



# The Beacon



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NO 29.

## THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

FROM every point of view—the historical, the moral, and the military—the fall of Jerusalem is an event to stir the emotions of the world. General Allenby might have arrived sooner at Jerusalem had he not forborne to use a single military manoeuvre which might have brought into peril the hallowed buildings and approaches of the city. The pompous and theatrical visit of the German Emperor to Jerusalem in 1898, when he inflicted his patronage upon a curious and bewildered population, must have remained sufficiently clear in the memories of Jerusalem for the people to compare the British way with the German way, greatly to the advantage of the British. General Allenby entered the city in a quiet and gentleman-like manner; no part of the walls was thrown down for him as was done for the Kaiser when the Imperial procession, by an appropriate act of vandalism, was saved from the inconvenience of having to go a few yards out of its way and enter by one of the ancient gates.

In considering the various aspects of the capture of Jerusalem, let us say something first of all about the brilliant seven weeks' campaign conducted by General Allenby. On October 31st Beersheba was captured, and with astonishing speed General Allenby, who has the true cavalry mind, drove back the disintegrating Turkish line and reached Gaza on November 7th. Thence the next part of the advance was comparatively simple across the plain of Philistia. The junction of the railway between Jerusalem and Damascus was seized, and Joppa was captured on November 17th. Very difficult country was entered, however, when our troops climbed up into the limestone hills of Judaea. Here to the north-west of Jerusalem the Turks were much helped by the nature of the country, and they delivered incessant attacks, well knowing that if they fell back any further their communications with Jerusalem would be cut. And now occurred an excellent example of the strategic importance of hammering away where the bulk of the enemy's forces can be engaged. General Allenby engaged the Turks north-west of Jerusalem so hotly that they were compelled to draw reinforcements from their lines south of Jerusalem, where to all seeming scarcely anything had been happening. Thanks to the efforts of our men north-west of Jerusalem, the road from Beersheba south of Jerusalem was made easier. On December 7th General Allenby, advancing again from the south, seized Hebron, and began a new and swift movement from that point which the Turks either had not foreseen or had not provided against. Within a few hours the British troops had left Bethlehem behind them, and firmly occupied the Jericho road which lies east of Jerusalem. Simultaneously our troops to the north-west virtually joined hands with this force by making a special effort and reaching the Shechem road, which runs out of Jerusalem to the north. Jerusalem was completely isolated, and the surrender was made without a single shot having been fired into the city, or even into its outskirts. It was in 1517 that the Turks, then in their great days of conquest, captured Jerusalem. Exactly four hundred years later it has fallen to British troops, gallantly helped by French and Italian and Indian contingents. The Turkish losses in the Palestine fighting cannot be far short of forty thousand men, but the effect upon their moral must be measured even more in terms of prestige than losses in men and guns. The whole campaign is enormously creditable to the brain which planned it. This was exactly the kind of campaign which the War Office in past generations sometimes allowed to dawdle on, insufficiently supported with men and material, till the nation became alarmed at the wastefulness of indecisive acts and insisted on having the matter cleared up without further delay. In the present circumstances excuses might easily have been found for some degree of confusion. We are engaged in many other parts of the world, and the lack of shipping for a distant campaign is notorious. Yet the success has been as thorough as it has been swift. We offer our hearty congratulations to Sir William Robertson as well as to General Allenby. No one knows better than Sir William Robertson does that the issue against the Germans must in the main be fought out in Flanders, but when he consents to "a little packet," he does so for a sufficient reason, and shapes his means most accurately to his ends.

The loss of Jerusalem is only one more step in the progression by which the prestige of the Ottoman Turks is being taken away from them. Their Holy Cities are dropping out of their grasp one by one. Mecca has been taken from them by the Arab King of the Hedjaz. We are not sure about the fate of Medina, but if it does not already belong to the King of the Hedjaz, the time cannot be far distant when it will come under a

power which, from all accounts, has been most beneficently exercised. Baghdad, another holy city, with which may be coupled the name of Kerbelah, yet another sacred city not far distant, has been removed from Ottoman misgovernment, for ever as we believe, and Jerusalem is the fourth in the series of losses. Damascus and Aleppo, also sacred, are still a considerable distance away from General Allenby's army; but if the Turks, or rather their German masters, force us to continue the war long enough, these places too will be liberated, and the Ottoman Turk will be driven to find what sacredness he needs in some such place as Konias in Asia Minor, once the capital of the Seljuk Sultans. Though Jerusalem has been with intermissions under Moslem rule for over twelve hundred years, the Turks ruled there only one-third of that time—since 1517, as we have already said. Even in strictly Islamic cities the Turks were always usurpers, and behaved as such. The capture of Jerusalem by the Allies means that the Moslems, Jews, and Christians will receive impartial justice in a land that is revered by them all. Although to both Christians and Jews Jerusalem is the most holy city in the world, the rulers of the future will tolerate no religious animus. There will be freedom and fairness for all. General Allenby has already confirmed the Moslems in their ancient office as doorkeepers of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an office which they have held, except when the Latin Kingdom of the Crusaders held sway at Jerusalem, ever since the time of the chivalrous Omar. The Turks have always behaved as maliciously and tyrannically towards the Arab chiefs of Palestine as they have towards the Jews of the cities. The days when Great Britain could commit such a blunder as to intervene on behalf of the Turks are ended for ever. Every Englishman now looks back with amazement on the management of foreign affairs which used the quarrels between Greek and Latin monks at Jerusalem about the guardianship of the Holy Sepulchre as a pretext for going to war with Russia in 1854 on behalf of the Turks. If the effect of the capture of Jerusalem upon the Turks will be great, it would be a mistake to disregard the influence it may have on Russia. The Russians are a people readily and deeply moved by the forms of religion, and the taking of Jerusalem is a religious event that may appeal to them much in the spirit in which the ambition to possess Jerusalem appealed to our own Crusaders. Moreover, Russia contains more Jews than live in any other country in the world, and the aspirations of these people will turn gratefully to Jerusalem, even though they should not commit themselves to the material adventure of a Zionistic restoration.

One has only to glance back very briefly on the history of Jerusalem to see how truly strong must be the attractions the city exerts on Jew, Christian, and Moslem. Even before the children of Israel captured Jerusalem, while it was still occupied by the shadowy Jebusites, the Israelites thought of it longingly as a city that must be theirs. The plateau on which it stands was a kind of peninsula between the Northern and Southern tribes of Israel, and made unity between North and South difficult long before the tribes actually split into two kingdoms. When David conquered Jerusalem it was only the goal of long-cherished plans and, as it were, the foreordained site of Solomon's majestic temple. When the Jews looked down from their high plateau upon the strip of plain on the shores of the Mediterranean, they might well have feared attack from the clever and scientific traders who lived down there and were in contact with the whole world by means of their trading vessels. And yet it was not from the coast, not from the west, that Jerusalem was really threatened, but from the east, from the mighty Empire of Assyria that seemed to be safely divided from Judaea by the inhospitable desert. The effort of Sennacherib against Jerusalem mysteriously died away, as every English child remembers from the glowing verse of Byron, but when disaster came it came from the east. Nebuchadnezzar carried the whole people away into captivity, so that they were compelled to sing the songs of Zion by the waters of Babylon. But the spirit of the Jews never failed, and when they were allowed by Cyrus to rebuild the fallen walls of Solomon's temple, they did their building with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. By 316 B.C. the temple was rebuilt, but the faith of Ezra and Nehemiah withered, and Jerusalem passed under the rule of the Macedonians and the Ptolemies before it came into the power of that strange monarch Antiochus Epiphanes, who tried to graft a strictly Greek culture upon the very unwilling Semitic stem. The excesses of Antiochus Epiphanes proved that if faith had died among the Jews, it was at all events capable of revival, and every reader of history knows how that revival was victoriously expressed by the wonder-

ful exploits of the fighting family of the Maccabees. Gradually we come to the time of Herod the Great, who ruled Jerusalem in commission for Rome. All that immediately followed is Christian history. Although Jerusalem was the birthplace of Christianity, it was not of course as a Christian city, but as a city subservive of Roman authority in other ways—through the exploits of the Jewish extremists—that it was punished and destroyed by Titus in A. D. 70. Hadrian rebuilt it, and five hundred years later it was taken for Islam by Omar. In 1099 the Crusaders entered the city, and they held it till the conquest of Saladin in 1187. From the time the Turks took it in 1517 nothing whatever was done for the city in the way of progress or reform. The population and the soil alike became impoverished, and it seemed that Jerusalem was perishing of inanition, when a partial measure of prosperity was restored to it by the construction of the railways. No one can doubt that even if it be true that the agricultural wealth of Palestine has disappeared through gradual natural causes, the prosperity of the land can be restored by science. For all that it means the capture of Jerusalem is great and splendid news. It comes at an opportune moment, Sherman when he captured Savannah in the American Civil War announced the news to President Lincoln in these words: "I send you the city of Savannah as a New Year's gift." In the same spirit General Allenby might well say to the Allies: "I send you the city of Jerusalem as a Christmas gift."—*The Spectator.*

## POSTPONE CONFERENCE

Ottawa, Jan. 14.—Owing to the cancellation of the New York train service yesterday, due to the storm, the Canadian representatives to the international fisheries conference, which is to open in Washington to-morrow were unable to leave. The Canadian representatives, consisting of Chief Justice J. D. Hazen, Mr. G. J. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of Naval Affairs, and Mr. W. A. Found, Superintendent of Fisheries, will leave for the United States capital this afternoon.

## ITALIAN AND FRENCH LOSSES

Rome, Jan. 9.—An official statement says that two Italian steamers of over 1,500 tons, were sunk during the week ending January 5. One vessel was unsuccessfully attacked.

Paris, Jan. 9.—One French merchantman of more than 1,600 tons was sunk by mine or submarine in the week ending January 4. None under that tonnage were lost. Eight hundred and fifty-seven vessels entered and 726 cleared the French ports. Four French merchantmen were attacked unsuccessfully.

## BRITISH CASUALTIES FOR WEEK

London, Jan. 14.—The British casualties reported during the week ending to-day totalled 24,979 officers and men, divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 117; men, 5,149.

Wounded or missing—Officers, 304; men 19,409.

Casualties in the British army reported for the week ending to-day exceed by almost 6,000 the total reported in the previous week, when the figures took an upward jump, virtually doubling the casualties of the preceding week.

## HALIFAX SCHOOLS OPEN

Halifax, N. S., January 14.—Five of the city schools opened to-day. These institutions are "doubling up," accommodating their own pupils in the morning and in the afternoon pupils who formerly attended schools now out of commission.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.  
Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.  
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still!  
And there lay the steels with their dints and their scars,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his prayers;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf,  
And there lay the ridges distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The laces unlifted, the trumpet unblown.  
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

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

## AUSTRALIAN NEWS

Melbourne, Jan. 12.—The Governor-General has issued a statement giving the reasons why he re-commissioned Hon. Wm. Hughes.

He states that in advance of the Nationalists defeat in Parliament he endeavored to ascertain the situation by seeking information of all sections of representatives with a view to avoiding dissolution and decided that the majority of Nationalists was likely to retain cohesion and would be able to establish a stable government under Mr. Hughes.

The final vote on the conscription referendum poll follows:

Yes, 1,013,000, no 1,178,000.

The soldiers' vote gave a small "Yes" majority. States in favor included West Australia, Tasmania. Those against were New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia. Further organized efforts are being made to secure recruits.

Substantial increases in pay went into effect in the Australian navy on January 1.

Speaking in the House of Representatives Premier Hughes said the Government's one desire was to spend all the energies of Australia to do its duty in the war.

## HALIFAX ELECTION JANUARY 28TH

Halifax, N. S., January 14.—The sheriff is sending out to the different districts of the county proclamations for the election of Halifax representatives in the Federal Parliament. The election is scheduled to be held on the 28th. Dr. Edward Black, leader, Liberal, has offered to resign in favor of Ralph Elenor, Labor, and one of the Unionist candidates, Hon. A. K. Maclean, or P. F. Martin and Flenor has made a like offer. The Unionist candidates have not yet made any announcement.

## ANOTHER STOCKING ACKNOWLEDGED

Mrs. Thos. Burton has received a letter from Gunner Wm. A. McDonald, C. F. A., a patient in the Canadian General Hospital, Basingstoke, England, acknowledging receipt of the Red Cross Stocking Mrs. Burton sent. Gr. McDonald is a young Nova Scotian, and was wounded in France on October 28, last. He was recovering from his wound when he wrote on December 23.

## SKELETON CLEARS MYSTERY

Joplin, Mo., January 10.—A skeleton, which has been identified as that of Ivan E. Farrington, a prominent mine operator who mysteriously disappeared eighteen years ago, has been found in an old shaft, according to word received to-day from Galena, Kansas.

Identification was made possible through the finding of key ring with Farrington's name on it, a watch and a pocket book.

Miners were clearing the debris from the shaft, which is about seventy feet deep, and the bones were uncovered when a charge of powder was exploded.

## SIR GEO. FOSTER RECOVERS

Ottawa, Jan. 14.—Sir George Foster expects to leave for the South for a holiday before actively taking up his work again as Minister of Trade and Commerce. Sir George stood the trip from Toronto well and is now residing at his Ottawa home.

Photographer—"This is the picture I took of your wife. Do you think it does her justice?" "No; thank goodness,"—*Judge.*

## FISHERIES COMMISSION IN SESSION

Washington, Jan. 13.—Canada's fisheries mission, headed by Chief Justice Hazen called to-day on Secretary Redfield and other members of the American mission and discussed plans for their conferences and discussed plans for their conferences which will consider conservation of fish foods in waters adjacent to the two countries. Depletion of lobsters, halibut and salmon will receive especial attention.

"It is hard to see how Canada and the United States could be better friends," Chief Justice Hazen said, "but we hope our discussions will remove some slight causes for friction due to different policies pursued by the two governments. Our task will not be so much the prevention of trouble, however, as conservation of fish at this time when utilization of all foods is so necessary."

Plans for hearing at Atlantic and Pacific ports and possibly at great lakes ports will not be made until preliminary conference here has been concluded. The visitors will call tomorrow on President Wilson and Secretary of State Lansing.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

London, Jan. 12.—The British destroyer *Raccoon* struck rocks off the Irish coast on Wednesday and foundered, it is announced officially. The *Raccoon* was built in 1910. The was 266 feet long and displaced 915 tons. She was armed with 4-inch and 3-inch guns, and two torpedo tubes. Her normal complement was 105 men.

The official report says: "H. M. S. *Raccoon*, Lieut. George Napier in command struck on the rocks off the north coast of Ireland at two o'clock in the morning on Wednesday during a snowstorm and subsequently foundered with all hands."

Nine of the crew had been left behind at her last port of call, and these are the sole survivors. Seventeen bodies have been picked up by patrol craft and are being buried at Rathmullen. Five more bodies have been washed ashore and they are being buried locally.

Washington, Jan. 14.—An American trawler, operating in European waters, has been lost. Admiral Sims reported the sinking of the little vessel to the Navy Department to-day. All members of the crew were saved. Announcement of how she was lost was not made, nor was the exact location given.

Ottawa, Jan. 14.—No further word has been received at the marine department with regard to the steamer *Gaspesian*, which was reported on Jan. 10 as icebound about twenty miles from the city of Charlottetown. One of the lake steamers which was icebound in the St. Lawrence has succeeded in making her way through the ice, and has arrived at Sydney.

An Atlantic Port, Jan. 14.—Agents of the American steamship *Texan*, a vessel of 14,000 tons, to-day received advices from naval authorities that she was sinking at sea.

A steamer arriving to-day reported that at 4 a. m. she picked up an "S. O. S." from the *Texan* reporting that she had been struck amidships and was sinking. Lifeboats had been lowered.

The *Texan* left recently with a cargo of nitrates bound for a French port.

It was said a steamer, which had picked up the *Texan*'s "S. O. S." calls was hurrying to her assistance, and that the crew of 43 had taken to the boats.

The *Texan*'s wireless operator reported that the starboard boats had been lowered, that the aft boat was lost, and that an attempt was being made to lower the forward boat. Oil from the ship's hold was poured on the starboard side in an effort to make the conditions better for launching the lifeboats.

New York, Jan. 6.—The American Hawaiian line steamship *Texan* reported sinking off the coast two days ago, is safe, the line was notified to-day by the navy department.

London, Jan. 16.—Another marked decrease in the sinking of British merchantmen by mine or submarine in the past week is noted in the report of the admiralty, issued to-night. In this period only six merchantmen of 1,600 tons and over were sunk, and in addition, two merchantmen under 1,600 tons and two fishing vessels.

The summary follows:

Arrivals of British merchantmen, 2,106; sailings, 2,184.

British merchantmen sunk by mine or submarine, over 1,000 tons, six; under 1,600 tons, two; fishing vessels, two.

Merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, five.

In the previous week the Admiralty reported the loss by mine or submarine of eighteen merchantmen of 1,600 tons or over, three merchantmen, under that tonnage, and four fishing vessels. The report of January 12 gave the sinkings as twenty, eighteen being 1,600 tons or over.

## CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL IN ANNUAL CONVENTION

The council of the municipality of Charlotte opened in the court house Tuesday afternoon, with the following members in attendance: Campobello, Alex. Calder, J. W. Matthews; Clarendon, A. Popple, Dr. R. Wilby; Dufferin, E. W. Donald, F. P. Hunter; Dumbarton, H. Emmerson, M. McCann; Grand Manan, Colin Ingersoll; Lepreau, E. Stinson; Pennfield, A. B. Hawkins, R. Connor; St. Andrews, J. D. Crimmer, R. O'Brien; St. Croix, W. E. Simpson; St. Mary's, St. David, H. C. Poffard, H. Marlett; St. George, W. Maxwell, G. McVicar; St. James, A. B. Getchell; St. Patrick, J. McMillan, J. E. Monahan; West Isles, F. W. Richardson, E. A. McNeill; St. Stephen, J. Marzaty, J. A. Grant, W. Babcock; Town St. Stephen, David Johnson; Town St. Andrews, G. Douglas; Town St. George, H. R. Lawrence; Town Milltown, H. McAllister.

Councillor Grant was the unanimous choice of the council for the warden. H. M. Webber was unanimously elected official reporter.

Councillor Hunter took early opportunity to urge that the council make an endeavor to conclude its business in less than the customary four days a sentiment that was endorsed by Coun. McMillan, the members generally giving assent.

The finance committee was constituted of the whole council, with Coun. D. Johnson, chairman.

M. N. Cockburn, county auditor, submitted his report, compiled in his usual careful and thorough manner, and it was at once submitted to the finance committee, which went into session. There were few bills that required discussion, and in the experienced hands of Coun. Johnson, the committee had soon concluded the work.

A bill from Mrs. Fred McKinney, of Deer Island, for \$236.10, for services in nursing and property destroyed by physicians' orders in a smallpox case in 1913, occasioned some discussion, and was finally referred to a committee to investigate and report at the present session.

Members from other parishes in that health district made serious objection to the bill.

In the course of proceedings in committee, F. H. Grimmer, the efficient and very valuable Secretary-treasurer of the county, gave notice that he would not care to serve longer at the salary paid. The salary is \$725.00, with fees that sometimes give another \$75.00, more than three-quarters of which he pays to an assistant, whose services are necessary in the work. In York County, the same work costs nearly \$2000, and in St. John County, \$4000. His claim was presented very modestly and he left the matter entirely in the discretion of the council.

M. N. Cockburn, who was resigning the office of auditor after valuable services extending over thirty years, spoke strongly of the justice that would be done the Secretary-treasurer in granting a substantial increase, calling attention to the fact that in any merchant house, a book-keeper whose responsibilities are much less than Mr. Grimmer's, at least that amount of salary is paid.

Coun. Johnson spoke along similar lines, and the matter was referred to committee for future action.

The assessment for county schools was fixed at \$700.00 and for county contingencies at \$550.

Coun. Calder pressed for a revaluation of property in the county during this year, but the matter was left for future consideration at this session.

Council adjourned at six o'clock to meet Wednesday morning.—*Courier.*

## GERMAN DYE INDUSTRY

London, Jan. 10.—A group of men in the British textile trade has captured the secret recipe of the great German dye industry, according to the *Daily Mail*, which displays the item under large heads. The recipes, numbering 257, belong to the great Badische works and are now in the keeping of a London bank. The *Mail* says:

"The capture is of first importance in economic war against Germany, and will free the British textile industry and scores of other important industries from the bonds of Germany. It means that when the war is over Great Britain will be in a position to compete equally with the German dyed goods in every market in the world."

In the course of a long story describing how the recipes were obtained in Switzerland, the *Mail* says that the merchants have refused tempting offers from capitalists and speculative elements have been barred carefully from the enterprise. The merchants intend to offer and sell recipes to the British Government for the use of the government dye works, permitting the bulk of the profit to go to the nation on the understanding that the dyes will be sold freely to all British manufacturers needing them.

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CONFIDENCE NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS IN GOLF

THE word "funk" is one not often heard in connexion with the links game, yet it seems to describe the feelings of the average golfer in a competition better than any other.

The symptoms can be noticed wherever golfers gather for the competitive phase. A member of a club plays a wonderfully strong game in friendly matches, but introduce him to the element of responsibility and see the difference.

At crucial moments their nerve fails them, short putts are missed inexplicably, the drives are trapped, and the eighteenth hole is reached with despair in the heart.

The question arises, in what direction lies the mastery over the tendency to "funk"? The first answer is that a great deal depends on the hold it has of the particular individual.

Tightly closed rooms constructed for the sole purpose of retaining heat, soon become filled with poisonous gases, exhaled by the inmates.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"There was a great deal of applause for your speech." "There ought to have been," exclaimed Senator Sorghum.

"Did I understand you to say Dubson is absent-minded?" "Yes, but not in the way it afflicts some very learned people."

"My friend," said the solemn individual, "what are you doing for those who come after you?" "Doing for them?" "I'm trying to dodge the pests," replied the man who was harassed by bill collectors.

"This is a special flour for making flannel cakes." The young housewife was trying to appear wise.

"Lots of kings out of work now." "Yes and judging from results, I am inclined to think I have hired several without knowing it." Judge.

"He offered to let me in on the ground floor." "Well?" "From the drop the stock took after I thought I must have been let in on the roof."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Up-River Doings St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 16. Mrs. Richmond Door, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Robert Webber, has returned to her home in Rothesay.

Miss Mary Caswell, assistant teacher in St. Stephen schools, is seriously ill at the Chipman Memorial Hospital, but is expected to recover, much to the relief of her friends.

Mrs. W. F. Todd and Miss Mildred Todd left on Saturday afternoon for Boston.

Miss Emma Boardman has returned to her home in Calais, after a pleasant visit in Boston.

Miss Annie Nicholson, a graduate nurse of a hospital in Hartford, Conn., has joined a unit of Red Cross nurses and sailed for France.

Pte. James Moore, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walker Moore, of St. Stephen, who was severely wounded in France last fall, has recovered sufficiently to return to the fighting front.

Miss Doris Bennett has been enjoying a visit with St. John friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Nesbitt and children are in St. Stephen, coming from Edmonton, Alta., to visit Mr. Nesbitt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jellison Nesbitt. They have been most cordially welcomed.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

play the various strokes is a desirable asset, the player who has mental control is far more dangerous than the most perfect stylist. Practice with a desire to improve, and try to deserve success by striving for it worthily and with might and main.

GARBAGE FOR SWINE

In nearly all our towns and cities a portion of refuse from kitchens is being used as feed for swine. In these days of stress and food shortage, closer attention should be paid to the utilization of garbage for this purpose.

FOUL AIR AND DISEASES

'Free as the air we breathe' is not applicable to foul air. Like most other commodities the latter exacts a toll from everyone who uses it.

During the cold weather last week a number of people had their vegetables and canned goods frozen in their cellars.

Miss Martha Harris is residing with Mrs. W. F. Boardman, Monroe St., Calais, and on Friday afternoon began her winter dancing class in Red Men's Hall.

At the annual meetings of the St. Croix Club, Mr. George Downes was elected President, Dr. H. B. Mason, 1st Vice-President, H. L. McPhail, 2nd Vice-President, and H. M. Bates, 3rd Vice-President.

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Mrs. Lizzie Leonard, who has been confined to her home for the past week, with a severe illness, is much better.

Miss Hazel Lambert and Mrs. Flora Parker spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mesty Stuart, of Stuart Town.

The Red Cross met at Mrs. Frank Greenlaw's on Monday evening.

Mrs. Audley Richardson and baby, Geraldine, are spending a few days with Mrs. Dan Richardson.

The many friends in Lord's Cove of Mr. Ralph Jackson, of Wilson's Beach, wish to convey to him their deepest sympathy in the loss of his beloved wife so early departed.

While chopping wood in the woods today, John R. Lord, Jr., accidentally cut his leg above the knee, but the wound is not serious.

Capt. Mariner Barker is having a new pilot house put on his boat, the Alma Connors. The work is being done by Mr. G. E. Richardson.

Miss Ina Stuart is visiting with Mrs. Percy Pendleton for a few weeks.

Mr. E. A. Lambert is sending out some very pretty calendars for 1918.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pendleton, Jr., on the arrival of a son at Chipman Memorial Hospital, Jan. 12.

BOCABEC COVE, N. B. Jan. 15. Mr. John Hanson and daughter, Miss Ethel, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McCullough.

Mrs. Thos. Pennebury, of St. Andrews, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Matthew McCullough.

Mrs. J. Crichton spent the afternoon at Mrs. Jennie Foster's recently.

Mrs. Alex. McGregor and Mrs. Jennie Foster called on Mrs. McCullough during the week.

Mr. Andrew Cheney, of White Head, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holt.

School opened on Monday, with Miss Hellen Young as teacher. Miss Young has been with us now for a year, and we

BOVRIL Aids the Digestion of Food

Mr. R. Watson Whitlock, Deputy Immigration Agent, is suffering from heart trouble and is a patient at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

Mr. Dewey Hillman has accepted a position in the Calais National Bank.

Miss Marjorie Hailey was hostess to a very jolly coasting party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Samuel Hyslop is very ill with pneumonia at the Chipman Memorial Hospital. A winter Chataqua entertainment is to be held in St. Stephen in February.

During the cold weather last week a number of people had their vegetables and canned goods frozen in their cellars.

Capt. Watson Gregory, son of Mrs. Thomas Gregory, of St. Stephen, who for the past two years has been on the western front in France, has been awarded a military cross for bravery.

Miss Marion Carter, of St. Stephen, has been visiting friends in Baring, Me.

At the annual meetings of the St. Croix Club, Mr. George Downes was elected President, Dr. H. B. Mason, 1st Vice-President, H. L. McPhail, 2nd Vice-President, and H. M. Bates, 3rd Vice-President.

LORD'S COVE, D. I. Jan. 16. Mrs. Lizzie Leonard, who has been confined to her home for the past week, with a severe illness, is much better.

Mrs. G. H. Smith is spending a few days with friends in St. Stephen.

Owing to the heavy gale and snow storm that prevailed on Tuesday our usual mail did not arrive at Lord's Cove.

Miss Hazel Lambert and Mrs. Flora Parker spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mesty Stuart, of Stuart Town.

The Red Cross met at Mrs. Frank Greenlaw's on Monday evening.

Mrs. Audley Richardson and baby, Geraldine, are spending a few days with Mrs. Dan Richardson.

The many friends in Lord's Cove of Mr. Ralph Jackson, of Wilson's Beach, wish to convey to him their deepest sympathy in the loss of his beloved wife so early departed.

While chopping wood in the woods today, John R. Lord, Jr., accidentally cut his leg above the knee, but the wound is not serious.

Capt. Mariner Barker is having a new pilot house put on his boat, the Alma Connors. The work is being done by Mr. G. E. Richardson.

Miss Ina Stuart is visiting with Mrs. Percy Pendleton for a few weeks.

Mr. E. A. Lambert is sending out some very pretty calendars for 1918.

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Always, Everywhere, in Canada ask for Eddy's Matches

HEAR GREAT OPERA STARS IN YOUR HOME THE NEW EDISON THE PHONOGRAPH WITH A SOUL

PYREX WHAT? IS IT? It is a new OVEN-WARE. It is Sanitary, Fireproof and Transparent, thereby enables you to see the food as it bakes.

CLEARANCE SALE Of Everything in the Store Offers Decidedly the Greatest Value of the Season WE are putting OUR GREATEST EFFORTS into this occasion, and likewise our Greatest Values.

People of Lord's Cove, Richardson and Lambertville PLEASE take notice that if you will be good enough to send us your orders we will ship the same via rail to St. Andrews to connect with the steamer "Connors Bros."

HEAR GREAT OPERA STARS IN YOUR HOME You can now enjoy, at your own fireside, musical programmes by the greatest living vocalists and instrumentalists, by means of Edison's wonderful new art

PYREX WHAT? IS IT? It is a new OVEN-WARE. It is Sanitary, Fireproof and Transparent, thereby enables you to see the food as it bakes.

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A MAN'S MAN FOR A' THAT

IS there for honest poverty That hings his head, an' a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by— We dare be poor for a' that!

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat laughs at yoh funny stories even if dey ain't so good; an' smpa thizes wif yoh misfortunes even if dey ain't so bad"

THE RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Company

Chapter 24

THUS Orde, by the sheer good luck that sometimes favors men engaged in large enterprises, not only frustrated a plan likely to bring failure to his interests, but filled up his crews. It may be remarked here, as well as later, that the "errors of the Saginaw" stayed with the drive to its finish and proved reliable and tractable in every particular.

was in a fair way to get his logs sent downstream with practically no expense.

"Well, my boy," remarked the German quite frankly to Orde as they met on the road one day, "looks like I got you dis time, eh?"

Orde laughed. "If you mean your logs are going down with ours, why, I guess you have. But you paste this in your hat—you're going to keep awful busy, and it's going to cost you something to get 'em down."

Orde's drivers kept a sharp lookout for "H" logs and wherever possible thrust them aside into eddies and backwaters. This, of course, merely made work for the sakers Heinzman had left above the rear. Soon they were in charge of a very fair little drive of their own. Their lot was not enviable.

One day when Orde's buckboard drew into camp he sent Bourke away to repair damages while he called the cookee to help unpack several heavy boxes of hardware.

They proved to contain about thirty small hatchets, well sharpened and each with a leather guard. When the rear crew had come in that night Orde distributed the hatchets.

"Boys," said he, "while you're on the work I want you all to keep a watch out for these 'H' logs, and whenever you strike one I want you to blaze it plainly so there won't be any mistake about it."

"What for?" asked a Saginaw man. A riverman nudged him. "Just do what you're told to on this river and you'll see fua sure."

Three days later the rear crew ran into the head of the pond above Reed's dam. To every one's surprise, Orde called a halt on the work and announced a holiday.

Now, holidays are unknown on drive. Barely is time allowed for eating and sleeping. Nevertheless all that day the men lay about in complete idleness. The pond filled with logs.

From above the current, aided by a fall wind, was driven down still other logs—the forerunners of the little drive astern. At sight of these some of the men grumbled. "We're losin' what we made," said they. "We left them logs and sorted 'em out once already."

Orde sent a couple of axmen to blaze the newcomers. A little before sundown he ordered the sluice gates of the dam opened.

"Night work," said the men to one another. Sure enough, after supper Orde suddenly appeared among them.

"Get organized, boys," said he briskly. "We've got to get this pond all sluiced before morning." The men took their places. "Sluice through everything but the 'H' logs," Orde commanded. "Work them off to the left and leave them."

surface area of the river is increasing, thus tending to separate the logs. On the other hand, falling water, tending to crowd the drive closer together, is especially prolific of trouble.

Up to a certain point this was all very well. Orde took pains not to countenance it officially and caused word to be passed about that, while he did not expect his men to help drive Heinzman's logs, they must not go out of their way to strand them.

"If things get too bad, he'll have spies down here to collect evidence on us," said Orde, "and he'll jug some of us for interference with his property. We don't own the river."

The side of two weeks Orde had the great satisfaction of learning that Heinzman was working—and working hard—a crew of fifty men.

"A pretty fair crew, even if he was taking out his whole drive," commented Orde. The gods of luck seemed to be with the new enterprise. The water held out to carry the last stick of timber over the shallowest rapids.

Weather conditions were phenomenal—and perfect. All up and down the river the work went with vim and dash.

After this happy fashion the drive went until at last it entered the broad, deep and navigable stretches of the river from Redding to the lake. Here, barring the accident of an extraordinary flood, the troubles were over. On the broad, placid bosom of the stream the logs would float.

As Orde sat in his buckboard, ready to go into town for a first glimpse of Carroll in more than two months, he gazed with immense satisfaction over the broad river moving brown and glacierlike, as though the logs that covered it were viscid and composed all its substance. The enterprise was practically assured of success.

For awhile now Orde was to have a breathing spell. A large number of men were here laid off. The remainder, under the direction of Jim Denning, would require little or no actual supervision. Until the jam should have reached the distributing booms above Monrovia the affair was very simple. Before he left, however, he called Denning to him.

"Jim," said he, "I'll be down to see you through the sluiceway at Redding, of course. But now that you have a good, still stretch of river I want you to include in our drive all the Heinzman logs from above you possibly can. If you can fix it, let their drive drift down into ours."

"Then we'll have to drive their logs for them," objected Denning. "Sure," rejoined Orde, "but it's easy driving, and if that crew of his hasn't much to do perhaps he'll lay most of them off here at Redding."

Denning looked at his principal for a moment, then a slow grin overspread his face. Without comment he turned back to camp, and Orde took up his reins.

"Oh, I'm so glad to get you back!" cried Carroll over and over again as she clung to him. "I don't live while you're away. And every drop of rain that patters on the roof chills my heart, because I think of it as chilling you. Dear heart, don't leave me again."

She shook her head at him slowly, a mysterious smile on her lips. Without explaining her thought she slipped from his knee and glided across to the tall golden harp, which had been brought from Monrovia. The light and diaphanous silk of her loose peloniot floated about her, defining the maturing grace of her figure. Abruptly she struck a great crashing chord.

Then, with an abandon of ecstasy, she plunged into one of those wild and sea-blown, saga-like rhapsodies of the

"Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried. Hungarians, full of the wind in rigging, the storm in the pines, of shrieking, vast forces hurtling unchained through a resounding and infinite space.

"What is that?" gasped Orde. She ran to him. "Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried. He held her closely. "Do you think it is good to get quite so nervous, sweetheart?" he asked gently then. "Remember!"

"Oh, I do! I do!" she broke in earnestly. "Every moment of my waking and sleeping hours I remember him. Always I keep his little soul before me as a light on a shrine. But tonight—oh, tonight, I could laugh and shout aloud like the people in the Bible, with clapping of hands!" She snuggled herself close to Orde with a little murmur of happiness. "I think of all the beautiful things," she whispered, "and of the noble things and of the great things. He is going to be sturdier, like his father—a wonderful boy, a boy all of fire!"

Chapter 25

THE day after the jam of the drive reached the dam at Redding. After the rear had dropped down river from Redding Carroll and Orde returned to their deserted little box of a house at Monrovia.

Orde breathed deep of a new satisfaction in walking again the streets of this little sandy, sawdust-paved, shantytown town, with its yellow hills and its wide blue river and its glimpse of the lake far in the offing.

"I thought if I knew what I struck me," he mused. "Never experienced any remarkable joy before in getting back to this sort of truck."

Then, with a warm glow at the heart, the realization was brought to him. This was home, and over yonder under the shadow of the heaven-pointing spire a slip of a girl was waiting for him.

The rest of the week Orde was absent up the river, superintending in a general way the latter progress of the drive.

At the booms everything was in readiness to receive the jam. The long swim arm slanting across the river channel was attached to its winch, which would operate it. When shut it would close the main channel and shut into the booms the logs floating in the river.

There, penned at last together at the top by bolted timbers, they would lie quiet. Men armed with pike poles would then take up the work of distribution according to the brands stamped on the ends. Each brand had its own separate "sorting pens," the lower end leading again into the open river. From these each owner's property was rafted and towed to his private booms at his mill below.

Orde spent the day before the jam appeared in constructing what he called a "boomerang."

"Secret invention just yet," he explained to Newmark. "I'm going to hold up the drive in the main river until we have things bunched; then I'm going to throw a big crew down here by the swing. Heinzman antipates, of course, that I'll run the drive into the booms and do all my sorting there. Naturally if I turn his logs loose into the river as fast as I run across them he will be able to pick them up one at a time, for he'll only get them occasionally. If I keep them until everything else is sorted only Heinzman's logs will remain, and as we have no right to hold logs we'll have to turn them loose through the lower sorting booms, where he can be ready to raft them. In that way he gets them all right without paying us a cent. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Newmark. "Well," said Orde, with a laugh, "here is where I fool him. I'm going to rush the drive into the booms all at once, but I'm going to sort out Heinzman's logs at these openings near the entrance and turn them into the main channel."

"What good will that do?" asked Newmark skeptically. "He gets them sorted just the same, doesn't he?" "The current's fairly strong," Orde pointed out, "and the river's almighty wide. When you spring seven or eight million feet on a man all at once and unexpected and he with no crew to handle them, he's going to keep almost busy. And if he don't stop them this side his mill he'll have to raft and tow them back, and if he doesn't stop 'em this side the lake he may as well kiss them all goodbye."

The boomerang worked like a charm. Orde, in personal charge, watched that through the different openings in his boomerang the "H" logs were shunted into the river. Shortly the channel was full of logs floating merrily away.

"I've got to go down and see how the Dutchman is making it," announced Orde. He drove to Heinzman's mill. There he found evidences of the wildest excitement. Boats piled in all directions. A tug darted back and forth. Constantly the number of floating logs augmented, however. Many had already gone by.

"If you think you're busy now," said Orde to himself, with a chuckle. "Just wait until you begin to get logs. What's he doing with that tug?" thought he. "Oh, ho! He's stringing booms across the river to hold the whole outfit."

He laughed aloud and drove frantically back to the booms, shouting Orde, "and he's got all that gang of highlanders out and every odd rum blossom in Monrovia, and I bet if you say 'logs' to him he'd chase his tail in circles. I'm going to take Marsh and the Sprite and go to town. Old Heinzman," he added as an afterthought, "is stringing booms across the river—obstructing navigation."

"Marsh," he called, "got up steam?" There appeared a short, square man, eyes blue as the sky. "Up in two minutes," he answered. "Harvey, fire her up!"

Captain Marsh guided his energetic change among the logs floating in the stream with the marvelous second instinct of the expert tugboat man. Orde noted with satisfaction that many of the logs had found lodgment among the reefs and in the bays and inlets. One at a time, and painfully, these would have to be salvaged. Shortly Orde, standing by the wheel in the pilot-house, could see down the stretches of the river a crowd of men working, antlike.

The tug headed straight for the slender line of booms stretching quite across the river. Orde looked at his watch. "We'll be late for the mail unless we hurry," said he. Marsh rang the engine room bell. The water churned white behind.

"You're obstructing navigation!" yelled Orde. "I've got to go to town to buy a postage stamp."

The prow of the tug, accurately aimed by Marsh, hit square in the junction of two of the booms. There ensued a moment of strain; then the links snapped, and the Sprite plunged joyously through the opening. The booms, swept aside by the current, floated to either shore. The river was open.

"Slow down, Marsh," said Orde. "Let's see the show." Up river all the small boats gathered in a line, connected one to the other by a rope. The tug passed over to them the cable attached to the boom. Evidently the combined efforts of the rowboats were counted on to hold the half boom across the current while the tug brought out the other half. When the tug dropped the cable Orde laughed.

"Nobody but a Dutchman would have thought of that!" he cried. "Now for the fun!" Immediately the weight fell on the small boats they were dashed irresistibly backward. Marsh lowered his telescope, the tears of laughter streaming down his face.

"They'll have to have two tugs before they can close the break that way," commented Orde. "Sure thing," replied Captain Marsh. But at that moment a black smoke rolled up over the marshes and shortly around the bend from above came the Lucy Belle.

The Lucy Belle was the main excuse for calling the river navigable. In appearance she was two storied, with twin smokestacks, an iron Indian on her top and a "splutter behind" paddle wheel.

"There comes his help," said Orde. Sure enough, the Lucy Belle stopped. After a short conference she steamed clumsily over to get hold of one end of the booms. The tug took the other. In time and by dint of much plashing, some collisions and several attempts the ends of the booms were united.

By this time, however, nearly all the logs had escaped. The tug, towing a string of rowboats, set out in pursuit. The Lucy Belle turned in toward the tug. "She's going to speak us," marveled Orde. "Tug ahoy!" bellowed a red faced individual from the upper deck. He was dressed in blue and brass buttons and was liberally festooned with gold braid and embroidered anchors.

"Hello there, commodore! What is it?" replied Marsh. "They want a tug up there at Heinzman's. Can you go?" "Sure," cried Marsh, choking. The Lucy Belle sheered off magnificently.

"What do you think of that?" Marsh asked Orde. "Head upstream again." Heinzman saw the Sprite coming and rowed out frantically, splashing at every stroke and yelling with every breath. "Don't you go through there! Wait a minute! Stop, I tell you!" "Hold up!" said Orde to Marsh. Heinzman roved alongside.

"What you do?" he demanded. "I forgot the money to buy my stamp with," said Orde sweetly. "I'm going back to get it." "Not through my pooms!" "Mr. Heinzman," said Orde severely, "you are obstructing a navigable stream. I am doing business, and I cannot be interfered with."

"But my logs!" "I have nothing to do with your logs. You are driving your own logs," Orde reminded him. Heinzman vituperated. "Go ahead, Marsh!" said Orde. For a second time the chains were snapped. The severed ends of the booms swung back toward either shore. Between them floated a rowboat. In the rowboat gesticulated a pudgy man. The river was well sprinkled with logs. Evidently the sorting was going on well.

"May as well go back to the works," said Orde. "He won't string them together again today, not if he waits for that tug he sent Simpson for." Orde detailed to an appreciative audience the happenings below.

"Why, he hadn't sorted out more'n a million feet of his logs," cried Rollway Charlie. "He hasn't seen no logs yet." They turned, with new enthusiasm to the work of shunting "H" logs into the channel.

A stableman picked his way out over the booms with a message for Orde. "Mr. Heinzman's ashore and wants to see you," said he. Orde found the mill man pacing restlessly up and down before a steaming pair of horses. Newmark, perched on a stump, was surveying him sardonically.

"Here you both are!" burst out Heinzman. "I must not lose my logs! Vat is your probostion?" Newmark broke in quickly. "I've told Mr. Heinzman," said he, "that we would sort and deliver the rest of his logs for \$2 a thousand."

"That will be about it," agreed Orde. "But," exploded Heinzman, "that I

as much as you agree to drive and deliver my whole cut!" "Precisely," said Newmark. "Put I haf all the eggspence of driving the logs myself. Why shout I pay you for doing what I haf already paid to haf done?" Orde chuckled.

"Heinzman," said he, "we aren't forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half of it outright, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And, what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile driver. I'll sort right and day," he bluffed, "and by tomorrow morning you won't have a stick of timber above my booms." He laughed again. "You want to get down to business almighty sudden."

When finally Heinzman had driven sadly away and the whole drive, "H" logs included, was pouring into the main boom Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfaction.

"That just about settles that campaign," he said to Newmark. "Oh, no, it doesn't!" replied the latter decidedly. "Why?" asked Orde, surprised. "You don't imagine he'll do anything more?" "No, but I will," said Newmark.

Early in the fall the baby was born! It proved to be a boy. Orde, nervous as a cat after the ordeal of doing nothing, tiptoed into the darkened room. He found his wife weak and pale, her dark hair framing her face, a new look of rapt inner contemplation rendering even more mysterious her always faithless eyes. She held her lips to him. He kissed them.

Grandma Orde brought the newcomer in for Orde's inspection. He looked gravely down on the puckered, discolored bit of humanity with a faint uneasiness. "Is do you think—that is— He hesitated. "Does the doctor say he's going to be all right?" "All right!" cried Grandma Orde indignantly. "I'd like to know if he isn't all right now! What in the world do you expect of a newborn baby?"

But Carroll was laughing softly to herself on the bed. She held out her arms for the baby and cuddled it close to her breast. "He's a little darling," she crooned, "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sideways at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. "When they first showed him to me I thought he looked like a peanut a thousand years old."

"He's a little darling," she crooned, "and he's going to grow up big and strong, just like his daddy." She put her cheek against the sleeping babe's and looked up sideways at the two standing above her. "But I know how you feel," she said to her husband. "When they first showed him to me I thought he looked like a peanut a thousand years old."

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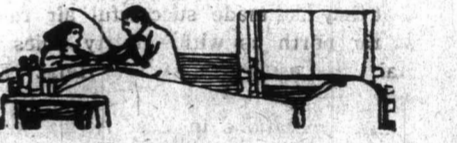
Thrust them aside into eddies.



"Oh, it's you, you, you!" she cried.



"Vat you do?" he demanded.



MORE WONDERFUL NOWADAYS

In these days of the high cost of living the following story has a decided point: The teacher of a primary class was trying to show the children the difference between the natural and man-made wonders, and finding it hard.



Every Boy Scout Should carry a small jar of Mentholatum in his kit bag for use in case of scratches or bruises. After a ramble through the woods Mentholatum will quickly relieve the smart of sun or wind burn, as well as tired and aching feet.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 19th January 1918

**PROGRESS OF THE WAR**

[January 10 to January 16]

NOT for very many weeks has less news been received of the progress of hostilities than during the period under review; and yet, though the news has been meagre, the heavy casualty lists indicate that the fighting has been more fierce and extensive than the brief mention of it suggests.

In the Western campaign artillery action seems to have been on a reduced scale, but trench raiding was a conspicuous feature of the week on nearly the whole front from Alsace to the coast. The initiative was reciprocal, and the results gave no marked advantage to either side.

There was no fighting on the Russian and Rumanian fronts, the armistice being still in force. As to Russia, the internal conditions had not improved, but rather the reverse; and rebellious outbreaks took place at several points, notably at Sebastopol. But news was meagre and unreliable. The peace pourparlers were resumed at Brest-Litovsk, but no satisfactory results seemed likely to accrue, as the Central Powers seem altogether unwilling to accede to the Russian demands that they vacate Russian territory. It was announced that a separate peace had been concluded between Russia and Bulgaria. The way out of the Russian imbroglio is yet far to seek.

No news was received of the Mesopotamian campaign; and of the campaign in Palestine it was reported that General Allenby's forces continued to make satisfactory progress north of Jerusalem, and that they had made successful air raids as far north as within thirty miles of Haifa, and as far east as the Hejaz railway.

The operations in East Africa were reported to be completely transferred to Portuguese territory, where British and Belgian troops from the north and from Lake Nyasa were cooperating with Portuguese troops from the east coast in rounding up the last remnant of the German forces, now broken up into small parties.

While activity was reported in the Balkan campaign, no important results appear to have been attained.

Fighting in the Italian campaign was somewhat less intense than in the preceding week, chiefly because of the severity of the weather. The Italians, aided by the British and French, held their ground, and at one or two points, notably in the north, made some advance.

A successful air raid was made by Entente aviators on Karlsruhe in Baden, and much damage was done by bombs to military works.

The coast town of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, was bombarded from the sea by a German destroyer, presumably, on Monday night. About twenty shells fell in the town, and three persons were killed and ten injured. The bombardment lasted only about five minutes, at near 11 p. m.

German submarines were active during the week, but secured only a diminished number of victims. Very few disasters to shipping by mines and submarines were reported during the week, the censorate having been most rigorously enforced.

Scarcity of food was being keenly felt in Great Britain, and more rigorous rules as to its conservation and distribution were being promulgated and enforced. Food conditions were believed to be much worse in Germany, where a political crisis also was reported. All of the warring nations would be glad of peace, but there can be no real and lasting peace until the militarism of Germany is crushed forever. So it is that the prospect of peace is yet remote.

**CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL**

THE County Council convened late on Tuesday under the worst possible weather conditions, a heavy snow and wind storm prevailing. The biennial election having taken place since the previous meeting, considerable changes have taken place in the personnel, and a few of the Councillors are holding office for the first time. Mr. John A. Grant, from St. Stephen, was elected Warden in place of Mr. A. B. Hawkins, from Pennfield. M. N. Cockburn, K. C., having tendered his resignation as Auditor of the County accounts, it was understood that

Mr. F. L. Mallory would be appointed in his place. Mr. E. M. Webber, editor of the "St. Croix Courier," St. Stephen, was again appointed official reporter of the proceedings, and his reports will appear in the "Courier." We have reprinted, in another column, from our esteemed contemporary the official report of the proceedings of the opening day, and shall print the remainder of the report as it appears in next week's "Courier."

Mr. J. T. Whitlock was present at Thursday's session and urged the Council to give an increased grant to the Chipman Memorial Hospital, but it is believed his appeal was not successful. On Thursday afternoon Prof. Kierstead was to have addressed the Council on the subject of the cultivation of wheat in 1918, but he was storm-bound in Woodstock and could not get here; but Mr. R. E. Armstrong, Secretary of the St. John Board of Trade, who was to have spoken in support of Prof. Kierstead's appeal, delivered the message on his own behalf and that of his absent colleague.

In consequence of Kennedy's Hotel being closed for the winter the Councillors had to go elsewhere for quarters, and they have been fortunate in their quest. Some were accommodated at Miss Cathcart's establishment, and others at that of Mrs. John Russell, so their comfort has been assured. The moving picture shows and the entertainments provided by the philanthropic and patriotic societies have afforded amusement and recreation for our guests. But the work of the Council is heavy and important, and the Councillors have found their time pretty well occupied. We fancy, too, that the prolonged and terrible war in which this country is involved in its struggle for freedom gives an added seriousness to the Council in its discussion and consideration of the public questions with which it is concerned; and we are sure that it is the wish of all that before the next annual session comes round peace will be restored and the cause of humanity and justice will have triumphed.

**THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES**

January 19.—Nicholas Copernicus, German astronomer, born, 1473; William Congreve, English poet, died, 1729; Tsar Peter II of Russia died, 1730; James Watt, Scottish inventor, born, 1736; General Robert E. Lee, Confederate commander, born, 1807; Edgar Allan Poe, American author and poet, born, 1809; Ciudad Rodrigo stormed, 1812; Hon. Sir William Mulock, Canadian statesman, born, 1843; Gold discovered in Coloma Valley, California, 1849; Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, British statesman, born, 1850; David Starr Jordan, American author and educator, born, 1851.

January 20.—St. Fabian. Isle of St. Jean (Prince Edward Island) granted to Capt. Doublet, 1663; 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 François Millet, French painter, died, 1875; Edward A. Sothorn, English comedian, died, 1880; Mersey Tunnel opened, 1886; John Ruskin, English art critic and author, died, 1900; Eruption of Mt. Colima, Mexico, 1913.

January 21.—St. Agnes. Isandulu, 1879; King Henry 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; General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, 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; Gottfried Lessing, German dramatist, born, 1729; George Gordon, Lord Byron, British poet, born, 1788; Edward Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, died, 1820; 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 Cop, 1900. Royal Exchange, London, opened, 1570; William Pitt, English statesman and Prime Minister, died, 1806; Sir Francis Burdett, English politician and financier, died, 1844; Charles Kingsley, English divine and author, 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 diplomat, born, 1832; Schleswig-Holstein annexed to Prussia, 1867; Edith Wharton, American novelist, born, 1862; Laura Mapleson, American prima donna, died, 1894; Lord Randolph Churchill, English statesman, died, 1895; Sir David Gill, British astronomer, died, 1914.

January 25.—Constitution 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; Sir Francis Burdett, English politician and financier, born, 1770; James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), Scottish poet, born, 1772; Benjamin R. Haydon, English painter, born, 1785; Daniel Maclise, Scottish artist, born, 1811; Princess Royal of England (mother of the Kaiser), married, 1859; Lord Leighton, English painter, President of the Royal Academy, died, 1885; Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida"), English novelist, died, 1908.

**THE HARVEST OF THE SEA**

ANY one who can suggest a rational method of increasing the nation's food-supplies deserves an attentive hearing. We would therefore direct attention to a most suggestive and entertaining article by Mr. Moreton Frewen in the current *Nineteenth Century* on "The Ocean, the State, and the Fisherman." Mr. Frewen takes as his text a statement made many years ago by the late Sir John Lawes, the agricultural chemist, to the effect that "the meat yield of an average acre of ocean off the Nore was greater than the meat yield of a hundred acres of the best Northamptonshire pasture." The statement may not be literally true by any means, but it reminds us very forcibly of the immense potentialities of our fisheries. Mr. Frewen proceeds tentatively to estimate the possible value of the Irish fisheries under proper control, not at a hundred times the value of Irish pastures, but at £1 per head of the population or about £5,000,000 a year. He reminds us that "the present gross return from the fisheries of the British Isles is over £10,000,000 a year, and the total capital they have been able to attract is only a paltry £12,000,000." Mr. Frewen's point is that the yield from the fisheries might be increased to an almost unlimited extent, if the Government took a more active interest in the subject, and he proceeds to give some very remarkable evidence from Canada and America to support his contention. He tells us that while Great Britain "spends all told on its fisheries less than £50,000 a year," Canada spends over £250,000 a year, while the United States spends at least five times as much as Canada. It might be thought that North America, which can feed its hundred millions from its own wheatfields and also export vast quantities of corn to Europe, could afford to neglect its fisheries, and that we, on the contrary, who cannot feed half our people from the produce of our soil, should cultivate our fisheries with the greatest zeal. But this is, unfortunately, the exact reverse of the truth.

America was awakened to the importance of the question a generation ago by the efforts of Mr. Spencer Baird, who, unlike Frank Buckland, contrived to enlist the intelligent support of the officials. The Federal Department of Fisheries came into being, and began to restock the polluted rivers of New England with the salmon that had deserted them long since. Salmon ova were brought from Canada at £9 a thousand, which is equivalent to £135 for the ova of a twenty-pounder, and were hatched in the Penobscot River. When Mr. Frewen visited the Maine hatchery in 1899, four hundred salmon of that size had been bought from the Penobscot fishermen for twelve shillings apiece. The river is still polluted and obstructed, but every year two million salmon fry are released in its tributaries, and the annual catch is about ten thousand salmon averaging fifteen pounds each. The annual expenditure on the hatchery is only £800, so that the cost of the salmon to the State is less than three-halfpence a pound. Mr. Frewen estimates that in our rivers a larger percentage of the fry would survive, and, allowing twopenny a pound for the cost of netting, he declares that "the market price on our slabs for this fine fish should not be two shillings a pound, but fourpence." Every one has heard that mediaeval apprentices in England used to stipulate that they should not be expected to "eat salmon every day of the week, so plentiful was the monarch of fishes in our rivers. There would be nothing unnatural or fantastic in an attempt to revive our salmon fisheries on a large scale. On the Pacific coast the fishery experts have worked marvels. The States of Oregon and Washington in 1900 released over a hundred and twenty million salmon fry at a cost of £17,000 a year; the annual value of the salmon canned in these States was over £2,000,000. In California, the salmon harvest of the Sacramento River was increased by over four million pounds in weight; it was officially stated that an expenditure of £720 on the hatchery had returned nearly a hundredfold, although the retail price of the salmon was only threepence-halfpenny per pound. The Germans have taken the hint from America and tried to restock the Rhine and the Weser. As long ago as 1901, it was said that if only three out of every thousand fry released in the Weser survived, three salmon averaging twelve pounds each were a good return for an expenditure of seven shillings and sixpence. California has not confined its attention to the salmon. In 1879 the California Fish Commission transported about a hundred bass from the Atlantic and released them in the Pacific. Nine years later such vast quantities of bass were being netted that the State Legislature thought it necessary to prohibit the sale of any bass weighing less than eight pounds, lest they should be exterminated. But the bass flourishes, and a single boat has in a day taken fifteen hundred bass weighing nine thousand pounds. Another important food-fish, the American shad, which used to be regarded as a luxury on the Atlantic coast, was introduced in 1882 to the Bay of San Francisco. It is now so plentiful all along the Pacific coast that its retail price there is only half what it is in the Eastern States. The California Fish Commission not only stocks the sea and the rivers, but it also sees that the

public benefit by its labors. Colonel Winstock, the Commissioner, is now the "only licensed buyer and seller of ocean fish," and is trying to break down the "Rings" in the fish trade, which would rather destroy cargoes of fish than lower the price. Similar methods, it seems, have been adopted in New South Wales and in Ontario, to the entire satisfaction of the consumer.

Lord Dunraven's fishery programme, to which Mr. Frewen draws attention, would unquestionably enlarge and cheapen our supplies of fish. His first proposal, for the artificial propagation of fish fry to restock our inshore fisheries, must command universal assent. The methods are well known, and the results are certain. His next suggestion is, when peace returns, to convert to peaceful uses the numerous armed trawlers and minesweepers employed against enemy submarines, and to enrol their crews as a Royal Naval Reserve with co-partnership in profits. Our fishing fleets would thus be greatly increased. Lord Dunraven would not leave the catch to be dealt with, according to market methods, by the trader. He has quoted a statement made in the House of Commons by a Scottish Member, well acquainted with the fishing industry, who deprecated State loans to fishermen on the ground that an increased catch would ruin them—

"Indefinite expansion of the fleet means congested markets and ruin. Last year was one of the best for fishermen, and it is significant that in Yarmouth on one day the price (of herrings) was 40s., while on another day owing to the glut they were sold at 2s. 6d. It must not be forgotten that as soon as the question is settled in favor of State Loans for Scotland you have got to face the same question on a bigger scale in England. Then ruin and disaster is before the industry."

That is to say, the interests of the trade and the public are in direct opposition. The consumer wants more and cheaper fish, but the trader thinks that he profits most by a limited output at a high price. To meet this evil, Lord Dunraven has proposed that the State should fix wholesale prices for fish, according to its value and quality, and, further, that the State should provide cold storage in every town and reduce the railway rates to a minimum. It will not do merely to label this scheme as "State Socialism," and to regard it therefore as beyond the pale of discussion. Admittedly fish in this country is relatively scarce and dear, even in the best of times, and therefore forms far too small a part of the national dietary. Mr. Frewen declares that the average daily consumption of fish is barely an ounce, out of a total of forty ounces.

Given a price such as fourpence (a pound) and a supply unlimited and in perfect condition all the year round, might it not be possible to expand consumption to eight ounces a day and pay the State for its services a penny per pound? Here is the prospect of a reserve item of nearly forty millions sterling annually—the Naval Estimates provided, so as to speak, by that Ocean which under the keels of our Dreadnoughts, and also the nation's butcher's bill economised by perhaps one-third. It sounds far too good to be true, and yet it is not by any means a fairy-tale, for it is a logical deduction from the experience gained by America, Canada, and Australia in dealing with the food supplies of the sea and the rivers. "You can have fish as cheap as you please if only you will eat more fish," said the California Fish Commissioner; and the British public would, we are sure, respond to the cheerful invitation as readily as the Californians have done. It is probable that when our men come home from the war, they will have something to say in this matter. Great quantities of fish are now being shipped from Canada and Newfoundland to the Western Front, as an agreeable variant to "bully beef," and many men who when at home could not afford to buy fresh fish may contract the fish-eating habit and insist on continuing it when they return. Granted a sufficiently active public demand for more fish and cheaper fish, the Government might be induced to give serious attention to this really important and interesting problem.—*The Spectator*.

**We Keep the Quality Up**  
It is one thing to make flour that is occasionally good.  
It is quite another thing to make flour that is ALWAYS good.

**PURITY FLOUR**

Never disappoints. Whether you buy one barrel or a hundred the quality is ALWAYS the same and makes



More Bread and Better Bread---and Better Pastry, too.

**YARN!**

We have received another lot of **GOLDEN GROVE YARN—Pure Wool.**

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., Jan. 16, 1918.

**R. A. Stuart & Son**

These cool days warn us to **Get Ready for Winter**

LOOK THESE OVER

**Perfection Heaters**

Burn Kerosene; economical, a gallon lasts a long time. Safe, simple to operate, easy to keep clean. Try heating with oil for a change.



**FLASHLIGHTS—**  
We are well stocked with Bulbs and Batteries.

**Shingles**  
We have just received a large and well assorted stock of shingles. We can supply your wants in Builders' Material, glass, paints and oils, nails, paper, and prepared roofing.

**J. A. SHIRLEY**  
Hardware, Paints and Glass

**Remember this! Paint insurance on your buildings is just as important as fire insurance.**

**Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes**

Fire may never come, but the deteriorating effect of the weather on buildings of every kind is certain, unless protected by paint.

Unprotected wooden surfaces crack and become open and porous, then decay and rot starts. This means expensive repairs, which can all be avoided by the regular use of paint.

Examine your buildings now—A little money spent in painting at once may save you much larger expenditure a little later.

Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared, is the ideal paint for outside use. It is made of the purest and best materials, thoroughly mixed and ground by powerful machinery according to special formulae, the result of years of experiment and experience in paint making

**G. K. GREENLAW**  
SAINT ANDREWS

**C. C. Grant**  
St. Stephen, N.B.

**Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.**

**Social**

Mr. Lloyd Muir home in Antigonish. Dr. Roy Grimmond home in Hempsdale accompanied by Grimmer. Miss Alice Grimmond friends this week. Mr. and Mrs. C. turned to St. Stephen. Owing to the Tuesday the attendance party in the Over \$10 was closed by Miss Elsie Handy. Mrs. Bertram guest of her cousin Mr. J. T. Whelan a visit to St. Stephen. The Y. W. P. A. Sarah Richardson making the coffee for their patronage. Messrs. Kenneth Stickey left on Saturday military duty in St. Mr. R. E. Armstrong in town this week Councillors. The Misses Anderson left on Wednesday. Stephen, to be with W. Richardson, wife. Mrs. George Laing her aunt, Mr. turned to her home.

**THE RED**

The Red Cross its gratitude for contributions to its fund and Mrs. Key \$1.50; and Mrs. Oulton \$1.

**ICE CUTTING**

The cutting at Chamcook Lake has lasted two weeks, and a particularly good excellent quality, the surface, and is

**THE NEED**

Mayor Greenlaw loving letter, which Mayor St. Andrew Please insert in Reconstruction only require carpenters with too require no common require any further Notify all Mills to inch boards, plane stock and what price at Halifax.

**TOWN**

Town Hall, A quarterly meeting was held this day at 8 o'clock, p. m. Present, the Mayor and Aldermen Douglas Gilman, Malpas, M. Absent, Ald. C. Communication vising acceptance Auditor, etc. was Communication Clerk Executive Council order-in-Council, made by Province Canadian Patriotic wick, etc., viz. Andrews \$3,646.

On motion, second communication was The Mayor proceeded to appoint Moved by Ald. Ald. Malpas, that Richard Keay and appointed Assessor and that each receive dollars (\$40) for Moved by Ald. Ald. Denley, the Moving Picture Show be reduced to fifty year 1918. Carried. On motion second following bills were viz.

A. Meats, labor, S. J. Dougherty, S. Vernon Malloch, Hope McQuoid, Wren Drug Store, H. O'Neill, supplier Arthur Thurber, F. H. Grimmer, B. J. A. Shirley, supplied do do do do

**Minard's Linn**

**Social and Personal**

Mr. Lloyd Murray has returned to his home in Antigonish.

Dr. Roy Grimmer has returned to his home in Hempstead, New York. He was accompanied by his brother, Mr. G. S. Grimmer.

Miss Alice Grimmer visited up-river friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Grimmer have returned to St. Stephen.

Owing to the heavy snow storm on Tuesday the attendance at the Y. W. P. A. card party in the evening was very small. Over \$10 was cleared. The prizes were won by Miss Elsie Finigan and Mr. Donald Handy.

Mrs. Bertram Smith, of St. John, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Warren Stinson.

Mr. J. T. Whitlock, of St. Stephen, spent a couple of days in town this week.

Mrs. W. F. Kennedy has returned from a visit to St. Stephen.

The Y. W. P. A. wishes to thank Mrs. Sarah Richardson for her kindness in making the coffee, and the Councillors for their patronage, on Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Kenneth Cummings and George Stickney left on Thursday to report for military duty in St. John.

Mr. R. E. Armstrong, of St. John, was in town this week to confer with the Councillors.

The Misses Annie and Georgie Richardson left on Wednesday evening for St. Stephen, to be with their brother, Mr. J. W. Richardson, who is seriously ill.

Mrs. George Lane, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Edwin Odell, has returned to her home in Somerville, Mass.

**THE RED CROSS SOCIETY**

The Red Cross Society wishes to express its gratitude for the following kind contributions to its funds: from Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Keay \$10; Mrs. M. N. Cockburn \$1; and Mrs. Outhouse, 25cts.

**ICE CUTTING ON CHAMCOOK LAKE**

The cutting and hauling of ice from Chamcook Lake has been in progress the last two weeks, and this season's crop is a particularly good one. The ice is of excellent quality, has very little snow on the surface, and is fully two feet thick.

**THE NEEDS OF HALIFAX**

Mayor Greenlaw has received the following letter, which is self-explanatory:—  
Halifax, N. S.

Mayor St. Andrews.

Please insert in your local paper that Reconstruction Committee in Halifax only require carpenters with tools, plumbers with tools, and bricklayers. We require no common labor, nor do we require any further teams at present. Notify all Mills to let us know what one inch boards, planed one side, they have in stock and what price they want delivered at Halifax.

R. S. Low, Col.  
Mgr. Reconstruction Committee

**TOWN COUNCIL**

Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 11, 1918.

A quarterly meeting of the Town Council was this day held in Chambers at 8 o'clock, p. m.

Present, the Mayor, G. King Greenlaw; and Aldermen Douglas, Denley, Finigan, Gilman, Malpas, McFarlane, McLaren.

Absent, Aldn. Coughy.

Communication from F. L. Mallory, advising acceptance of the appointment as Auditor, etc., was received and filed.

Communication from M. B. Dixon, Esq. Clerk Executive Council of N. B. covering order-in-Council, in re apportionment made by Provincial Executive of the Canadian Patriotic Fund for New Brunswick, etc., viz. for the Town of St. Andrews \$3,646.

On motion, seconded, and carried, the communication was received and filed.

The Mayor submitted that the Council proceed to appoint Assessors.

Moved by Aldn. McLaren, seconded by Ald. Malpas, that Messrs. Albert Shaw, Richard Key and Nathan Treadwell be appointed Assessors for the ensuing year and that each receive the sum of forty dollars (\$40) for their services. Carried.

Moved by Aldn. McLaren, seconded by Aldn. Denley, that the license fees for Moving Picture Shows and Bowling Alleys be reduced to fifteen dollars (\$15) for the year 1918. Carried.

On motions seconded and carried the following bills were ordered to be paid, viz.

A. Mears, labor, Streets,	\$1.00
Jn. Dougherty, team, Streets,	2.00
Vernon Malloch, labor, Streets,	.80
Hope McQuoid, labor, Streets,	.80
Wren Drug Store, supplies, Police,	2.17
H. O'Neill, supplies, Con.	.65
Arthur Thurber, Board of Health,	32.00
F. H. Grimmer, Barrister, Poor,	15.00
J. A. Shirley, supplies, Fire,	.45
do do Streets,	4.56
do do Hall, Con.	1.00
	\$60.43

E. S. POLLEYS  
Town Clerk  
Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

**Local and General**

**MINISTER'S ISLAND BAR  
BLOCKED WITH ICE**

The milder weather of last week which followed the severe cold spell, caused the ice between Minister's Island and the mainland to break away, and it was carried by the tide onto the Bar. Every winter there is more or less blocking of the Bar with drifted ice, but on Saturday last and on Sunday the Bar became impassable for all vehicles on account of the enormous blocks of ice that had piled up, not only at the ends of the Bar, as is usual, but in the centre as well.

**BROUGHT COMFORT AND CHEER**

Following the explosion at Halifax, word came from St. Andrews, N. B., from Mrs. Elliott, the Church of England school class was anxious to donate something to the suffering little ones at Christmas, and asking Mrs. H. D. Holloway to look after it. Xmas eve it arrived, and Mrs. Holloway and children went in person and took charge of the two large boxes containing Xmas stockings, books, games and clothing. Much has been donated for children in hospitals, but outside of these there are many deserving worthy ones who would be overlooked. To many of these Xmas joys were sent, and the clothing in the same manner was distributed. The long, warm coat was given to a woman with a young baby, who had lost everything, and is in a shelter and hospital.

Notwithstanding that Mrs. Holloway suffered a badly sprained ankle on Dec. 6, and with so much worry and trouble from the terrible catastrophe she did not forget the Hazelwood patients to whom she always sends cheer at Christmas time. This year each received a red bag bulging with variety. It is a little oasis to those and worth all the effort of arranging to see the joy it brings.

"\* The article printed above was taken from a Halifax contemporary and refers to the Christmas gifts for Halifax children that were purchased with the proceeds of a Christmas Cantata. The coat was a special donation from Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Mrs. Holloway is a cousin of Mrs. George Elliott.

**NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO**

From *The St. Andrews Standard*.

The following extracts are re-printed from a copy of *The St. Andrews Standard*, dated January 15th 1868, for which we are indebted to Miss F. Whitlock.

"Errata—It is an old but we trust an incorrect adage that 'misery loves company.' On reading some of our exchanges we met with ludicrous mistakes—one poor fellow, the types made to say that he 'hanged' one man for another, instead of 'changed,' and another was 'mizzled' instead of 'mised,' and so on; but among all the errors of the Press, we saw none to exceed a few which occurred in our last number, which were marked by the proof reader for correction, but we regret to say were left untouched, in fact they made us say that we did not write—'security' was printed for 'scurillity,' and 'scurillity' instead of 'service.' Such errors are annoying, but it is impossible to avoid them as we have seldom time to revise more than Advertisements and Communications. We regret such annoyances, but will endeavor to be more particular in future—'to err is human'—to forgive divine."

"Our contemporary of the *St. Croix Courier* was assaulted in St. Stephen on Wednesday last, by Albert Eaton, of Houlton, because of a paragraph respecting assailant which appeared in the *Courier* on March 22nd last. Eaton was arrested and bound over for life before Justice Rose to keep the peace. Having received a satisfactory apology, the Editor of the *Courier* withdrew an action which had been entered in the Civil Court. Too easy by half, but just such a course, as a kind hearted and forgiving gentleman (as our friend is) would pursue."

"English mail advices to the 24th of December, state that five British ships of war have gone in search of a strange armed vessel without legal papers. Commanders of all ships in commission have been ordered to adopt every necessary precaution, especially at night, to prevent ships from insidious attacks. Guard boats and launches are to be kept on duty. The dropping of torpedoes in streams is most feared by the Government."

"A few days ago at Wolfville, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. S. DeWolfe celebrated their Golden Wedding. Present, six sons, five of them with their wives, and ever so many grand-children. Two daughters, one living in another province, and the other in England, were prevented from joining the ceremony. Hand-some presents of almost every variety of golden contrivance, for ornament or for use, were presented to the aged couple, and in the evening there was a larger gathering of the kinsfolk in honor of the occasion."

**PAYS PENALTY FOR MURDER**

Pictou, N. S., Jan. 15.—Natalie Nerri, an Italian miner, was hanged in Pictou this morning for the murder of Petro Maribito. It was the first hanging in the county for fifty-two years. Maribito's wife, who was sentenced to be hanged, for the same murder, died in prison three weeks ago.

**WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB**

A meeting of the Women's Canadian Club was held in Paul's Hall on Thursday evening. The speaker of the evening was Mr. R. E. Armstrong, Secretary of the St. John Board of Trade. He spoke of the great pleasure it gave him to be there. He felt more at home than in any other audience. Many years of his life had been spent in St. Andrews as an editor. He found it hard to realize that boys he knew as children were now fighting in France. He came to St. Andrews this time as a member of the National Resources Committee, organized a few months ago by the Food Controller. His errand was to urge the Charlotte County Council to take note of the advisability of cooperating with the Agricultural Department in growing more wheat. Wheat was needed very greatly; there was a great world shortage. Farmers should make every effort to meet it. There would be no cash profits in it, merely the sense of patriotism. Before the end of the month Canada would be put on war flour. Dr. Kierstead had stated that for a small community St. Andrews had done more to carry out Food Pledges than any other place in New Brunswick. Five thousand Food Pledge cards had been sent out; one thousand one hundred had come back; of these two hundred had come from St. Andrews. At the present time there was practically a new world on account of the war. There were new ideas. How they should be applied rested with ourselves. After the sacrifices our boys had made the world should be better. The boys have done their part. The words of "O Canada" must have sunk deeply into their hearts to make them do their duty so well. The returned men never complain. That they are glad to be back was the prevailing spirit. They should be proud of the work they have done, for they have lifted Canada to a high place among the nations. They wish for a speedy end to the war, but they want it to end right. The boys did not suffer. The ones at home were the ones who did, for their loved ones were in the trenches. The spirit of humor, added to their resolution, is the keynote of their natures. Mr. Armstrong then went on to tell of the war-work being done in St. John, and what had been done for Halifax. In conclusion he stated that the County Council had accepted his proposals. He thanked the Council and Club for the opportunity of addressing them. As he felt so much at home he had no difficulty in saying what he had to say. He wished the Club every prosperity in the years to come.

The next speaker was Pte. Edward Sharkey, a returned soldier. He said he was no public speaker, but he felt it was his duty to say a little for the boys at the Front. St. Andrews had done a lot for the boys at the Front. It lived them up to get a little box. They were glad to know they were not forgotten. The boxes were divided up; a little bit of cake, candy, or a cigarette for each one. Anything from Canada was acceptable. They even ate the crumbs. The boys were glad to get letters from home. After the mud in the trenches, to go out and get cleaned up, then to a concert by the ladies, or the Y. M. C. A., or the churches, made the lonely hours pass. Even the papers from home cheered them up. While in rest billets they never thought about going back into the trenches. The ladies of St. Andrews had done well. The boys would not forget when they came home. In the trenches it was very uncomfortable, but they didn't notice, just laughed. Sometimes it was hard. They were well fed; three meals a day, tea, bully beef, and biscuits, often bread. There was no fear. They spoke of going on a raid as "going to see how Fritz's making out." They were always cheerful. There was no danger of Fritz driving them back. Fritz said he'd sooner meet the devil than the Canadians. Canadians treat the German prisoners well, not the way the Germans treat the Canadians. He was not supposed to tell all he knew but Canadians did their part clean and square. They need never be ashamed. They had no fear, could go against bayonets; but there were no bayonets, only heels. The Germans had'n't pluck enough to fight. When caught in the trenches they squatted on their knees and yelled "mercy, mercy." Sometimes they got mercy, sometimes not. It was great to get back to St. Andrews, he had never appreciated it until now. People in St. Andrews treated him fine. He found friends he didn't know he had. In St. John Mr. Armstrong and friends used them well. They couldn't have been treated better. It was a big strain on the ones at home. The boys felt good that the people hadn't forgotten them. They need men to keep things going to fight against the scum. When he tried first to enlist he was turned down, he felt badly but tried again. Was glad when he got accepted. Was willing to do his part. There were boys from home over there who welcomed him, and they will welcome the others. This was a great country, and everyone should fight for it. It was a cosy corner of the world, with plenty to eat and drink, and places to lay the head. The boys cheered when they heard that Union had passed for they knew they were not forgotten.

Pte. Vincent McQuoid said that he had left here as a young school boy and was not used to making speeches. The song "Tenting To-night" reminded him of one night they sang it around a little fire near

St. Elie. They had all chipped in for something to eat, and they sat there singing until at half past nine the last post sounded, and they "partied" to their tents. Many boys who were there would not come back. Some thought it a picnic to go, but when they got there they found it was no picnic. When he went into the 26th he met many St. Andrews boys; Fred Furton—in St. Andrews he thought he was a pretty big man, but now he was thin.—Pte. Grant, and Pte. McCarty. He left all the boys well. At the dressing station Claud Young met him with a big plate of beans and bread, which didn't last long. Boxes from home were appreciated. They were "divided" up. If there weren't enough cigs. to go around, they cut them in two. The people at home worry, when they don't hear. They shouldn't, for it was bad news that travels fast. All the boys wanted to come home, but they wanted to see the war finished first, over there, not here. There was no foul play. They wanted to see it finished square. When the boys heard in the spring that Conscriptio had passed they applauded. They were glad that there would be men to reinforce them. The men, who were conscripted were ashamed and afraid they would be nagged when they got over there. But that wasn't so, each man was doing a man's work. The boys would welcome someone from home. Pte. Sharkey could tell more if he wanted to, but he was reticent. He thanked the Y. W. P. A. and the Canadian Club for kindness while he was across. He certainly appreciated everything they had done. In St. John R. E. Armstrong and friends had been very kind. When they got back to Canada they were glad to get a D. C. M. (decent cooked meal.)

Short speeches were made by Councillor Douglas; Councillor MacNeil, who said if he were a singer he would sing "I Love the Ladies," and Councillor McAllister, who told one of his amusing anecdotes in his usual inimitable manner.

After the refreshments an informal sing-song was held. Before the close of the evening the Councillors took up a collection of over eleven dollars and presented it to the Club.

**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS**

In consequence of interruptions to the mail service through bad weather, and for other reasons, we have received much less than our usual amount of country correspondence this week. We hope Correspondents will take note of this, and will kindly dispatch their communications in time to reach this office on Thursday at the latest, but, better, on Wednesday each week.

Seaside Lodge Knights of Pythias will hold their Anniversary celebration early in February, instead of the 19th, because of the early Lenten season. Further particulars of date and place will be announced later.

"What are you mumbling to yourself?" "A Shakespearian quotation. 'He who steals my purse steals trash.'" "But what's the application?" "I've just bought a ton of coal."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"You musn't be angry, papa, because Jack is going to take me away from you." "Angry? Certainly not! But if he ever does anything that will cause you to come back again, I'll break his neck."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Does your husband believe in the protection of our forests?" Mrs. Bensonhurst—"Does he? Why, say if ever we had another war over here that would be the first place he'd make for!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

**OBITUARY**

Mrs. ISAAC RICHARDSON  
Mrs. Isaac Richardson passed away at her home on Montague Street on Monday. As the deceased had been in very poor health for over a year, her death was not unexpected. She is survived by two daughters, the Misses Annie and Georgie, and one son, J. William, the well-known barrister of St. Stephen. Her husband died a few years ago. The funeral services, held on Wednesday, were conducted by Rev. William Fraser, of the Presbyterian Church. The Presbyterian Choir sang "Take Comfort Christian" and "Abide With Me." The pallbearers were Captain Richard Keay, Mr. David Clark, Mr. Hector Richardson, and Mr. M. N. Cockburn. Interment was in the Rural Cemetery.

MISS KATE MCWHIA  
St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 16.  
A kindly generous life closed its light to the world when at an early hour on Sunday morning, Miss Kate McWhia passed away. For many months she had suffered from a lingering painful malady, which she bore with great patience and heroic calm, always hoping to be restored to health. She was most highly esteemed, her bright ways and kindness of heart won her many friends, who sincerely regret her long illness and death. She leaves three sisters, Mrs. Ray Wilson, Mrs. Robert Nixon and Miss Margaret, and one brother, Albert, to mourn the loss of a devoted sister. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from her home and was conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Newham and Rev. W. W. Malcolm. The pallbearers were Messrs. Arthur McWhia, Walter Grimmer, Clifford Hanley and Edward McWhia. The interment was in the Rural Cemetery. The floral tributes sent by sympathizing friends were very beautiful.

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

"HUNTING IN COUPLES"

THE DIARY OF A DASH TOWARDS HUDSON'S BAY BY HORACE GREEN

Author of "The log of a Noncombatant", War Correspondent for the Evening Post in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, etc. Mr. Green is now a lieutenant in the Aviation Section of the United States Army.

E. G. ... The Author Jim Stanger ... A half-breed Indian Guide
E. T. G. ("The Missus") Author's Wife. George Turner, Another half-breed Indian Guide
Moses ... A bull moose bagged by the author

THE Missus and myself (or the "other fella," as Jim occasionally called her) established no new records for hides or heads. We cannot truthfully say that we were lost, exhausted, or on the point of starvation; our lives were never in danger; wolves and bears refused to charge us when our ammunition was short; and even "Moses," the towering bull moose whose mounted head now decorates our dining-room, halted in his charge and wheeled about in the opposite direction when the first bullet from my 30.30 Winchester cracked through his lower jaw.

Within four days of our decision for a change of base we had paddled the eighty-two-mile route over eight bodies of water, and made the twenty-nine portages back to Lake Temagami; turned in our equipment and said good-by to "Commodore" Clarke of the Keewaydin Camp, who was kind enough to lend us wangan boxes and blankets for the second trip; paddled eighteen miles more to Temagami Station; travelled a few hours up the railroad line to Haileybury, Ontario; and bought a Winchester 30.30, cartridges, 24 pounds of bacon, baked beans, and heavy gloves, and checked off rods, blankets, ground cloths, reflector, tents, coffee, matches, extra compass, coffee, tea, lumberman's socks, and safety pins—all dumped into the duffle bags, together with the thousand and one necessities for those who venture into the forest, depending solely on what they carry.

The circus had not visited Haileybury of late. Therefore Haileybury enjoyed the sight of a strange couple—the male of the species staggering under the weight of a 100-pound duffle bag and a three-weeks' growth of beard, but the stranger looking of the two, judging by the glances in that direction, being a young—let us say—figure in knee-high moccasins, short khaki skirt (more spots than khaki), a leather hunting-jacket, bought when Joan d'Arc was a child, and a Mexican sombrero, so broad as nearly to hide the girl's smile underneath. Across the shoulder of the young lady, as she marched up and down the streets of the frontier village, endeavoring to purchase a certain brand of safety pin, whose importance must have been inestimable, there rested—or rather lurched, sagged, and rattled—a frying-pan, four spoons, a tin basin, and a twenty-four-pound bag of unsliced bacon.

George and Jim refused to be seen in our company. They themselves were renovated for civilization. George had mysteriously produced a pair of corduroy pants and a distinctly audible lilac-and-white striped shirt; and Jim, clean-shaven, with a new brown sweater and low patent-leather shoes (holes in soles), looked more handsome than ever. "Will leave you fellas here," said Jim; "have much other things to do." By this time the guides referred to myself and the Missus as "you fellas."

And so, in disgrace with high society, the Missus and I were left to our own resources. Alone we crossed the lake which divides Ontario from Quebec, and alone arrived at North Temiskaming, the home of Jim's Indian forefathers. Mrs. Jim, mother of seven young Injuns, escorted us solemnly to Jim's shack, on the outskirts of the settlement, where the evening was passed with entertainment by the pride of the village—a prehistoric phonograph, suffering from a raucous and inarticulate disease. The following noon found us with two canoes strapped athwart one farm wagon, our wangan boxes, duffle bags, guns, and occasionally ourselves athwart another, traversing the seventeen-mile mountain ridge to Quinze Lake, by means of the most execrable road ever dignified by that name. We saw our first partridge. Knowing full well that the 22 was buried in the bottom of the pack, Mr. Partridge sat drumming on the end of a log till we were within kicking distance. By way of revenge, I supposed, the Missus put five bullets into the next bird, shattering its small body beyond recognition or edibility. This prodigious waste of ammunition she explained by saying that she hated to see the poor creature suffer, and was afraid the first bullet had not killed it "dead enough." For the remainder of the trip she refused to fire unless it were at big game.

The fifteen rapids connecting Quinze Lake and Borea Lake were circumnavigated by means of portages. On such occasions Jim and George made two trips carrying on the first the inverted canoes balanced on their shoulders, and later stumbling across rock and ravine, buried under heavy wangan boxes, reflectors, and various pots and cans, which were balanced on their backs by means of leather "tump" lines passing around the forehead. The author usually carried two duffle bags, eighty or ninety pounds apiece, while the Missus brought up the rear with rods, guns, axes, and lighter paraphernalia, or else ran ahead to test with fly and minnow the whirling pools at

certain extent "bad lands," but that Jim would take me to the village of his tribe, then smuggle me (why smuggling was necessary I did not know, except that Jim had a penchant for Indian wiles) into the Indian's happy hunting ground, where game abounded and no "tourist" soiled the landscape. I explained that the Missus was neither gun-shy nor Indian-shy, and if I could stand the trip, she could. In half an hour it was settled: we were to follow Jim to Indian land.

At the entrance to Long Lake, on a high rock overlooking a cove of mysterious possibilities, we pitched camp for the night, with bread and water for night lunch. Beside the fire in front of our hastily constructed lean-to the guides lay down wearily under a single blanket. Jim loosed his moccasin thong, and George, as the usual sign that he was in bed, lit a pipe, removed his Charlie Chaplin hat, and pulled over his ears a woollen skating-toque. The Missus, still ravenous, called out, "Oh, George! Is the cheese anywhere handy?" and George, with a lazy movement of one arm, produced from under his head a potato bag. In it was wrapped the huge slice of American cheese, our food and ballast by day, and, as we now discovered, George's pillow by night!

Subsequent pages of the log record that we travelled steadily, saw tracks and game, but did not shoot until north of the Height of Land, beyond which we came to the beautiful Lake of Islands—a body of water perhaps twenty miles in length and 300 to 400 in circumference, dotted, as the name suggests, with countless islands of every size and variety, and surrounded by coves, inlets, and lily-pond marshes ad infinitum—Jim's hunting paradise from which we were to stalk the moose in all directions. Have you ever sat in the bow of an Old Town canoe as the sun disappears on a biting-cold October night over the edge of a glass lake, a couple of hundred miles from the wildest depths of nowhere, while a bronzed Indian behind you, at times so silent, sombre, and remote as to seem a part of the landscape itself, begins to coax the bull moose from his lair? Have you waited, stiff and motionless, for an hour or more, while the fog rises from lake and swamp, the icicles form on the paddle, your hand freezes on the rifle-stock, and one by one your toes, and then your feet, and then your legs, become numb and go to sleep? Have you listened to your Indian give the barking hoot of the night owl, mimic the caw-caw of the flapping crane, and make squirrel-like noises that entice the mink and muskrat within a saddle-length of the canoe?

There is not the slightest breath of wind; so still and quiet is it that the long call, resonantly sounded through Jim's birch-bark horn, can be heard echoing for two or three miles in every direction. The sun lowers behind the western hills tops until the afterglow of its lingering rays, spreading like the meshes of a spider's web, entangles the treetops in a soft film of scarlet-purple light. Brightly and quickly after a short intermission the moon comes up, absurdly like a stage seene. On nights like this Jim falls into a trance. He begins to "see" things. He becomes a medium between ourselves and the animal world. The right weather conditions and two or three cups of black tea, followed by a few minutes of equatty meditation, are apt to start the proceedings. He motions us to put away our paddles, and, still-paddling himself, glides noiselessly and without effort to the chosen spot. Suddenly (perhaps he fancies the slant of the wind, the tracks on the bank, or a bit of broken bush not visible to my uncultured eye) he begins to call: "Ugh!" ... a low nasal grunt. "Ugh!" ... Uuuuughh!" ... louder grunts. Was that an answer, or a distant echo? You hear crackling steps in the woods. No, only imagination. Five minutes' wait. Ten, twenty minutes' wait. A long, winding, appealing crescendo: "Uuuu-gh-gh-uughh!" UU-GH-GH-GH! UUGH-GH UUUUUUUH! UUUUUUUU GHGHGHGHGHGH!!!!

Twenty minutes more of rigid waiting. You wonder if you dare move that left foot which is hopelessly frozen. You are about to do so, when a fish jumps, starting you, so you almost drop your gun. All is quiet again. By George! There is something moving in the bushes. A splash of water at the edge of the cove 200 yards away. Another splash. It sounds like a big animal. Jim motions to cock your gun. Your hand shivers so you can hardly obey. Your heart is thumping so you can almost hear the echo. The canoe glides towards the object—30—40—60 yards. There is another splash. You can positively see a great dark shadow, topped by antlers, swaying against the black-woods. Why doesn't Jim whisper "Fire"? You look around to the stern, the Missus has a handkerchief stuffed in her mouth, she catches your eye and bursts into a great cough that has been tickling for twenty minutes. A loud splash of water, whirling of wings and "Quack!" "Quack!" "Quack!!"

the foot of every rapid. Luck for the Missus meant fresh fish for all hands.

After fifteen miles of Borea Lake, we came on "signs" of game on turning at nightfall into the Lonely River. We paddled through what seemed an unending lagoon, flanked by wooded and marshy banks, where the water lay muddy and stagnant—black as a cave, until lighted by a hunter's moon. We saw ducks in plenty, beaver and mink, one wild fox, and many caribou and moose tracks along the bank, and just before reaching the mouth of the lagoon we heard splashes and the swash of water around a bend. The canoes glided noiselessly ahead, but a slight wind carried our scent before us. In the darkness we made out a cow and a calf moose, just as the former plunged into the bush and retreated through the underbush. The calf followed a moment or so later.

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Ducks!!! Confound it! Nothing but ducks!!! The spell is broken. Jim comes out of his trance, the Missus coughs to her throat's content, and you all land and stretch your aching muscles. Jim is a mere mortal again.

Well, it was a great night. We ought to have killed something anyway. On the morning of the kill the Missus went out at sunrise with George. No results other than seeing fresh tracks of cow and calf moose. After a council of war we packed up and, an hour before noon, broke camp in favor of an unknown pond or group of ponds to the northwest of the Lake of Islands, vaguely hinted at by an Indian friend of Jim's.

We worked up a winding creek about six miles in length with marshy banks, and the further we pushed up stream the fresher and more numerous became tracks and "sign" of game. We hauled, pushed and shoved the canoes over beds of shallow ooze, often waiting ten or fifteen minutes while George chopped big logs which had fallen across stream. Finally the stream dried up altogether. The Missus and I sat disconsolately on a log; Jim and George, unspooling, sat and retired into the forest.

"They've got a hunch," I said. "Better leave them alone," suggested the Missus. Presently we heard a shout. Forty yards away, clinging to a limb near the top of the tallest pine tree in the neighborhood, hats gone and shirts torn, we espied the figures of Jim and George pointing triumphantly to the northwest. "Bolshi!" they shouted, which is White Bear Indian for water on lake.

Everything except the guns and a day's rations were cached by the side of the stream, to be picked up on the return trip. Then, dragging the lightened canoes by means of a leather "tump" line strapped to their shoulders, the halfbreeds squashed along the banks, sinking a foot into the ooze at every step. I carried the duffle bags; the Missus took the guns and paddles. At the end of half a mile we came to "our" pond—a limpid body of water hardly bigger than a puddle, bathed in a gorgeous October sunset. Shallow water, three marsh coves, and a lot of reeds and lily pads.

"Awfully moosey looking," whispered the Missus. "Ugh-hugh!" Jim grunted. "Any tobacco handy, Mr. Green?"

We paddled to the only firm ground on the shore, a jutting rock, anything but level. We didn't chop wood or make a fire, for fear of frightening game. Excitement ran high. The Missus and I waited while the men squatted and looked over the horizon with much guttural grunting,

punctuated by rapid spits! It was a cloudy evening and the rain threatened to hide the sunset's afterglow. It was getting dark. About 6.10 I had just stretched out on the pine bows and was vaguely thinking of putting wax-candle grease on my rifle sights, when Jim said he would go out in the canoe and try a few calls around the bend. In two minutes he came running back.

"Quick, Mr. Green. Get your gun, Quick!"

"Wha—wha—what?" "Quick, quick! Sh-sh-he's a big one. A great big bull—just around the bend." No doubt about it. Jim was in no trance this time. All four hurried into one canoe: myself in the bow, the Missus next, flat in the bottom, then Jim with his birch-bark horn, and George paddling in the stern. Wallowing in the marshes about five hundred yards from our camp stood the bull—a huge, black sploch with towering neck and horns, vaguely outlined against the forest background. Luckily he was up-wind of us, and as we approached continued thrashing the fly-pads and occasionally emitting a sound between a snort and a gargle. I had five shells in my chamber.

Jim gave the short mating grunt three times—"Ugh!—Ughh!—UUUGHGH!" The bull stopped eating, threw up his head, and eyed us inquiringly. Jim, wildly excited over the success of his calling, kept gibing the Missus in the ribs and ejaculating in a stage whisper: "See him? See him? He heard me—agswered me. There he comes!" "Ugh!—Uughgh!—UUUGHGH!" The bull suddenly charged towards us and horned the underbrush angrily and passionately. He lifted his head. I could hardly make it out against the dark background. There was a moment's silence. I could hear the water dripping from his bell. I watched him for a moment—fascinated.

"Shoot! Quick!" whispered Jim at about 140 yards. I took more time than was necessary, Jim repeating excitedly: "Shoot, shoot, shoot!" I fired. The bull turned very slowly, exposing the right side. He was hard to make out against the darkness. I again took deliberate aim at the shoulder and gave him two more. After the third shot the bull turned his back and staggered feebly towards the wood, Jim standing upright in the canoe and yelling at me to shoot again. At the fourth shot the animal fell sideways with a thud—one kick like a fallen horse, and it was all over.

Jim stood upright in the canoe and pounded the Missus (the nearest thing) on the back with his paddle. She passed it on to me. We paddled back to our

rock to get into the two canoes, the guides being afraid to approach the animal with four persons in one canoe and only one paddle. I threw out my remaining shell and we returned in two canoes, wading through the marsh. He lay on his side—a huge, black bulk, quite dead.

We measured him. Fifty-four inches spread and twenty-two prongs! I was astonished to find that all four shots had taken effect; the first when he was head on, went through the lowered jaw and apparently between the legs, without doing further damage; the second and third, either of which, Jim says, would have finished him, were found within three inches of each other, embedded near the heart; the fourth, as he staggered away from us, had entered the rear quarters and passed the length of the spine.

Cutting off a saddle for immediate consumption—the first fresh meat we had tasted since Haileybury—we postponed until the following day the remainder of the autopsy and the arduous preparation of the head and skull for the long paddle back to civilization. Moses, we called him, on account of the Hebrew bent of his nose, and the lake, out of deference to Jim's calling, we named "Lake Ugh."

"And you know," quoth the Missus that night as we toasted hands and fed before a crackling pine log blaze, while I revelled in the guides' praise of my steady marksmanship, "you know, you don't seem a bit more conceited than usual. Now, if I had shot Moses—"

But later in the evening as I rinsed the frying-pan in the starlit waters of Lake Ugh, some fifty feet below our campfire, I overheard the Missus taking Jim aside: "Oh, Jim. Do you think there'd be a chance if—if just you and I got up at sunrise and worked out that little creek to the northwest...? I want a bull, you know, and—and—it's got to be a really big one—or I simply won't fire at him."

For the remainder of the trip I was forced to smile at the fashion in which one young lady made Jim's life miserable by insisting that every nook, creek, and cove be thoroughly investigated. For the ensuing ten days at sunrise, on the homeward journey and at eve, there were lively stalkings of the Quebec moose. But calves and yearling bulls were allowed to depart unhurt, the Missus remaining true to her determination of a record head or none at all.

And so, as I have had occasion to remark, it is the glowing eye of Moses beneath 54 inches of spreading antlers and above a drooping bell, which looks stonily upon us from the wall in that 6 ft. x 10 cubbyhole which our landlord, for reasons impertinent to suggest, sees fit to designate as "the dining-hall."—New York Evening Post.

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YEASTLE WAR

BOSTON 1 cup ry 1 cup g 1 cup g 1 1/2 teas 1 teasp 1/2 cup m 2 cups s

Mix and sift d es and milk, sti into a greased m powder can ma loaf and steam The cover shoul ing placed on m with string; oth might force off should never be thirds full. For on a trivet or sau water, allowi way up around m steam, adding m

SWEET M 1 cup wh 2 cups gr 1/2 teaspoo 1 1/2 teaspoo 1/2 cup m 1 1/2 cups s

Sift the soda a add the molasses Pour into a gre three hours.

NEW ENGL 1 1/2 cups s 3 1/2 cups c 1/2 cup m 1 1/2 teaspoo 1 1/2 cups r 1 1/2 cups c 1 1/2 teaspoo

Soak bread in t through a colla ingredients mixe ing water. Stir u tered one-pound b thirds full, cover a

HEAL 3 cups bra 1 1/2 cups s 1 cup wh 1/2 cup m 1 teaspoo 2 cups mi

Sift together th in the milk and m ed pans, and let s about one-half hou about one and one- oven.

BRAN 2 cups bra 2 cups wh 1 cup brow 1 cup sour 1 teaspoo 1 teaspoo

Sift the salt and flour. Add the bra sugar and beat in greased pans.

POTAT 3 pounds p 1 cup lukew 5 to 6 cups s 1 1/2 tablespoo 3 tablespoo 2 cakes cor softene water

Boil the potatoe very soft. Pour of and mash the potat hot. When the Po add the dissolved other cupfuls of wa sugar. Mix into th flour, and allow th about two hours. A the flour and knead dough is smooth a until nearly double and shape into loav double their volum

RICE 1/2 cup lukew 1/2 cup uncoo 2 teaspoo 1 tablespoo 1 tablespoo ping (1 1 cake com 6 to 8 cups

Cook rice until ten to which one teaspoo added. Put the su used) into the mixi them a half cupful of yeast cake soften, the lukewarm wat, flour and the boile cooled until lukewar to rise until very lig the flour. This d some pressure is nec last of the flour. All until double in bulk, to loaves; let thee bulk, and bake.

Minard's Liment C

**YEASTLESS BREADS FOR WARTIME FARE**

**BOSTON BROWN BREAD**

1 cup rye meal  
1 cup granulated corn meal  
1 cup graham flour  
1 1/2 teaspoons soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup molasses  
2 cups sour milk or 1 1/2 cups sweet milk or water

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add molasses and milk, stir until well mixed, turn into a greased mould (a one-pound baking-powder can makes an attractive shaped loaf) and steam three and a half hours. The cover should be buttered before being placed on mould, and then tied down with string; otherwise the bread in rising might force off the cover. The mould should never be filled more than two-thirds full. For steaming, place mould on a trivet or saucer in a kettle of boiling water, allowing the water to come half-way up around mould. Cover closely and steam, adding more boiling water as needed.

**SWEET MILK BROWN BREAD**

1 cup white flour  
2 cups graham flour  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1/2 cup molasses  
1 1/2 cups sweet milk

Sift the soda and salt with the flour, add the molasses and milk, and beat well. Pour into a greased mould and steam three hours.

**NEW ENGLAND BROWN BREAD**

1 1/2 cups stale bread  
3/4 cups cold water  
1/2 cup molasses  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1 1/2 cups rye meal  
1 1/2 cups corn meal  
1 1/2 cups graham flour  
3 teaspoons soda

Soak bread in two cups of water. Rub through a colander, add molasses, dry ingredients mixed and sifted and remaining water. Stir until well mixed, fill buttered one-pound baking-powder tins two-thirds full, cover and steam two hours.

**HEALTH BREAD**

3 cups bran  
1 1/2 cups graham flour  
1 cup white flour  
1/2 cup molasses  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
2 cups milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat in the milk and molasses, pour into greased pans, and let stand in the pans for about one-half hour before baking. Bake about one and one-quarter hours in a slow oven.

**BRAN BREAD**

2 cups bran  
2 cups white flour  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 cup sour milk  
1 teaspoon soda  
1 teaspoon salt

Sift the salt and soda with the white flour. Add the bran and sift again. Add sugar and beat in sour milk. Bake in greased pans.

**POTATO BREAD**

3 pounds potatoes  
1 cup lukewarm water  
5 to 6 cups whole wheat flour  
1 1/2 tablespoons salt  
3 tablespoons sugar  
2 cakes compressed or dry yeast, softened in 1/2 cup lukewarm water

Boil the potatoes in their skins until very soft. Pour off the water, and peel and mash the potatoes while they are still hot. When the Potatoes are lukewarm add the dissolved yeast cake, then the other cupfuls of water and the salt and sugar. Mix into this one scant cupful of flour, and allow the sponge to rise for about two hours. Add the remainder of the flour and knead thoroughly until the dough is smooth and elastic. Let rise until nearly double in volume, then knead and shape into loaves. Let these rise to double their volume and bake.

**RICE BREAD**

1/2 cup lukewarm milk and water  
1/2 cup uncooked rice  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 tablespoon butter, lard or dripping (if desired).  
1 cake compressed or dry yeast  
6 to 8 cups whole wheat flour

Cook rice until tender in boiling water to which one teaspoonful of salt has been added. Put the sugar, salt and fat (if used) into the mixing bowl and pour over them a half cupful of the liquid. Add the yeast cake softened, in one-quarter cup of the lukewarm water. Add two cupfuls of flour and the boiled rice which has been cooled until lukewarm. Allow this sponge to rise until very light, then add the rest of the flour. This dough is so stiff that some pressure is necessary to work in the last of the flour. Allow the dough to rise until double in bulk, knead and shape into loaves; let these rise until double in bulk, and bake.

**JOHNNY CAKE**

1 cup yellow corn meal  
1 cup bread flour  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 1/2 cups sour milk  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt

Mix and sift the dry ingredients twice, and gradually add the sour milk. Beat well, and bake in a shallow greased pan, in a moderate oven.

**VIRGINIA CORN BREAD**

1 cup corn meal  
1/2 cup boiling water  
1/2 cup bread flour  
1 egg  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup grated cheese (optional)

Stir the boiling water into the corn meal, add the beaten egg and stir in flour, salt and baking powder, sifted together. Stir in the grated cheese. Mix quickly, and drop by tablespoonfuls in a hot frying-pan greased with bacon fat.

**BARLEY BREAD**

2 cups barley meal  
1 cup graham flour  
1 cup white flour  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
6 teaspoons baking powder  
2 cups milk

Sift the dry ingredients together, mix well with the milk, turn into a greased pan, let stand fifteen minutes and bake in a moderate oven for about fifty minutes. Raisins, dates, or nuts may be added.

**THOSE CLAIMS**

Dr. Keirstead's report of the Food Controller's work in New Brunswick:

During the past month our Pledge Card Campaign has been pushed in the rural districts through the medium of the public schools. Teachers have given hearty co-operation in instructing their pupils, and in circulating the pledges in their localities. In some cases the teachers visited the parents and secured signatures. The work of the local committees has been gratifying. In Fredericton public meetings have been held at which Miss Peacock, of the Normal School, gave addresses on food values. War recipes have been tested out by lady members of the Committee, and the results obtained were published in the newspapers. In Moncton the Daughters of the Empire are living up to their pledge, not only individually but in their patriotic tea room, and Chapters in other places are rendering excellent service. In Campbellton, the Committee has secured the exclusion of foods from public schools or gatherings, and in St. John and elsewhere considerable is being done to reduce the consumption of sweets and other foods. The local Committee of Chatham has carried on organization work and held public meetings in centres near that town.

The Women's Institutes are doing good educational work in food values, and a strong public sentiment in the province in favor of food conservation is being created.

A loyal group of Red Cross workers is undertaking our work in Rothesay, and this organization is helping in many places. Mr. Schofield and myself recently addressed a public meeting at Rothesay. Other addresses have been given at teacher's associations and conventions.

The local committee at St. Andrews has circulated the following pledge in addition to securing signature to the household pledge card:—

**SAVE BEEF AND BACON EAT FISH AND CLAMS**

I agree to take a pint of shelled clams every Thursday from now until the end of March, 1918, for which I will pay in cash at the rate of 20 cents per quart, delivered at my house.

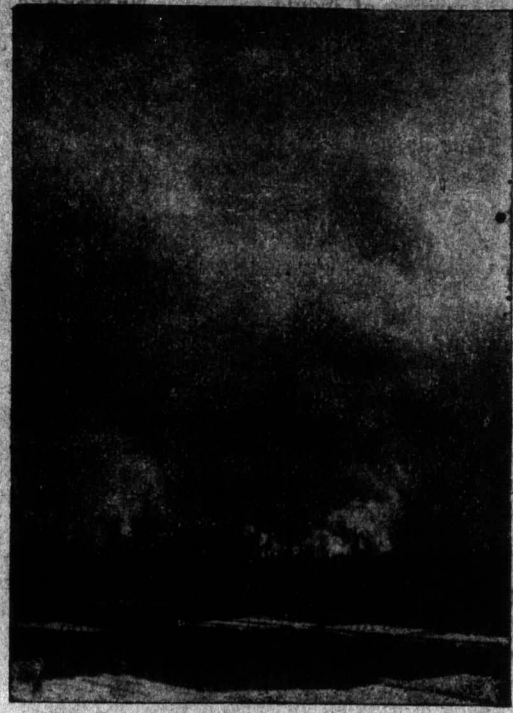
Our Committee is co-operating with the Department of Agriculture for increased production. Arrangements are being made for our members to visit County Council sessions in January in order to enlist their co-operation in a campaign for increased production in wheat and live stock. The Agricultural Department is securing fertilizer and seed grains for the farmers, and efforts are being made for increased production another year.

**CONFISCATE HOARDED COAL**

Hamilton, Jan. 10.—Major Bocker, discussing the local fuel situation to-day, said he would apply to Provincial Fuel Controller R. C. Harris, of Toronto, for the power to search the cellars of all citizens, and where evidence of hoarding is found, to confiscate all over three tons. His Worship said there are 500 families in the city who have not a pound of fuel. When one local dealer resumed taking orders this morning there was such a rush of applicants that four policemen were necessary to keep the crowd back.

"Has Crimson Gulch quit drinking?" "Yes," replied Broncho Bob. And playing faro bank?" "Quit entirely." "What do you do for amusement?" "Go to moving-pictures and laugh at the reckless way they think us Wild West fellows behave."—*Washington Star*.

"Are all your family observing the meatless day now?" "Yes all except Carlo. We can't make him realize that he musn't bite strangers on Tuesdays."—*Baltimore American*.



A RAGING FOREST FIRE IN EASTERN QUEBEC

Canada has to foot enormous losses each year because of ineffective forest ranging systems. To cut down New Brunswick's share of that loss, it is expected that the Forest Service will be given authority this winter to completely reorganize the fire ranging system.

**TO COMBAT FOREST DESTRUCTION BY MODERN FOREST SERVICE**

By Robson Black, Sec'y, Canadian Forestry Association, Ottawa.

Forest protection has made greater advances in Canada during the past five years than in the previous fifty. Those acquainted with the growing scarcity of timber and the highest prices constantly being offered feel convinced that the next two or three years will witness tremendous further advances in Government forestry policies.

New Brunswick has more than 7,500,000 acres of public owned forest lands under lease, for the greater part, to scores of wood using industries. While the industries are providing the chief source of employment in the province, paying more wages and attracting more capital than any other industry New Brunswick possesses, nevertheless the responsibility for maintaining the raw materials—the growing timber—rests mainly with the public administrators. Contrary to common belief, forest supplies in New Brunswick are not great enough to admit of the slightest extravagance in their use. Destructive fires are, of course, the first great extravagance and after them comes careless cutting by jobbers. In order to rule out forest fires and supervise the cutting methods on the public timber areas, it is understood that the Government will introduce at the coming session a special bill giving the Chief Forester and his staff such powers as will enable them to apply business like management to the licensed Crown lands.



THE TRAGEDY OF FOREST FIRES.

Canada still permits enormous annual losses in the forest areas, although modern protective systems are capable of greatly reducing losses.

"Have you economized?" "I don't know. I have tried, but when I go without things I like I find that all the articles that can be substituted for them cost just as much."—*Washington Star*.

**"THE RUN OF THE BIG YEAR"**

British Columbia salmon is a staple product of the world over. The superior quality of the sockeye salmon, especially, has created a market for them wherever there is a demand for canned fish. This world-wide reputation has naturally led to an extensive exploitation of the fishery, and in spite of a measure of restrictive legislation and artificial propagation, there has been a steady decline in the catch during the past twenty years. This is especially true of the Fraser River fishery. The international character of the stream has made it impossible, up to the present, to secure adequate restrictions and regulations.

As is well known, the life history of the sockeye salmon extends over a period of four years and, each year the fish that were spawned in the upper waters of the Pacific Coast rivers four years before, come in from the sea to deposit their spawn in turn and then die. It is during these seasons of inward migration that the fishermen gather their harvests. One of the strange and romantic features of these migrations is that every fourth year the run of fish is many times larger than during any of the three years preceding or following it. This phenomenon has occurred so regularly that it is commonly spoken of as 'the run of the big year.' The explanation most generally accepted is that, at some period, before the advent of the white man, the fish were overtaken by some disease, or other calamity, which either prevented spawning or destroyed much of the spawn during a period of three years. As if to confirm this theory, the enormous rock slide in the Fraser in 1913—a big year—which prevented the salmon getting up the river to spawn, caused a tremendous falling off in the catch of 1917. Thus, in 1913, 2,401,488 cases were packed by Fraser river canners, while a close estimate of the total pack of 1917 is only 429,600 cases, or only about 18 per cent. of the pack of 1913. Such a decline is a calamitous one and only the most carefully-enforced restrictions over a period of years can restore, or even save, the fishery.

At the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Commission of Conservation, Mr. J. P. Babcock, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries, British Columbia, said:

"The history of the fishing in the Fraser River district in the past fourteen years is a record of failure on the part of the authorities of the state of Washington to realize the necessity of conserving a great fishery, notwithstanding the convincing evidence submitted to them by agents of their own creation that disaster was impending to one of their great industries.

The Canadian authorities, on the other hand, have, by their representation of acts, evinced, in unmistakable manner, their willingness to deal squarely and adequately with conditions that foretold depletion, and to join with the state of Washington or the United States Government in legislation to prevent it.

If this can be done there should be no reason why in the course of time every year should not be a big year." On the other hand, a continuance of the present wasteful methods of fishing, especially by American fishermen, can only result in the complete depletion of this valuable fishery.—A. D., January *Conservation*.

**FOOD CONSERVATION IN LOGGING CAMPS**

At the Pacific Logging Congress held recently, Mr. W. B. W. Armstrong, of British Columbia Loggers' Association, made some very pointed remarks in connexion with the present wastage of foodstuffs in logging and lumber camps. Something like a competition has developed in providing luxurious food for their employees, with the definite object of attracting men to their employ. It was stated that: "now the food served in our logging camps are more expensive and more varied than those in our own homes or in the average hotel." Mr. Armstrong attributed the present 'great waste of food' in the camps to the general and lavish use of canned fruits and vegetables. This waste he classified as follows:

(1) The labor cost of canning fruits and vegetables is greater than that of drying or evaporating.

(2) The heavy syrup in which fruits are put up is very expensive—and this class of fruits is used almost exclusively in the camps.

(3) The material of which the containers is made is expensive and scarce, and is, moreover, very necessary for the conduct of the war.

(4) It has been demonstrated that the food values of evaporated fruits are equal if not superior, to those of the same material put up in a heavy syrup.

No class of men, he pointed out, requires better food than the logger if he is to be efficient, but, of late years, the selection of his food has been wrong in theory and wasteful in practice. As a remedy, Mr. Armstrong urged that this mistaken competition should be stopped by the companies co-operating and working out a standard diet of palatable, body-building foods for their employees. He urged that legislation be had enforcing such standardization, at least for the period of the war.

It is most desirable that men should be given plenty of wholesome food prepared in sanitary kitchens and served in clean, bright dining rooms, but this may be done without 'the tremendous waste that now prevails.'—*Conservation*.

**CUBA'S CAPITAL WITHOUT BREAD**

Havana, Jan. 9.—Beginning to-morrow, Havana will be a breadless city. The last of the available supply of flour has been divided among the hospitals and asylums, and by order of the defence board no wheat bread is to be placed on sale. This condition must continue, it is stated, until the United States food administration permits the exportation of flour to this city.

**WHAT THE FOOD CONTROLLER SAYS**

THE food situation in the Allied countries of western Europe is graver than it has been at any time since the beginning of the war. Information has been received by the Food Controller which shows that the utmost effort must be made to increase spring acreage and to secure a much larger production of bread grains in 1918 than was done in 1917. Mr. Hoover has already pointed out that if ships have to be sent to more distant countries to carry food stuff to Europe fewer ships will be available to carry soldiers and supplies from this continent, with a result that the continued participation of the United States and Canada in the war will be greatly hampered.

The situation has been thoroughly canvassed, and among those who have studied it, there is unanimous agreement that the only solution of the food problem is greater production in North America. In this connexion it is especially important that the spring acreage sown in bread grains should be as large as it can possibly be made.

Every person who can possibly produce food must do so, no matter how small his or her contribution may be. Those who cannot produce food, can at least conserve it. The utmost economy is imperative. The situation to-day is critical and the world is rapidly approaching that condition when price will not be the most important question, but when even the people of Canada may be glad to eat any food which they can obtain.

The successful prosecution of the war by the Allies will depend to a very large extent upon the extent of food production and food conservation this year by the people of North America.

Baron Rhonda in a recent message says "The food position in this country and I understand in France also, can without exaggeration be described as critical and anxious. I am now unable to avoid compulsory regulation. I fear it will have to come with long queues of people awaiting in the severe weather in practically every town in England for the daily necessities of life."

"Pa, what causes heat and cold?" "The janitor, my son."—*Boston Transcript*.

Between Nurses—"Oh, Alice, my patient has just proposed to me." "Had another delirious spell, did he?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"My dear, the doctor says I'm in need of a little change." "Then ask him to give it to you. He's got the last of mine."—*Baltimore American*.



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ARE AMERICANS POETICAL?

[1842]

WHAT we are not a poetical people has been asserted so often and so roundly, both at home and abroad, that the slander, through mere dint of repetition, has come to be received as truth.

The idiosyncrasy of our political position has stimulated into early action whatever practical talent we possessed.

But this is the purest insanity. The principles of the poetic sentiment lie deep within the immortal nature of man, and have little necessary reference to the worldly circumstances which surround him.

Those who have taken most careful note of our literature for the last ten or twelve years, will be most willing to admit that we are a poetical people; and in no respect is the fact more plainly evinced than in the eagerness with which books professing to compile or select from the productions of our native bards, are received and appreciated by the public.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. (Born January 19, 1809; died October 7, 1849.)

HISTORY AS TAUGHT IN AMERICA

The American Revolution in Our School Text-Books. By Charles Altschul. New York: G. H. Doran Co. \$1 net.

It has often been said, and as often denied, that American public opinion has been rendered unfriendly to Great Britain by the influence of the historical text-books used in the public schools of the United States.

This book, simply and straightforwardly written, gives an excellent account of the mental and physical activities of Sir Clements Markham throughout his long life. It does not appear that he had any special leaning towards the Navy as a profession, until one day, when, a handsome, intelligent boy full of lively charm, he happened to make the acquaintance of a Lord of the Admiralty, Sir George Seymour, who promptly offered him a cadetship, and proposed to take him to the Pacific in his flagship, H. M. S. "Collingwood."

Every issue of FARMER'S MAGAZINE is worth a dollar bill, because it is downright helpful in practical ways. The free advice and information it supplies on request—by private letter—may be worth many dollars.

out of the fifty-three most popular text-books may be assigned to the first two classes, which acknowledge that Great Britain was sharply divided over George III's policy of coercing America; but fifteen text-books, of which eight are used in New York schools, still make no reference to that division of British opinion, and thus imply that the British people as a whole were hostile to the Americans at the Revolution.

The children now studying American History in the Public Schools have a far greater number of text-books available which give relatively complete information on this subject; but the improvement is by no means sufficiently marked to prevent continued growth of unfounded prejudice against England.

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM

The Life of Sir Clements B. Markham, K. C. B., F. R. S., &c. By Admiral Sir Albert H. Markham, K. C. B. London: John Murray. 15s. net.

THE biography of Sir Clements Markham is full of romance. His one of those unusual characters whose extreme versatility is in itself romantic. His imagination and natural energy found their food and outlet in many more varied interests than appeal to the ordinary person, and his life from childhood to old age seems to belong to the youth of the world.

Those who have taken most careful note of our literature for the last ten or twelve years, will be most willing to admit that we are a poetical people; and in no respect is the fact more plainly evinced than in the eagerness with which books professing to compile or select from the productions of our native bards, are received and appreciated by the public.

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allotted to him for the purpose of indulging in this pernicious habit. Nobody dared to report himself, and the expedition to which the officers were thus driven were comic and various.

In 1850 young Markham sailed for the Arctic regions on board the Assistance, one of the ships sent out on the Government expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. In spirit, and probably in years, he was "the youngest person in the expedition." He was but twenty, yet it was by his careful journals and studies at this time that he acquired the scientific knowledge of the Arctic world which in later years he was to make such remarkable use.

On his return to England Clements Markham left the Navy, and shortly after this was able to revisit Lima, and to undertake the solitary and dangerous wanderings in Peru which prepared him for those long days for future adventures and discoveries of higher importance.

Just as the Telephone, the Telegraph, the Electric Car, the Electric Light, the Gasoline Engine and the Automobile have supplanted old contrivances so has the Remington Typewriter supplanted handwriting in Business.

Madrid, January, 10.—The German Government has offered to pay the family of Enrique Granados, the Spanish composer, 666,000 pesetas as indemnity for the loss of their father.

Enrique Granados and his wife were lost in the sinking of the British cross-channel steamer Sussex, in March, 1916. Herr von Jögow, the German Foreign Minister, expressed regret for the death of the composer in April, 1916.

"Do you consider this poem worth sending to a magazine?" The expert considered. And then related this verdict. "Not with three-cent postage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"Who is your best-known citizen?" "Old Jabez Green," replied the resident of Squibsville. "And what did he ever do?" "Nothin' 'cept to live 100 years."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Mrs. Greener (at her first game of football)—"Oh, isn't it awful? Horrible! Why, they will kill that poor fellow underneath." Her daughter (an enthusiast)—"Don't be silly, mother. He doesn't mind it. He's unconscious by this time."—Boston Transcript.

"Are you getting ready to make a big speech when Congress convenes?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum; "not unless a new topic develops. I think I have offered or listened to every possible observation on every conceivable subject available up to this time."—Washington Star.

"A wise man may change his mind." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But a man sometimes gets credit for changing his mind when caution has caused him to shift his line of talk."—Washington Star.

"Did that efficiency sharp address your club the other night?" "No. He prepared the address, but he came around one day late. Made a mistake in the date." "Was anybody there?" "No. But that made no difference. He forgot to bring his address with him."—Life.

"Blinks seems to lead a very happy married life." "Yes. His wife can darn, but she can't knit."—Buffalo Express.

Just as the Telephone, the Telegraph, the Electric Car, the Electric Light, the Gasoline Engine and the Automobile have supplanted old contrivances so has the Remington Typewriter supplanted handwriting in Business.

A. Milne Fraser, Halifax, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La-Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

W. A. HUTCHINSON.

NOTICE

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Grand Manan Telephone Company Limited, will be held at the office of George F. Dalzell, Castalia, in the Parish of Grand Manan, on Thursday the Seventeenth day of January, 1918.

Grand Manan, N. B., Jan. 2nd, 1918. 28-2w

MAN Wanted. To work in barns and help milk. Apply. SUPERINTENDENT, Minister's Island.

FOR SALE—Hardwood Weir Stakes up to 60 ft. in length. Book orders early. Apply to JAMES P. MCPHEE, 28-6w Woodland, Me.

FOR SALE.—One dark red Horse, weight about 1300 pounds, young and sound. For further particulars apply to WILSON GALLEY, Wilson's Beach, Campobello. 21-1f.

NOTICE TO MARINERS

NEW BRUNSWICK (300) South coast—Bay of Fundy—St. Martins—Lighthouse destroyed by storm. Position. On east breakwater pier at St. Martins. Lat. N. 45° 21' 18", Long. W. 65° 31' 59". Lighthouse destroyed by storm on 14th December, 1917. Note.—No light will be exhibited until the opening of navigation in 1918.

The Canadian Farmer's Real Friend

YOUR letters will be answered, you will get the exact information you need, you will get the advice and assistance you desire FREE, provided by experts to whom we pay real money for the answer we send you, if you become a subscriber to FARMER'S MAGAZINE. This magazine is for—

- The Men on the Farm: Helps them plan, and tells them how to construct barns, stables, sheep barns, hen houses, silos, and dwellings. Tells all about septic tanks, hydraulic rams, water-supply and lighting systems, power-farming. Gives advice and information about feeding and breeding, and the health of animals; about the business side of farming, co-operative methods, investments, and insurance.
- The Women on the Farm: Helps them in their home planning and making. In their kitchen problems. In matters pertaining to children—their health, rearing and school. Deals with styles, dress patterns and other feminine interests. Gives help in gardening and flower culture. Gives news of women's work.

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has three times as many regular departments as are ordinarily found in farm papers, and is about the most satisfying paper you can get at any price. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

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MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

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

OUTPORTS

INDIAN ISLAND. H. D. Chaffey, Sub. Collector CAMPOBELLO. W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector NORTH HEAD. Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector LORD'S COVE. T. L. Treacartan, Sub. Collector GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

SHIPPING NEWS

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

For Sale ENGINEER'S TRANSIT THEODOLITE

New, Latest Pattern, with Zeiss Telescope and Trough Compass. Made by E. R. Watts & Son London, England For Price and Particulars apply to BEACON PRESS COMPANY ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

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 8, 1917, Chief Justice K. B. D. McKeown; Tuesday, October 2, 1917, Justice Chandler. COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Judge Carleton

The Winter Term of The FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Opens Monday, Jan. 7, 1918 Pamphlet giving particulars of our courses of study, rates of tuition, etc., will be mailed to any address on application. Address W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

CLASSES WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY JAN 2

and we hope to be able to show ourselves worthy of the very generous patronage we are receiving. Catalogues showing Tuition Rates, etc., mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal

TRAVEL



Fall and Winter Time Table Of The Grand Manan S. S. Company Grand Manan Route Season 1917-18

After October 1st, 1917, and until further notice, a steamer of this line will run as follows:

Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7.30 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campobello and Wilson's Beach. Returning, leave Turbull's Wharf, St. John, Wednesdays at 7.30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via Wilson's Beach, Campobello and Eastport.

Leave Grand Manan Thursdays at 7.30 a.m. for St. Stephen, via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings' Cove and St. Andrews. Returning, leave St. Stephen Fridays at 7.30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrews, Cummings' Cove, Eastport and Campobello (tides and ice conditions permitting).

Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7.30 a.m. for St. Andrews. Returning same day, leaving St. Andrews at 1 p.m., calling at Campobello, Cummings' Cove and Eastport both ways. Atlantic Standard Time.

SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

Until further notice the S.S. "Connors Bros." will run as follows: Leave Saint John, N. B., Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Company, Ltd., on Saturday, 7.30 a.m., daylight time, for St. Andrews, N. B., calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or Letite, Deer Island, Red Store or St. George. Returning leave St. Andrews, N. B., Tuesday for St. John, N. B., calling at Letite or Back Bay, Black's Harbor, Beaver Harbor and Dipper Harbor. Weather and tide permitting. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr. Lewis Connors.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (7.30 p.m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 12.00 p.m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a.m. 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a.m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p.m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 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 Friday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each 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: 12.30 p.m. Closes: 4.55 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 11 a.m. Closes: 12.30 p.m.

All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper will 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.

LETTER FR TO

Wednesday BEGIN I though I d off. We ha night. For I ing, we have already more people are no shop to take m They were a last night, but I prehend—inter comprehend— audience do. very much d quickness as t be no doubt. along with Lit sently.

We meant, as to go to Queens on the seashore much to do that after all. We to-morrow night become a wondan Irish party, only relaxation the Boats," which all day long, remarks upon it as being en wonderful delus well know, it is am happy to reg in favor of my eyes. But one a letter at Cor although only fo man. He is a riv John has given rivalry with the into my room that appeared trium waiting for m last night. "W he asked me," praised for the Arthur buys b and brings them, and then in the balcony room, small faint men with honey leads them (by t have one) to this and requests for his breakfast sideboard uncov it. He buys ow other horrible o and he is perpet of newspapers at the world. Why ducts the corres delight is to show teen letters when the retiring-plac into any partic eight hours, exc boils. I have pe ineffectually. It him and John si surveying Ireland

Everybody ys to-day, and with difficulty to work of the excessive and the difficulty into their seats, able and profoun versal, and the affected. There stay here a week and fill the place of people have b the impression again. It was a plete success. Here follows a imitation), which with a little lord's son, I sup I am sitting on t him sitting besid inimitable. Holl Young Ireland. inimitable (is it follow you are Young Ireland. inimitable. What Young Ireland (e shing shillies, es words of three at shillies, and words inimitable (quity) learn words of on Young Ireland (o tific it is mostly w inimitable. Can Young Ireland. rray. inimitable. Can Young Ireland (e inimitable. Can Young Ireland, I any, being room inimitable. Lay morning in a sold Young Ireland. (e inimitable. Can Young Ireland. E inimitable. Yes Young Ireland. E inimitable. Yes Young Ireland. D