like a flood of sunlight into this house. A beautiful vivid girl, half child, half woman; with a beautiful vivid mind. When I returned from one of my journeys into the past I found that Marjorie was engaged to that wretched creature. Now, he is dead. Let be. I have seen little of her in late years. God grant the life with him has not crushed out of her all her sweetness and happiness."

"While I am no judge of women," said Kent judiciously, "I should venture to aver that it hasn't. But about calling on her my being a stranger, you see, and in the first days of her widowhood—social conventions, and that sort of thing."

"Mist and moonshine, my dear sir! Moonshine and mist! Marjorie feels no grief. She will pretend to none even to herself. I will take you to her tomorrow."

"Blair ill treated her?" asked Kent.

"Oh, ill treatment! That is a wide term. I believe that the poor weakling did his best to keep faith and honor. But ropes of mud are strong. These with which he had bound himself drew him resistlessly back to the sewers. Here was but a marriage of glibness at best."

"Does she know anything of the manner of Blair's death?"

"No one knows much of it, from what I understand, unless it be Alexander Blair. One of the family who went to Hedgerow house for the funeral called upon me as a courtesy due to Mrs. Blair's nearest relative. Alexander Blair, he said, was reticent. His dread of publicity is notorious. But certain the affair was substantially this: On the evening before the woman's body was found Wilfrid Blair, who had been exhibiting symptoms of melancholia, left the house secretly. No one saw him go, but about the time that he left the unknown woman was seen in the vicinity of Hedgerow house."

"By whom?"

"By a half breed, Indian, a devoted servant of the family, who was practically young Blair's body servant."

"Gansett Jim! That helps to explain."

"Whether or not Wilfrid Blair had arranged a meeting with this woman is not known. As you know, she was found with her skull crushed on the sea beach. Blair was afterward mortally injured and was brought home to die."

"That is Alexander Blair's version of the tragedy?"

"As I understand it."

"Wilfrid Blair never was brought home."

"Ah? In any case Alexander Blair is striving to conceal some scandal, the nature of which I have no wish to guess. By the way, I should have added that he suspects a third person, an artist, resident not far from his place, of being his son's assailant."

"Francis Sedgwick?"

"You know the man?"

"It is on his behalf that I am acting," replied Kent.

"My informant, however, inclines to the belief that Alexander Blair is wrong; that Wilfrid Blair killed the woman and then inflicted mortal wounds upon himself. Perhaps you would better see my informant for yourself."

"Unnecessary, thank you. Mr. Blair is not telling quite all that he knows, believes. If I correctly follow his mental processes, that Francis Sedgwick met his son on the night of the tragedy, by chance or otherwise, and that in the encounter which he believes followed Wilfrid Blair was killed. Unfortunately some color of motive is lent to this by the fact that Sedgwick had fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Blair."

"Impossible! Marjorie is not the woman to permit such a thing."

"Without blame to her or, indeed, to either of them. She also believes now that Sedgwick killed her husband."

"And—and she was interested in your friend?" asked the old scholar slowly.

"I fear—that is, I trust so. Circum-

stantial evidence is against Sedgwick, but I give you my word, sir, it is wholly impossible that he should have killed your niece's husband."

"To doubt your certainty would be crassly stupid. And are you hopeful of clearing up the circumstances?"

"There I want your aid. The night of the tragedy a person wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars sat on Hawkhill heights. I have reason to believe that this person came there to meet some one from the Blair place. It is to run him down that I have come to Boston."

"A man wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars," said the philosopher. "Surely a strange garb in this age of sartorial orthodoxy."

"Not for an astrologer."

"Ah, an astrologer! And you think he came from Boston?"

"I think," said Chester Kent, drawing some newspaper clippings from his pocket, "that somewhere among these advertisements taken from the newspapers which are subscribed for at Hedgerow house he is to be found."

"There I ought to be able to help. Through my association with the occult society I have investigated many of these gentry. Great rascals, most of them."

"Whom would you consider the most able of the lot?"

The old man set a finger on one of the clippings. "Preston Jax," said he, "is the shrewdest of them all. Sometimes I have thought that he had dim flashes of real clairvoyance."

"Probably he is my man. Anyway, I shall visit him first, and if I find that his office was closed on July 5—"

"It was and for a day or two thereafter as I chance to know, because one of the occult society's secret agents was to have visited him and could not get an appointment."

"Good! I shall see you, then, tomorrow, sir."

Ten o'clock of the following morning found the Harvard professor formally presenting his friend, Chester Kent, to Mrs. Wilfrid Blair at the house of the cousin with whom she was staying.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you may trust Professor Kent's judgment and insight as implicitly as his honor. I can give no stronger recommendation and will now take my leave."

Kent resisted successfully a wild and fearful desire to set a restraining hold upon the disappearing coastlines, for embarrassment had again engulfed the scientist's soul.

"I don't know exactly how to begin," he said.

"Then I will help you," said she, becoming suddenly grave. "You are here to speak to me of some topic wholly distinct from one forbidden phase."

"Have you lost any jewels lately, Mrs. Blair?"

The girl-widow started. "Yes. How did you know?"

"You have made no complaint or published no advertisements for them?"

"I have kept it absolutely secret. Father Blair insisted that I should do so."

"They were valuable, these jewels?"

"The rings were, intrinsically, but what I most valued was the necklace of rose topazes. They were the Grosvenor topazes."

"A family relic?"

"Not my own family. My husband's mother left them to me. They came down to her from her grandmother, Camilla Grosvenor. She was rather a famous person in her time. C. L. Elliott painted her—one of his finest portraits, I believe. And—and she was remarkable in other respects. She was a woman of great force of character and great personal attraction. I believe, though she was not exactly beautiful. When she was still under thirty she became the leader of a band of mystics and star worshippers. I believe that she became infatuated with one of them, a young German, and that there was an elopement by water. This I remember, at least—her body washed ashore on the coast not very far from Hedgerow house."

"At Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes. The very name of it chills me. For my husband it had an uncanny fascination. He used to talk to me about the place."

"Would you know the face of Camilla Grosvenor?"

"Of course. The Elliott portrait hangs in the library at Hedgerow house."

Kent took from under his coat the drawing purchased from Elder Dennett.

"That is the same," said Mrs. Blair unhesitatingly. "It isn't quite the same pose as the finished portrait, and it lacks the earring which is in the portrait. But I should say it is surely Elliott's work. Couldn't it be a preliminary sketch for the portrait?"

"Probably that is what it is."

"Can you tell me where it came from?"

"From between the pages of an old book. Tell me how your necklace was lost, please."

"I don't know. On the afternoon of July 5 I left Hedgerow house rather hurriedly. My maid, whom I trust implicitly, was to follow with my trunk, including my jewel case. She arrived a day later, with part of the jewels missing, and a note from Father Blair saying that there had been a robbery, but that I was to say nothing of it."

A Dyspepsia Cure

M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime. This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

Adv. in the Beacon For Results

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

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

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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 5th October, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[September 26 to October 2]

IT is once more our pleasing duty to refer to another week of great and steady success for the armies of the Entente Allies.

On the Western front intense activity prevailed from the coast to Meuse, and at all points the Allies made advances. Perhaps the most remarkable advance, because not expected, was that of the Belgians and British in Flanders east of Ypres, where they reached Roulers and cut the railway line between Roulers and Menin. They also made substantial gains east of Dixmude. The British continued to extend their front between Ypres and Armentières and on both sides of La Bassée Canal, and both north and south of Cambrai. Between Cambrai and St. Quentin they were assisted by American troops, and there the fighting was probably the fiercest of the whole war. St. Quentin was occupied by the French, who pushed on to the east and south of it. Between St. Quentin and Reims the French made substantial gains at many points. They occupied the whole of the western half of the famous Chemin-des-Dames and advanced further to the north of it. They crossed the Vesle in the eastern part of it between Jochery and Reims, and at the week's close had extended their front north of Reims to Courcy and beyond St. Thierry, and northwest to Cormicy. Further to the east, in the Champagne district, they made substantial gains in the direction of Monthois and Chalange west of the Forest of Argonne. Between Argonne and the Meuse the American forces made steady and hard-fought progress and had almost reached their immediate objective, Grand Pré. Many thousands of prisoners and large numbers of guns were taken by the Allies in the course of the week on the Western front; and though the Teutons fought stubbornly at most points, in Flanders they were apparently beginning a big retreat. Eastward from the Meuse to the Swiss frontier there was, apparently, but little activity, though it is not unlikely Metz was receiving some attention at the hands of the Americans.

The Austro-Italian campaign was not marked by any extensive changes during the week, but outpost engagements were steadily maintained. The Balkan campaign provided the most sensational feature of the week by the withdrawal, at noon on Monday, September 30, of the Bulgarian troops from further participation in the war, an armistice having been arranged at Salonika between Entente representatives and Bulgarian commissioners from Sofia. At noon on Monday, up to which time hostilities were steadily maintained with continuous success for the Allies, the Bulgarians began to withdraw into their own territory from positions occupied by them in Serbia and Greece; so that the only enemy forces now remaining in those two countries are Germans and Austro-Hungarians.

The Entente Allies, supporting the Czecho-Slovaks, operating in eastern Siberia made gains north of the Amur and effected a junction at Chita with their forces operating west of that point, so that they now hold both railways between Chita and Vladivostok. Allied troops co-operating with Anti-Bolshevik Russians south of Archangel made further advances; and on the Volga Bolshevists were defeated at strongly occupied positions. Generally the news from Russia during the week was most meagre, but it was so far satisfactory that there were no reports of further outrages at Moscow and Petrograd.

Again good news was received from Palestine, where the forces under General Allenby took the holy city of Damascus, capturing 7,000 Turkish prisoners. Entente forces, assisted by the Navy, were advancing along the Mediterranean coast from Beirut to Tripoli; and it seemed likely that General Allenby would soon continue his drive northward from Damascus to Aleppo, along the railway line, and it is improbable that the Turks can offer much serious resistance. Then there is the probability of the advance of British troops to Aleppo up the Euphrates from Baghdad.

Aerial operations continued to constitute a most important factor in the prosecution of hostilities and in the bombardments of military stations and works beyond the battle lines. The Entente Allies appear now to possess a very great superiority in this respect.

The week was practically without any

news of submarine activities, though it is too much to expect that this menace is entirely removed. There are but few items this week for us to record under "News of the Sea."

The continued success of the Entente Allies, the political unrest in Germany and Austria-Hungary, the defection of Bulgaria, and the crushing defeats sustained by Turkey, all prognosticate a great change in the further prosecution of the war. The continuance of the success of the Allies is assured, and the withdrawal from Belgium and France of the German armies may not be very far remote. That it is impending is indicated by the manner in which the Huns are looting and destroying the towns which they are no longer able to hold.

The splendid strategy of Marshal Foch is receiving unstinted praise. The philosopher who is responsible for "At a Venture" in *The New York Evening Post* remarks:—"To Maréchal Foch: 'C'est magnifique, mais c'est aussi la guerre!'"

TOWN BY-LAWS

WE print in another column the report of a review by St. John County Court Judge Armstrong of a case in which James Stoop, Esq., the St. Andrews Police Magistrate, had given a decision concerning the alleged infraction of a Town by-law. The matter was referred to briefly in our report of the September monthly meeting of the Town Council. The judicial decision which we now print in full will throw additional light on the matter.

The incident calls for some comment. In the first place, it is evident that the Town administration is either inadequately supplied with necessary by-laws, or that those by-laws are not properly promulgated or made easily accessible, and that whatever the by-laws may be, they are not properly understood and enforced by our police.

Again, it is also evident that in cases involving alleged infractions of the Town by-laws which are submitted to the Police Magistrate the Town ought to have legal assistance and advice, and the Magistrate's decisions should not be given until they are first submitted to the Town Solicitor to ensure that they are rendered in due form.

As to the by-laws, it would be a wise measure to have them all collated and printed, for the information of the public, of the Town Council itself, of the Magistrate, and, more especially, of the Town Marshal. After full publicity has been given to the by-laws they should be enforced without fear or favor. As it is, the by-laws that are supposed to be in force are infringed daily, and very rarely indeed is anyone ever prosecuted for their infraction.

At the present time St. Andrews is practically without any police protection, our Marshal being chiefly engaged in hauling gravel and dumping it on the roads, streets, and foot-paths. Very rarely indeed is he seen wearing his official cap and carrying his official baton. Boys, of all ages, freely ride their bicycles on the foot-paths, often racing with one another or performing acrobatic tricks, to the danger and discomfort of pedestrians; and they use no lamps when cycling at night. Once the telegraph poles were decorated with notices relating to the bicycle by-law, but they were removed some years ago when the poles were painted, and have not been replaced. Cyclists may think the by-law is repealed; and it is evident that many other supposed by-laws are similarly ignored.

We presume the decision of Judge Armstrong has brought home to the Town Council the necessity for enacting (if it is not already enacted) a special by-law regulating street traffic and fixing a speed-limit. We also presume the decision has impressed upon them the necessity for an efficient discharge of the duties of Police Magistrate. A lawyer may not be immediately available for that important post, but if lawyers are to be found who will cause our Magistrate's decisions to be set aside, one ought to be available to give the Magistrate assistance in arriving at decisions that cannot be reversed.

WAKE UP, ST. ANDREWS!

THE Post Office building was sold by auction at noon on Saturday last the purchaser being Mr. W. S. Skillen, of Woodstock, N. B. The price paid was \$1150, probably not one-half the original cost of the material entering into its construction. The lot, a corner one, is 80 feet by 70 feet. The property belonged to the St. Andrews Land Company, whose holdings passed to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company some years ago. The sale of this landmark in St. Andrews, and to a non-resident who bought it on speculation, gives one an opportunity to moralize a little on the decadence of St. Andrews as a commercial centre, the unfulfilled expectations of the Land Company that started with such a flourish of trumpets and whose big schemes were to revolutionize the place and the disappointed hopes of holders of vacant lots to reap the unearned increment in values.

But moralizing is not much use, especially on the subject of the failure of the people of St. Andrews to make more of their opportunities, to make the place what it should be—one of the most important ports in the Dominion of Canada.

It would have heartened the people of the Town if the C. P. R., instead of selling the building, had made the necessary repairs upon it, and held it till the good time comes for which we are all looking, and which the grey-beards among us may not see.

Another nail has been driven in the coffin of the Old Shire Town, and it is a matter of regret that this undertaker's work has been performed by the C. P. R. The funeral, however, will be deferred; for the old Town is not quite defunct, or perhaps even moribund. It is just sleeping, and its awakening may yet come before Gabriel blows that blast which has been foretold, and which is to wake the dead.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Town Council at its monthly meeting on Tuesday evening considered the question of fuel supply. We think, however, they made a mistake in not appointing a special committee to assist the local merchants in securing an adequate supply of coal, for our past experience has confirmed us in the belief that Fuel Controllers and other such officials will not consider the claims of St. Andrews until they have first satisfied those of other communities. The people of the Town do not want to be in the position in which they found themselves last winter in regard to fuel.

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 2.
Rev. J. and Mrs. Strothard, of Truro, N. S., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. H. B. Strothard at the Methodist Parsonage.

Mrs. H. Dowling McKay has returned from a visit of several weeks in New York City. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Davidson, who has come to reside with her for the winter.

Rev. W. Tomalin, of Shediac, a former rector of Trinity Church, was in St. Stephen on Sunday and conducted a service in Trinity to the memory of those brave soldiers Lieut. Earle Scovil, and Signaller James Moore, who gave their lives for their King and Country.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Mark Mills expect to leave the last of the week to spend some time in a camp on the Main river, to enjoy the hunting-ground there.

Miss Louise Purves, who has been in Winnipeg attending the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary, is to arrive home this week.

Ven. Archdeacon Newnam is in St. John this week.

A service flag is to be unveiled in Christ Church on Sunday next, and reference will be made to the brave lads who went to the war from Christ Church congregation and to those who have made the supreme sacrifice.

Mrs. George E. Smith, of St. Andrews, and Mrs. E. Cockburn are in St. Stephen for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Horatio Polleys have returned from their wedding trip and are spending a few days with Mrs. Polley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Carter.

Many hearts were made glad on Tuesday in St. Stephen by the arrival of an English mail which brought letters from the loved lads who are overseas.

Misses Margaret and Minnie Bolz have concluded a pleasant visit in St. Stephen with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bolz, and have returned to their home in Boston.

Mrs. Daniel Morris left on Thursday morning last for Boston, where she will reside with her son.

Miss Martha Harris has gone to New York City to visit friends.

Rally Day was kept in the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches on Sunday.

Mr. W. J. Graham, of Milltown, N. B., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ronan, in Antigonish, N. S.

Miss Nellie Lyons, one of St. Stephen's most valued trained nurses, is very ill, much to the anxiety of her friends.

Mr. James Vroom, St. Stephen's efficient town clerk, is confined to his residence with illness.

Miss Dorothy Huestis is visiting friends in Summerside, P. E. I.

Dr. Frank I. Blair is enjoying a few days hunting in the vicinity of St. George.

Miss Arthurette Branscombe, the esteemed Matron of the Chipman Memorial Hospital, was recently given a surprise birthday party, at the Robinson Memorial Home for Nurses, by the matron, Mrs. Burton, and the young nurses who reside at the Home. There was a dainty supper served, and Miss Branscombe was presented with a handsome China chocolate set as a souvenir of the occasion. The evening was a most happy one, and shows the love and esteem the nurses have for Miss Branscombe.

Owing to the prevailing epidemic of gripple the schools, Opera House, and all places in Calais where people meet, have been closed by order of Mayor, until it is certain there will be no more spreading of the dread disease. St. Stephen has yet no cause to take the same measures.

Judge Grimmer, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lois Grimmer, are in St. Stephen to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Murray, of St. Andrews, are guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rose.

Miss Grace Stevens left on Tuesday for Montreal to visit her sister, Mrs. Torrance.

Mr. C. C. Whitlock and the Misses

Whitlock, who have been enjoying a motor trip to Boston, have arrived home.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Richardson, who have been visiting in Calais, have returned to their home in Sussex, Ont.

Misses Ruth Murchie and Pauline Olsson, of Calais, are students this year at Wheaton Academy at Norton, Mass.

Mrs. Alice Osburn is residing with Mrs. John McGibbon, on Elm Street.

NEW ENGLAND'S QUOTA

It has remained, however, for a Connecticut scribe to tell the best hot-weather story of the season—a story in which clams along the shore at low tide became overheated and exploded, with such continuous and startling detonations that the near-by inhabitants, believing the enemy's fleet was bombarding the coast, hastily took flight for the interior.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

I absolutely must—If a possible thing—sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Rubber Boots, on or before December 31st, and in order to do so, I am making my prices as low as possible.

Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies' Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button and Lace, \$2.50 while they last.

Ladies' Extra High Tops, latest style and colors, in high heels and medium low heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels \$1.

Men's Hip Boots \$7, Hip \$6. Boys' Boots \$5, Youths' Boots \$4. Children's \$2. Men's Rubbers \$1.25 up, Boys' \$.75 and \$1.00. Youths' \$.75, Girls' \$.75 and \$1.00. Child's \$.75.

Men's Canvas Oxfords, Rubber Soles and Heels, \$1.25, Ladies' \$1.25. Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisible Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5. Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes, New Tony Red Color, Fibre Soles and Heels, \$6.50 per pair.

I am the only agent and collector for Singer Sewing Machines for Eastport, Lubec, and vicinity, and machines have advanced in price, so if you want a Sewing Machine, just get my prices before you buy a machine from anyone else for my price may be just quite a little bit lower. I have a Drop Head Singer Sewing Machine, in good running order, the Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine will work as good as any, and the price for cash is only \$22. Another one with better looking Cabinet, this is a Singer also, in first class condition, for cash \$30. A few Box Top Machines, different makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10. I keep Shuttles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Sides, Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, everything for the Singer right on hand. Needles, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing machine, including New Williams and Raymond.

I keep a good assortment of New Singer Sewing Machines on hand, and I can make you special cash prices on any I have.

Telephone 42-3. 3 ply Roofing \$3.

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE
Beyond Post Office
131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

OVER-STOCK SALE OF Corduroy Velvet

27 inches wide. Three shades Brown, and two of Sand Color.

Regular Value 90c. Sale Price 65c.

On Sale Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday.

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.

Caretaker and Matron Wanted

Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received until September 15th, 1918, for Caretaker and Matron for St. Andrews Town Home, to take charge of home October 1st, 1918.

G. B. FINIGAN,
Chairman Poor Committee
St. Andrews, N. B.

Custom Grinding

Until Oct. 31st mill will be open for grinding Wheat, Buckwheat, etc., on Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. After that date open only on Thursdays and Fridays.

E. H. Bartlett
BARTLETT'S MILLS
13-2w. N. B.

We have put on our Counter some special bargains in

DINNER SETS AND TEA SETS

These Dinner Sets are \$8.75, 9.75 & 10.00, which, at the present prices, are give aways.

Call and See them while they last.

R. D. Ross & Co.
Near Post Office St. Stephen, N. B.

SPRING GOODS

PAINTS:—Now is the time to do your painting. Paint beautifies and preserves the home, enhances the beauty of the town we dwell in. We have a good stock of Ramsay's Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Brushes, Oils, etc. Ask for Color Cards.

WALL PAPERS:—We have a splendid stock of the latest 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!

You will soon be needing some **GARDEN TOOLS** to help increase the Food Production. Better get your Rakes, Hoes, Spading Forks and other utensils now. We sell Steele Briggs' **GARDEN SEEDS.**

Buy a **BICYCLE** and enjoy good health. It saves you many a step and a lot of time. Call and see the "CLEVELAND." We will be pleased to quote you on Accessories or any repair work you may contemplate.

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

J. A. SHIRLEY

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by Getting Your

SCREENS

On Your DOORS and WINDOWS

We have a full stock of Window Screens and Screen Doors in several sizes.

Also WIRE NETTING

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

GASOLINE and OILS

White Rose Gasoline is the best Gasoline 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)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social

The Khaki the Rectory proceeds, as used for post Mr. Haze called to town Mr. and Mrs. ter have returned delphia. Mrs. Mye visiting in town Mr. and Mrs. a number of a picnic at the Mrs. G. F. Boston on Saturday Mrs. Charles convalescing influenza. Mr. G. F. visit to Castle Mr. and Mrs. John, were in of their country The Miss Rigby are visiting Miss Birdie ing her aunt Saturday for Mrs. Gard have been visiting They were accompanied by Miss Nett Mr. S. Bruc ing his daughter Miss Flor Fern McDow St. John, where College. Mrs. Geo. and party of Saturday and Mr. and Mrs. to St. Stephen Mr. Percy F. for California Mr. Dougl night for F studies at the Mr. Fraser went to St. J the Business The Rev. T. for Hamilton, Conference o opened on there sense there y Methodist chu The Ladies dist Church a friends unexpe age on Friday Pastor and Mrs. Hicks occasion was of their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Cathcart, on Mrs. Hicks w and a bouquet hearty congrat future. The ed in brief ad appreciation c and useful gi freshments, a ably spent. Mrs. Hoop have been v Mrs. Wilson, summer here left on Tuesd He was accom by Mr. G. W. Mr. Bourne Nova Scotia Mrs. James friends. Mrs. James town, Me. The Rev. closed Rossm ham, Mass. Miss Lizzie ing her sister. Miss Bess Thursday eve neth Mowatt Judge W. C. Grimmer, of Thursday. The Rev. T. ton on Mon Methodist Co Mr. I. Rich ing his moth left on Mond Mrs. Austri town on Satu Mr. and Mrs. Chamcook, ar house for the Miss Viola few days in Mrs. Dorot Thursday from Mrs. E. A. C in St. Stephen Miss Georg visiting her s the Rectory, I Jamaica Plain Mr. and Mrs. George, have Mrs. G. F. Hi Mr. Buckn

Social and Personal

The Khaki Club held a delightful tea at the Rectory on Tuesday afternoon. The proceeds, amounting to \$14, are to be used for postage for the Christmas boxes.

Mr. Hazen McQuoid, of Benton, was called to town by his sister's death.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gove and daughter have returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Myers, of Providence, R. I., is visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rigby entertained a number of their friends on Saturday by a picnic at the Badgers, Chamcook Lake.

Mrs. G. Finigan, Mrs. Outhouse, and Mrs. Charles Mallory returned from Boston on Saturday. They were accompanied by Miss Anna Outhouse, who is convalescing from an attack of Spanish influenza.

Mr. G. F. Hibbard has returned from a visit to Castletown, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville McQuoid, of St. John, were in town to attend the funeral of their cousin.

The Misses Carolyn and Margaret Rigby are visiting in St. Stephen.

Miss Birdie Adair, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. E. Smith, left on Saturday for her nursing duties in Boston.

Mrs. Garden and Mrs. Mitchell, who have been visiting Mrs. John S. Maloney, have returned to their home in Woodstock. They were accompanied by Mrs. Maloney and Miss Nettie Maloney.

Mr. S. Bruce, of Malden, Mass., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Warren Stinson.

Miss Florence Thompson and Miss Fern McDowell left on Monday night for St. John, where they will attend Business College.

Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke, Mrs. W. L. Jarvis, and party, of St. Stephen, were in town on Saturday and lunched at Kennedy's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Smith have moved to St. Stephen for the winter.

Mr. Percy Hanson left on Monday night for California.

Mr. Douglas Everett left on Monday night for Fredericton, to resume his studies at the High School there.

Mr. Fraser Keay and Mr. Teddy Boone went to St. John where they will attend the Business College.

The Rev. Thomas Hicks left on Monday for Hamilton, Ontario, where the General Conference of the Methodist Church, opened on Wednesday. During his absence there will be no services in the Methodist church.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church and a goodly number of the friends unexpectedly visited the Parsonage on Friday evening last, and gave the Pastor and his wife, the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Hicks, a pleasant surprise. The occasion was the thirty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The President, Miss Cathcart, on behalf of the company, presented Mrs. Hicks with a handsome fruit dish and a bouquet of flowers, accompanied by hearty congratulations and wishes for the future. The pastor and his wife responded in brief addresses, and expressed their appreciation of the good wishes and pretty and useful gifts. The ladies served refreshments, and the evening was enjoyably spent.

Mrs. Hooper and Miss Louis Hooper have been visiting Miss Orissa Smith.

Mr. Wilson, who has been spending the summer here on the Geodetic Survey, left on Tuesday for Ottawa by motor. He was accompanied as far as Montreal by Mr. G. W. Babbitt.

Mr. Bourne is applying in the Bank of Nova Scotia in place of Mr. Babbitt.

Mrs. James Grant is visiting Up-River friends.

Mrs. James Powers is visiting in Milltown, Me.

The Rev. and Mrs. H. P. Ross have closed Rossmount and returned to Dedham, Mass.

Miss Lizzie Billings, of Boston, is visiting her sister, Miss Fannie Billings.

Miss Bessie Grimmer entertained on Thursday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mowatt.

Judge W. C. H. Grimmer and Miss Lois Grimmer, of St. John, were in town on Thursday.

The Rev. Thos. Hicks went to Hamilton on Monday to attend the General Methodist Conference.

Mr. I. Richardson, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Thos. Richardson, left on Monday for his home in the west.

Mrs. Austin Budd and son were in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowden and family, of Chamcook, are occupying Capt. Lowery's house for the winter.

Miss Viola McDowell is spending a few days in Marysville.

Miss Dorothy Lamb returned home on Thursday from Nova Scotia.

Mrs. E. A. Cockburn has been visiting in St. Stephen.

Miss Georgie Wetmore, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. H. Elliot, at the Rectory, has returned to her home in Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hibbard, of St. George, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hibbard.

Mr. Bucknam and family have moved

Local and General

The Y. W. P. A. acknowledges with thanks gifts from Miss Elizabeth Townsend \$1, and Mrs. T. Hicks .50.

Greenock Church, October 6th, Rally Day. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young peoples' service at 2.30 p. m.

The Y. W. P. A. held their monthly meeting at the home of Miss Freda Wren on Tuesday evening. It was decided to hold a food sale on Saturday, October 12th. Any donation of food would be appreciated. Half the proceeds will be for the postage on Christmas boxes and half for the Knights of Columbus Huts. A letter was read from the Under-Secretary of State, saying that a permit from the President of the local branch of the Canadian Red Cross would be all that would be necessary for the Y. W. P. A. to have to carry on its work.

OBITUARY

ELSIE MAY MC. QUOID

The death occurred at the General Public Hospital, St. John, on Friday, Sept. 27th, of Miss Elsie May McQuoid, aged 22 years. The deceased young lady was visiting her sister, Mrs. Otto Hahn, when taken ill. The remains were brought to St. Andrews on Saturday for interment. The funeral services were held Monday afternoon and were largely attended by many friends of the deceased. She is survived by her father, Mr. Hugh McQuoid, one brother and five sisters. The brother is Mr. Hazen McQuoid, of Benton, N. B. The sisters are Mrs. Otto Hahn, of St. John, Bertha, Lizzie, Eva, and Florence at home.

The deceased young lady was most popular, and was of a bright and cheery disposition which made her friends with all with whom she came in contact. This family have indeed had their share of misfortune, no fewer than three members of the family having died within a year. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family.

JAMES WOODBURY

St. George, N. B., Oct. 1. Mr. James Woodbury, an aged and respected citizen, died on Monday. His death was very sudden and hastened by the loss of his son, Fred, in France some weeks ago. A widow, one son, Daniel and one daughter, Mrs. Ernest Fisher, survive.

STEPHEN KELLEY

After a long and tedious illness of several weeks, Mr. Stephen Kelley passed away at the Calais Hospital. Mr. Kelley was born in Milltown, and resided in that town during his early life. For several years past he made his home at River Herbert, N. S., where with his sons, he was engaged in the lumber and milling business, and was held by all residents in that locality in the highest esteem. He was eighty-three years of age, and a man of most genial manners and splendid moral character. His wife passed away several years ago, but he leaves three sons, Charles, Howard and Drew, who live at River Herbert; and two sisters, Mrs. William Todd, of Calais, and Miss Annie Kelley, of Milltown, Me. The funeral service took place last Thursday afternoon from the home of Mrs. Todd, in Calais. The interment was in the St. Stephen Rural Cemetery.

ACCIDENT AT BACK BAY

Claude Mitchell, of Back Bay, Charlotte County, was brought to the city last evening on the Shore Line and taken to the General Public Hospital, his arm having been crushed by a pile driver while engaged in settli g out stakes for a sardine weir.

Mr. Mitchell was operating a gasoline pile driver at his weir a few days ago, when the huge hammer missed and struck his left arm, and it is feared splintered the bone so that his arm may have to be amputated. Dr. H. E. Taylor, of St. George, was first summoned. He recommended that the patient be sent to the hospital for X-ray examination, which will be taken by Dr. W. W. White. Policeman William Cooper and Ambulance Driver William Power conveyed the injured man to the hospital as easily as possible, as he was suffering intense agony, and his arm had to be held in a certain position else he would faint away with the pain. Mr. Mitchell is only twenty years of age, and it is hoped he will not have to lose his arm. *Telegraph, Sept. 27.*

"How nonchalantly the lady bareback artiste rides." "She does that." "It looks easy for her." "Yes, I saw one the other day who was knitting as she went around." —*Kansas City Journal.*

in from Chamcook and are occupying the Smith house on Water Street.

Mr. Hazen McDowell has purchased the house on Queen Street owned by the late Miss Bella Stoop.

The St. Stephen Lodge of Pythian Sisters are coming to visit the St. Andrews Lodge on Tuesday next, Oct. 8. Degree work will be put on. All members are requested to be present.

TOWN COUNCIL

The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council was, this day, Tuesday the 1st of October, held in the Chambers at 8 o'clock p. m.

Present. The Mayor, G. K. Greenlaw, and Aldermen Cockburn, Cummings, Finigan, Gilman, Malpas, McFarlane, and McLaren.

Minutes of meeting of Sept. 3rd read and confirmed.

An application was submitted from Frank Sheehan for abatement of taxes levied on him in 1918.—Vouchers were submitted showing that he had paid taxes in McAdam for the year 1918. On motion of Ald. Cummings seconded by Ald. McFarlane—Ordered that the application of Frank Sheehan for abatement of taxes assessed in the Town of St. Andrews for the year 1918, be abated and that the Town Treasurer be authorized to abate said taxes, amount \$12.00.

Mr. G. H. Lamb, Manager Quoddy Coal Co., being present by request of the Mayor gave some information regarding the fuel situation in St. Andrews—stating that in connexion therewith he had been in correspondence with Dr. J. H. Frink, Fuel Controller in New Brunswick, and had been promised 553 tons of Anthracite Coal for this place, which would, if obtained, be sufficient to supply the needed amount for the present season, that the Company were endeavoring to get a further supply of soft coal by water, but there was a great scarcity of vessels and owing to the scarcity of cars, could not get coal by rail at present.

The following communication from Mr. Allerton, Manager of the Algonquin Hotel, was submitted:—

St. Andrews, N. B., Sept. 18, 1918
E. S. Polleys Esq.
Town Clerk
St. Andrews, N. B.

Dear Sir:—
I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., regarding conditions on which the Town Council advise they are willing to make in connexion with the transfer of the Town poor House for the property known as "The Inn" and as the proposition contained therein is absolutely out of the question, I will let the matter drop.
Very truly yours
A. Allerton.

On motion of Ald. McFarlane seconded by Ald. Cockburn—The communication from Mr. Allerton was received and placed on file.

The Clerk submitted copy of reply to application from G. B. Hopkins Esq., for permission to enter the Town Sewer System:—(copy)

St. Andrews, N. B.
Sept. 19, 1918

G. B. Hopkins Esq.
Dear Sir:—

Application having been made on your behalf by Wright McLaren, for permission to have a private sewer pipe connected with the Town sewer system. I am directed by the Committee on sewers to advise that permission is granted you to enter the sewer system of the Town of St. Andrews with a private pipe from your residence on Prince of Wales Street, the fee for which is fifty (50) dollars. The Town not to be held responsible for any difficulty that may occur in the working of the said pipe or pipes outside the point where it enters the general sewer system on Mary and Carleton Streets.

Respectfully yours
sgd. E. S. Polleys, Town Clerk

The Mayor submitted the question of employing extra teams for the purpose of having "Hume's Hill" thoroughly gravelled this season—the matter was discussed, no action taken.

On motion seconded the following bills were ordered paid,—viz.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Herbert Greenlaw 3 mo. Salary | |
| Bell, Con. | \$20.00 |
| W. H. Sinnett 1 " | 100.00 |
| E. S. Polleys, Town Clerk 3 mo. Salary | 62.50 |
| F. H. Grimmer, T. Treasurer, 3mo. Salary, Con. | 62.50 |
| F. H. Grimmer, Barrister Police | 5.50 |
| John Peacock Hay | 11.20 |
| Martin Greenlaw Labor, Streets | 60.00 |
| Wm. Bell Team | 12.00 |
| J. D. Grimmer Supplies | 82.32 |
| G. K. Greenlaw | 163.32 |
| Jas. Stoop 3mo. Rent Police | 12.50 |
| G. K. Greenlaw Supplies, Poor | 35 |
| Mrs. P. Parker, board 4 men 4 weeks | Poor 64.00 |
| | \$656.19 |

E. S. Polleys
Town Clerk

CIRCUIT COURT, OCTOBER SITTING

THE October sitting of the Circuit Court was held on Tuesday afternoon, Hon. Justice Crocket presiding. There was no civil cases on the docket, and only one criminal case—The King versus Bernard Cloney and Roy Cloney, on the complaint of Robert Smith. The Grand Jury brought in "No Bill," so the case was dismissed, and the Court adjourned.

After the Grand Jury had been sworn in, they retired to their room to choose a foreman, and on their return to the Court Room Capt. George Lowery informed the Court that he had been chosen foreman. The Judge then addressed the

Grand Jurors in most eloquent terms. He spoke of the war, its great prolongation, and the brighter outlook at present for a successful issue for the Entente Allies. His tribute of praise of the part Canadians had taken in the great struggle, and his touching reference to our gallant boys who have made the supreme sacrifice in the war for freedom and democracy will long be remembered by those privileged to hear the address.

The following Grand Jurors were summoned, and were in attendance: From St. Andrews, George Lowery, Foreman, William Craig, Herbert Higgins, Richard E. Davis, Robert Worrell, Frank Pye, John Ross; from St. Stephen, Arthur Price, Alex. Middlemiss; St. George, Frank G. Hibbard; St. Patrick, John Brownrigg; Dufferin, Robert Donald. The following were the Petit Jurors: From St. Andrews, Percy Odell, Hazen McDowell, David Clark, Arthur Hannah, Robert Billings, Frank Mallory, Hector Richardson, Howard McNichol, John M. Stickney, Spencer Farmer, W. Frank Kennedy; from St. Stephen, John Waterson, George Walker, Evans Hill; St. George, Harold Goss, Arthur Stewart; St. Patrick, Samuel Orr, Hugh MacGregor; Dufferin, Wellington Thompson, Horatio N. Arnold.

It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station. "Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones. "I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—*Judge.*

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gents.—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours Truly,
VILANDIE FRERES.

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

Service Banners

We can procure Service Banners, with from one to ten maple leaves in any combination of red or purple leaves.

25c. each

We also carry Service Pins, Badges, and Rings, from

25c. up

THE WREN DRUG STORE

For Sale ENGINEER'S TRANSIT THEODOLITE

New, Latest Pattern, with Zeiss Telescope and Trough Compass.

Made by E. R. Watts & Son London, England

For Price and Particulars apply to

BEACON PRESS COMPANY ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

Try a Beacon Adv 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)

Dr. GOVE

Has resumed the practice of his profession in the town of St. Andrews, and will attend professional calls any time, any where, and any place in the country. Residence, the O'Neill house, Water Street. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m., and 4 to 8 p. m.

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1606)

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-18231)

BREAK UP A COLD WITH NATIONAL BROMIDE QUININE TABLETS CURES A COLD IN A FEW HOURS 25 CTS. WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

COCKBURN BROS., Props. Cor. Water and King Streets

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

I. R. STINSON ST. ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 10-1207)

VICTORIA CROSS AWARDED TO SEVEN CANADIANS

London, Sept. 28.—The *London Gazette* announces the award of nine new Victoria Crosses to seven Canadians, one Australian, and one New Zealander. Four of the recipients are dead. The names and achievements of the Canadian recipients follow:

Lieut. James Edward Tait, M. C., late of a Manitoba regiment, for conspicuous bravery and initiative in attack. An advance having been checked by intense machine-gun fire, Tait rallied his company and led it forward with consummate skill and dash under a hail of bullets. A concealed machine gun, however, continued to cause many casualties. Taking a rifle and bayonet, Tait dashed forward alone and killed the enemy gunner. Later when the enemy counter-attacked under intense artillery bombardment, this gallant officer displayed outstanding courage and leadership, and, though mortally wounded by shell fire, continued to direct and aid his men until death intervened.

Lieut. John Brillant, M. C., late of a Quebec regiment, for conspicuous bravery and outstanding devotion to duty, when in charge of his company, which he led in an attack during two days with absolute fearlessness and extraordinary ability and initiative, the extent of the advance being twelve miles. On the first day of the operation and shortly after the attack had been begun, the left flank of his company was held up by an enemy machine gun. Brillant rushed and captured the machine gun, killing two of the crew. He was wounded whilst doing this, but refused to leave his command. Later on the same day his company was held up by heavy machine-gun fire. Subsequently this gallant officer detected a field gun firing on his men over open sights. He immediately organized and led a "rush" party towards the gun. After progressing about 600 yards he was again seriously wounded; nevertheless he continued and advanced about 200 yards more when he fell unconscious from exhaustion and loss of blood. Brillant's wonderful example

throughout the day inspired the men with an enthusiasm and dash that largely contributed to the success of the operations.

Lieut. John Brillant, born at Assanetunathau, Quebec, 1890, enlisted in 1916, leaving Canada three days later. He was wounded in 1918. His father lives at Rimouski.

Corporal Herman Jones Good, of a Quebec regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery and leading in attack his company, which was held up by a heavy fire from three machine guns, which seriously delayed the advance. Realizing the gravity of the situation, Good dashed forward alone, killing several of the garrison and capturing the remainder. Later Good, while alone, encountered a battery of five-point-nines which were in action. Collecting three men of his section, he charged the battery under point-blank fire and captured the entire crew of three guns. Despite his wound, this gallant non-commissioned officer continued with his platoon to the final objective, and only left the line when it had been made secure and he had been ordered to do so.

Corpl. Herman Good, son of Walter Good, of Bathurst, New Brunswick, aged 25, went to France in April, 1916, and was wounded two months later. He was a farmer.

Corpl. Alexander Brereton, of a Manitoba regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery. During an attack, when a line of hostile machine guns opened fire suddenly on his platoon, which was in an exposed position with no cover available, this gallant private immediately appreciated the critical situation and realized that unless something was done at once his platoon would be annihilated. On his own initiative, without a moment's delay and alone, he sprang forward, reached one hostile machine gun, shot the operator and bayoneted another who attempted to take his place. Nine other men surrendered to him.

Corpl. Alexander Brereton belongs to Winnipeg. He was born at Oak River, Manitoba, and went to France in February, 1917. His father lives at Strathlefer, Manitoba. He was a farmer.

Corporal Frederick George Coppins of a Manitoba regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty when during an attack his platoon came unexpectedly under the fire of numerous machine guns. Coppins unhesitatingly, on his own initiative, called on four men to follow him and leaped forward in the face of an intense machine gun fire. With his comrades he rushed straight for the machine guns. The four men with him were killed and Coppins was wounded, but he reached the hostile machine guns alone, killed the operator of the first gun and took four others prisoners.

Corpl. Frederick Coppins, born in London, Eng., where his mother now resides, originally belonged to Calgary. He was wounded a year ago and served for a time with the West Kents.

Private John Bernard Croak, late of a Quebec regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery in attack when, having become separated from his section, he encountered a machine-gun nest, which he bombed and silenced, capturing the gun and its crew. Shortly afterwards he was severely wounded, but refused to desist and rejoined his platoon at a very strong point where there were several machine guns. Croak seeing the opportunity, dashed forward alone and was almost immediately followed by the remainder of the platoon in a brilliant charge. He was the first to reach the trenches, into which he led the men, capturing three machine-guns, bayonetting or taking prisoner the entire garrison.

Private John Croak belongs to Sussex, New Brunswick, and was born at Glace Bay. He was 20 years of age. He has been in France over two years. He was a laborer prior to enlisting.

Lieut. James Tait was born at Dumfries,

Scotland, in 1888, and enlisted in February, 1916. He was a civil engineer in Winnipeg and already held the Military Cross, had been wounded three times and was killed on August 11 last in a deed which earned him the Cross. His next of kin is Jessie Tait, Chelmo Apartments, Burnett St., Winnipeg.

Sergeant Raphael Louis Zengel, M. C., of a Saskatchewan regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty when protecting the battalion's right flank. He was leading the platoon gallantly to the attack when he realized that a gap had occurred on his left and an enemy machine gun was firing at close quarters into the advancing line. Grasping the situation, Zengel rushed forward some 200 yards ahead of his platoon and tackled the machine-gun emplacement, killing the officer and operator of the gun dispersing the crew. By his boldness and prompt action he undoubtedly saved the lives of many of his comrades. Later, when the battalion was held up by very heavy machine-gun fire, he displayed much tactical skill and directed his fire with destructive results.

Sergt. Raphael Zengel, aged 24, was born at Fairbault, Minnesota, and enlisted in July, 1915. He won the Military Medal last March and has been in France fifteen months. His mother lives at Woolford Station, Alberta.

POTATO SEED SELECTION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Like begets like in the potato field as elsewhere, but judging by the quantities of inferior tubers used for seed purposes, the importance of this law is not appreciated by many. The use of small potatoes taken from the bulk of the crop, year after year, and used for seed will eventually lead to yields of inferior potatoes.

At potato digging time the great opportunity for seed selection is offered. With the product of each plant spread on the soil it is an easy matter to select out those plants that have given the largest yield of the most desirable type of potato and are free from disease. The potatoes from such plants only should be gathered and saved for use as seed the following year. This saving of seed at digging time may seem to many as an extra burden during a rush of work, but it is not.

There is less actual labour attached to selection at the time of the potato harvest than there is by practising any other method of seed selection. Furthermore, the results from hill selection are reasonably certain, while with other methods there is some speculation. Potato growers would do well to watch closely for exceptionally good plants. These, harvested and saved apart from the main crop, may become the grand-dads of fine potato fields in the future.

FERTILIZERS FOR 1919.

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Now is the time for the farmer to plan his croppings for 1919, and in doing so to decide upon what fertilizers, if any, he purposes to use. Last spring there was considerable disappointment among farmers, especially among those who delayed placing their orders till a few weeks before the season opened, as there was not only a shortage of material but transportation facilities were such that quick deliveries could not be made. There is no prospect that conditions will be better next spring, and it therefore behooves the farmer this fall carefully to consider his needs, scan the prices, and having made his selection to place his orders, stipulating an early delivery. Co-operation in ordering may effect the saving of a considerable amount in purchasing and freight rates.

During the last ten years there has been considerable increase in the number of farmers in British Columbia, Quebec, Ontario, and the Maritime provinces using fertilizers, but unfortunately but a small percentage of them have any definite knowledge of the profit that may have resulted from their application. There will always be a degree of uncertainty as regards results from fertilizers, chiefly owing to the fact that seasonal conditions can not be predicted, but with close observation from carefully planned work, a very great knowledge may be gained as to the kind and amount of fertilizer which will prove profitable. A series of adjacent plots on fairly uniform soil, each with a different amount or combination of fertilizer and sown to the same crop, furnishes the most reliable means of learning the most profitable application, but if time and labor do not permit of the adoption of this plan, a strip of the field, well staked, should be left unfertilized and its yield weighed against that of a similar sized strip on the fertilized area. From the results so obtained the profit or loss from the application of the fertilizer may be readily obtained.

A considerable saving may be usually effected by buying fertilizer ingredients—nitrate of soda, sulphate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, basic slag, etc.—than by purchasing ready mixed fertilizers, and this course also furnishes valuable information for future guidance obtainable in no other way.

Information and advice regarding the use of fertilizers will be gladly given as far as may be practicable, by the Division of Chemistry, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

HARVESTING NUTS AS A PATRIOTIC PASTIME

(Experimental Farms Note)

Throughout Canada there is a generous supply of nut-bearing trees which yield an abundance of edible nuts rich in food value, as the butternut, black walnut, the hickories, hazelnuts, and beech nuts. Nuts are more nutritious than milk, eggs, bread, and meat, one ounce of nut kernels being equal in food value to a pint of milk. Nuts are ready to eat without the labor and cost of cooking. They may be served in the form of delicious sandwiches, in salads, in fruit jellies, and cakes, or a handful may be kneaded into a loaf of bread before it goes into the oven. A few kernels put through the nut chopper and scattered over the breakfast cereal adequately supply the place of bacon.

This important food crop is waiting in the woods to be gathered in. A few afternoons spent nutting in the woods during the bright autumn days will supply the home with nuts for the winter and will save the meat supply for our country's defense. After gathering, the nuts should be spread on the attic floor or on shelves in a dry place to allow the surface moisture to escape. They may be cracked at leisure by the boys and girls in dull weather and stored in air tight glass jars.

A few of the finer nuts should be saved for planting nearer home. Nothing will give the children greater pleasure than to choose and plant their own nut trees. If space allows, a future nut-orchard might be planned or young trees transplanted as shade trees. The beech is a very beautiful tree, both in winter and summer and the butternut, walnut, and hickory make good garden shade trees and their wood is very valuable.

The butternut occurs from New Brunswick to Ontario, while the black walnut is found in the southern part of Ontario. The shagbark hickory ranges from Quebec to the north shore of Lake Huron, the mockernut hickory occurring in Ontario only. The hazel nut extends from the Maritime Provinces to Saskatchewan; the beaked hazel nut has an even greater range extending into British Columbia. The beech ranges from Nova Scotia to Ontario.

THERE'S A WARNING IN TRADE FIGURES

Our Unstable Financial Position Indicated—Thrift Will Make Canada Secure.

For those who understand Canada's financial conditions there is a significant lesson in the trade figures recently issued from Ottawa.

For the first five months of the present fiscal year there was a decrease in Canada's foreign trade of \$270,000,000, or about 20 per cent. There was a great falling off alike in manufactures and agricultural products exported. The

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

trade was \$875,000,000, compared with \$1,146,000,000 a year ago.

These figures tell in potent terms of the instability of present conditions. Our trade, though still large and healthy, is on an insecure and unenduring foundation. War conditions have created a fictitious prosperity. There may be no reason for alarm but there is reason for caution. The Government must watch and prepare, so should the individuals. Few Canadians but are affected in some way by the present conditions. The wise way will prepare by practising thrift now.

The nation can be no stronger than its individual citizens.

"I'd like to look at some dog muzzles," said the man entering the store. "Yes, Sir," replied the clerk with the incipient moustache. "There's a very good muzzle sir." "And can a dog chew with this muzzle on?" "Oh, yes sir." "But can't bite?" "Oh, yes, he can bite, but he can't bite off more than he can chew, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of

BOVRIL

PYRO ROOFING

Unaffected by Heat, Cold, Sun, or Rain

Not made with a Coal-Tar composition. Nothing but Felt and Trinidad Lake Asphalt.

PYRO is a first-class roofing in every respect and the best article on the market for covering roofs at low cost. Its advantages over other prepared or "Ready" roofings is due to the fact that there is no coal-tar used in PYRO. This means that it does not dry up and become brittle under exposure to the heat of the sun. For this reason it retains its strength and pliability almost indefinitely, instead of becoming hard and cracking as do roofings made of substitutes for natural Asphalt. Put up in rolls containing 108 square feet with cement and tacks—all ready to put on the roof.

\$3.00 per Roll complete
Prices f. o. b. St. John

On quantities we will quote you a special price, delivered to your nearest shipping point.

T. McAvity & Sons
LIMITED
St. John, N. B.

The Strain of Overwork

Your work is heavy, and sore, tired muscles are a common occurrence. Each time your back aches you blame it on your work, and just there the danger lies—for that pain in the back may not be from strain, as you suppose, but the forerunner of Kidney or Bladder trouble.

For your own interest, it is best to trouble inevitably pull you down and destroy your earning power.

Take note of these symptoms. Do you get dizzy and have repeated headaches, painful urination, brick dust deposits, or feel drowsy and, generally, good for nothing? If so, it is your kidneys that are bothering you—not work—and Gin Pills are necessary.

No person can work properly when they feel sick, tired and dizzy all the time. The more they try, the more energy they use up; and this only tends to aggravate their condition, as the kidneys are already tired out with their endeavor to relieve their congested state and perform their function properly.

The kidneys are delicate and vital organs; once they become affected through any cause—you suffer until the congestion is relieved and the cause remedied.

Don't let your system become run down. A box or two of Gin Pills will relieve those kidney complaints and restore your old-time health and strength.

Your health is priceless. Don't risk losing it. Keep your kidneys in order always by taking Gin Pills. Sold everywhere for 50c a box. Write for free sample to The National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Real Proof of a Range

The firebox of your range is the first and last proof of its usefulness and durability.

The Kootenay Range firebox is made of tough, pure semi-steel—in nine pieces to allow expansion and contraction and to prevent cracking.

Full information about the Kootenay Range will be sent FREE upon request to our nearest Branch Office.

McClary's Kootenay Range

London St. John, N.B. Toronto Calgary Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver

Keep the Hun on the Run

VICTORY BONDS

Will Speed Him Up on His Homeward Trip

BUY SOME

OCTOBER 28th.

Space Contributed by H. J. BURTON & CO.

Horizontal text on the right margin, including fragments of advertisements and notices.

Home Guard
OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS
JOHNSON'S
Anodyne LINIMENT

{ A doctor's prescription for }
{ internal and external use. }

A wonderfully soothing, healing, pain
quelling Anodyne for Coughs, Colds,
Grippe, Sore Throat, Champs, Chills, and
many other aches and pains. Quickly
stops suffering.

CHINA'S NEW PRESIDENT

Peking, Sept. 27.—Hsu Shih-chang, who recently was elected president of the Chinese Republic, announced to-day that he would assume office on Oct. 10 and will follow a policy of peace inside the Republic.

"I am unworthy of you." "Ah." "Totally unworthy. But I shall try to make myself worthy." "Why bother? I am perfectly willing to go through life with that understanding."—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE LLOYD GEORGE TYPE

The one thing we all admire in Lloyd-George is that we know where to find him. He acts definitely. He is no luke-warm weakling. He fights on like our splendid boys are doing despite the 25,000 casualties since August 6th.

Are you doing your part as well? Have you taken your stand in the thrift question? Have you definitely decided that out of your good returns this year, you will lay by such-and-such an amount for a Victory savings account?

If you have done nothing in the matter, you are not of this Lloyd-George type. You have heard the call to bring your dollars into the service of the country when she calls. And having heard you have not acted. Make the decisive move now. Start the fund at once!

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B.
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.
Closed for the winter.
Rates quoted on application.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

LEADING HOTEL AT
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Conducted on European Plan in Most Modern and Approved Manner
NEW GARDEN RESTAURANT
200 Rooms 75 With Bath
THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., PROP.

THE EDISON TONE TEST

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION

"What instrument shall I buy?" That's been your question, and the Edison tone test has answered it. The tone test has proved that an instrument has finally been perfected which Re-Creates the singer's voice so faithfully that the human ear can not distinguish between the renditions of the artist and that of

The NEW EDISON

"The Photograph With a Soul!"
Call at your nearest dealer's and learn what is meant by the phrase Music's Re-Creation.

W. H. THORNE & CO. LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.
Distributors

HILL'S LINEN STORE

Still Have a Substantial Supply of

LINENS

and wish to impress upon their patrons that real Linens will be fifty per cent. higher next year, if obtainable.

Our prices as quoted in the Summer list hold good.

WRITE FOR PRICES

HILL'S LINEN STORE

St. Stephen, N. B.

THRIFTING, ARE YOU?

By Edmund Vance Cooke
We think we are thrifting,
But maybe we're drifting.
And the coin that we clink is not saving
but shifting.

For seemingly spending
Goes on without ending
And heedlessness still is the tend of our
trending.

In gleaming my meaning,
You'll find gasolining
Is still used for dusting instead of for
cleaning;

And most of us batten
On fine fare and fatten,
While robing our softness in purple and
satin.

Oh, maybe you're guilty and maybe
you're not,
But ask: "Have I thrifted as much as I
ought?"

Our thrifting is fickle,
Its runs in a trickle.
We pickle a nickel to give us a tickle,
Then ride on the trolleys
To go to the Follies
And hand ourselves thanks and a couple
of jollies.

Man still goes on puffing,
Imbibing, and stuffing,
And holding enough yet without "Hold
enough!"-ing,
While woman still poses
And shows us her hoses,
All silken and sheer to excuse her dis-
closes.

At the end of the day, if you're feeling too
good,
Ask this: "Have I thrifted as much as I
should?"
(Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

HOW "PA" WROTE THE DEED

Judge Henry A. Shute in a recent sketch tells of the visit to his New Hampshire law office of a country J. P. and his wife, and the assistance he was permitted to give the old man in making out a deed:

"I will make out the deed and take your acknowledgement," and I took down a case of blanks.

"Ne'mind, Squire," she answered quickly, "Pa can make out a deed as good as you. Pa has made out lots of deeds. He has been seelickman, 'n sealer of weights and measures, 'n fence viewer, 'n treasurer of the cemetery," pride in her versatile husband shining in her bright eyes.

It was not long, however, before they were at a standstill. Remembering my rebuff I decided to sit tight and wait for a call for assistance, which was not long in coming, for Pa appeared at my door with his whiskers standing out in every direction, and a smudge of ink on his nose and

ruined his blank in the no-thoroughfare of the habendum and tenendum clause, but was obstinately "set" on justifying his course.

Seeing that the situation was serious and that tact of a high order of excellence was required, I told Pa that for a long time that question had been much moot-

ed, at which both Pa and Ma were very much interested indeed.

That personally I still believed that Pa's contention was correct, but unfortunately the statute of "Quia Emptores" had been passed in England abolishing subinfeudation, at which both Pa's and Ma's eyes bulged out quite a bit.

That the question had gone to the Queen's Bench on a question of "ne plus ultra" and that Lord Decimus Finucane had argued the case from the standpoint of "Quoad Hoc," "Quo Warranto" and "Quousque tandem abutere nostra patientia" rather favoring Pa's views, and that the Court of Queen's Bench had inclined that way. But that a writ of review in the nature of "Tenentibus in Assisa non Onerandis" had been granted and that the House of Lords had reversed the decision, stating that

Tenor est qui legem dat feudo

Also

Bis dat qui cito dat.

And that

Omnia Gallia divisa est in partes tres. Pa and Ma were so astonished at this that they could only gasp, "Shaw! ye don't say," scarcely above their breath, and I had no further difficulty in inducing Pa to accept my suggestion, which I made as tactfully and deferentially as possible. Indeed I feel quite sure Pa thought the suggestions were his.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Where will I find Georgette?" "Sorry, mum," responded the green floorwalker, "but I don't know any of these salesgirls by name."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Travelling Salesman (in Hickville Hotel) — "I don't suppose there's anything in the cabaret line in this burg?" Landlord — "Sure, there is! Our foresighted liverly-man had one or two aside for a motorless Sunday."—*Buffalo Express.*

NOTICE—MILITARY SERVICE ACT, 1917
REGISTRATION OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS

Male citizens of the United States living in Canada of AGES 21-30, both inclusive, MUST REGISTER BY REGISTERED POST with the Registrar under the Military Service Act of the district in which they live, during the TEN DAYS NEXT FOLLOWING SEPTEMBER 28th, 1918; and such CITIZENS OF THE AGES 19, 20 AND 31-44, both inclusive, must so register during the TEN DAYS NEXT FOLLOWING OCTOBER 12th, 1918. It must be emphasized that THIS INCLUDES AMERICANS LIVING IN CANADA OF THE ABOVE AGES, MARRIED AND SINGLE, and includes ALSO ALL THOSE WHO HAVE SECURED DIPLOMATIC EXEMPTION OR HAVE REGISTERED WITH AN AMERICAN CONSUL, or HAVE REGISTERED FOR MILITARY SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Registration letters may be handed to local Postmasters for despatch to the proper Registrar, under the Military Service Act.

MILITARY SERVICE BRANCH.

NOTICE—MILITARY SERVICE ACT, 1917
MEN EXEMPTED AS FARMERS

Having in view the importance of leaving a sufficient number of men on those farms, which are actually contributing to the National Food Supply, notice is hereby given as follows:

1. ALL MEMBERS OF CLASS I POSSESSING EXEMPTION AS FARMERS which is expiring and WHO WISH TO REMAIN EXEMPT should communicate with the Registrars under the M.S.A., of their respective districts, REQUESTING AN EXTENSION IN TIME OF SUCH EXEMPTION. Questionnaires will thereupon be issued to these men by the Registrar and they will receive further exemption upon furnishing satisfactory proof that they are contributing sufficiently to the National Food Supply.

2. In order to facilitate productive employment during the Winter months, MEN EXEMPTED AS FARMERS SHOULD APPLY TO THE REGISTRARS FOR PERMITS TO ENGAGE FOR THE WINTER IN SOME OCCUPATION OF NATIONAL INTEREST, SUCH AS LUMBERING, MUNITION WORK, ETC. Such permits will serve to enable exempted farmers to pursue other useful occupations for the months during which farming operations cannot be carried on.

MILITARY SERVICE BRANCH.

CANADA FOOD BOARD INFORMATION

The attention of the Canada Food Board has been called to the practice frequently adopted by Licensed Dealers in Apples, Turnips, Potatoes, and other Fruits and Vegetables, of having men living in different parts of the country acting as their Agents, buying or contracting such produce, superintending the loading of same on cars ready for shipment, and receiving a commission from said dealers for such work.

All such Agents operating in the manner mentioned without first having secured a licence from the Board, are doing so contrary to the Order dated 13th day of December, 1917, within it states—

"That on and after the 1st day of February, 1918, no person shall deal wholesale in fresh fruits or fresh vegetables, without first having obtained a licence from the Food Controller," and in violating such order are guilty of an offence, and subject to a penalty not to exceed \$1,000.00, and not less than \$100.00.

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY

- Additional list published in *The Royal Gazette* of September, 25 1918.
- 10019 H. Acker, St. Stephen.
 - 10028 Dr. E. V. Sullivan, St. Stephen.
 - 10036 A. T. Ried, Rollingdam.
 - 10077 Roy Justason, Pennfield.
 - 10078 Trueman Justason, Pennfield.
 - 10079 Edgar Justason, Pennfield.
 - 10084 A. H. G. Justason, Pennfield Centre
 - 10087 Chas. E. Buckley, Milltown.
 - 10089 Alonzo A. Stuart, Lambertville, Deer Island.
 - 10094 Alvin Porter, Wilson's Beach, Campobello.
 - 10098 Geo. F. MacNichol, St. Stephen.
 - 10099 Geo. F. MacNichol, St. Stephen.
 - 10105 Alonzo Tewksbury, Leonardville, Deer Island.
 - 10106 N. L. Richardson, Leonardville, Deer Island.
 - 10120 E. C. Conley, Leonardville, Deer I.
 - 10127 C. A. Lambert, Lambertville, Deer Island.
 - 10128 Mrs. H. C. Outhouse, Beaver Harbor.
 - 10133 Andrew H. Stuart, Lambertville, Deer I.
 - 10134 Emery A. Lambert, Lord's Cove, Deer I.
 - 10135 Carl Mann St. Stephen.
 - 10136 Charles Woodbury, Utopia.
 - 10127 Mrs. Geo. J. Clarke, St. Stephen.

The Morning Cup
well begins the day.

KING COLE
ORANGE
PEKOE The "Extra" in Choice Tea



HENRY CAVENDISH

CAVENDISH has been called the Newton of chemistry, but we must allow that the title is somewhat hyperbolic. Cavendish did not write much; a few papers in the Philosophical Transactions, between 1766 and 1809, comprise his publications, but these were composed with such exquisite care, that it has been said each sentence might endure microscopic examination. Sir Humphry Davy, in a lecture delivered shortly after the death of Cavendish, observes, "his processes were all of a finished nature, perfected by the hand of a master; they required no correction; and though many of them were performed in the very infancy of chemical science, yet their accuracy and beauty have remained unimpaired amidst the progress of discovery."

When Cavendish began his researches, pneumatic chemistry hardly existed. Different gases were recognized, but they were considered to be mere modifications or admixtures of the common air. One by one cautiously and firmly, he fixed truth after truth beyond dispute. His most notable achievement was his demonstration, in 1781, of the composition of water. Over this discovery there has been considerable controversy, some claiming priority for James Watt; but the fact seems to be, that both Cavendish and Watt reached the same conclusion about the same time by different routes.

The Honorable Henry Cavendish was born in 1731, at Nice, whither his mother, Lady Anne Cavendish, had repaired for the sake of her health, and she died ere her son was two years old. Cavendish was educated at a private school at Hackney, whence he proceeded to Cambridge. In early life his tastes were directed to scientific pursuits, to the ultimate exclusion of politics, and all else in which ordinary men take interest. He became an excellent mathematician, electrician, astronomer, meteorologist, geologist, and as a chemist shot far ahead of his contemporaries. Up to his fortieth year, his income was moderate, perhaps not more than £500 a year, but in 1773 an uncle died and left him an enormous fortune.

This accession of wealth did little to change his habits, which had become irrevocably established as those of a methodic recluse. His shyness, his love of solitude, and aversion to society, bordered on disease. To be looked at or addressed by a stranger seemed to give him positive pain, and when approached abruptly, he would start away with a cry or ejaculation as if scared or hurt. At Sir Joseph Banks's soirees he would stand for a long time on the landing, afraid to open the door and face the company, nor would he open it till he heard some one ascending the stairs and then to escape the terror behind faced them in front. At one of these parties Dr. Ingenhousz recited the titles and qualifications of Cavendish in a pompous and formal manner, and introduced to him an Austrian gentleman. The Austrian thereupon launched out into compliments, saying his chief reason for coming to London was to see and converse with one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. To this high-flown verbiage Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, abashed and in misery. At last spying an opening in the crowd, he flew to the door, nor did he stop till he reached his carriage, and drove directly home. Any attempt to draw him into conversation was almost certain to fail, and Dr. Wollaston's recipe for treating with him usually answered best: "The way to talk to Cavendish is never to look at him, but to talk as if it were into a vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going." Professor Playfair, who visited London in 1782, and was frequently at the meetings of the Royal Society Club, remarks: "Mr. Cavendish is a member of this meeting. He is of an awkward appearance, an has not much of the look of a man of rank. He speaks likewise with great difficulty and hesitation, and very seldom. But the gleams of genius break often through this unpromising exterior. He never speaks at all, but it is exceedingly to the purpose, and either brings some excellent information, or draws some important conclusion."

Cavendish's town-house was near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower Street and Montague Place. Few visitors were admitted, and some who were permitted to cross its threshold reported that books and apparatus were its chief furniture. He collected a large library of scientific literature, and willing to have it made useful, but not to be troubled with readers and borrowers, he hired a house for its reception in Dean Street, Soho, and kept a librarian. When he wanted one of his own books, he went there as to a circulating library, and left a formal receipt for whatever he took away. His favorite residence was a beautiful villa at Clapham, nearly the whole of which was occupied as workshops. The upper rooms were an observatory; the drawing-room was a laboratory; and in an ante-room was a forge. On the lawn was a wooden stage, from which access could be had to a large tree, to the top of which Cavendish, in the course of his astronomical, meteorological, and electrical experiments,

occasionally ascended. For beauty he seemed quite indifferent. His apparatus, always exact and accurate so far as essential, was constructed of the cheapest material, and without any regard for symmetry.

His few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare—a leg of mutton, and nothing else. Four scientific men were to dine with him one day, and when his housekeeper came to ask him what was to be got for dinner, he said a leg of mutton. "Sir," said she, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," was his reply. His heir, Lord George Cavendish, visited him once a year, and was allowed an audience of but half-an-hour. His great income was allowed to accumulate without attention. The bankers where he kept his account found they had a balance of £80,000 on hand, and sent a messenger to confer with him regarding it. The messenger was announcing, and Cavendish, in great agitation, desired him to be sent up, and as he entered the room, cried: "What do you come here for? What do you want with me?" "Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it."

"If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!"

"Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested."

"Well, well. What do you want to do?"

"Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested."

"Do so, do so! and don't come here to trouble me, or I'll remove it."

If men were a trouble to him, women were his abhorrence. With his housekeeper he generally communicated by notes deposited on the hall-table. He would never see a female servant, and if an unlucky maid showed herself, she was instantly dismissed. To prevent inevitable encounters, it is said he had a second staircase erected in his Clapham villa. In all his habits he was punctiliously regular, even to hanging his hat on one peg. From an unvarying walk he was, however, driven by being gazed at. Two ladies led a gentleman on his track, in order that he might obtain a sight of the philosopher. As he was getting over a stile, he saw to his horror that he was watched, and he never appeared in that path again. That he was not quite merciless to the sex, was proved by his saving a lady from the pursuit of a mad cow. The fashion of his dress he never changed, and his appearance was consequently old and antique, and provoked the attention he so much disliked. The villagers beheld him with awe, and thought him a wizard. His complexion was fair, his temperament nervous, and his voice squeaking. Of course, he would never allow his portrait to be taken, and the only memorial we have of his appearance is a hasty and surreptitious sketch. He died on the 24th of February 1810, aged upwards of seventy-eight. At the time of his death, he was the largest holder of bank-stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds, the value of which was estimated at £700,000, and had besides freehold property of £800,000 a year, and canal and other personal property. £50,000 lay to his credit at the bankers.

Dr. George Wilson, the biographer of Cavendish, sums up his character in saying: "There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in the nature of Cavendish, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling, or ignominious. He was almost passionless. All that needed for his apprehension more than pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderful acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skillful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials."—Chambers's Book of Days.

POETS, ATTENTION!

The Dominion Press News and Feature Committee of the Victory Loan 1918 organization announces a poem contest in connexion with the coming campaign. Canadians with poetical talent are invited to submit offerings not exceeding 200 words, which will be judged largely on their effectiveness as publicity designed to persuade Canadians to buy Victory Bonds. A prize of a \$50.00 bond of the new issue will be awarded for the best poem submitted. The next best 24 will be awarded special mention and \$5.00 will be paid for those which the committee decides to use in the course of the campaign. Professor M. W. Wallace, of the Toronto University, and the editor of Victory Loan National Press News and Feature Service will be the judges.

The committee offers to supply information concerning the urgency of the situation necessitating the coming loan, to all contestants who may apply to the committee's office, 18 King Street West, Toronto.

OBITUARY

FREDERIC ROBERT HALSEY
Frederic Robert Halsey, widely known as a collector of rare books and prints, died Sunday Sept. 29, in his home in this city, 521 Park Avenue, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was born in

Schenectady, N. Y., March 28, 1847, was graduated from Harvard in 1868, from the Columbia Law School in 1870, and received the degree of A. M. from Harvard in 1872. After practicing law for some years he retired to devote himself to his passion as a bibliophile. He was a trustee of the New York Public Library and had long served as chairman of the library committee on prints. He was also one of the committee chosen to build the Widener memorial at Harvard University, and was also on the library committee of the New York Tennis and Racquet Club. He was a member of the Union, University, Brook, Grolier, Harvard, Tuxedo, and New York Athletic Club, and the St. Nicholas Society. His wife died ten years ago and he had no children.

Dr. Halsey's library was one of the finest private collections in this country, and was sold in 1915 to Henry E. Huntington, and added to that great collection. It contained many thousand volumes, and was especially rich in first editions of American and English authors. On the field of prints, Dr. Halsey had a remarkable knowledge. A typical collector, who collected not only for rarity, but with aesthetic discrimination. He knew processes of print-production and enjoyed working over the prints himself, listing and mounting them, and compiled the authoritative catalogue, long out of print and hard to get, of the works of the Italian engraver, Raphael Morghen.

His collection of prints, sold during 1917 and 1918, has already filled eleven catalogues, and the sale is not yet finished. Besides numerous examples of the French portrait school of engraving of the seventeenth century and of the French figure engravings of the eighteenth century, he had a particularly noteworthy collection of French eighteenth century color-prints. This last named was unequalled in any public print-room abroad, even in France, and there was only one private collection (and that in France) that was as complete. He appeared to have an unerring collector's flair, and a remarkably acute sense of artistic values, with a catholicity of taste extending from the incunabula of engraving to the most recent products of the etcher's art. As chairman of the committee on prints of the New York Public Library, his advice, continually sought, was of the greatest value. His services as trustee of the library, as well as in other such positions, which he honored, were distinguished. A man of the world, with a deep insight, into and knowledge of humanity and of affairs, much travelled, he had also a remarkable facility in speaking foreign languages. French and German he used with unctious and evident pleasure, in a voice that lent itself easily to the modulations of the race in question.—The New York Evening Post.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

October 5.—Dundalk, 1318. First English Bible printed, 1522; New Calendar adopted by Pope Gregory XIII, 1582; Jonathan Edwards, American Calvinistic divine, born 1703; Marquess of Cornwallis, British military commander and colonial administrator, died, 1805; Chester A. Arthur, 21st President of the United States, born, 1830; T. P. O'Connor, Irish M. P. and journalist, born, 1848; Sir Frederic Macmillan, London publisher, born, 1851; Marquess of Lorne appointed Governor-General of Canada, 1878.

October 6.—St. Faith, Dr. John Key, founder of Caius College, Cambridge, born, 1510; Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, English Astronomer-Royal, born, 1732; James McGill, founder of McGill University, Montreal, born, 1744; Proclamation of Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States, 1783; Jenny Lind, Swedish singer, born, 1820; Santa Anna proclaimed himself President of Mexico, 1841; Rt. Hon. Baron Shaftnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, born, 1853; Lord Lisgar, former Governor-General of Canada, died, 1876; Charles Stewart Parnell, Irish parliamentary leader, died, 1891; Alfred, Lord Tennyson, English Poet-Laureate, died, 1892; Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, 1908.

October 7.—Lepanto, 1571. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, 1573; George Gascoigne, English poet and dramatist, died, 1577; Cape Breton annexed to Nova Scotia, 1763; Boundary Line between Quebec and New Brunswick defined by proclamation, 1763; First Congress of American Colonies met at New York, 1765; Great Fire at Mirimachi, 1825; King Nicholas I of Montenegro born, 1841; D. Pottinger, I. S. O., Canadian railway manager, born, 1843; Edgar Allan Poe, American poet and author, died, 1849; Louis Napoleon Bonaparte proclaimed Emperor of the French as Napoleon III, 1852; James Whitcomb Riley, American poet, born, 1853; General Christian DeWet, Boer military leader, born, 1853; Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, American poet, author, and scientist, died, 1894; Laurier Cabinet resigned, 1911; Prof. W. W. Skeat, English philologist, died, 1912.

October 8.—Cola di Rienzi, Roman patriot, last of the Tribunes, assassinated, 1354; Henry Fielding, English novelist, died, 1754; John Hancock, American revolutionary leader, died, 1793; Vittorio Alfieri, Italian dramatist, died, 1803; Expulsion of the Jesuits from England, 1829; Col. John Hay, American soldier, statesman, diplomat, poet, and author, born, 1833; Judge Elbert H. Gary, head of U. S. Steel

Corporation, born, 1846; Alaska formally transferred to the United States, 1867; Lieut.-Col. J. L. McAvity, born in St. John, N. B., 1867; Franklin Pierce, 14th President of the United States, died, 1869; Great Fire in Chicago, 1871; Owens College, Manchester, England, founded, 1873; George Du Maurier, "Punch" artist and author, died, 1896; Montenegro declared war against Turkey, 1912.

October 9.—St. Denis, Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra, Spanish poet, novelist, and dramatist, born, 1547; Seminary of Quebec founded, 1668; Charter granted to Yale College, New Haven, Conn., 1701; Lord Durham resigned office of Governor-General of Canada, 1838; Russia transferred Alaska to the United States, 1867; Rome incorporated with Italy, 1870; President Kruger's ultimatum to Great Britain, 1899; Eighth Parliament of Canada dissolved, 1900; Fall of Antwerp, 1914.

October 10.—John, Duke of Arzyle, born, 1680; Henry Cavendish, English chemist, born, 1731; Benjamin West, English painter, born, 1738; Father Theobald Mathew, temperance apostle in Ireland, born, 1790; Edinburgh Review first published, 1802; U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., opened, 1845; Hon. George J. Clark, LL. D., former Premier of New Brunswick, born, 1857; Rufus Daniel, Earl Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, born, 1860; Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian Arctic explorer, born, 1861; Cardinal Merry del Val, Italian R. C. prelate, born, 1865; Two-cent postage went into effect in United States, 1883; Cardinal McCloskey, first American cardinal, died, 1885; Soudan Canal opened, 1869; Revolution broke out in China, 1911; California adopted Women Suffrage, 1911; Panama Canal completed, 1913; King Carol of Rumania died, 1914.

October 11.—Camperdown, 1797. Order of the Bath instituted, 1399; Columbus discovered the Bahamas Islands, his first discovery of land, 1492; Thomas Wyatt the Elder, English poet and statesman, died, 1542; First number of Royal Gazette, first weekly newspaper in New Brunswick, printed in St. John, 1785; Destructive hurricane at Havana, 1846; Louise, Queen of the Belgians, died, 1850; Dr. Harry A. Garfield, American Fuel Controller, born, 1863; Fenian Raid into Canada under General O'Neill, 1871; Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, 1896; Accession of Ferdinand, King of Rumania, 1914.

October 12.—Columbus discovered the Continent of America, 1492; Frontenac arrived in Quebec, 1689; Hugh Miller, Scottish geologist, born, 1802; Independence of Brazil proclaimed, 1822; Hon. W. W. Wedderburn, former N. B. County Court Judge, born, 1814; Hon. R. J. Ritchie, Police Magistrate at St. John, N. B., born, 1843; Myne, Helena Modjeska, American actress, born in Poland, 1844; George Washington Cable, American writer, born, 1844; Robert Stephenson, English engineer, died, 1859; General Robert E. Lee, American Confederate military commander and statesman, died, 1870; Edith Cavel, English nurse, executed by Germans in Belgium 1915.

LOST—Knights Templar watch charm. Finder kindly leave at the BEACON OFFICE.

LOST, a small Boston Fountain Pen. The finder will please leave at the BEACON OFFICE.

FOR SALE—The Homestead premises of the late Miss Wade. Apply at once to M. N. COCKBURN, St. Andrews, 12-14.

FOR SALE—20-hogshead boat "Aero plane," 45 ft. long, 11 ft. beam, 16 h. p. engine. Five year old. Apply to ALVER L. STUART, Lamberville, Deer Island, N. B., 14-4wp.

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Soven, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated Top Surrey; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to Wm. J. McQUINN, St. Andrews, N. B., Phone 29, 49-1f.

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 store, seven rooms, and large attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply THOS R. WREN, St. Andrews, N. B., 44-1f.

AMUSEMENT TAX ORDER

All persons promoting or directing entertainments of whatever sort or description are requested to observe carefully the following addition to the rules and regulations passed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council with regard to the collection of the Amusement Tax: "No entertainment of whatever sort or description to which an admission fee is charged and the proceeds of which are not wholly for patriotic, church or charitable purposes, shall be held without a permit allowing the said entertainment to be held and providing at the same time for a supply of amusement tax tickets necessary in connection therewith. If such entertainment is held without a permit from the Amusement Tax Inspector, the promoters of the same shall be liable to the penalties provided for in the 11th section of the Theatres and Cinematographs Act."

Applications for Amusement Tax Tickets, Receipts, and Permits for entertainments to be held should be made to WILLIAM H. McQUADE, Provincial Tax Inspector, P. O. Box 684, St. John, N. B., 13-5w

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

October New Moon, 5th 0h. 5m. a.m. First Quarter, 13th 2h. 0m. a.m. Full Moon, 19th 6h. 35m. p.m. Last Quarter, 26th 5h. 35m. p.m.

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

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:

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

Thos. R. Wren, C. Hector, D. C. Rollins, Prev. Officer, D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer

OUTPOSTS

H. D. Chaffey, Sub Collector, W. Hazen Carson, Sub Collector, Charles Dixon, Sub Collector, T. L. Treacarter, Sub Collector, D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer, J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS The publication of the usual shipping news in this column is suspended for the time being, in patriotic compliance with the request issued to all papers by the Admiralty.

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

The Fall Term of The FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE WILL OPEN ON Monday, August 26, 1918. There is a greater demand for our graduates than ever. Get particulars regarding our courses of study, tuition rates, etc., and prepare to enter on our opening date. Descriptive pamphlet on request. Address: W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

Is the beginning of our busy season, but students can enter at any time, and it is well to get the "Ice Broken" before the rush begins. Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal

TIMBER SALE

The Lands which were advertised for sale on the 5th of September, 1918, and postponed, will now be held at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, on THURSDAY, the THIRD day of October, 1918, commencing at 12 o'clock noon under the following conditions:—Berths to be sold on a straight stumpage bid rate per thousand superficial feet, the upset rate of which will be announced at the time of sale, conveying the right to cut and carry away the merchantable lumber as advertised for the term ending August 1st, 1919. Ten per cent. of the bid stumpage price on the estimated quantity of merchantable lumber standing on the berth to be paid as each berth is sold. The lands to be sold embraces in all about four hundred square miles as advertised in the Royal Gazette September 18th, 1918. For further particulars, printed estimates of the timber on each block, plans, etc., apply to the Deputy Minister, Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B. E. A. SMITH, Minister of Lands and Mines. Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B., September 11th, 1918. 12-2w

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

TIME TABLE

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, Letite 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 at 7.30 p. m. Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 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. Subscriptions regarding our courses of study, tuition rates, etc., and prepare to enter on our opening date. Descriptive pamphlet on request. Address: W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

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 half an hour previous to the Closing of Delivery 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 in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.