

The Beacon

VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1919

NO. 29

MY HANDSOME NELL

Tune—"I am a man unmarried."
Nelly Kilpatrick, the heroine of this song, was the poet's companion on the harvest-rig, when he was in his seventeenth year, and first kindled within him the spark of love and poetry. This composition," says Burns, in his *Commonplace Book*, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world."
O, once I loved a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
As bonnie lasses I have seen,
And many full as braw;
But for a modest, graceful mien,
The like I never saw.
A bonnie lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.
But Nellie's looks are blithe and sweet;
And what is best of a,
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.
She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.
A gaudy dress and gentle air
May slightly touch the heart;
But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart.
'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
'Tis this enchants my soul;
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without control.
ROBERT BURNS
(Born January 25, 1759; died July 21, 1796.)

THE DEVIL IN THE BELFRY

What o'clock is it?—Old Saying
EVERYBODY knows, in a general way, that the finest place in the world is—or, alas, was—the Dutch borough of Vondervotteimittiss. Yet, as it lies some distance from any of the main roads, being in a somewhat out-of-the-way situation, there are perhaps, very few of my readers who have ever paid it a visit. For the benefit of those who have not, therefore, it will be only proper that I should enter into some account of it. And this is, indeed, the more necessary, as with the hope of enlisting public sympathy in behalf of the inhabitants, I design here to give a history of the calamitous events which have so lately occurred within its limits. No one who knows me will doubt that the duty thus self-imposed will be executed to the best of my ability, with all that rigid impartiality, all that cautious examination into facts, and diligent collection of authorities which should ever distinguish him who aspires to the title of historian.
By the united aid of metals, manuscripts, and inscriptions, I am enabled to say positively, that the borough of Vondervotteimittiss has existed, from its origin, in precisely the same condition which it at present preserves. Of the date of this origin, however, I grieve that I can only speak with that species of indefinite definiteness which mathematicians are, at times, forced to put up with in certain algebraic formulae. The date, I may thus say, in regard to the remoteness of its antiquity, cannot be less than any assignable quantity whatsoever.
Touching the derivation of the name Vondervotteimittiss, I confess myself, with sorrow, equally at fault—Among a multitude of opinions upon this delicate point, some acute, some learned, some sufficiently the reverse, I am able to select nothing which ought to be considered satisfactory. Perhaps the idea of Grogswigg, nearly coincident with that of Kroatapentey, is to be cautiously preferred. It runs—"Vondervotteimittiss—Vonder, lege Donder—Votteimittiss, quasi und Bleitiss—Bleitiss, obsol. pro Blitiss." This derivation, to say the truth, is still countenanced by some traces of the electric fluid evident on the summit of the steeple of the House of the Town-Council. I do not choose, however, to commit myself on a theme of such importance, and must refer the reader desirous of information, to the "Orationale de Rebus Proter-Vereris" of Dundergutz. See, also, Blunderbuzard "De Derivationibus," pp. 27 to 5010. Folio Gothic, edit. Red and Black character, Catchword and No Cypher; wherein consult, also, marginal notes in the autograph of Stufundpuff, with the Sub-Commentaries of Gruntundguzzell.
Notwithstanding the obscurity which thus envelops the date of the foundation of Vondervotteimittiss, and the derivation

of its name, there can be no doubt, as I said before, that it has always existed as we find it at this epoch. The oldest man in the borough can remember not the slightest difference in the appearance of any portion of it; and, indeed, the very suggestion of such a possibility is considered an insult. The site of the village is in a perfectly circular valley, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and entirely surrounded by gentle hills, over whose summit the people have never yet ventured to pass. For this they assign the very good reason that they do not believe there is any thing at all on the other side.
Round the skirts of the valley (which is quite level, and paved throughout with flat tiles), extends a continuous row of sixty little houses. These, having their backs on the hills, must look of course, to the centre of the plain, which is just sixty yards from the front door of each dwelling. Every house has a small garden before it, with a circular path, a sun-dial, and twenty four cabbages. The buildings themselves are so precisely alike, that one can in no manner be distinguished from the other. Owing to the vast antiquity, the style of architecture is somewhat odd, but it is not for that reason the less strikingly picturesque. They are fashioned of hard-burned little bricks, red, with black ends, so that the walls looked like a chess-board upon a great scale. The gables are turned to the front, and there are cornices, as big as all the rest of the house, over the eaves and over the main doors. The windows are narrow and deep, with very tiny panes and a great deal of sash. On the roof is a vast quantity of tiles with long curly ears. The woodwork, throughout, is of a dark hue, and there is much carving about it, with a trifling variety of pattern; for, time out of mind, the carvers of Vondervotteimittiss have never been able to carve more than two objects—a time-piece and a cabbage. But these they do exceedingly well, and intersperse them, with singular ingenuity, wherever they find room for the chisel.
The dwellings are as much alike inside as out, and the furniture is all upon one plan. The floors are of square tiles, the chairs and tables of black-looking wood with thin crooked legs and puppy feet. The mantel-pieces are wide and high, and have not only time-pieces and cabbages sculptured over the front, but a real time-piece, which makes a prodigious ticking, on the top in the middle, with a flower-pot containing a cabbage standing on each extremity by way of outrider. Between each cabbage and the time-piece again, is a little china man having a large stomach with a great round hole in it, through which is seen the dial-plate of a watch.
The fire-places are large and deep, with fierce crooked-looking fire-dogs. There is constantly a rousing fire, and a huge pot over it full of sauer-kraut and pork, to which the good woman of the house is always busy in attending. She is a little fat old lady, with blue eyes and a red face, and wears a huge cap like a sugar-loaf, ornamented with purple and yellow ribbons. Her dress is of orange-coloured linsey-woolsey made very full behind and very short in the waist—and indeed very short in other respects, not reaching below the middle of her leg. This is, somewhat thick, and so are her ankles, but she has a fine pair of green-stockings to cover them. Her shoes of pink leather, are fastened each with a bunch of yellow ribbons puckered up in the shape of a cabbage. In her left hand she has a little heavy Dutch watch; in her right she works a ladle for the sauer-kraut and pork. By her side there stands a fat tabby cat, with a gilt toy repeater tied to its tail, which "the boys" have there fastened by way of a quiz.
The boys themselves are all three of them, in the garden attending the pig. They are each two feet in height. They have three-cornered cocked hats, purple waistcoats reaching down to their thighs, buckskin knee-breeches, red woolen stockings, heavy shoes with big silver buckles, and long surtout coats with large buttons of mother-of-pearl. Each, too, has a pipe in his mouth, and a little dumpy watch in his right hand. He takes a puff and a look, and then a look and a puff. The pig, which is corpulent and lazy, is occupied now in picking up the stray leaves that fall from the cabbages, and now in giving a kick behind at the gilt repeater, which the urchins have also tied to its tail, in order to make him look as handsome as the cat.
Right at the front door, in a high-backed leather-bottomed arm chair, with crooked legs and puppy feet like the tables, is seated the old man of the house himself.—He is an exceedingly puffy little old gentleman, with big circular eyes and a huge double chin. His dress resembles that of the boys, and I need say nothing further about it. All the difference is that his pipe is somewhat bigger than theirs, and he can make a greater smoke.—Like them, he has a watch, but he

THE RETURN

INTO the home-side wood, the long straight aisle of pines,
I turned with a slower step than ever my youth-time knew;
Dusk was gold in the valley, grey in the deep-cut chimes,
And below, like a dream afloat, was the quiet sea's fading blue.
Oh, it was joy to see the still night folding down
Over the simple fields I loved, saved sacred dead,
Playmates and friends of mine, brother and town,
The loyal hearts that leap at the word and land said.
I paused by the cross-roads sign, for a bright clear
The small sharp sound of a bell rang clear
And presently out of the mist, with a rank
Rumbled the carrier's cart with its tilt and its motley load—
The old grey horse that moved in the misty headlight's gleam,
The carrier crouched on his seat, with a bell-boy perched astride,
Voices from under the tilt, and laughter—was it a dream,
Or was I awake and alive, standing there by the cross-roads' side?
So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart.
Oh, but my youth swept back like the tide to a misty shore,
Or the little wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain;
And I ran, I ran, with a song in my heart to the unattached door,
I returned to the gentle breast that had nursed me—a boy again!
—Punch.

carries his watch in his pocket. To say the truth, he has something of more importance than a watch to attend to, and what that is I shall presently explain. He sits with his right leg upon his left knee, wears a grave countenance, and always keeps one of his eyes, at least, resolutely bent upon a certain remarkable object in the centre of the plain.
This object is situated in the steeple of the House of the Town-Council. The Town-Council are all very little, round, oily, intelligent men, with big saucer eyes and fat double chins, and have their coats much longer and their shoe-buckles much bigger than the ordinary inhabitants of Vondervotteimittiss. Since my sojourn in the borough they have had several special meetings, and have adopted these three important resolutions:
"That it is wrong to alter the good old course of things."
"That there is nothing tolerable out of Vondervotteimittiss."
"That we will stick by our clocks and our cabbage."
Above the session room of the Council is the steeple, and in the steeple is the belfry, where exists, and has existed time out of mind, the pride and wonder of the village—the great clock of the borough of Vondervotteimittiss. And this is the object to which the eyes of the old gentlemen are turned who sit in the leather-bottomed arm-chairs.
The great clock has seven faces—one in each of the seven sides of the steeple—so that it can be readily seen from all quarters. Its faces are large and white, and its hands heavy and black. There is a belfry-man whose sole duty is to attend to it but this duty is the most perfect of sinecures, for the clock of Vondervotteimittiss was never yet known to have any thing the matter with it.—Until lately the bare supposition of such a thing was considered heretical. From the remotest period of antiquity to which the archives have reference, the hours have been regularly struck by the big bell. And, indeed, the case was just the same with all the other clocks and watches in the borough. Never was such a place for keeping the true time. When the large clapper thought it proper to say "twelve o'clock" all its obedient followers opened their throats simultaneously, and responded like a very echo. In short the good burghers were fond of their sauer-kraut, but then they were proud of their clocks.
All people who hold sinecure offices are held in more or less respect, and as the belfry-man of Vondervotteimittiss has the most perfect of sinecures, he is the most perfectly respected of any man in the world. He is the chief dignitary of the borough, and the very pigs look up to him with a sentiment of reverence. His coat-tail is very far longer—his pipe, his shoe-buckles, his eyes, and his stomach, very far bigger than those of any other old gentleman in the village; and as to his chin, it is not only double but triple.
I have thus painted the happy estate of Vondervotteimittiss; alas, that so fair a picture should ever experience a reverse!
There has been long a saying among the wisest inhabitants that "no good can come from over the hills," and it really seemed that the words had in them something of the spirit of prophecy. It wanted five minutes of noon, on the day before yesterday, when there appeared a very odd-looking object on the summit of the ridge to the eastward. Such an occurrence, of course, attracted universal attention, and every little old gentleman who sat in a leather-bottomed arm-chair, turned one of his eyes with a stare of dismay upon the phenomenon, still keeping

NEWS OF THE SEA

Halifax, Jan. 12.—Word was received today that the American steamship *Tuckahoe*, bound for Boston, was in distress about 160 miles south of Halifax, and required assistance. Her steering gear was out, she was leaking badly, and water was slowly going to the engine room.
The *Englewood*, which sailed from Halifax on Saturday for an American port, was directed by wireless to proceed to the assistance of the *Tuckahoe*, and the U.S.S. *Iroquois*, which had brought in the *A. G. Flagg*, was ordered from Halifax to help the disabled steamship.
To-night came news of another steamer being in distress in the Atlantic, but not off the Nova Scotia coast. C. H. Harvey, marine and fisheries agent, received the following wireless: "S. O. S., F. B. N. *Ansaldo* helm disabled require tow 40.38 north, 58.20 west."
Nothing was received that would reveal the identity of the steamer, and it is not known what the letters "F. B. N." in the message mean. There is no steamer with those letters before her name listed in available shipping records. There are, however, four Italian steamers named *Ansaldo* and each having a number following. According to the message the position given is in the vicinity of Cape Race.
Halifax, Jan. 12.—Darkness has again put an end to the efforts being made by a fleet of steamers to rescue the forty-four members of the crew of the United States shipping board's steamer *Castalia*, which has been drifting at the mercy of mountainous seas, off the coast of Nova Scotia since yesterday morning. Shortly after noon today, the *Bergensford*, which had been standing by the distressed steamer throughout the day wireless that it was impossible to approach her owing to the heavy weather and that she would stand by until the seas moderated sufficiently for an attempt to be made to launch boats. Since that time no further message has been received.
Dawn this morning found the *Bergensford* abreast of the *Castalia*, and in reply to the latter's message at 9.25 that it had been decided to abandon the ship. The former stated that boats were being sent to take off the distressed crew. At 9.40, however, heavy snow was reported, and it is believed that the attempt was abandoned in the face of the storm. The *Castalia* sent out her first S. O. S. message late yesterday forenoon, reporting that she was in a sinking condition and drifting to the southward. She gave her position as being approximately sixty miles south of Canso. Before darkness fell last night she was off Sable Island, approximately forty miles from the first position given, and for a time it was feared she might be dashed on the shoals. She managed to clear the island, however, and at the time the attempt was being made to take off her crew gave her position as 43.47, 60.47. Among the steamers which are either standing by the *Castalia* or proceeding to her assistance are the dominion government steamer *Lady Laurier*, the *War Fiftynine*, *Stadacona*, and *Oscar II*.
The *Castalia*, bound from Quebec for New York, left Sydney, where she had put in for coal at 9 p. m. January 9.
Halifax, Jan. 12.—With her fittings smashed to splinters, steering gear gone, and only having made twenty-eight miles since 4 o'clock Saturday and 2 o'clock this afternoon, when she entered Halifax harbor, the American ship *A. G. Flagg*, 1,864 tons, had an experience which her captain, H. R. Lee, hopes he will not for a long time have to repeat.
The *A. G. Flagg* is one of the United States Shipping Board's boats being sent round from the lakes to New York. On Dec. 26 she steamed out of Quebec, reaching Port Hastings on Dec. 29. Escorting by the *Tellapona*, she left that port to continue her voyage, and ran into a heavy gale. On Jan. 2 the escort was lost and other troubles followed, lack of steam one of these. The ship found herself in a condition where she could not heave-to, and she was drawn within half a mile of the coast off Country Harbor, so that it needed keen manœuvring to keep her from going ashore, and they were thrown in the trough of a south-west sea.
The rolling was terrific, the light jaden ship going to an angle of sixty degrees. This lasted a whole day, but at last they were able to run before the wind, and on the morning of Jan. 3 made Louisburg. The ship bunkered and ballasted with coal at Louisburg, but still she was light, and on Jan. 9 they left in tow of the U.S.S. *Iroquois* for New York. Again heavy weather was encountered, almost as bad as before. The steam steering gear broke, and a system of hand gear was improvised, but on Saturday this broke down completely.
The tow line parted twice. The first time the *Iroquois* was able to pass a line over the side, and when it broke a second time, at 4 o'clock Saturday morning, the *Iroquois* shot a line aboard from a gun there for the purpose. This held, but progress was made only at the rate of a mile an hour till Halifax harbor was reached.

OFFICERS OF SEASIDE LODGE NO. 9 K. OF P.

- Following is the list of Officers for Seaside Lodge No. 9, Knights of Pythias, for the ensuing year. Installed January 9, 1919 by Deputy Grand Chancellor A. A. Shirley.
- Thomas Pendlebury, C. C.
 - Ralph Rideout, V. C.
 - David Johnson, P.
 - Cleveland Mitchell, M. at A.
 - Everitt Denley, M. of W.
 - Daniel Hanson, K. of R. and S.
 - Thomas Loughrey, M. of F.
 - Isaac Johnson, M. of E.
 - Arthur Hanna, I. G.
 - Theodore Holmes, O. G.
- What connexion has Grubbs had with the war? He hasn't been at the front or crossed the sea, has he? He hasn't been either wounded or torpedoed. "Oh, no." He is merely one of the survivors of a Washington boarding house.—Life.

Two or More Persons May Use One Account

The "joint account" is a very popular feature of The Bank of Nova Scotia service. Each person may deposit or withdraw independently. Interest quickly accrues, and with two saving, the growth of the account is more rapid and pleasing.

Husband and wife—brother and sister—father and son, or others, are enabled to save systematically by this means.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 5,500,000 Reserve Fund . 12,000,000 Resources . 130,000,000

G. W. BABBETT Manager St. Andrews Branch

GRAND HARBOR, G. M.

Our schools, which have been closed for a long time, reopened last week under Mr. Newton Fanjoy, principal, Miss Martha Cheney, intermediate, and Mrs. Errol Treacres, primary.

Miss Roberts Wooster and Mr. Guy Cheney have gone to Seal Cove to resume their occupation as teachers there.

Mrs. Scott D. Guphill and daughter, Purvis, and Mrs. Manford Lorimer have gone to St. Stephen and St. John on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dakin are in Boston visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Harry McDowell returned from St. John last week with a fine work horse.

Misses Hazel Lorimer and Madge Guphill have gone back to Wolfville to resume their studies at Acadia Ladies Seminary.

Services were held in the churches here on Sunday, having been suspended for the past three months. A large congregation assembled in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the evening, when a tablet was unveiled in memory of Pte. Ernest J. Ingalls, who died in Shorncliffe, of wounds received in action. It was placed in the church by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colman Ingalls.

Schr. Edith F. S., Capt. George Foster, has arrived from Boston with a load of hard coal, which has been discharged here.

Messrs. Neil and Chester Guphill, who were out on a shooting trip, had the good fortune to bring down a wild goose.

Capt. Judson Foster, while discharging his cargo in Seal Cove, met with an accident in which a finger was crushed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lakeman have returned from their trip to Yarmouth, N. S.

Messrs. Ross Cronk and Owen Ingalls were passengers to St. John by Strm. Grand Manan on Monday.

Misses Claire Henderson and Helen Cheney have returned to St. John, where they have employment.

Misses Ethel and Ruth Wooster are in St. Stephen for a short time.

Mrs. Clarence Gardner left here on Monday for Boston, where she will visit her sister. Her husband, Mr. Clarence Gardner, accompanied her as far as Eastport.

All the men are busily engaged in getting out their wood and weir material for the coming year.

Save during 1919.

SEAL COVE, G. M.

The schools and churches have reopened after being closed for three months.

A few more cases of the Spanish "flu" have been reported.

Misses Rhoda and Ruby Gaskill are visiting their cousin, Miss Sara McLaughlin.

Mrs. Emery Forsythe and Miss Vivian Maker have been visiting friends in St. John.

A dance was held in the Orange Hall last Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Harvey spent a few days in Eastport last week.

Miss Faustina Brown has accepted a school at South Branch, Kings Co.

Mr. Horace Bagley and family have moved to Dennysville, Me., where Mr. Bagley will be employed in the shipyard.

Mr. Charles Foster has purchased Mr. Bagley's residence on King Street.

We are very glad to learn that Miss Vivian Maker is much improved after an

illness of several days, due to a very rough trip from St. John.

Mrs. Vinton Cliff has been spending a few weeks at her former home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Roupe and son have been visiting Mr. Roupe's parents.

Mrs. Percy Green and family are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Cosman, who spent the week with Mr. Cosman's parents, returned home on Friday.

Miss Priscilla Shepherd has gone to Augusta, Me., to train for a nurse.

NORTH HEAD, G. M.

The schools of this vicinity opened last Monday after a long period in which the "flu" was raging.

Mr. James Dagget has been spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Manford Dagget.

A shower took place at the home of Mrs. John Gilmore, for Mrs. Nelson Greenlaw.

John W. Flagg, of this place, received a cable announcing that his son-in-law, James Gould, of Cardiff, Wales, has been elected a member of the House of Commons by a majority of 9,879.

Miss Annie Lawson has returned home, after spending her Xmas vacation with her aunt, in Lynn, Mass.

At the residence of Mrs. Roy Johnston a shower took place for Mrs. Frank Stanley.

A dance took place in the Town Hall on Friday night for the benefit of the North Head band, which is now under way.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kinghorn are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby daughter.

Miss Ruby Gaskill is now home, after spending a few days at Seal Cove.

Mr. Harvey Gilmore, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexandra Gilmore. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robinson returned home last Wednesday, after spending Xmas with their daughter, Mrs. Jack Ferguson, in Sussex.

Sergt. Samuel Greenlaw, of the Kiltie Batt., has been discharged after serving seven months in the trenches, and was rewarded for his bravery in the second battle of the Somme with a Military Medal.

Buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Mr. Fred Devers, traveller, visited the stores here on Monday.

Mr. Frank Greenlaw was a visitor to the Shire Town on Tuesday.

Roy Pendleton came home on Wednesday from Calais, where he has been a patient in the Hospital.

Mrs. G. H. Smith and Mrs. Ned Morang visited friends in Richardson on Wednesday.

Mrs. Temple Lambert brought her daughter, Geraldine, from the Hospital in Calais on Saturday much improved in health.

Mrs. Flora Parker entertained at a croquet party on Tuesday evening.

Deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Thompson in the loss of her young and beloved daughter, Minnie, who died at Fairhaven Tuesday morning, Jan. 14.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

The many friends of Mr. Hazen Stuart all over the Island were very sorry to hear of his sudden death from pneumonia.

Service was held in the U. B. Church of Chocolate Cove on Sunday evening by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Egan.

Our school has not opened yet. We hope a teacher may soon be secured.

We are very sorry to hear of the serious illness of Miss Minnie Thompson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hartford Thompson, of Fairhaven.

Mrs. Grace Mosher visited friends here last week.

RECEPTION IS TENDERED PTE. LINWOOD DOUGHTY

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, a reception was tendered Pte. Linwood Doughty, son of Fred Doughty, of Leonardville, who has just returned from the front in the event took place in Moss F at Chocolate Cove. At the hour the hall was filled with the young men, from his and the surrounding villages.

A number of returned soldiers awaiting discharge, who have been in Fredericton for some time, arrived home on Monday. They will be called later for examination.

Representatives of the Hydro Electric Company of St. John, were here this week looking over the water power.

The transportation problem is receiving considerable attention in Government circles, and Rail officials are busy at work obtaining data on Atlantic terminals.

The harbor at L'Etang was visited last week by a number of high railroad officials and several prominent engineers.

It is confidently predicted that when politics are eliminated and natural qualifications command attention L'Etang will come into its own and be, what nature intended, one of the great Canadian terminals.

The Misses Mayme MacIntyre and Beatrice Murphy, of St. John, are guests of Mrs. E. J. O'Neill.

Dan P. Gillmor spent the week-end at home, coming from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo McGrattan, of Sydney, are guests of Miss Elizabeth McGrattan.

Mrs. Cecil Orr, of Bonney River, was the guest last week of Mrs. J. McGrattan.

A visitor from deep seas spent Wednesday morning in Town. He had evidently travelled nearly a mile over the ice.

Rolling fat and slick looking the seal, an unusual visitor in these parts, flopped his way over the ice till he was opposite the public wharf. A shot from a rifle in the hands of a returned soldier only stunned him, and he was easily captured and dragged ashore on a rope.

His sojourn in Town included a trip up Portage Hill and a view of the Town pump and band stand. Here he was viewed by a large number of citizens, many of whom had never seen a live seal. After an exhibition of an hour he was loaded on a sled and taken to the Lower Bridge, and committed to his natural element. The flip of his tail, as he struck the water, was taken, by some of the onlookers, as a farewell salute, others said it was but a start that would put him, in jig time, into the real salt water three miles away.

OAK BAY, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Hill and daughter, Minnie, were in St. Stephen on Thursday.

Miss Bertha Bailey, who has been spending the Christmas holidays here, has returned to St. John, accompanied by Miss Beatrice Simpson.

Mrs. James Murray, of this place, is a patient in the Calais Hospital.

Miss Minnie A. Hill, of this place, is spending the holidays with her sister, Mrs. Willard Dyer, Elmville.

Miss Inez Holt returned to Fredericton on Saturday to resume her studies at the Fredericton Business College.

Messrs. Cecil McCullough and Cecil Lowery, of Upper Bocabec, spent the week-end at the former's home here.

Cecil McCullough has but recently returned from Red Rock, where he has been employed for the past few weeks.

Miss Louise and Luella Holt spent last week in St. Andrews, guests of their cousins, the Misses Kathleen and Mary Holt.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Foster last week and presented them with a baby girl.

Mrs. James McGregor is visiting relatives in Bonny River.

Our community was deeply shocked on Sunday last when word was passed around that the influenza had once more taken toll from this place, the victim being Mr. Stephen Thompson. This sad news was followed on Monday by the startling statement that Annie Thompson, wife of the deceased, had survived him only twelve hours, and that she too had entered into rest at midnight, Sunday.

Their two sons, Harold and Wesley, are both lying very ill with the "flu". Miss Poole, R. N., of St. John, and Miss Groves, G. N., of Victoria Hospital, Fredericton, are in attendance. The sympathy of the community is felt for the young sons and infant daughter, Ruby, aged 9 months, who are so early in life bereft of the loving care of both father and mother. Interment took place on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 14.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

The Town Council was in session Monday evening. Mayor McGrattan in the chair. Aldermen Kent, Grant, Frauley, Spranatt, and Johnson present. The report of accountant MacIntyre re the Pulp Ca's taxes was received and read. The report upheld the assessors, and on motion of Alderman Frauley, seconded by Alderman Grant, was adopted. An amendment calling for a reduction of twenty-five thousand dollars in the Company's taxes was defeated. Discussion over the matter was animated. Some matters of routine nature received attention, and the Council adjourned at a late hour.

The deaths of Mr. and Mrs. S. Thompson, of Bocabec, of influenza, was heard here with deep regret. Mr. Thompson died on Sunday morning and his wife on Sunday evening after a brief illness of less than a week. The couple, who were both in their thirties, left three small children. The disease was of a very violent type.

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Mr. and Mrs. Leo McGrattan, of Sydney, are guests of Miss Elizabeth McGrattan.

Mrs. Cecil Orr, of Bonney River, was the guest last week of Mrs. J. McGrattan.

A visitor from deep seas spent Wednesday morning in Town. He had evidently travelled nearly a mile over the ice.

Rolling fat and slick looking the seal, an unusual visitor in these parts, flopped his way over the ice till he was opposite the public wharf. A shot from a rifle in the hands of a returned soldier only stunned him, and he was easily captured and dragged ashore on a rope.

His sojourn in Town included a trip up Portage Hill and a view of the Town pump and band stand. Here he was viewed by a large number of citizens, many of whom had never seen a live seal. After an exhibition of an hour he was loaded on a sled and taken to the Lower Bridge, and committed to his natural element. The flip of his tail, as he struck the water, was taken, by some of the onlookers, as a farewell salute, others said it was but a start that would put him, in jig time, into the real salt water three miles away.

London, January 11.—In raids on England by the Germans during the war 5,511 persons were killed or injured, of whom 4,750 were civilians. The deaths numbered 1,570. An official summary of the casualties caused by German airships, and bombardments from the sea shows these casualties among civilians:

Killed, 554 men, 411 women, 295 children.

Injured, 1,508 men, 1,210 women, 772 children.

Three hundred and ten soldiers and sailors were killed and 551 were injured.

There were fifty-one raids by airships, the deaths of 498 civilians and the injury of 1,236 and the killing of 58 soldiers and sailors and the injuring of 121.

In fifty-nine airplane raids 619 civilians were killed and 1,690 were injured. In these raids 238 soldiers and sailors were killed and 400 injured.

In twelve bombardments from the sea 143 civilians were killed and 604 wounded, while 14 soldiers and sailors were killed and 30 injured.

"I hear your daughter is getting on famously." "For a girl of eighteen she is doing very well." "What is it she is doing?" "Writing those serial stories of married life that the women are enjoying so much."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BUY War-Savings Stamps

On Sale at all MONEY-ORDER POST OFFICES BANKS AND



BUY War-Savings Stamps for \$4.00 each, place them on the Certificate, which will be given to you; have your Stamps registered against loss, free of charge at any Money-Order Post Office; and on the first day of 1924, Canada will pay you \$5.00 each for your stamps.

As an aid to the purchase of W.-S.-S. you can buy TERRIFT Stamps for 25 cents each. Sixteen of these Thrift Stamps on a Thrift Card will be exchanged for a W.-S.-S. Thrift Stamp do not bear interest. Their virtue is that they enable you to apply every 25 cents you can save towards the purchase of a Government, interest-bearing security.

"If high rates of interest must be paid on Government borrowings it is but right that every man, woman, and child should have the opportunity to earn this interest."—St. Thomas White.

\$5.00 for \$4.00

WILL EMERGE FROM WAR WITH FLYING COLORS

(From the Saskatoon Star)

One religious organization at least is going to emerge from the war with flying colors. The work of the Salvation Army at the front is going to be remembered by the soldiers as long as they live. A little story, published some time ago, of a Salvation Army doughnut wagon blown up by a German shell, and the prompt and decisive revenge accomplished by the American soldiers, who, fighting mad, laid down a curtain barrage and smashed the enemy trenches by a well-organized and effective raid, is merely illustrative of the fact that the Salvationists are working in posts of danger and in doing it appealing to the men to whom they are ministering.

The Salvation Army folk have a somewhat different conception of duty from other organizations. They are not over there for the sole purpose of ministering to the souls of the soldiers or solely to their bodily comfort. They are over there to be useful as opportunity presents itself, and their work has won them high regard.

When opportunity offers they hold evangelical service. When the boys want "sinks" and coffee, the Army men and lassies supply them if they can beg, buy or steal them. They are working efficiently and gaining the love and admiration of the troops by their work. None of the soldiers, when they come back, will sneer at the other "Army."

The new Shoe Store is now opened in the corner store formerly occupied by Bucknam & Colwell. It is right at the head of the Public Slip or landing place, and right at the head of Ferry Wharf, so for out-of-town customers in a hurry it is the nearest place. It has always been my policy to make prices very low and I expect to do enough more business in the new red store to make it possible to quote even lower prices. Following are a few specials:—

Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c. Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25. Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00. Ladies' Extra High Cut Shoes, Brown, Black, and other colors, \$5. Ladies' Extra High Cut Cloth Top Shoes, Browns, and Grays, \$4. Men's Dark Brown Shoes, Fibre or Leather soles, \$5. Men's Heavy Work Shoes, \$2.50 up. Extra High Cut Shoes with Straps and Buckles, for Men and Boys. Needles, Belts, Oil, and new parts for any Sewing Machine.

Only agent for Singer Sewing Machines. Keep a large supply on hand, and make extra special low prices for cash. Any make Sewing Machine repaired. Three Ply Roofing, \$3.25. Two Ply, \$3.00. Plenty on hand.

Remember the color of my new store is bright red, can't miss it, and don't forget that I am making special prices on goods to introduce my new store to the public.

THE RED STORE IS THE STORE

EDGAR HOLMES

52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE. Open Evenings.

We have had information that prices on China and Crockery will not drop for some time to come, so you might as well buy now as any time. We have everything to set or decorate a table in.

CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASSWARE

At the most reasonable prices possible.

When in town call and see us, or write and we will be glad to send prices.

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

Par th

JOSEPH

Copyright, 1919, and after work. The day and night manded the latter.

The partners do what she Diving Belle lack of the scho cap, but they h to hire a large

They made about the ba not go up to O day's work was supper and tu the skipper's sleep, but more plan for the pale and weak blow on the he take it easy, a The worry and were in a sens kept him from t

Each morning phoned to the s felt and how t ing. Bradley Gey's anxious re lage the partne ed as a foregore made him only succeed.

Cook & Sous afternoon a rep These reports v timistic. The way steadily t as she was light They watched watches a rat ways tight. Th If I didn't know I should have been a teacher was rig I'd be hang son can dream abou The captain's wondered. A n he flew from o to the other, c rying. With the cheerful end sur in awhile, alone showed his real ing before turni to telephone. W called Bradley as

"Brad, Sam weather folks storm for day's con'tain' from here 'about then say. It worries of a gale of wind of the Old Harry The Junior part "Wonder if that Peleg" he obs been after me eve he's got somethin "He's been pest had no time to let's see him."

They sent for who appeared, dir here, Peleg," was tion. "What do Here's the gov't smellin' out a gale You'll have to pu out sight or we'll one or 'other."

Mr. Myrick wa Cap'n Ed. he pro ed tone. "ain't I you or Brad for know there was a comin' a-bittin' too no specs 'uther."

"Humph! Brad, all, isn't it? That But, Cap'n Ed, eigs I wanted to "Never mind n'Gan!"

Peleg "got," b He kept looking head, Captain E solemn. His for he pulled his must "By crismutee!" have got to do know you don't Peleg, but if that knooled higher. She's loosenin' up might help us. I from Vineyard I stiner and all, for

"But they won't "No, I'm goin' the bank folks, they ever hope to the money they let they must risk entug. I'm goin' not "But you've bee me go. You turn

"Turn in be dur as sound as an e I can turn in when else. Goodby. Pr prayin' for me, wi He went to Well ple at the bank an ed from 'his boots of the following in an appearance, the Freedom's bow tide.

The expected gat day, but the next was overcast, and behind angry cloud fresh when Bradl to his berth at t fought against goi tain Tidcomb said: two any way. I'll wanted."

Partners of the Tide

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co. And after that came work, work, work. The men were organized into day and night gangs. Bradley commanded the former, Captain Titcomb the latter. The partners hired the You and I to do what she could of the work the Diving Belle had been engaged in. The lack of the schooner was a great handicap, but they had no funds with which to hire a large vessel. They made their headquarters aboard the barge now. Bradley did not go up to Orham at all. When his day's work was over he ate a hasty supper and tumbled into a berth in the skipper's cabin, sometimes to sleep, but more often to lie awake and plan for the morrow. He was still pale and weak from the effects of the blow on the head, but he would not take it easy, as the captain begged. The worry and strain of the labor were in a sense relief to him—they kept him from thinking of other things. Each morning the old maid telephoned to the station to learn how he felt and how the work was progressing. Bradley gathered from Miss Prissy's anxious remarks that in the village the partners' failure was regarded as a foregone conclusion. The news made him only more determined to succeed. Cook & Sons wired daily, and every afternoon a report was sent to them. These reports were growing more optimistic. The barge was eating her way steadily through the shoal, and as she was lightened she moved faster. They watched the cables as a cat watches a rat hole, keeping them all ways tight. The captain said: "Brad, if I didn't know what was the matter I should have my old Sunday school teacher was right. He always swore I'd be hung some day, and now all I can dream about is ropes." The captain's energy was something wonderful. A nervous man by nature, he flew from one end of the Freedom to the other, commanding, helping, hurrying. With the men he was always cheerful and sure of success, but once in a while, alone with his partner, he showed his real feelings. One morning before turning in he went across to telephone. When he came back he called Bradley aside and said: "Brad, Sam says the government weather folks are foretelling a big storm for day after tomorrow. It's coming from the south and it'll strike here about then. It's a terror, they say. It worries me. I'm more scared of a gale of wind just now than I am of the Old Harry himself." The junior partner looked troubled. "Wonder if that's what's distressing Peleg?" he observed. "Peleg has been after me ever since the fire. Says he's got something to tell me. "He's been pestering me too. I ain't had no time to listen to his yarns. Let's see him." They sent for the weather prophet, who appeared, dirtier than ever. "Look here, Peleg," was the captain's salutation. "What do we feed you for? Here's the government weather sharp smeller's got a sale, an you ain't peeped. You'll have to put specs on your second sight or we'll ship a new prophet, one or t'other." Mr. Myrick was troubled. "Now, Cap'n Ez," he protested in an aggrieved tone, "ain't I been tryin' to get at you or Brad for four days or more? I know there was a blow comin'. She's comin' a-bilin' too. And I don't need no specs neither." "Humph! Brad, this is the devil and all, isn't it? That'll do, Peleg." "But, Cap'n Ez, there's somethin' else I wanted to tell you. I—" "Never mind now. Put it on ice, Goo!" Peleg "got," but with reluctance. He kept looking back and shaking his head. Captain Ezra's face was very solemn. His forehead wrinkled, and he pulled his mustache nervously. "By crissake!" he muttered. "We have got to do somethin' quick. I know you don't take any stock in Peleg, but if that gale does come we're knocked higher 'n the main truck. She's losin' up so now that a tug might help us. I can get a little one from Vineyard Haven, skipper, engineer and all, for \$40 a day." "But they won't work on spec." "No. I'm going to Wellmouth to see the bank folks. I'll tell 'em that if they ever hope to get back the rest of the money they lent on the Diving Belle they must risk enough to pay for that tug. I'm goin' now." "But you've been up all night. Let me go. You turn in." "Turn in be damned! I'd sleep about as sound as an eel on a perch hook. I can turn in when I can't do anything else. Goodby. Put in your spare time prayin' for me, will you?" He went to Wellmouth, saw the people at the bank and, as he said, "talked from his boots up." At 12 o'clock of the following day the little tug put in an appearance. She got a grip on the Freedom's bow and pulled with the tide. The expected gale did not come that day, but the next afternoon the sky was overcast, and the sun disappeared behind angry clouds. It was blowing fresh when Bradley, worn out, went to his berth at 9 o'clock. He had fought against going at all, but Captain Titcomb said: "Put in an hour or two anyway. I'll call you if you're wanted."

He called him before the second hour was up. "Come on deck, Brad!" he cried excitedly. "That sou'easter's on the road, and it's backin' up the biggest tide ever I saw. Tain't high water till 2, but she's pretty high as high as usual now." The junior partner hurried on deck. The wind was singing in the rigging, and the waves were rushing past the barge, slapping furiously at her as they passed. The night was a dead black, and the surf on the ocean side of the Point boomed like heavy artillery. "I've sent ashore for the day shift," said the captain. "We've got to make our fight now. Looks as if 'twas our last chance, and a mighty slim one." The dories brought the tired men hard all day, but they were ready to work still harder now. They realized that, one way or another, this was the end of the big job. The little tug, bouncing up and down on the waves, was throwing her whole weight on the tow line. Alvin Bearse stood by the donkey engine ready to stoke in every inch of the cable. The partners were in the bow. The buckets were flying from the hold. "She gained a heap last tide," murmured the captain. "This extra high water and the waves ought to help her like fun. But I'm afraid 'twon't be enough, and tomorrow the sou'easter'll land with both feet." Waiting was the hardest thing. A half hour seemed longer than an ordinary day. The wind gained in force little by little. The tide crept up the barge's side. At 1 o'clock it was far higher than it had ever reached before, and so powerful was its rush that the huge hull quivered in its grasp. The water, seen by the lantern's light, was the color of chocolate, streaked and marbled with lines and eddies of foam. Half past 1. The captain put his watch in his pocket and wiped his forehead. "I know how it feels when you're waitin' to be hung," he observed. "Thirty minutes for the firm to live, Brad; then—" A mighty blow from a wave, a tremble and then a roll. The lanterns in the rigging spun around in circles, the men on the deck and below fell in heaps. The Freedom tilted, straightened and then began to rock in her cradle. The cables sagged into loops. Their silent partner, the tide, had come to the firm's rescue. Bradley got upon his feet. "Haul fast!" he screamed. Before the order was given Bearse was back at his engine. The windlass shrieked. Captain Titcomb roared through his speaking trumpet. The towboat shot forward, then back, her screw thrashing the water. The little You and I lobbed beside her. She was pulling too. And then a long, scraping, breathless interval. A halt, a shock, and, pushing a wall of sand before her, the Freedom plunged into deep water. There was no cheering. A subdued murmur, like a sigh, came from the crowd on her deck. Men drew sooty arms across wet foreheads and looked at each other without speaking. She was off the shoal, but far from being out of danger yet. She must be got over into the deep hole behind the Point, where she could safely ride out the coming gale. And to get her into this haven there was only the little tug to depend upon. Could the tiny craft do it in that wind and sea? If not, then the barge would almost surely drag her anchors, would strike again, and then—well, then all the work and the triumph so nearly won would count for nothing. They brought her up to her anchors out in the middle of the channel. There they waited for the tide to turn. The silence was heartbreaking. Only now and then did any one speak. In clusters by the rail they stared at the big waves and the foam streaks gliding by. At last Captain Titcomb snapped his watch case shut and shouted through his trumpet. The towboat puffed into position. The anchors were lifted from the bottom. The time for the final test had come. Then the little tug showed what she was made of. Coughing, panting like a bulldog straining at a chain, she pulled at that hawser, and, slowly at first, but gaining headway as she moved in the dead water of the slack of the tide, the Freedom followed her through the channel around the edge of the shoal into the cove and safety. At ten minutes to 4 that morning the last big anchor was sent down. "There!" shouted Captain Titcomb. "She'll stay where she is now if it blows hard enough to frazzle out a handspike. Boys, the job's done. Knock off!" They answered him with a cheer that woke the cat from his sleep beneath the stove at the lighthouse. The tug took them to the Point. They perched all over her, heedless of the cold and the flying spray. The men were wildly excited over the unexpected good luck. They cheered the partners again and again and gave three groans for the "quitters," meaning Mr. Clark and his friends. Peleg Myrick was bearing his concertina to safe quarters in the shanty, and they insisted that he should play it. Peleg protested that it was too wet for music on board that tug, but they threatened to leave the "push and pull pianer" overboard if he didn't play. "Play somethin' we can sing," ordered Bill Taylor. Peleg struck up a doleful dirge of the sea. It was loaded to the gunwale with wrecks and disasters. "Belay that!" cried Barney Small. "We don't want no come-all-yes. That's the tune that soured the milk. Give us a down." The musician considered; then he burst into the air that every fisherman knows:

"The grub is in the galley, and the rum is in the jug— Storm along, John! John, storm along! The skipper's from Hyannis, and he gives us hully mug— Storm along, storm along, John! "Chorus!" howled Barney, waving his cap. They joined in with a whoop. "Storm along, John! John, storm along! Ain't I glad my day's work's done! Storm along, John! John, storm along! Ain't I glad my day's work's done!" Bradley stood by the back door of the big shanty, looking out at the storm. The first sickly light of morning was streaking the dingy, tumbled sky. Inside the building the men were keeping up their celebration. No one had suggested turning in. Captain Titcomb came around the corner. "There you are, hey?" he exclaimed, with a breath of relief. "Blamed if I didn't begin to be afraid you'd tumbled overboard. Well, gosh, we did it, by crismus! We did it, thanks to the good Lord for sendin' that whoopin' big tide. Titcomb & Nicker, son ain't ready for the undertaker yet. Now you can go up to Orham and tell Gus Baker somethin' with white." Bradley shrugged his shoulders. Now that the strain was over and they had won the thoughts that he had put aside were coming back. He was realizing that the firm's success didn't mean much to him. After all, what did he really care? "I guess Gus wouldn't be greatly interested," he said. The captain seized him by the shoulders and spun him around. "Look here, son!" he cried. "What fool idea have you got in your head? What's the matter with you? Wouldn't be interested! The girl that risked her life to haul you out of the drink!" Bradley shook his head. "I guess you forget that Hammond was in the drink, too," he said. Captain Titcomb smote his partner a blow in the chest. "You crazy loon!" he shouted. "Is that what's ailin' you? Do you s'pose she cares a hurrah in Tophet for that scamp? Listen to me! I was closer 'n anybody to Gus when she rowed across the harbor that night. She was right under the bow of her skiff. He hailed her. She saw him—looked right at him. But she never reached out a hand. Left him to drown, like the durned rat he is, and went on after you. After you—do you understand? Does that look—" "Stop!" Bradley's eyes were ablaze. "Is that true? Say that again!" "True? Say it again? I'll sing it or swear it on the Bible if you want me to. Why, you ought to get down and crawl to that girl. She's—Hi! Where you goin'?" There was no answer. Bradley was running at full speed for the beach. A few minutes more and he was in the You and I, heading across the bay through the rising storm and in the dull morning light, bound for Orham. And behind him, from the shanty floated the chorus: "Storm along, John! John, storm along! Ain't I glad my day's work's done! Storm along, John! John, storm along! Ain't I glad my day's work's done!"

CHAPTER XXI

GUS rose early that morning. The storm had awakened her. She pulled aside the window shade and peered out at the bare branches of the silver leaf bearing and whipping in the wind, at the sheets of rain scudding across the little pond in the pasture, at the whitecaps in the inlet and harbor and at the angry sea outside. Down in the village the storm signals were flying from the pole on the cupola of Cy Warner's observatory. The southeast gale, foretold by the newspapers, had come. She saw the lighthouse on Baker's beach, a small shadowy dot in the distance. Beyond it was the bay, and miles beyond that lay Setnekk Point. Only the landward end of the long beach was visible through the smears of wind driven rain, but she gazed in that direction for minutes. Grandmother Baker was still asleep when Gus came downstairs. The girl went into the kitchen, where Windfeld, gray muzzled and rheumatic, came, stretching and yawning, to meet her. She fixed the fire in the range, filled the teakettle and, putting on her apron, began mixing the rye muffins for breakfast. Every now and then she left her work to go to the window. The storm was growing steadily worse. The muffins were ready, and she put them in the oven. She went to the sink and pumped the tin hand basin full of water, but before her fingers touched it she heard the yard gate shut with a bang. She thought that "Blount's boy" must be coming with the morning's milk and stepped to the outside door to meet him, hitting the book from the staple. The door opened and Bradley Nicker-son came in. He wore no overcoat or oilskins, and his clothes were wet through. The rain poured from the visor of his cap, from his sleeves and the lap of his jacket. His face was dotted with drops, like beads of perspiration. He did not wipe them away, but stood there on Mrs. Baker's cherished Ingrain carpet dripping and looking at the girl before him. She did not seem to notice his condition nor appear astonished at his coming. Her first words were strange ones. "Oh!" she cried. "Is she lost?" "Lost?" he repeated. "Lost?" "Yes, yes. The barge. Has the gale wrecked her?" Bradley seemed to be waking from a dream. "Oh, the barge?" he answered slowly. "The barge? Oh, she's all right. We got her off." Gus gave a little sob of joy. Her

eyes filled with tears. "I'm so glad!" she exclaimed. "I was afraid—" He interrupted her by stepping forward and seizing her hands. "Gus!" he begged. "Oh, Gus, do you love me?" She did not hesitate nor seem surprised. "Yes," she said simply, looking up at him. For an instant he returned the look. Then the reaction came. He swayed, sank to his knees and cried like a child, hiding his face in her apron. And like a child she soothed him, stroking his wet hair and crying silently in sympathy. "Oh, my dear," he pleaded over and over again. "I've behaved like a foolish child. Can you forgive me?" She smiled, like the sun shining through the last drops of a summer shower. "It was my fault more than yours," she said. "I was selfish and so silly, but I didn't know—I didn't know." "But you know now? You're sure?" The answer was not in words alone and was entirely satisfactory. When he got home Bradley swallowed the last drop of the "pepper tea" provided by Miss Tempy—he was in a mood where nothing short of a gallon would have daunted him—and hastened upstairs to put on dry clothes. When he came down he went through the motions of eating breakfast and answered as best he could the hundred and one questions regarding the floating of the Freedom that the old maids and Clara asked. He had been up practically all night, but was too excited to think of sleep, and remembering how unceremoniously he had deserted Captain Titcomb, decided to go down to the postoffice and telephone to the Point. The storm was in full blast by this time. The wind screamed through the treetops, and the thick ropes of rain shot downward with savage force. As he entered the postoffice, the postmaster called to him through the little window in the center of the frame of mail boxes. "Hi, Brad!" he hailed. "Is that you? I jest sent a boy uptown after you. Cap'n Ez has been keepin' the telephone hot for the last half hour. He wants to talk to you the worst way." Bradley was alarmed. Had anything happened to the Freedom? He entered the telephone closet, stood his drenched umbrella in a corner and gave the four rings which made up the Setnekk Point call. The wire buzzed and hummed like an overturned beehive. The receiver at his ear wailed and screeched like a banshee. At length a faint "Hello" answered his call. "Hello!" he shouted. "That you, Cap'n Knowles? Yes, this is Brad Nicker-son. I want to talk with Cap'n Ez. Can you get him for me?" The life saver laughed. There were more buzzing and humming. Then Captain Titcomb's voice rose above the music of the storm. "Hello, partner!" it called. "That you? You don't say! Well, this is Titcomb. No; the Freedom's all serene. She'll ride it out as slick as a duck in a bucket. But there's a feller here wants to talk with you. Prick up your ears now!" Bradley heard his partner laugh. Then another voice began—a drawing, high pitched voice. "Is that you, Bradley?" it droned. "This is me talkin'. Do you hear?" "Me? Who's me?" "Me. Peleg—Peleg Myrick. Cap'n Ez wants to know what I'd better do with the dynamite I've got buried under my shanty. I'm scart to death of it." "The dynamite? What dynamite?" "The dynamite I took off the Diving Belle the day afore she was burned. Cap'n Ez ordered me to take it all out, so I done it the next forenoon. What'll I do with it? I've been tryin' to tell you an' the cap'n about it, but you never give me no chance. Skeezicks is the devil to dig, and if he scratches that stuff up, why—" "Stop!" Bradley shouted it. "Wait a minute! Peleg, what are you talkin' about? Do you mean there was no dynamite aboard the Diving Belle when she burned?" "Yasas. I took it all out that mornin'. What'll—" "Again Bradley shouted, "Stop!" He wanted to think. If there was no dynamite aboard the schooner, why then the insurance could be collected. If—His heart sank again. "I'm afraid that won't do, Peleg," he called. "She certainly blew up. I heard her and felt the shock under water. Everybody on the hill heard the explosion and saw it too. No, Peleg. Much obliged, but I guess you must have left some of it." The wire whirred and sang. Then the drawing voice went on. It said, "Cap'n Ez wants to know if the explosion won't pretty small for a dynamite one, now that you come to think of it. He says what about the gasoline tanks?" The gasoline tanks! The gasoline for the engine! It had been stowed in the bow of the schooner. The receiver fell from Bradley's hand. He stared at the calendar on the wall of the telephone booth. THE END

A POST GRADUATE

"I want some intelligent men as hospital orderlies," announced Lieutenant Worley. "Any pharmacists in the company?" "A flaxen-haired individual shuffled forward. "Ye gods," said the lieutenant, "are you a pharmacist?" "Sure as yane pharmeris," was the indignant reply. "Ye, ay, yane work on phar'm all me life."—Frank Batholomew, in Judge.

PENROD By BOOTH TARKINGTON Copyright, 1914, by Doubleday, Page & Company

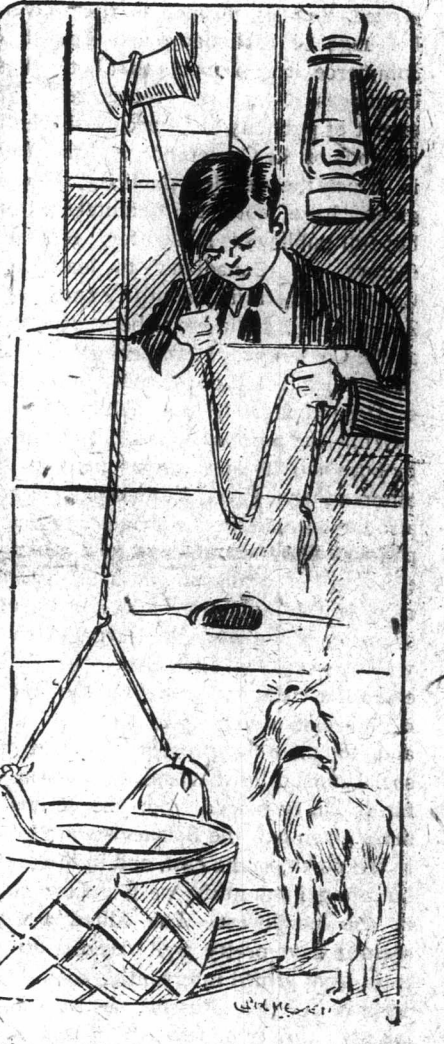
PROLOGUE. Nowhere has Booth Tarkington done such finished, exquisite work as in this story of boyhood. The full flavor of his story is not only for the grown man or woman, but for any one who enjoys the comic muse. It is a picture of a boy's heart, full of those lovable, humorous, tragic things which are locked secrets to older folks unless one has the gift of understanding. Booth Tarkington has it eminently, and "Penrod" will stand as a classic interpretation of the omnipresent subtlety—BOY.

CHAPTER I. A Boy and His Dog.

PENROD sat morosely upon the back fence and gazed with envy at Duke, his wistful dog. A bitter soul dominated the various curved and angular surfaces known by a careless world as the face of Penrod Schofield. Except in solitude, that face was almost always cryptic and emotionless, for Penrod had come into his twelfth year wearing an expression carefully trained to be inscrutable. Since the world was sure to misunderstand everything, mere defensive instinct prompted him to give it as little as possible to lay hold upon. Nothing is more impetuous than the face of a boy who has learned this, and Penrod's was habitually as fathomless as the depth of his hatred this morning for the literary activities of Mrs. Lora Rewbush, an almost universally respected fellow citizen, a lady of charitable and poetic inclinations and one of his own mother's most intimate friends. Mrs. Lora Rewbush had written something which she called "The Children's Pageant of the Table Round," and it was to be performed in public this very afternoon at the Women's Arts and Guild hall for the benefit of the Colored Infants' Betterment society. And if any favor of sweetness remained in the nature of Penrod Schofield after the dismal trials of the school week just past, that problematic, infinitesimal remnant was made pungent acid by the imminence of his destiny to form a prominent feature of the spectacle and to declaim the loathsome sentiments of a character named upon the program the Child Sir Lancelot. After each rehearsal he had plotted escape, and only ten days earlier there had been a glimmer of light Mrs. Lora Rewbush caught a very bad cold and it was hoped it might develop into pneumonia, but she recovered so quickly that not even a rehearsal of the Children's Pageant was postponed. Darkness closed in Penrod had rather vaguely debated plans for a self mutilation such as would make his appearance as the Child Sir Lancelot in expedient on public grounds. It was a heroic and attractive thought, but the results of some extremely sketchy preliminary experiments caused him to abandon it. There was no escape, and at last his hour was hard upon him. Therefore he brooded on the fence and gazed with envy at his wistful Duke. The dog's name was undescriptive of his person, which was obviously the result of a singular series of misalliances. He wore a grizzled mustache and indefinite whiskers. He was small and shabby and looked like an old postman. Penrod envied Duke because he was sure Duke would never be compelled to be a Child Sir Lancelot. He thought a dog free and unstacked to go or come as the wind listeth Penrod forgot the life he led Duke. There was a long soliloquy upon the fence, a plaintive monologue without words. The boy's thoughts were adjectives, but they were expressed by a running film of pictures in his mind's eye, morbidly prophetic of the hideous fate before him. Finally he spoke aloud, with such spleen that Duke rose from his haunches and lifted one ear in keen anxiety. "I, high Sir Lancelot du Lake, the child, fentul hearted, meek and mild! What though I'm but a littul child, bentul hearted, meek and—Ow!" All of this except "ow!" was a quotation from the Child Sir Lancelot, as conceived by Mrs. Lora Rewbush. Choking upon it, Penrod slid down from the fence, and with slow and thoughtful steps entered a one storied wing of the stable, consisting of a simple apartment, floored with cement and used as a storeroom for broken crockery, old paint buckets, decayed

garden hose, worn-out carners, demu furniture and other condemned odds and ends not yet considered hopeless enough to be given away. In one corner stood a large box, a part of the building itself; it was eight feet high and open at the top, and it had been constructed as a sawdust magazine from which was drawn material for the horse's bed in a stall on the other side of the partition. The big box, so high and towerlike, so com-mo-dious, so suggestive, had ceased to fulfill its legitimate function, though providentially it had been at least half full of sawdust when the horse died. Two years had gone by since that passing, an interregnum in transportation during which Penrod's father was "thinking" he explained sometimes of an automobile. Meanwhile, the gifted and generous sawdust box had served brilliantly in war and peace; it was Penrod's stronghold. There was a partially defaced sign upon the front wall of the box; the donjon deep had known mercantile impulses:

The O. K. Rabbit Co. PENROD SCHOFIELD AND CO. INQUIRE FOR PRICES. This was a venture of the preceding vacation, and had netted at one time an accrued and owed profit of \$138. Prospects had been brightest on the very eve of cataclysm. The storeroom was locked and guarded, but twenty-seven rabbits and Belgian hares, old and young, had perished here on a single night—through no human agency, but in a foray of cats, the besiegers treacherously tunnelling up through the sawdust from the small aperture which opened into the stall beyond the partition. Commerce has its martyrs. Penrod climbed upon a barrel, stood on tiptoe, grasped the rim of the box; then, using a knothole as a starting, threw one leg over the top, drew himself up and dropped within. Standing upon the packed sawdust, he was just tall enough to see over the top. Duke had not followed him into the storeroom, but remained near the open



"Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod. "Ting-ting!" Duke, old and intelligently apprehensive, approached slowly, in a semi-circular manner, deprecatingly, but with courtesy. He pawed the basket delicately, then, as if that were all his master had expected of him, unfurled one bright flank, set down and looked up triumphantly. His hypocrisy was shallow, many a horrible quarter of an hour had taught him his duty in this matter. "Eleva-ter!" shouted Penrod sternly. "You want me to come down there to you?" Duke looked suddenly baggard. He pawed the basket feebly again and, upon another outburst from on high, prostrated himself flat. Again threatened, he gave a superb impersonation of a worm. "You get in that eleva-ter!" (To be continued) Dubb—"The girl made a complete fool of me." Miss Bright—"She didn't have to do much remodeling, either."—Boston Transcript. "I wish I could get into some business where you don't have to begin at the bottom." "Try well digging."—Louisville Courier-Journal. "What did the man say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?" "Asked if I could support him in the same style his daughter had accustomed him to."—Baltimore American.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

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WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

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County. Rates furnished on applica-
tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 18th January, 1919.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

ALTHOUGH the Peace Conference, as finally to be constituted, has not yet assembled, representatives of the Great Powers who will participate in the Conference have had a number of meetings in Paris and have made important decisions. The decision as to the terms of the armistice has been made, and to-day the terms, which have not yet been made public, will be announced to the Germans by Marshal Foch at Trèves. The proportionate representation of the various nationalities at the Conference has been definitely arranged, and in most cases the actual delegates have been designated, though some yet remain to be announced. The question of the official language to be used at the Conference had not been settled, but as French is the universal language of diplomacy, and English of commerce, it is probable that both those languages will be recognized. The extent of publicity to be accorded the discussions of the Conference, and the form in which the decided publicity is to be given, have not been definitely settled, but full publicity is looked for. It is satisfactory to Canadians to learn that Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and India are to be represented at the Conference, New Zealand by one delegate, and each of the other Dominions or Dependencies by two delegates.

While the past week has been marked by both activity and achievement in the affairs of the Peace Conference, it was also memorable for the strikes, riots, and political disturbances in various parts of the world; and this must doubtless be regarded as an aftermath and natural sequence of the war. In Germany there was very serious disturbance in Berlin and other cities and towns, but the government seems ultimately to have prevailed and to have suppressed the extreme socialists and Bolshevists. In Russia, so far as can be judged from the scraps of news given out, the Bolshevists are losing in the north, in the east, and in the south, but are gaining in the west, and especially in the northwest. The Allied nations seem to have pretty well decided to refrain from armed intervention on a large scale in European Russia; but that decision may have to be revised or rescinded. Effective aid in food, munitions, and other supplies is being given by the Allies to the Poles and other European peoples who have declared their national independence and are friendly to the Allies. They are all opposed to Bolshevists, whether Russian or of any other nationality. The strikes in Argentina, which have resulted in many deaths and the proclamation of martial law throughout the republic, have been instigated by Bolshevist emissaries, and the strike in New York and the revolt in Portugal may possibly be traced to the same source. In destroying German militarism a worse menace seems to have arisen; but this, too, will be suppressed, and the world be made safe for true democracy, for freedom, and for justice to all.

Many more returning Canadian troops arrived during the week, at Atlantic ports; and it was announced that the C. P. O. S. steamer *Empress of Asia* had passed through the Panama Canal carrying a large number of Canadian troops from England to Vancouver.

COUNTY COUNCIL MEETING

THE annual meeting of the Municipal Council of the County of Charlotte will be held in the Court House, St. Andrews, next week, opening on Tuesday, 21st instant.

We reprint in another column a leading article from this week's "Courier" referring to the difficulty County Councillors experienced last year in getting suitable quarters during the session of the Council. Everybody in Town regrets the necessity for the closing of Kennedy's Hotel in the winter, but it is very doubtful if the Town Council would do as the "Courier" suggests and offer Mr. Kennedy a bonus for opening his hotel next week, though they probably have as much right to do so as they have to vote Town money for the Band, and for the bandstand on Indian Point Park.

We are not in Mr. Kennedy's confidence, but we can imagine that it would need a pretty substantial bonus to enable

him profitably to open his hotel for one week only at this season of the year. It is not an easy matter to secure for one week only the staff necessary to operate such a hotel as Kennedy's, though it may not be impossible; but, anyway, the time is now too short for the Town Council to take action this season, and it may be too short for Mr. Kennedy to make necessary arrangements.

Whatever happens, the County Councillors are likely to be made comfortable somewhere in Town during the few days the Council is in session; and we understand this was the case at the last annual meeting.

But the "Courier" article contains a thinly-veiled threat that an effort will be made to have the dignity and appurtenances of the Shire Town transferred to St. Stephen. We know that some St. Stephen people have been trying to bring this about for some years past. They may accomplish it if they persist as they always do, and if the people of St. Andrews (some of them) continue to be as indifferent, apathetic, and deficient in public spirit as they have shown themselves to be for a number of years, at least. This Town has advantages and opportunities that no other place in the County possesses, and it is a most unfortunate state of affairs that those advantageous conditions are not utilized, through deficiency of public spirit and lack of co-operation. There are some people in Town whom Gabriel's trumpet would not rouse.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

January 19.—Cuidad Rodrigo, 1812. Nicholas Copernicus, German astronomer, born, 1472; William Congreve, English poet, died, 1729; Tsar Peter II of Russia, died, 1730; James Watt, Scottish inventor, improver of the steam engine, born, 1736; General Robert E. Lee, American Confederate commander, born, 1807; Edgar Allan Poe, American author and poet, born, 1809; Sir Henry Bessemer, English steel metallurgist, born, 1813; British force seized Aden, Arabia, 1839; Sir William Mulock, Canadian statesman, born, 1843; Isaac Disraeli, English author and father of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, died, 1848; Gold discovered in Coloma Valley, California, 1849; Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, British statesman, born, 1850; David Starr Jordan, American author and educator, born, 1851; Last Canadian Parliament before Confederation, opened by Lord Monck, 1865.

January 20.—St. Fabian. Isle of St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) granted to Capt. Doubtlet, 1663; Richard Henry Lee, one of the organizers of the American Revolution, born in Virginia, 1723; Robert Morris, financier of the American Revolution, born in Liverpool, 1734; David Garrick, English actor and dramatist, died, 1779; Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States, 1783; Paul Cambon, French diplomat, born, 1843; Richard Le Gallienne, English journalist and poet, born, 1866; Jean Francois Millet, French painter, died, 1875; Josef Hofmann, Russian pianist, born, 1877; Edward A. Sothorn, English comedian, died, 1880; Mersey Tunnel opened, 1886; Prince Henry of Battenburg, son-in-law of Queen Victoria, died, 1896; John Ruskin, English art critic and author, died, 1900; R. D. Blackmore, English novelist, died, 1900; Eruption of Mount Colima, Mexico, 1913.

January 21.—St. Agnes. Isandula, 1879. King George VII of England, born, 1456; Miles Coverdale, English translator of the scriptures, died, 1568; Joseph Scaliger, Italian scholar and editor of classics, died, 1609; King Louis XVI of France, beheaded, 1793; Gen. John C. Fremont, American soldier and explorer, born, 1813; General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, American Confederate commander, born, 1824; James G. Blaine, American statesman, born, 1830; Great fire at Constantinople, 1839; Admiral Sir Henry B. Jackson, British naval commander, born, 1855; Henry Hallam, English historian, died, 1859; Eleventh Parliament of Canada opened, 1909; Lord Strathcona, Agent-General for Canada in London, died, 1914.

January 22.—St. Vincent. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, English jurist and philosopher, born, 1561; South Sea Company inaugurated in London, 1720; Gotthold Lessing, German dramatist, born, 1729; George Gordon, Lord Byron, British poet, born, 1788; Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, died, 1820; Duke of Wellington appointed Commander-in-chief of the British army, 1827; Richard Westall, English painter, died, 1850; Maurice Hewlett, English novelist, born, 1861; Charles Keen, English actor, died, 1868; General election in Canada, 1884; Queen Victoria of England died, 1901.

January 23.—Spion Kop, 1900. Royal Exchange, London, opened, 1570; William Pitt, English statesman and Prime Minister, died, 1806; Sir Francis Burdett, English financier and politician, died, 1844; Steamer *Pacific* sailed from Liverpool for New York and was never heard from again, 1856; Charles Kingsley, English divine, novelist, and poet, died, 1875; Gustave Doré, French artist, died, 1883.

January 24.—Dogger Bank, 1915. Charles Earl of Dorset, English poet, born, 1637; Frederick the Great of Prussia born, 1712; Joseph H. Choate, American lawyer and diplomat, born, 1832; Beatrice Harraden,

English novelist, born, 1864; Schleswig-Holstein annexed to Prussia, 1867; Edith Wharton, American novelist, born, 1882; Laura Mapleson, American prima donna, died, 1894; Lord Randolph Churchill, English statesman, died, 1895; Sir David Gill, British astronomer, died, 1914.

January 25.—Anniversary of St. Paul. Marriage of Henry VIII of England and Ann Boleyn, 1533; Robert Boyle, Irish physicist and chemist, born, 1627; Robert Burns, Scottish national poet, born, 1759; James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), Scottish poet, born, 1772; Benjamin R. Haydon, English painter, born, 1785; Daniel Maclise, Scottish artist, born, 1811; Admiral Lord Fisher, British naval commander, born, 1841; Princess Royal of England, mother of the ex-Kaiser, married, 1859; Lord Leighton, English painter, President of the Royal Academy, died, 1896; Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida"), English novelist, died, 1908.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Yarmouth, N. S., Jan. 11.—The sixty-three-ton schooner *Curlew*, Captain D'Entremont, which left here a week ago to sail for the wreck of the C. P. O. S. liner *Corinthian*, went ashore yesterday at Tiverton, St. Mary's Bay, and is a total loss. The crew were saved.

—Boston, January 13.—The crew of the Gloucester schooner *Arkona* reported last week as in danger of starvation on the Labrador coast, have been rescued by the *Tallapoosa*, a United States naval vessel, and were being taken to Halifax to-day. The schooner was caught in the ice in Foreau Bay and is a total wreck.

—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 13.—The steamship *Tachaoe*, reported in distress and for which the United States ship *Iroquois* was sent in search, was towed into the harbor late to-night. At 11:30 the tow was reported by the signal station to be entering the harbor.

—Turks Island, Bahamas, Jan. 13.—The American steamer *Yuna*, with a cargo of sugar from San Domingo for New York, was a total wreck on Mouchoir Bank on Friday. The vessel sank in deep water and two members of the crew and five laborers who were on board are missing. The captain and part of the crew landed here in a boat this morning, shortly before the second mate and eighty-two laborers reached here on rafts.

The *Yuna* measured 1,414 tons and was owned by the Clyde Steamship Co. of New York. She left New York on December 18.

—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 13.—The men rescued from the *Castalia* to-day are being taken to Bergen, Norway, by the *Bergensford*, which has been ordered to proceed on voyage. Officials of the United States shipping board, to which the *Castalia* belonged, state they have received no list of the rescued as yet. They are expecting the names at any moment, but emphasize the possibility that they may not be available until tomorrow. The *War Fijian*, the other steamer taking part in the rescue of the *Castalia's* crew is also preceeding on her voyage to England.

The United States naval tug *Tallapoosa*, which is bringing to Halifax the crew of the Gloucester schooner *Arkona* taken off the Labrador coast in a starving condition, has been diverted to the position of the *Castalia* which she will endeavor to tow into port.

In the absence of any definite work to the contrary it is assumed here that two members of the crew of the *Castalia* were drowned when a concerted attempt was made to-day to take the crew off by the *Bergensford* and *War Fijian*, that one is missing and that two are suffering from exposure. The remaining members of the ship's company of forty-four are presumed to be safe, although nothing definite will be known, until the names of the survivors now being compiled on board the two rescue steamers are transmitted by wireless. The United States shipping board, owners of the vessel, had hoped to be in a position this afternoon to give out a full statement covering the drama enacted this morning off Sable Island, but up to 4 o'clock this afternoon this statement was not forthcoming.

—New Orleans, Jan. 15.—Sixteen members of the crew of the steamship *Temple F. Dorr*, of the Gulf and Mail Steamship Company, of San Francisco, abandoned off the Cuban coast on January 3, with a fire raging in the holds, have arrived here on the steamer *Chalmette* from Havana.

Three members of the crew were lost by the sinking of a lifeboat.

THE HISTORY OF FAMILAR TREES

By E. B. LuKe, Montreal.
WHERE do trees and plants come from? What their history and habits of life? How are they produced, multiplied, and improved, for all fine fruits and flowers are artificial products, subdued, and ameliorated from the wild state by the hand of man?

You have doubtless heard of the giant Sequoia (the big tree of California), growing from 300 to 500 feet high and having diameters of from 20 to 60 feet, single trees, of which are known to have lived for over 4000 years, with a possibility of nearly double that age. When one of these large trees in California fell not long ago, 4000 rings were counted. That tree was 40 centuries old. It was a strong,

young tree when Abraham went into Egypt. It was the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. It was nearly a thousand years old when David slew Goliath, and older when Christ was born, than the Christian religion is to-day, or the Jupiter Oak in the forest of Fontainebleau supposed to be 700 years old, or the olive tree in the Garden of Gethsemane at Jerusalem at least 2000 years old, and which, according to traditions, were in existence at the time of Christ. All these, though, were mere infants compared to the *Dragon* trees of the Canary Islands, one of which we are told was 42 feet in diameter when the Spaniards landed in 1402, and when destroyed by a storm in 1851 was supposed to be over 8000 years old.

BY THE SWIMMING HOLE

Then there is another class of trees historically important, a class closely interwoven with our boyhood life and as dear to our hearts as the old homestead. I refer to the old Elm, or perhaps it was a Hickory or Willow that marked and spread its protecting branches over the favorite swimming hole of the gang. What stories of boyish pranks and good times it could tell? Or the big Maple growing near the little district school into whose bark was cut the initials of all the boy celebrities of your and previous generations.

Time doesn't permit an extended reference to the luscious Bartlett Pears, Black Heart Cherries, Damson, Lombard, and Gage Plums, or the juicy pippins, or huge pumpkin sweet apples that used to grow on the old homestead, and that somehow, notwithstanding that they tell us fruits are constantly improving, we have never able to taste the equal of since.

Unfortunately, it is only within the last seventy-five or one hundred years, that any serious attempts have been made to trace back the manifold forms of tree and plant life to their obscure beginnings.

Interesting as this subject is, I have only space to give you very briefly a few of the imperfect results thus far obtained in tracing back the thousands and thousands of species, (about 200,000 to be more exact), in the vegetable, plant, and tree kingdom, but let me emphasize that man has not discovered and cultivated in the last two thousand years a single species that can rival maize, rice, cereals, the potato, the date, the banana, and which date back three, four, five, and in some cases, six thousand years.

WHERE THE FRUIT TREES ORIGINATED

Briefly the origin of the apple as far as it has been able to trace it back, is eastern Europe, and Asia; the Peach, China; the Pear, Temperate Europe and Asia; the Apricot, China; the Quince, Persia; the Turnip, Western Siberia and Europe; the Watermelon, Africa; the Banana, South Asia; the Onion, Persia, Afghanistan, and Palestine; the Cucumber, India; Barley, Western Temperate Asia; Rice, India and Southern China; Wheat, the regions of the Euphrates; Potato, native of Peru, Chili, Mexico; Grapes, Western Siberia and Europe; Tea plant, native of China; These are all known to have been in cultivation upwards of four thousand years.

The following very incomplete list is known to have been in cultivation for more than two thousand years.—Radish,

BEGINNING

Thursday, January 8th

WE ARE GOING TO SELL EVERY

COAT

IN OUR STORE AT

Prices That Will Make Them go.

For the past few years we have been buying goods two years in advance because goods were rising every year.

NOW WE ARE TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

We do not expect goods will be lower for a year yet, but there will be a lot of new things out in material and style.

We have been living in the future—from now on we live in the present.

Coats worth \$35.00, now	\$25.00
Coats " 30.00, "	21.00
Coats " 25.00, "	18.00
Coats " 20.00, "	4.00
Coats " 18.00, "	13.00
Coats " 12.00, "	6.00
Coats " 10.00, "	5.00

This Sale for Two Weeks

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.

Temperate Asia; Carrot, Europe and Temperate Asia; Celery and Lettuce, Central and Southern Europe Northern Africa, Western Asia; Asparagus, Western Asia; the Cherry and Plum, Persia and vicinity; Oats, and Rye, Eastern Temperate Europe (say nothing about Scotch).

Among those that have been under cultivation for less than two thousand years, can be mentioned the Orange, a native of India and China. Parsnip central and southern Europe; Spinach, Persia; Raspberry, Temperate Europe and Asia; Strawberry, Western Asia, and eastern North America.

Tobacco is a native of Central America. From the first it was detested by all Governments; Kings and Emperors prohibited its use. Cromwell sent his troops to ride down the growing crops. Chas. the Second imposed a penalty of 1600 pounds per acre, and now comes along our own Government with its new taxes on our old friend and companion, yet I feel sure the herb of amiability will still flourish even as it has done since ancient times.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSE

The origin of the rose is lost in antiquity. It is certain that they abounded in Palestine and that the Jews possessed great knowledge of their culture and held them in high esteem. The Egyptians grew Roses on the bank of the Nile, and as early as the days of Homer, the Greeks had them in abundance. The Romans delighted in the luxury of roses and used them in incredible quantities. Nero spent 30,000 pounds for a single rose bouquet. Then the rose found its way into Persia, where love and honor awaited it.

I do not imagine our Creator ever intended to endow the earth with perfect fruits, flowers or plants in the beginning, but rather to place with us an average lot of material to work on and to leave to the ingenuity of mankind the working out of his destiny in this as in all other respects, and man being superior to the beast of

the fields and forest, set about improving his condition.

He found that in the wild state every genus of tree consists of one or more species or strongly marked individual sorts. For instance, the wild cherry, the sour cherry, the mazzard cherry, etc. These species in their natural state exact reproduce themselves. That is, they come true from seed. This they have done for untold generations and will continue to do so as long as they exist under natural conditions only.

CULTIVATING NEW SPECIES

On the other hand, suppose we gather the seed of one of these species and plant it in our gardens. We shall find that the leaves and habit of growth of many of the seedlings it produces do not entirely resemble the original species, while of course having some of its characteristics, and when they come into bearing there will also be a great diversity in the size, color, and flavor of the fruit. Each one that differs from the original type constitutes a new variety. Once in possession of a new variety—an artificial product—especially if it has marked difference or shows improvement over the original, we have in our hands the best material for the improving process.

Why do not the varieties produce the same from seed? Why if we plant the stone of a Lombard Plum, will it not always produce a Lombard Plum, or if we plant the seed of the Fameuse apple will we not always get a Fameuse? It will be remembered that our garden varieties of fruits are not natural forms, they are the artificial products of our culture. They have two strong tendencies; one to improve, the other to return to the wild state. Between these two tendencies it will be generally seen how unlikely it is for the progeny of varieties to reappear in the same forms. In fact, if culture were abandoned for a few years, cultivated varieties would disappear and return to their original forms.—*Canadian Forestry Journal*.

PARLIAMENT TO MEET FEB. 20

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 13.—Parliament has been called for Thursday, February 20. The necessary order-in-council was passed to-day after consultation by cable with Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues overseas.

We Have in Stock
A Seasonable Line of Goods
SUCH AS
Perfection Heaters Carriage Heaters
Flashlights, Batteries, and Bulbs.
Anso Cameras, Films, and Supplies.
All kinds of building Hardware.
Tools, Kitchen Wares, etc.
J. A. SHIRLEY
St. Andrews, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD
Pails, 25lbs., \$3.75; Pkgs., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.
PRATT'S ANIMAL REGULATOR
Pkgs., 30c., 60c., & \$1.00
MORE EGGS
International Poultry Tonic, 25c.
Pratt's Poultry Regulator, 30c.
Watch the increase in Eggs.
DR. DANIEL'S HORSE REMEDIES
G. K. GREENLAW
GROCER SAINT ANDREWS, N. B.
(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Social and

The many friends are glad to hear she has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. Etta Moore, week-end as guest of Miss Queenie Ing.

visiting Miss Reta home on Grand Ma.

Mrs. Geo. E. Dazied through St. A. on their way to Nov. Dazied will enter a

Mr. and Mrs. Vic returned to their home being called here sister, Miss Marion.

Miss Marguerite day to visit relatives.

Pte. F. R. Stevens ericton to take a school.

Mrs. Alex McMull John on Thursday, called owing to of her daughter.

Miss Mattie Ma Moncton.

The Evening Br. Miss Freda Wren Mrs. George Babb score.

Pte. Vincent McC Fredericton.

Mrs. Geo. E. Smith been the guest of M.

Mr. Frank McVay Dorothy, who have Thos. Burton, hav Stephen.

Mrs. Wm. Richar the guest of the M returned to her ho

Mr. Morris, of been visiting his da W. Mason, has ret

Sapper Stanley D from the convalesce

Mrs. George Lane is visiting Mrs. Edw

The friends of Mr. sorry to hear that he of the "flu" while in

Mrs. Wm. Amos is after her recent illne

Mrs. Mammie Dick ton on Saturday even studies at the Norma

Mrs. Wilfred Tu Helen, of Letite, we Mr. and Mas. Harry

A number of your sleigh ride to Cham evening last.

The many friends Quoid are sorry to h pneumonia.

The many friends son regret to hear he

Mr. Charles Giltn Gilman have been re and Mrs. Frank Giln

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. at Bridge on Wedne prize winners were M Mrs. G. H. Elliot, and Thos present were Babbitt, P. P. Barna G. E. Smith, and G. Laughlin, Rev. G. H. Rigby, and Messrs. Cockburn, G. Babbitt

While playing at the Winnipeg, William old acquaintances Andrews friends, a Dr. Chas. Kennedy's Fletcher Maloney, Margaret Maloney, Edward McKPike, of S

Frank McMullon Thursday, from St. J Mrs. Leslie R. Jo sorry to hear she is St. John.

Miss Rae Howe is recent illness.

Mr. T. R. Wren er day evening.

Mrs. W. V. Lamb John on Thursday.

Mr. Harry Rideout was the guest of Mr. Rigby for a few days

Rev. Hazen F. Ri visiting his parents, Rigby, has gone sout winter.

Miss Emma Ode young friends on Fri

On Thursday even G. Andrews entert School class at the A

Miss Hilda Finig friends on Monday e

Miss Marjorie Cla St. Stephen to cont the Business College.

Make 1919 a Sa

Social and Personal

The many friends of Mrs. D. Wiley are glad to hear she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. Etta Moore, of Bayside, spent the week-end as guest of Mrs. A. Dolby.

Miss Queenie Ingersoll, who has been visiting Miss Reta Dolby, returned to her home on Grand Manan on Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. E. Daziell and daughter passed through St. Andrews on Thursday on their way to Nova Scotia, where Miss Daziell will enter a Ladies College.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Greenlaw have returned to their home in Montreal, having been called here by the death of their sister, Miss Marion Greenlaw.

Miss Marguerite Graham left on Saturday to visit relatives in Brownville, Me.

Pte. F. R. Stevenson has gone to Fredericton to take a course at the vocational school.

Mrs. Alex McMullon returned from St. John on Thursday, where she had been called owing to the serious illness of her daughter.

Miss Mattie Malloch is visiting in Moncton.

The Evening Bridge Club met with Miss Freda Wren on Tuesday evening. Mrs. George Babbitt made the highest score.

Pte. Vincent McQuoid has returned to Fredericton.

Mrs. Geo. E. Smith, of St. Stephen, has been the guest of Mrs. E. A. Cockburn.

Mr. Frank McVay and little daughter, Dorothy, who have been visiting Mrs. Thos. Burton, have returned to St. Stephen.

Mrs. Wm. Richardson, who has been the guest of the Misses Richardson, has returned to her home in St. Stephen.

Mr. Morris, of Montreal, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Arthur W. Mason, has returned to his home.

Sapper Stanley Duggan has returned from the convalescent Home in Montreal.

Mrs. George Lane, of Somerville, Mass., is visiting Mrs. Edwin Odell.

The friends of Mr. George Newton are sorry to hear that he has had an attack of the "flu" while in Eastport.

Mrs. Wm. Amos is able to be out again after her recent illness.

Miss Mamie Dick returned to Fredericton on Saturday evening, to resume her studies at the Normal School.

Mrs. Wilfred Tucker and daughter, Helen, of Letite, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Maloney.

A number of young people enjoyed a sleigh ride to Chamcook Lake, on Friday evening last.

The many friends of Mr. Henry McQuoid are sorry to hear that he is ill with pneumonia.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Stinson regret to hear he is quite ill.

Mr. Charles Gilman and Mrs. Albert Gilman have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilman.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Stuckney entertained at Bridge on Wednesday evening. The prize winners were Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Mrs. G. H. Elliot, and Mr. George Babbitt. Those present were Mesdames George Babbitt, F. P. Barnard, E. A. Cockburn, G. E. Smith, and G. H. Elliot, Miss McLaughlin, Rev. G. H. Elliot, Rev. Hazen F. Rigby, and Messrs. T. R. Wren, E. A. Cockburn, G. Babbitt, and McMonagle.

While playing at the Orpheum Theatre, Winnipeg, William B. Howland renewed old acquaintances with former St. Andrews friends, among those being: Dr. Chas. Kennedy and family, also Dr. Fletcher Maloney, Mrs. T. Dunn, and Margaret Maloney; also Mr. and Mrs. Edward McPike, of St. Stephen.

Frank McMullon arrived home, on Thursday, from St. John.

Mrs. Leslie R. Johnston's friends are sorry to hear she is still seriously ill in St. John.

Miss Rae Howe is out again, after her recent illness.

Mr. T. R. Wren entertained on Thursday evening.

Mrs. W. V. Lamb returned from St. John on Thursday.

Mr. Harry Rideout, of Winthrop, Mass., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby for a few days this week.

Rev. Hazen F. Rigby, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rigby, has gone south for the rest of the winter.

Miss Emma Odell entertained her young friends on Friday evening.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 9, Mrs. F. G. Andrews entertained her Sunday School class at the Anchorage.

Miss Hilda Finigan entertained her friends on Monday evening.

Miss Marjorie Clarke has returned to St. Stephen to continue her studies at the Business College.

Local and General

Mr. W. F. Hatheway, of St. John, will speak to the Women's Canadian Club in Paul's Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 23, at 8 o'clock. Mr. Hatheway will speak on his trip to Europe as a member of a Canadian Trade Commission, and a most interesting meeting is anticipated.

Rev. Mr. Fraser will conduct both services in Greenock Church, next Sunday, January 19th.

"The Painted Madonna" a photoplay with beautiful scenic effects and photographic work and starring the Beautiful Russian girl, Sonia Markova, will be presented at the King Street Theatre Friday and Saturday.

There are several cases of pneumonia in town.

The Seaside Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will hold their eighth Annual Ball and Social, Wednesday evening, February 19th, in Andraeleo Hall.

CALENDARS FOR 1919

We have received attractive Calendars from Fredericton Business College, Bank of Nova Scotia, Royal Bank of Canada, and G. K. Greenlaw.

OBITUARY

ROSSELL MARTIN FIELD
Morristown, N. J., Jan. 10.—Roswell Martin Field, well-known author, poet, and newspaper man, and brother of the late Eugene Field, the poet, is dead, age 68 years.

MISS MARGARET E. CALDER
Campobello, Jan. 13.
Died, at Lynn, Mass., on Saturday evening, of influenza, Margaret Calder, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calder, jr., aged 20 years 10 months. Deceased was a bright lovable girl. She finished her studies at the St. Stephen business college last year. After convalescing from an attack of influenza at her home here, about two months ago, she with some relatives left for Massachusetts, where she has been employed as book-keeper for a well-known firm there. A dispatch to the effect that she had again been smitten with the same disease called her parents to her bedside on Thursday, and despite the best of hospital care, she died on Saturday evening. Seldom has a death cast deeper gloom over a community as it did when the sad news of her death was received on Sunday. Besides her sorrowing parents, she leaves four sisters, Mrs. Albert Lank, Mrs. Elmer Mitchell, Miss Udavilla, Calder, Marblehead, Mass., and Miss Agnes, at home; also five brothers, Philip, Robert, Edgar, Ollo, and Durell, to mourn her early death. The family have much sympathy in their sad bereavement.

HAZEN L. STUART
Lambertville, D. I., Jan. 16.—Friends will hear with sorrow of the death of Hazen L. Stuart, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Stuart, who died on Friday, 10th inst., at his home at Lambert's Cove, following an attack of pneumonia, of only a week's illness, at the early age of twenty-seven years. He is survived, besides his parents, by his wife and three small children. His wife was Miss Lucy Pendleton. Two brothers, Vernon and Elmer, and one sister, Miss Myrtle, all at home, also survive. The funeral was held from his late residence. Service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Egan. The Orange Order, of which deceased was a member, conducted the service at the grave.

MRS. WARREN CALDER
Campobello, Jan. 13.—Died, at Eastport, Me., Wednesday, Jan. 8, Mrs. Jane Calder, widow of the late Warren Calder, of Campobello, aged 84 years. Two daughters, Mrs. Joseph Sherkan and Mrs. Neill Morrison, and one son, William Calder, all now residing in Eastport, survive her. Interment took place on Friday, in Eastport. Deceased, a former well-known figure here, has been for a good while living at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sherkan, and was very much esteemed both on the Island and also at her latter place of residence.

MONTREAL PERSONALS

Mrs. Henry Joseph entertained last evening at a young people's dance, for her son, Cadet Gratz Joseph, and his guest, Mr. Charles Byrne, of Vancouver. American Beauty roses and carnations decorated the ball room and library, and there were a hundred and twenty-five guests present.—*Montreal Herald*, Jan. 9.

Lady Shaughnessy and the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy will entertain a small house party this week-end at their country home at Ste. Agathe des Monts.—*Montreal Herald*, Jan. 10.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hosmer are entertaining at dinner this evening, at the Ritz-Carlton.—*Montreal Herald*, Jan. 11.

Mrs. C. R. Hosmer, Mountain street, is entertaining at luncheon to-morrow, in honor of Lady Barnard.

THE "COURIER'S" SUGGESTION

Now here is just a suggestion. Nobody wants to see the "glories of being" the shire town" depart from St. Andrews, and we believe that this preeminence will never be in danger, once the development of St. Croix Harbor, now rapidly approaching, is realized. But the session of municipal council is rapidly approaching, and its members are wondering where they are to find a chance to lay their heads at night while they are transacting the business of the country in the shire town. In view of what is developing and what is to be retained for St. Andrews, why would it not be real good business on the part of its citizens to get together through its town council and grant Mr. Kennedy, the proprietor of a hotel that has brought the town fame all over the continent, a sufficient bonus to justify him in opening his hotel during the time that the council is in session? It costs something to run a hotel such as "Kennedy's" in these days when all receipts must be for "bed and board," but with the rates well understood in advance, the council could so adjust their "rate of pay" while in session on county business that no great burden should fall on the people of the town of St. Andrews. With sincere apologies to the present-day proprietor of this excellent hotel, we venture to make the suggestion that there is a difference between the times when the liquor traffic was recognized as legitimate and right, and the present time, when every man's hand or vote, is against it, but at all times the proprietors of "Kennedy's" successfully contended to make it and keep it one of the institutions of the town. If changing social conditions and considerations have decreed that the sale of liquor should be abolished, then no blame is attached to the proprietors of hotels who have regulated their business accordingly. Decreased drunkenness, decreased criminal expense, and increased happiness in the homes of the county have followed, undoubtedly, but equally undoubtedly has decreased the income from which hotels were maintained. These are conditions which make it necessary for hotel proprietors in towns where business is "spasmodic" to carefully consider their business footsteps and which impel them to close their doors when the profitable season has passed. When the members of the county council assembled last January, in the shire town, they found it necessary to scatter themselves in semiprivate homes all over the town, many of them far removed from the court house, where their united sessions were held. They are looking for something better, and still have hopes that it will be found in the shire town.—*St. Croix Courier*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of the BEACON. This newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received. Unsigned communications will not be noticed. Write on one side of paper only. Communications must be plainly written; otherwise they will be rejected. Stamps should be enclosed if return of manuscript is desired in case it is not used. The name and address of the writer should be sent with every letter as evidence of good faith.—Editor BEACON.]

LETTER FROM JARVIS WREN

Berzdorf, Germany.
11th December, 1918

Dear Dr. Broad:—

Our march through Germany is practically finished. We are now only fifteen or twenty minutes walk from the river, in a village midway between Koln and Bonn, a few kilometres from Breihl.

From all reports I gather that the propaganda experts of Green Arbor House have been spreading the idea that the Corps is "reaping the fruits of Victory." Very nice indeed!

This morning, on parade, I heard read one of the strongest sets of orders that it has ever been my luck to listen to. Firstly, we were forbidden to buy food from the civilian population. On the face, considering the supposed food shortage in Germany, this may seem only reasonable. However, lately, rations have been very short and sometimes have not arrived at all, and it has become a case of buy or go hungry. Too, our parcel mail has been all held up, and that source of food supply has been cut off. As for the food shortage, at Bonn I bought a meal of meat, potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee with sugar for two marks. At Buskirchen, I purchased in a coffee house pie, cake, and cocoa for three, at five marks. This is indeed cheap, as the mark is only valued at 7jd.

The second order was that spirits were not to be bought at all and beer and wine only through the regimental wet canteen. The first part of the order is all right. As for the second it is only a method of enlarging the profits of the canteen—which go to the officers Mess Fund—under the camouflage of "no trade with the Germans." They have no compunction in ordering us to supply ourselves with brass and boot polish from the civilian shops.

Thirdly, we were instructed that in all our dealings with the civil population we were to be courteously aloof. That is damned foolishness, we have gone through the hard part of the war and now that peace has come it is too much to expect us to refrain from making the best of it. I have taken the people of

Rhineland without prejudice, and have found their kindly and hospitable—indefinitely preferable to the French or Belgians—and not at all averse to the change of affairs. As for their soldiery's misconduct in Belgium, from what I have seen of the Belgians I hardly blame them. They are a cruel and treacherous race. You will remember the trouble we had with them over the Congo several years ago. I wonder what we would do if the German Civilians sniped at us from doors and windows and poisoned our wells. That is what the Belgians did. The idea behind the order, I think is this: The German people are in a state of revolution, their army has mutinied, as Lloyd George has said "Revolution is in the air." It's contagious, and they're afraid of us catching it.

Lastly, we were instructed to shine the brass on our equipments. We are not averse to looking soldier-like, but what we object to is the army hypocrisy. We have not had a change of clothes for over a month, and we are so lousy that we cannot sleep. Still, as long as we dazze outwardly, the filthy condition of our underclothes is a thing of the moment, of no importance, perhaps to be rectified after the demands on the transport for carrying officers' whisky are satisfied.

We are out to conquer militarism, we

haven't done that, we've merely captured it and taken it into our own army organization. Although war has its horrors, peace has them also, and I'm beginning to think those of peace are worse.

Yours Sincerely,
JARVIS WREN

H. O'NEILL



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Provisions, Vegetables,
Fruits, Etc.

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White Beans, 28c. qt.
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This remedy is of great value in irritable Chronic Bronchitis, and is an excellent tonic when there is a tendency to loss of flesh, and whenever the system is run down. When there is a disposition to weak lungs and abnormal expectations, no better preparation can be employed.

This remedy acts as a stimulating tonic, renewing the tissues, combating the disease germs, promptly increasing the appetite, and improving the general condition.

Guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

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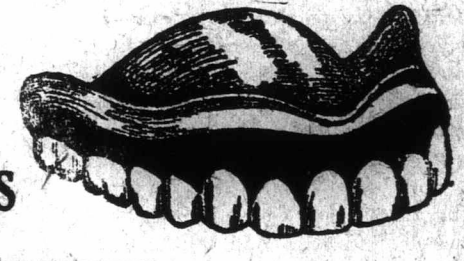
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ST. ANDREWS
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Closed on Saturdays

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

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THE TWENTY LARGEST YIELDING VARIETIES OF POTATOES

With but four exceptions, all of the twenty best yielders at the Fredericton Experimental Station are white skinned, and of either, the Green Mountain, Cobbler, or Burbank type.

The highest average yield for three years (487 bushels per acre), was obtained from Seedling 13660, bred by Prof. Wm. Stuart, of Washington. This is a Green Mountain type potato, fairly late in maturing, of beautiful smooth appearance, and high table quality.

The second in the list, with 496 bushels per acre (3-year average), is a strain of Delaware, improved by W. H. Moore, Scotch Lake, N. B. This potato is commercially a Green Mountain, and in every way resembles that type, except that it may be slightly thicker and not quite so rectangular. Very resistant to disease, and of high table quality.

The third is Seedling 4227, bred by Prof. Wm. Stuart, of Washington, with a three-year average yield of 422 bushels per acre. This potato is longish, of the Burbank type, and of high table quality.

The fourth is Seedling 3073, bred by Prof. Wm. Stuart, of Washington, with a three-year average yield of 427 bushels per acre. It is similar to Seedling 4227.

The fifth is New Scotch Rose, with an average yield for six years of 422 bushels per acre. This is a large pink tuber, slightly inclined to be rough, and not of the highest table quality, though very good. It is quite disease-resistant.

The sixth is a blue-black potato, following the Kidney type, bred by Dr. Whitney, St. Stephen, N. B., and developed at the Fredericton Station. It is practically indistinguishable from a variety known as McCullough. Very disease-resistant and vigorous plant, it is a great keeper and of excellent table quality. The average yield for three years was 415 bushels per acre.

The seventh is Dreeer's Standard, a long, white (Burbank) type of excellent quality, but not so disease-resistant as those above, with an average yield for six years of 414 bushels per acre.

The eighth is Green Mountain (Lowell's strain), with eyes a trifle deeper than the other strains of Green Mountains but otherwise just as good, and the plant is much more disease-resistant and more vigorous. The four-year average yield was 410 bushels per acre.

The ninth is Irish Cobbler, with a four-year average yield of 406 bushels per acre. This potato is an early maturer and has the two peculiar qualities of yielding tubers that are always dry and good, no matter how young they are dug, and which will keep hard and dry until the following June. The eyes are rather deep, and when yielding heavily it is liable to grow rather rough and have hollow heart.

Then following in order of yield we have Langworthy, with 399 bushels; Morgan's Pink Seedling, 397; Vic's Extra 396; Cumming Pride, 389; Eureka's Extra Early, 385; Early Everett, 378; Houlton Rose 375; Wee McGregor, 375; Piermont Seedling, 372; Empire State, 370; and Dalmeny Beauty, 365. This last list was all tested for six years.

LIGHT IN THE POULTRY HOUSE

(Experimental Farms Note.)

For some time it has been a question whether artificial light in the poultry house was a benefit or not, and to help solve the problem, the Poultry Division of experimental Farms have tested it for two seasons, during the winter of 1916-17 with two pens (40 birds in all) of Barred Rock pullets, and during last winter with two pens of Rock pullets and two pens of Leghorn pullets, (40 birds of each breed).

In each light pen of twenty birds two tungsten 40-watt lamps were used. They were turned on at 6 a. m. and left till day-light, then turned on again in the afternoon before dusk and left till 9 p. m. This was started in November, when the days became short, and continued until middle of March, when light was unnecessary.

1916-17 test the light pen laid with a total value of \$54.83 feed was \$22.53, the cost of a total cost of \$24.73. This gave a net cost of feed and light or a cost per dozen eggs of 26.8

1917-18 the yields were not high in either case, and the total difference in egg yield in the six months was by no means large, but the forty birds with light gave a better revenue than the forty without light. This difference was made up in the time that the eggs were received. Those with the light gave their heaviest yields in December and January, while by far the heaviest months for the Leghorns without light were March and April, and for the Rocks January and February.

The total figures from the two pens with the light were: Number of eggs, 2470, Value \$136.32; Cost of feed \$55.48; Cost of Light \$3.20; Balance \$77.64 or a cost of 28.5 cents per dozen.

Those without light laid 2242 eggs; Value \$118.90; Cost of Feed \$60.01; Balance \$58.89, and cost of one dozen eggs 32.1 cents.

For both years, the light pens laid

Mindard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

3476 eggs, at a market value of \$191.25. The feed and light cost \$83.41 leaving a balance of \$107.84, or a cost per dozen of 28.7 cents.

The dark pens laid 2878 eggs worth \$148.36. The cost of feed was \$81.10 and the cost of one dozen was 33.8 cents.

The conclusion may be drawn that for early winter eggs during the short days the light does increase the egg yield; but later in the season the yield is not as heavy as with birds that have not had the light. The advisability of using light, therefore, will depend upon what is wanted. If early winter and high priced eating eggs are the object, the lights are an advantage; if eggs during the hatching season are desired, the lights are a disadvantage.

Have you bought W. S. S.

WINTER WORK FOR THE BEEKEEPER

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Now that the most active part of the year is over and the bees are safely packed away in their winter quarters, the beekeeper should turn his attention to the preparation for next year's activities. As the honey-gathering season is comparatively short and things move very rapidly during that time, success depends mainly upon having everything in readiness before it is actually needed. Much of this work can be done during the winter months.

One of the most valuable assets of the beekeeper is a good supply of empty combs at the commencement of the season, and great care should be taken to preserve them during the winter months from the ravages of mice and wax moth. A good method is to place the combs in supers and to tie the supers up one above another with a sheet of paper between each, and a hive cover on top of the tier; this will prevent the mice from getting at them. The combs should be stored in a dry cold place. Exposure to zero weather will destroy the larvae of the wax moth. Fumigation with carbon bisulphate will also destroy them, but care must be exercised in handling this material as it is highly inflammable.

All supplies should be thoroughly gone over and put into working shape. If any new supplies are required, order them as early as possible and get them made up before spring. By sending early orders you not only benefit yourself but you are aiding the manufacturer to fill all orders in time. It is not advisable to put foundation in the frame till spring, as it becomes very brittle in the cold weather and there is danger of breaking it in handling. If you have any old broken combs, cappings, etc., now is a good time to get them rendered, using a wax press for this purpose and to have the resulting wax made into foundation.

Protect your bees from mice by having the entrances to the winter cases reduced to small or by covering with a screen too small for mice to get through, but large enough to allow the bees to pass through freely. The entrances of the hives in the cellar can also be closed by this screening. The temperature of the cellar should be kept at about 45° F. The cellar should be dark and well-insulated against changes in temperature.

If the bees were placed in winter quarters rather light in stores, it may become necessary to feed them before bringing them out in spring. For this purpose, candy made as follows is recommended:—Stir 6 pounds white granulated sugar into one and one eighth pints of boiling water. When the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, add 1/4 teaspoonful tartaric acid and boil at a temperature of 240° F. over a hot fire for 3 to 4 minutes without stirring. Allow the mixture to cool to 130° F. and stir till it begins to whiten. Then pour quickly into moulds making cakes about one inch in thickness. When cool, these cakes can be placed on the top of the frames above the cluster.

BEAN DISEASES

(Experimental Farms Note.)

In many sections of the Dominion bush beans are now recognized as a profitable special crop, and the acreage has been greatly increased during the last few years. Approximately 100,000 acres are planted, yielding considerably over one million bushels. Destructive diseases have accompanied this increase in cultivation, and unless the farmer takes precaution to eliminate disease the crop will not continue to be as popular or profitable as it should. It is safe to say that probably 25% of the crop is frequently lost through the attacks of one or more diseases which might be largely prevented by planting disease-free seed. The more important diseases are as follows:—

Anthraxnose is probably most destructive in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, and some years in Ontario. It is caused by a seed-borne fungus which attacks stem, leaves, pods, and seed, producing dark brown to almost black sunken spots on the stem and pods and a blackening of the veins in the leaves. When severe the plants may be completely defoliated or even completely destroyed, leaving skips in the row.

Bacterial Blight is a serious problem to the bean growers of Ontario, and to a lesser extent elsewhere. The bacterium or germs causing this disease are seed-borne and attack the stem, leaves, pods, and

seed, producing on the seed light yellow blotches sometimes involving the whole seed. Infected leaves develop small irregular water soaked areas, which later turn brown and fall out. The spots on the stem and pods are of a raised, water-soaked appearance, with a yellow to reddish amber colour, usually smaller and not so dark as Anthracnose spots.

Rust and root rots of beans occur less frequently, but nevertheless are capable of causing serious loss. In many cases these may also be carried on the seed.

Mosaic: This is a new disease which was reported as common in Southern Ontario last year. The leaves on infected plants develop a peculiar mottled appearance. Diseased plants produced a few small pods as compared to healthy plants. Little is known concerning it. Its nature would indicate that seed from affected plants would probably produce a diseased crop, therefore the use of such seed should be avoided.

CONTROL MEASURES

Plant only disease free seed on soil which has not lately been planted to beans. This can be best accomplished by selecting, at the time of harvesting, disease-free pods from vigorous high-yielding plants. These selected pods should then be immersed for not more than 3 minutes in disinfecting solution, allowed to dry off, and stored in a clean muslin bag or other disease-free container. The seed from these pods should be used the following spring to plant a bean seed plot. While this is not sufficient to ensure the obtaining of disease-free stock the first year, it will if practised regularly reduce disease to a minimum, and thus largely remove the cause for poor yields.

Where pod selection has not been previously practised the first start should be made by securing seed from a field relatively free from disease. This stock should be very carefully hand-selected, removing all spotted or even slightly discolored seed. After this has been done the seed may be immersed in solution of copper sulphate 1:100 for 3 minutes, or in a formalin solution 1:300 for 5 minutes, allowed to dry, and planted.

Beneficial results might also be obtained by pulling out and destroying diseased plants as they appear from time to time during the growing season. So far spraying beans has not proved a commercial success, but probably might be used to some extent in helping to prevent the spread of disease in seed plots. Cultivating, hoeing, or picking beans while the foliage is wet should be avoided, as the disease is readily carried from diseased healthy plants under such conditions.

MARITIMERS BEHIND DRIVE

Leading citizens of the Maritime Provinces give hearty endorsement to the Salvation Army Campaign to raise one million dollars for demobilization and reconstruction work, in letters received by Commissioner Wm. J. Richards, Head of the Salvation Army in Canada, East.

W. E. Foster, Premier of New Brunswick, writes from St. John: "Dear Commissioner Richards:—I am informed that the Salvation Army are undertaking a campaign to raise some money to further its activities in the war zone. I have always been very favorably impressed with the good work that has been carried on in our midst, and I am interested now in knowing that it has been extended to embrace the scene of the great conflict. I hope your appeal may be successful and your good work fully supported by the public."

G. W. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, writes: "Dear Commissioner Richards:—I sincerely hope that the campaign which you propose to organize for the purpose of obtaining money to continue your splendid work in war activities will be the success it deserves. I have often wondered, in view of what your organization has accomplished, that this appeal was not made before. The testimony of thousands of soldiers is all in the direction that your work on the battlefield has been deserving to every praise. My own view is that one of the very best channels for assisting the man at the front with real comforts is through your organization. I have always admired the self-sacrifice of the Salvation Army, and nowhere has this spirit been shown by your men and women to a greater extent than on the battlefield."

Hon. MacCollum Grant, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, also heartily endorses the campaign in the following letter to Commissioner Richards: "My dear Commissioner:—For many years past I have been deeply interested in the wonderful and effective work the Salvation Army has been doing the world over, and the Million-Dollar Drive, soon to be launched, has, needless to say, my very best wishes. I have faith enough to believe the amount will be subscribed—yes, and over-subscribed."

NEW WORLD'S RECORD COW

Woodland, Cal., January 8.—Tilly Alcatraz, registered Holstein cow, to-day was found to have made a new world's record for milk-production, when results of one year's official test were compiled. Tilly's production was 33,424.8 pounds. She takes the honors from a Washington Holstein, Lutzeke Valle Cornucopia of Chimacum, which made a record of 31,246.9 pounds two years ago.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

SHE walks in beauty, like the night Of cloudless climes, and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her aspect and her eyes: Thus mellowed to that tender light Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less, Had half impaired the nameless grace, Which waves in every raven tress, Or softly lightens o'er her face; Where thoughts serenely sweet express, How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow, So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, The smiles that win, the tints that glow, But tell of days in goodness spent, A mind at peace with all below, A heart whose love is innocent!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (Born January 22, 1788; died April 19, 1824.)

Put spare "quarters" into Thrift Stamps.

CANADA'S WAR SAVINGS STAMPS CAMPAIGN IS ENDORSED BY BISHOP OF FREDERICTON

[By the Bishop of Fredericton.]

There will be no difference of opinion as to the action of the Government in establishing in the Dominion the War-Savings Stamps system, which has been so successfully worked in the United States.

The decision is an eminently wise one, and is calculated to do a great deal of good. It will do something, to begin with, for which many of us have been for a long time waiting—that is, make it easily possible for almost all classes in the community to assume some proportionate share of responsibility for the huge indebtedness that has come upon the Dominion by reason of the war.

It is right that there should be this sharing of responsibility. The self-respect of the community demands it. We have been able to congratulate ourselves as a people upon the comparative ease with which our successive war loans have been floated. An amazing amount of money has been raised in this way with little difficulty.

It has been to many, however, a matter of keen regret that the conditions under which these loans were floated necessarily precluded multitudes of patriotic persons from taking any part in them. The denominations under which the bonds were issued were too large to meet the circumstances of thousands of men and women, who wanted to do their share in this important work. For this reason, then, the Government has done well to launch this War-Savings Stamps system. It will enable the ordinary wage-earner, the young man just starting out in life, and even the school children, to make a definite and important contribution to the war-debt of the Dominion.

But the establishment of the War-Savings Stamps system is intended to serve another important end. If heartily supported, it will undoubtedly promote amongst the people of the Dominion generally habits of thrift and saving, that are very badly needed in our western world, and most of all, perhaps, in Canada. We have been in the past more conspicuous for the lavishness with which we spend than for the care with which we save. Under any circumstances, that is something for which as a nation we ought to seek a remedy, for the wealth of a nation is not to be measured by what it spends, but by what it produces and by what it saves.

But the circumstances in which we find ourselves as the outcome of the war make the duty of saving imperatively important. For four years, Canada—in common with the other warring nations—has been living on its capital, and therefore, in apparent prosperity. But the capital which has been thus expended must be restored, or there will inevitably follow a decline in production, and profits, and, therefore, in employment. The first step towards a restoration of the capital that has been wasted by war is increased saving, and it is with this object that the War-Savings Stamps system has been established. In view of the importance of this object, it is the plain duty of every citizen to support the Government in this effort to utmost of his power.

Doctor's Formula

OVER 100 YEARS OF SUCCESS

JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

(Internal as well as External use)

A soothing, healing Anodyne that speedily stops suffering. Wonderfully effective for Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills.

For more than a century humanity's best "Friend in Need"

NEW BRITISH GOVERNMENT

London, Jan. 11.—The new British Government, as officially announced is composed as follows:

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury—David Lloyd George.

Lord Privy Seal and leader in the House of Commons—Andrew Bonar Law. President of the Council and leader in the House of Lords—Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Austen Chamberlain.

Ministers without portfolio—George Nicoll Barnes and Sir Eric Geddes.

Lord Chancellor—Sir F. E. Smith. Home Secretary—Edward Shortt.

Under-Secretary—Sir Hamar Greenwood.

Foreign Secretary—Arthur J. Balfour. Under-Secretary—Cecil Bishopp Harmsworth.

Secretary for the Colonies—Viscount Milner.

Secretary for War and War Ministry (which have been combined)—Winston Spencer Churchill.

Under-Secretary—Viscount Peel. Financial Secretary to the War Office—Henry W. Forster.

Secretary for India—Edwin S. Montagu. Under-Secretary—Sir S. P. Sinha.

First Lord of the Admiralty—Walter Hume Long.

Parliamentary Secretary—Thomas J. McNamara.

President of the Board of Trade—Sir Albert Stanley.

Under-Secretary—W. E. Bridgeman. Department of Overseas Trade Development and Intelligence—Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland.

President of the Local Government Board—Dr. Christopher Addison.

Parliamentary Secretary—Stephen Walsh, Laborite.

Secretary of Agriculture—R. E. Prothero.

Minister of Education—H. A. L. Fisher. Secretary of the Ministry of Munitions, which is to become eventually the Ministry of Supply—Andrew Weir.

Pool Controller—George H. Roberts. Minister of Shipping—Sir J. P. Maclay.

Minister of Labor—Sir Robt. Stevenson. Home Minister for Pensions—Sir Laming Worthington-Evans.

Minister for National Service and Reconstruction—Sir Auckland Geddes.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—The Earl of Crawford.

First Commissioner of Works—Sir Alfred Mond.

Attorney-General—Sir Gordon Hewart.

Solicitor-General—Sir Ernest Pollock. Postmaster-General—Albert Holden Illingworth.

Paymaster-General—Sir Joseph Compston-Rickett.

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—General Viscount French.

Chief Secretary for Ireland—Sir James Ian Macpherson.

Secretary for Scotland—Robert Munro.

The majority of the members of the Cabinet in high places are Conservatives, notably Andrew Bonar Law, Earl Curzon, Arthur J. Balfour, and Viscount Milner.

The Ministers without portfolios, George Nicoll Barnes and Sir Eric Geddes, have important duties for which there are no Cabinet places. Mr. Barnes will represent Labor at the Paris Peace Congress, while Sir Eric has undertaken the management of demobilization.

One innovation is the selection for the first time of an Indian as a member of the Government, Sir Satyendra Prassanna Sinha having the place of Under-Secretary for India. Another surprise is the appointment of Cecil Bishopp Harmsworth, brother of Lord Northcliffe, to succeed Lord Robert Cecil, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Both Mr. Prothero and Andrew Weir were given peerages on accepting their new office.

It is announced that until there has been more time to make permanent peace arrangements, the existing War Cabinet will be continued.

The Government intends to submit to Parliament proposals for the establishment of a Ministry of Ways and Communications. If these are adopted, Sir Eric Geddes will be invited to head the new department.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, in addition to being placed at the head of the Department of Overseas Trade Development and Intelligence, is also appointed an additional Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and an additional Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Ro-vit—drugist calls it "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

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McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS

Economy Power Durability

Now is the time to get ready for the 1919 season.

J. L. STRANGE

Agent for Charlotte County

Border Garage

ST. STEPHEN

Animal Traps



Raw Furs command a high price to-day and trapping is a profitable business. We carry a large line of traps in stock, and list here a few of the popular sellers.

MUSKRAT OR MINK TRAPS

Single Spring with Chain				
No.	X	H	H 1-2	
Suitable for	Rat	Muskrat	Mink	
Spread of Jaws, inches.	3 1-2	4	4 7-8	
Victor Traps each.	25c.	30c.	40c.	

FOX OR BEAVER TRAPS

Double Spring with Chain				
No.	E	N	D	
Suitable for	Fox	Otter	Beaver	
Spread of Jaws, inches.	4 7-8	5 1-2	6 1-2	
Victor Traps each.	60c.	80c.	90c.	

STAR JUMP TRAPS

Single Spring with Chain					
No.	X	H	H 1-2	E	N D
Suitable for	Rat	Muskrat	Mink	Fox	Otter Beaver
Spread of Jaws, in.	3 1-2	4	4 7-8	4 7-8	

T. McAvity & Sons

LIMITED

St. John, N. B.

Beautiful

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W. H. THORO

RVIN S. COBB

From "The Salva

I have yet to meet a brigadier or a priv at all of the saliv speak in terms of the aid that the Sal dering so unostent very effectively. L troops move from or and hard on its hee men and women of An army truck ma may be that they h to move them and Usually they do not anyone in reaching They find lodgment a house or in the co main force and awkw their equipment, and is spread all over the and such a place the serving fruit hot dri nuts and free piec doughnuts, the Sal field does, the real, made ones that taste sick soldier boy.

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It is over in bo What thing

It has since Hund and c Tens daily 197 F 1.200 45 am Thous Look Labor Help Given

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KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.
Closed for the winter.
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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.

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND



As if by a miracle, that master inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has given mankind Music's Re-Creation—not a flimsy imitation, but music re-born, by means of **The NEW EDISON** "The Phonograph With a Soul" which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them.
HEAR THE NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.

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

FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, January 8.—They buried Theodore Roosevelt here to-day on the crest of a hill which he had loved from boyhood because of its stately pines and oaks and locust trees, among whose trunks are opened many alluring perspectives. The grave lies under the branches of a towering pine, and in the foreground stands nothing to obstruct a panoramic view of bay and sound. It was Col. Roosevelt's wish that he lie here—he had designated the precise spot—and here he sleeps, the first of his line to be buried in a community so long associated with the Roosevelt name.

Previously there had been the reading of prayers for the immediate family and a few intimate friends at the house on Sagamore Hill, followed by a public service in Christ Episcopal Church on the Cove Road. In this little frame building of nondescript architectural type, with its many gables and dormer windows, were gathered several hundred mourners, chief among whom were Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President of the United States, representing President Wilson; Gen. Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United Army; Admiral C. M. R. Winslow, representing the Navy; Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, and committees from national and State legislative bodies.

But official representatives were very greatly in the minority. Most of those who occupied the pews or sat in chairs, which had been placed in the aisles and back of the church, had been Col. Roosevelt's friends, his fellow townsmen, who had known him for years, if not from boyhood.

By no possibility could the pomp of martial display or the unctious official circumstance have approached in impressiveness the simplicity, the utter absence of ostentatious ritual or service which marked the last rites for a man who had lived a world figure and had died and was buried as the simple inhabitant of a small village. And yet Oyster Bay saw in the home funeral nothing incongruous with the character of the man they had known and loved. It was as though their minds were filled with the consciousness of two aspects of the distinguished dead, one remote, dimly apprehended, the other real and vital and compelling. For them there was that world-famous figure which they knew as the great mass of Americans knew him, through reports of his activities in statesmanship, in politics, in literature, exploration, and other activities of his varied and strenuous life; and there was the Roosevelt whom they knew as a fellow citizen, a man interested in the fire department, the lodge, the church, and in communal affairs generally. It was Theodore Roosevelt the neighbour, the associate, the country squire, whom they buried to-day.

It was a day of the sort Col. Roosevelt loved—a day which had always held for him an irresistible call to outdoors; a clean, cold wind, a light fall of snow which lay upon field and forest land where were registered the foot marks of rabbit, squirrel, muskrat, and other small game

MACLEAN'S WELCOME

Written, according to Hogg, from a Gaelic song translated into English prose. Hogg further remarks that these and similar songs are rather imitations from the Gaelic than anything else.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make you heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the breckan, the doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

And you shall drink freely the dew's of Glen Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;
And deep be your need of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae;
And the loveliest Mary in all Glen M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready; a troop of our bold Highland men
Shall range o'er the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make you heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.

JAMES HOGG
(Born January 25, 1772; died November 21, 1835.)

¹ Fern. ² Know. ³ Hillside.

THRIFT IS PATRIOTIC COMMON SENSE SAYS HON. T. W. MCGARRY

PROSPERITY SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED TO HIDEENED OF SAVING.

Hon. T. W. McGarry, Provincial Treasurer for the province of Ontario, is a firm believer in the gospel of thrift and a strong supporter of the War Savings Stamp Campaign. In a recent statement he says:

"Years of progress and prosperity have tended—quite naturally—to make Canadians forgetful of the fine, homely virtue of Thrift which was so admirable a trait in the character of our Canadian pioneers. As a people we do not know what Thrift means, as it is understood in Great Britain and Europe—the small daily personal economies which enable a man not only to live within his income, whatever it may be; but to save something every year, and which in the aggregate makes a nation rich. France (prior to the war) is a striking example of a nation made rich by individual thrift.

"To-day Canada is facing a big war debt incurred in defending our country from a ruthless foe. We have got to foot the bill in one way or another, and what easier or more profitable way than by saving our money and lending it at good interest to the Government in the form of War Savings Stamps? Thrift is patriotic common-sense. Small investments in Government securities have been the foundation of many a fortune, and the War Savings Stamps system ought to garner an enormous harvest of small change from Canadians, old and young, rich and poor alike."

Have you bought your child Thrift Stamps?

SALVATION ARMY HAS INDEPENDENT AUDIT OF BOOKS

The thirty-sixth Annual Financial Statement of the Salvation Army for Canada East, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, for the past year, has just been issued from the office of Commissioner Richards. Some of the chief institutions supported by the Army's funds are: Thirteen Rescue and Children's Homes and Hospitals from London to Halifax; Men's Hostels at London, Hamilton, Quebec, St. John, N. B., St. John's, Nfld., Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax; Training Colleges, Young People's Work, Prison-gate Work, Salvages, and many other branches of the Army's activities which call for considerable outlays of money.

The books of the Salvation Army are audited by independent auditors and are on file and open for the inspection of the public. The business of the Army is conducted on modern principles just as any large commercial or financial institution is conducted. Every account is kept separate, and the financial management is in the hands of Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Smeeton, who is a chartered accountant of ripe experience.

SOUNDED DOMESTIC

Gen. C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance, said at a Washington dinner party:

"The pluck of our boys is tremendous. If you ever hear anything suggestive of funk on the doughboy's part, you can rest assured that investigation will clear it up."

"I'd like to volunteer for the infantry, but mother won't let me."

"What!" said a listener, "a big six-footer like you, and your mother won't let you!"

"No," said the young man calmly; "so I've volunteered for mine sweeping."

"Mine sweeping? Good gracious; that is more dangerous than infantry fighting by a darn sight."

"I know it is," said the young fellow, "but mother don't."—Dallas Morning News.

"I see this fashion note says how clothes may be made chicker by a clever use of fringe." "Well, I got plenty of fringe on my clothes, but I donno whether I got it cleverly distributed or not."—Kansas City Journal.

Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

IRVIN S. COBB ON SALVATION ARMY

From "The Saturday Evening Post"

I have yet to meet any soldier, whether a brigadier or a private, who, if he spoke at all of the Salvation Army, did not speak in terms of fervent gratitude for the aid that the Salvation Army are rendering so unostentatiously and yet so very effectively. Let a sizable body of troops move from one station to another and hard on its heels came a squad of men and women of the Salvation Army. An army truck may bring them, or it may be that they have a battered jitney to move them and their scanty outfits. Usually they do not ask for help from anyone in reaching their destination. They find lodgement in a wrecked shell of a house or in the corner of a barn. By main force and awkwardness they set up their equipment, and very soon the word is spread among the troops that at such-and-such a place the Salvation Army is serving free hot drinks and free doughnuts and tree pies. It specializes in doughnuts, the Salvation Army in the field does, the real, old-fashioned, home-made ones that taste of home to a homesick soldier boy.

I did not see this, but one of my associates did. He saw it last winter in a dismal hole on the Toul sector. A file of our troops were finishing a long hike through rain and snow, over roads knee-

deep in half-thawed, icy slush. Cold and wet and miserable, they came tramping into a cheerless, half-empty town within sound and range of the German guns. They found a reception committee awaiting them there—in the person of two Salvation Army lassies and one Salvation Army Captain. The women had a fire going in the dilapidated oven of a vanished villager's kitchen.

One of them was rolling out the batter on a plank with an old wine bottle for a rolling pin, and using the top of a tin can to cut the dough into circular strips. The other woman was cooking the doughnuts, and as fast as they were cooked the man served them out, spitting hot, to hungry, wet boys clamoring about the door, and nobody was asked to pay a cent.

War Saving Stamps pay well.

THE VALUE OF POETRY

According to Alfred Noyes, the war has caused a dreadful slump in poetry. Everything else has gone up 300 to 400 per cent, but a sonnet that before the war would easily bring £5 (\$24.80) commands a guinea (\$5.10) to-day. Mr. Noyes laughed dolefully. "We ought," he said, "to revise the old proverb so as to make it read, 'Poets are born, not paid.'"—London Opinion.

Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

which Col. Roosevelt so dearly loved to track, not with hunter's lust, but with the pleasure of reading the little romances and tragedies of wild life which the snow records revealed. From the bay rose little mist spirals, and the ice—whose threat to carry away the Sagamore Hill dock was each winter joyously combated by the master of the estate—had formed, along the shore. The woods he loved were vaguely revealed through the driving snow and all about was the pervading smell of wood smoke. Upon this day of all days, it was difficult to realize that Theodore Roosevelt would tramp the countryside no more.

Against the background of white birches and snow-laden cedars which fill the lawn floated from a little iron staff the American flag at half-mast. Charles Lee, the chauffeur, placed it there the day Col. Roosevelt died. The oak coffin, with its simple silver name plate, rested in the apartment on the main floor which the master of the house best loved and which is chiefly associated with him in the memory of those who knew him as host and friend.

In the hours before the ceremony—hours which saw the closing of the stores and other marks of tributes and affection on the part of the villagers—a procession, including motor vehicles, farm wagons, and men and women on foot, wended its way along the Cove Road, which, leaving the centre of the village, sweeps along the eastern shore of the bay to the estate of Sagamore Hill. Few of those who travelled the long road would be permitted to enter the grounds of the estate, which were guarded by members of the New York police force, but none the less there was a general desire to be near the house which had been Col. Roosevelt's home for years before his attainment of national and international fame.

The road leading to the house debouches suddenly into the woods from the main thoroughfare. There is a steep ascent, and, as the jungle growth of trees and underbrush is passed the house appears on the top of a hill which overlooks the Sound and surrounding country. On the drive which circles in front of the entrance stood this morning some twelve, or fourteen motor cars, which had brought the immediate family and intimate friends there were Christmas wreaths in the windows. At the apex of the main gate were still the antlers which Col. Roosevelt, years ago, brought back from one of his hunting trips and placed there.

The Rev. George E. Talmadge, who in manner and appearance so speakingly suggests the typical English curate, was early at the house, in which at noon he read from the prayer-book of the Episcopal Church the prescribed prayers for the dead. Among the sixty persons who were with Mrs. Roosevelt at this service—which for her was the last over the body of her husband—were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Capt. and Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, jr., Mrs. Richard Derby (who was Miss Ethel Roosevelt's sister), Admiral W. S. Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Alsop, W. Emlen Roosevelt, John K. Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt, Mrs. J. West Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Langdon Warner, Mrs. Hilborn L. Roosevelt, John E. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fairman R. Dick, Mrs. Monroe D. Robinson, Mrs. Langdon Geer, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. James A. Roosevelt, Mrs. Fred Roosevelt, Samuel Montgomery Roosevelt, and Miss Nellie Tyler.

It had been the intention not to have flowers here or at the church, but, despite the expressed wishes of the family, wreaths had arrived in the course of the past two days. These, with the exception of laurel dropped upon the ground by aviators—whose planes dived over the house while the prayers were being read—and a large wreath of pink and white carnations sent

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

MAIL YOUR CONTRIBUTION TO ONE OF THE TREASURERS BELOW, OR TO COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, 20 ALBERT ST., TORONTO

We MUST provide for the need of the Soldier and his family!

It is absolutely necessary to ensure certain safeguards and comforts to our boys over there and over here, so that they may be re-established in Canada, strong in body and soul, contented that we at home have stood by them to the finish. What sacrifice can we make for the boys who were prepared to sacrifice everything for us?

What the Salvation Army Has Done

It has provided comforts for fighting men since the twelfth day of the War.
Hundreds of thousands of parcels of food and clothing for the boys.
Tens of thousands of beds in Hostels in daily use in France, England and Canada.
197 Huts for Soldiers.
1,200 uniformed workers.
45 ambulances.
Thousands of War widows cared for.
Looked after soldiers' families.
Labored for the Master.
Helped to preserve the home ties.
Given the MOTHER touch to lonely men.

What Remains to be Done

Keep the Hostels open and open more, so that every returning soldier can get a clean bed and wholesome meals at a price he can afford to pay.

Provide comforts and safeguards for our boys, advancing into Germany, as well as those coming home and needing a place to eat and sleep, in Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, London, Chatham, Winnipeg or Vancouver.

Guide and assist soldiers' families, especially the widows and orphans.

Soldiers Home Coming Campaign

January 19th to 25th

The Salvation Army is equipped and organized to take care of the soldiers' URGENT AND PERSONAL needs—needs that are imperative. It has never made a general appeal for funds to carry on this work until now. Give and give liberally. If you are not certain that your contribution will be taken up by a canvasser, send it direct to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Edmund Walker, Toronto—subscriptions will be acknowledged.

"God loveth a cheerful giver"

SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Treasurer Toronto and Ontario: SIR EDMUND WALKER, Toronto
Treasurer New Brunswick: JAMES M. CHRISTIE, Bank of Commerce, St. John, N.B.
Treasurer Nova Scotia: DONALD MacGILLIVRAY, Bank of Commerce, Halifax, N.S.

Milling skill, special machinery plus all the old time care gives PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)

the same superiority enjoyed in the old days.

"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry."

PURITY OATS makes better porridge.





TO HIS BOOK

YOU vain, self-conscious little book, Companion of my happy days, How eagerly you seem to look For wider fields to spread your lays; My desk and locks cannot contain you, Nor blush of modesty restrain you. Well, then, begone, fool that thou art! But do not come to me and cry, When critics strike you to the heart; "Oh, wretched little book am I!" You know I tried to educate you, To shun the fate that must await you. In youth you may encounter friends (Pray this prediction be not wrong), But wait until old age descends And thumbs have sneered your gentlest song. Then will the moths, connive to eat you And rural libraries secrete you. However, should a friend some word Of my obscure career request, Tell him how deeply I was stirred To spread my wings beyond the nest; Take from my years, which are before you, To boom my merits, I implore you. Tell him that I am short and fat, Quick in my temper, soon appeased, With locks of gray,—but what of that? Loving the sun, with nature pleased, I'm more than four and forty, hark you, But ready for a night off, mark you!

ROSWELL MARTIN FIELD (Born 1851; died January 10, 1919)

OF DELAYS

FORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price; for occasion (as it is in the common verse) "turneth a bald, noddle after she has presented her locks in front, and no hold taken"; or, at least, turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after the belly, which is hard to clasp. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginnings and onsets of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them, nay, it were better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon their approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows (as some have been when the moon was low, and shone on their enemies' backs), and so to shoot off before the time; or to teach dangers to come on by over early buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion (as we said) must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch and then to speed; for the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council, and celebrity in the execution; for when things are once come to the execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity, like the motion of a bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM (Born January 22, 1561; died April 9, 1626.)

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS SENT TO SALT THE SEABIRD'S TAIL

WHEN the schooner Sympathy, sailed out of Grangemouth on the Fifth of each one day, in 1873 she had someone on board that nobody knew about. While she was nosing the tossing waters of the North Sea he made his appearance—a wee, would-be mariner of nine summers, who had "stowed away" in order to see the world. His name was Peter. There was more sympathy on the schooner's nameboard than there was inside of her. No salt tears furrowed the weather-beaten cheeks of those who discovered the morsel of humanity "alone on a wide, wide sea." Baby that he was he was put to work at the rope's ends, not rose-wreaths, were his incentives towards achievement. The Sympathy was a remarkable vessel. Her rig was one we have never seen here on the lakes, although many of our old schooners exceeded her in size. She was not very large, but she carried a perfect cloud of canvas. Her foremast was a regular stair of ascending sails. There was, of course, the usual gaff toresail. Then there was a square-sail, and above it a lower topsail, then an upper topsail, then a topgallantsail. Above that was the royal, and climbing still nearer heaven, the skysail. Her mainmast matched this

spread with a gafftopsail that fairly tickled the stars, its head towering above the topmast by means of a jackyard. It was something like the clubtopsail we use on racing yachts. With so much weight aloft the Sympathy rolled like a barrel in the calms, and buried her lee deck when it breezed up. Often, when sail had to be made or shortened, her whole crew of seven men was required, and the "watch below" had to be routed out. There was never any second call. Poor little Peter soon learned that. Curled up in the bunk he had been accorded in the forecastle, he didn't hear the demand to "Show a leg!" which brought the watch on deck. He slept on, as kiddies will. A bucket of cold salt water was his prompt punishment. Soused and shivering he scrambled out and lent his nine-year-old might to tugging on at the tackle-fall, or whatever it was that had to be done. When it was time to "turn in" again he crawled into an empty box and pulled the lid over him. The box was hard, but not so uncomfortable as his wet bunk—and the lid would shed the next bucket of water!

This was the school where little Peter began his lessons. When the sailors have to "lay out" on the yard, to furl or reef the sail, they stand on the footropes stretched below the spar and hang on by the jacksay stretched above it like a handrail. The yard is about under their elbows. Peter was so little that his toes could not reach the footrope, and he used to have to scramble along the upper side of the yard like a squirrel on a limb. And yet he took his place with the others when there was work to be done aloft, and neither the soaring royal nor cloud-searching skysail were too high up for him to handle ere the voyage was done. It was no coasting trip this youngster had undertaken. He was bound "across the Line" for Curaçoa, in South America. When the "Sympathy" drew near to the Island of Barbadoes little birds commenced to circle around and visit the ship, as they will, at certain seasons of the year. The captain solemnly produced the salt-pan and ordered Peter aloft to sprinkle salt on the tails of the birds. Peter was only nine, but he was already a sceptic in regard to this detail of nature-faking. The swaying of a rope's-end, however, resolved him to take part in the ritual, even if he disagreed with the doctrine. Up the rattlines he nimbly scrambled, thinking a cheery "Ay, ay, sir," cheaper than what he called a "hammering." So the skipper laughed and the birds flew away unsalted—and Master Peter had crossed the equator twice and been to South America and back to Scotland before his tenth birthday.

There is a man in the British Empire to-day who has at his beck and call a quarter of a million of the bravest men in the world. One hundred and fifty-seven thousand of these heroes are active members of the Seamen and Firemen's Union. Another fifty thousand are members of the union, for the time being in the navy. The balance is made up of the fishermen and crews of the hundreds of minesweepers that are still busy on the British coasts. This man meets them as man to man. He was frozen with them in the same Cape Horn gales, fried with them in the same furnace rooms, gone broke with them on the same waterfrosts, shared with them "shandygaffs" of minced junk, biscuit crumbs and molasses, in the same forecastles. He is scarred with the marks that many of them also bear, from bursting steampipe and searing firebed. He is a chairman of that union, a combatant member of that most efficient "standing army" the world has ever seen. Unless it had taken and kept the field in the great war all our other armies would have perished. But it took the field—and its field was the Seven Seas—and it kept it, unshaken by terrors such as man never faced before—the terror of scalding, of explosion, of freezing to death in open boats, of starving on rafts, of being shot when captured. It faged a foe that claimed the immunity of all the laws and usages of civilized warfare, and observed none of them. Fifteen thousand of the members of this army went to inevitable death bravely; and not one of all the others hesitated when called to face the same fate.

This man who can speak as a hero to heroes is fifty-four, huge-framed yet slender, a fine figure of a man, with tawny hair and sinews of iron. He is a vice-chairman of a Board of Education, and a university governor. He is a councillor of a British city of the size of Hamilton, and next year he will be its mayor. Lord "Jacky" Fisher and jolly Jack Tar are alike his intimates. So, too, was Kerensky, and Frances Willard. When his country requires first hand information on, say, such details as the situation in Russia or the effect of German propaganda on neutrals, motor cars, special trains and torpedo boats are at his disposal. It was he and his men who saved British labor from being hood-winked into the Stockholm conference, which was meant to rob and despoil Britain as Russia, Roumania, Finland, and the Ukraine were robbed and despoiled in the name of Peace.

And this man was the little boy who stowed away in the Sympathy forty-five years ago—Councillor Peter Wright, of Newport, Monmouthshire, the sturdiest of the Bolsheviks, the pacifists, the defeatists, ever had; the best friend the British working man—and the Canadian working man—and the British patriot—

and the Canadian patriot—ever will have. Peter Wright is an honor graduate of the University of the Ocean. The description he gives, in some of his addresses, of a sailing ship's battle "rounding the Horn" is an epic, a gem of poetic English prose. Peter Wright caught the inspiration from four successive combats with that "Cape of Storms." The grandeur of the eternal march of the waves from the west, the fury of the snow-burdened tempest, the searching intensity of the Southern cold, are his. His, too, is the gallant and persistent courage of the great ship which, week after week, month after month perhaps, plunges and batters her way through that never-ending swell from the west; winning a hundred miles of progress some rare day, and losing them in a tempest which heaves her to under close-reefed canvas for a week; shaking out her frozen pinions for a slant of fair wind, gaining a few leagues, but forced to heave to again after only a few hours; blowing out sails, carrying away spars, getting boats and bulwarks smashed by boarding seas, repairing damages while the gale rages and making sail again with every "fair slant," battling ever southward and westward—she finally by the mercy of God wins enough offing to clear the dreaded promontory and point northwards into the great Pacific's tropic balm.

Such was Peter Wright's lecture-room. He first rounded the Horn in the four-masted steel ship Mysore, when he was twelve years of age. A man might have died from the hardships of day after day of wet and frozen clothing, of food, cold, uncooked, and even raw—for no galley fire could be kept alight in the wild pitching of the wave-washed ship—of unending and bitter toil at frozen ropes and flailing canvas, hard as sheet iron; but Peter threw on it. He is proud, too, of having played a man's part in an Indian-going ship with a main-yard one hundred and twelve feet long and nineteen inches "in the slings," that is, in diameter! And at fifty-four he is as fit to man that yard in a gale of wind as he ever was.

But he attended more than the gymnasium class when he went to the Ocean University. He was seventeen before he learned to read and write. In the damp and reeking forecastle, by the light of the slush-lamp, he learned his A B C's, and how to make P-e-t-e-r W-r-i-g-h-t on his shipping papers instead of signing a cross; and at that same forecastle, or similar forecastles, he had mastered, by the time he was twenty-five, five books of Euclid, and fitted himself to talk with college presidents "in their own language." He is able to do that same for the Bolshevik; Russian is one of his many linguistic accomplishments, and he studied the heresies of Karl Marx and the fantasies of Tolstoy as he went along. All was fish to the net of Peter Wright's wide-sweeping mind; but, like the man in the Bible, he sorted his catch when he drew it to the shore. No man knows better than Peter Wright the handicaps, the hardships, the hazards, of the man whose capital is his two fists. He himself has ground in the mill of labor from the age of nine. But he recognizes in made-in-Germany Socialism a disease, not a cure, for the toilers' troubles. Bolshevism is that disease running its course. It was at the risk of his life that Peter Wright helped steer British labor from the thick-sown mine-fields of the Stockholm conference. It was at the risk of his life that he tried to rescue the newborn Russian revolution from peril, as deadly.

How the Huns hate him! He was hounded by Hun agents every step he took. There were always a pair of them—but not always the same pair. One German secret agent he left in Stockholm stiff and contorted in his death agony by the simple expedient of tricking the Hun into swallowing the coffee the said Hun had prepared for him. Another pair of them he left permanently at the bottom of a ravine, where the viaduct over which his train had to pass had been blown up. For the two months he was in Russia he dared eat no cooked food unless he was able to watch the cooking. Fruit or raw eggs kept him alive. And the raw eggs cost \$2.25 apiece in that land of Bolshevism plenty!

After the padding of his bullet-proof vest had accumulated thirty bullets—Hun or Bolshevik—he reached Archangel. They were got on platform with Kerensky, at Cronstadt and Moscow and other places where he tried to show them the right road. At Archangel he got his first square meal in months. It made him very ill. He was on the verge of a physical and mental breakdown. But a British destroyer was ready for him, and across the sea he sped as fast as steam could carry him to "a Scottish port." Here a special train awaited him. He was rushed to London, met by a motor and whirled to a great hall where six thousand delegates and union men were waiting to be told the truth.

Peter Wright had seen three hundred locomotives in Russia deliberately wrecked by Hun-bought or Hun-duped patriots while the people starved through lack of transportation. He had seen the Russian munition output cut in two and the guns at the front captured for lack of shells, while the munition workers' wages rose from \$12.50 a week to \$125 a week by the miracle of applied Bolshevism. He had seen the corpses of Russian officers in wire-bound bundles piled in long

stacks thirty feet high; the corpses, not of men killed in battle, but of soldiers murdered by their fellow-countrymen in the name of Bolsheviki equality, while foreign invaders held the whole eastern frontier. He had found his own hotel—and the rest of Petrograd—looted even to the electric chandeliers by the Bolshevik policemen, after thirty thousand constables and secret service men of the old regime had been murdered in cold blood. For an hour and a half Peter Wright talked to that assembly that wanted the truth about the Bolshevik and the Hun. Then he pitched forward and fell in a faint and was carried off the platform. He was three days unconscious. But British labor had the truth—and the truth, as the Scriptures promise, made British labor free.—C. H. J. Snider, in the Toronto Evening Telegram, Jan. 11.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, January 10.—The British steamer Northumbria struck a mine off Middleborough, Thursday, and it is believed that most of the crew was lost. A boat with two survivors and eight dead was washed ashore at Newton Abbot. Four boats which left the ship with survivors are missing, and it is believed that the boats were swamped while attempting to make shore. The steamship Northumbria was of 4,215 tons, and was owned in Glasgow. She was 350 feet long and was built in 1906.

—London, Jan. 10.—The British steamer Merida, which was reported stranded at Le Touquet, on the French coast, December 30, has parted amidships and will be a total loss, according to advices received here to-day. The Merida, a vessel of 3,655 tons registered, left Baltimore December 6, and arrived at Havre December 24. She was on a return voyage to the accident.

—London, Jan. 11.—The entire crew of the Japanese Nanyo Maru was lost when the vessel was sunk off Hokaido on Jan. 2nd, according to a dispatch from Kobe. The steamer was on its way from Kobe to Marseilles. The Nanyo Maru measured 3,039 tons, and was owned in Otaru, Japan. She was built in 1893 in Stockholm.

War Savings Stamps Promote Thrift.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Cottage on Adolphus Street. Apply to MRS. ARABELLA HENDERSON, St. Andrews, N. B.

FOR SALE—Spruce piling, lengths 20 to 50 ft. Apply to ERNEST FISHER, ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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 to THOS. R. WRAN, St. Andrews, N. B.

LOST

The barge scow marked Helen, Eastport, went adrift from Calais, Maine, on Thursday evening, Jan. 9th. All persons are asked to be on the look out and to secure her and notify DEEP COVE MFG. CO. Eastport, Me., or WILLIS R. DRESSER, St. Stephen, N. B. 29-2w

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the GRAND MANAN TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited, will be held at the office of George E. Datzell, Castalia, in the Parish of Grand Manan, on Thursday, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1919, at two o'clock in the afternoon. W. A. FRASER, President.

CAMPOBELLO

FOR SALE—Eleven room dwelling house and outbuildings with nine acres of first class farm and garden, Herring Cove Road, Campobello. Commodious sheds, stable, and henery buildings, all in good condition; about three-quarters of a mile from Welshpool public wharf and like distance from Herring Cove Beach; well situated for permanent or summer occupation, and for summer boarders, market gardening; near telegraph and telephone, and ferry connections with Eastport and Lubec. For further particulars apply. F. H. GRIMMER, St. Andrews, N. B. 22-4f

The Winter Term of the FREDERICK BUSINESS COLLEGE opens on MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919. Descriptive literature of our courses of study will be sent to any address on request. FREDERICK BUSINESS COLLEGE, Fredericton, N. B. The only school in N. B. affiliated with the Business Educators' Association of Canada.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

January New Moon, 2nd, 4h. 24m. a.m. First Quarter, 9th, 6h. 55m. a.m. Full Moon, 16th, 4h. 44m. a.m. Last Quarter, 24th, 0h. 22m. a.m. New Moon, 31st, 7h. 7m. 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. Lect. D. C. Rollins, Prev. Officer D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 1 p.m. OUTPORTS INDIAN ISLAND. H. D. Chaffey, Sub. Collector CAMPOBELLO. W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector NORTH HEAD. Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector LORD'S COVE. T. L. Trearton, Sub. Collector GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

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: Tuesday, May 13, Mr. Justice Crockett; Tuesday, October 7, Mr. Justice Barry. COUNTY COURT: Tuesday, February 4; Tuesday, June 3; and Tuesday, October 28. Judge Carleton

SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Entered Foreign Jan. Eastport. 9 Strm. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 11 Strm. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 15 Mt. Schr. Eldorado, Price, Eastport. 15 Mt. Schr. Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport. Cleared Foreign Jan. 11 Strm. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen. 15 Mt. Bargé Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport. 15 Mt. Schr. Eldorado, Price, Eastport. Entered Coastwise Jan. 10 Strm. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen. 13 Strm. Connors Bros., Warnock, Lord's Cove. Cleared Coastwise Jan. 9 Strm. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen. 13 Strm. Connors Bros., Warnock, Beaver Harbor.

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS

Thursday, January 2nd Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

Try a Beacon Ad For Results

25c. Buy a Thrift Stamp.

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, one of this line will leave Grand Manan, Monday, 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. GUPILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7:30 a.m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 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.

TIME TABLE

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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 m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7:30. ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. D. 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 7:40 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7:30. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening. The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. 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 Mails for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail. Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.

VOL. X



I KNOW an island

I know an island Green upon which I hear the fairies sing When I go by the One night, one sudden I shall And very softly hark And out beyond the To find my fairy I shall not need to It will be moored Within a tiny pebb Where meadow-swo Close to the water The moon from the sky Will make a shimmer And I shall sing t As joyfully I float I shall not need to And, peering through I presently shall Where swift the water The fairies all in row Waiting to welcome —ROSE FYLEMAN, LATER

LATER

It is my destiny I markets and to selling at all—in the deed, having tired of my article, I have preferred to make its favor to me. But I have been so lucky has not changed destined to be that a successful dealer. It happened thus, old curiosity shops came upon a portrait drawings, among my eye would have been, even if an earlier that opinion of his name with all its (the wrong order) "How much is this?" "Well," said the genuine TURNER it thing. But let's say can have it for that, you don't, because I next week and should get an opinion." I pondered. "Mind you, I don't added. I gave him the ten By what incredible purchaser for the dr there is no need to this narrative reside with collectors, but my own soul. The astor that I achieved a pounds ten and was began to think. The dealer (so m that little street by door, he ought to p behaved very well to behave well to him. to give him half. Thereupon I sat do note saying that the drawing, which no d had turned out to be great pleasure in en the proceeds, as I only just and decent. Having no stamps late I did not post thi and, according to cus my life's errors, which ever complaining of these I reached, by w recent successful piec put the letter to the examination and cross (so my thoughts ran Why be Quixotic? T Quixotry. It was my the probability of the He had indeed failed; own business. Why p ineptitude? No, a pr points at the most w quately meet the case. Sleep still refusing to a book of short stor Then I closed my eyes began to think about (so my thoughts ran pounds? It will only o idea of his customers, would be so fair, so s will expect similar let be disappointed, and d embittered and go dw miserable creature. old man too; a pity, n such a nature. No, te Five would be plenty him above himself. While I was dressing