



## Service and Growth

Great and permanent growth in any institution is impossible except on the basis of genuine service to the Public. For 87 years we have aimed to give a sound and comprehensive service—yet with a friendly and sympathetic one—to our customers. Our present strong position is a measure of our success—but more largely a measure of our usefulness. Why not let us serve you too?



**THE Bank of Nova Scotia**

Capital \$ 9,700,000  
Reserve and Undivided Profits 18,000,000  
Resources 220,000,000

G. W. BABBITT  
Manager  
St. Andrews Branch

**CHAMCOOK, N. B.**  
On Friday evening, July 25, a very successful dance and box social was held in Beech's Hall, Chamcook, for the benefit of Mr. Fred Lamell who recently lost his mother and wife. Mrs. Lamell was engaged with the Booth Fisheries Co. last year for several months, and reached here a few weeks ago with her husband, in the hope that they could find employment, and as the factory was not in operation, her husband was engaged along with a number of others in getting the factory ready. He had only been working a few days when he received word that his mother was seriously ill, and his people wished him to return home immediately. Unfortunately his mother passed away. During his absence Mrs. Lamell had the misfortune to break her ankle, and was taken to the Chipman Hospital, where complications arose, and she passed away Wednesday, July 23.

To show how generously the friends responded to the appeal, as much as \$11.00 was paid for one box, another \$7.75, and the remainder fetched prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00, with the result that Mr. S. Goodell had the pleasure of handing over to Mr. Lamell, the sum of \$164.14 which was much appreciated by him.

The people of Chamcook wish to tender their appreciation to all the friends who so kindly gave boxes and pies, and who so generously assisted in such goodly amounts being presented to the recipient. This effort was only another instance of the generosity of the people surrounding Chamcook, and that is a pleasure for them to do all possible to assist anyone in distress and need.

**CAMPOBELLO**  
August 4.  
The Senior W. A. Society entertained the Junior W. A. the first of the week at Mrs. G. E. Tobin's home. Visitors attending were Miss Foster, of St. John, and Mrs. Andrews, of St. Andrews.

A programme for patriotic funds was enacted on Wednesday evening in the Church hall, the participants being a number of young ladies and gentlemen, summer visitors, as well as Island residents.

On Monday morning a severe electric storm raged for a few hours, during which the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Calder sustained a slight shock. A number of evergreen shade trees in the garden were struck by lightning, and some beautiful plants in the window were killed. No other damage was done.

The following party spent the past Sunday in St. Andrews; Mrs. Shepherd Mitchell, Mrs. Violet Yennell, Miss Gertrude Mitchell, Harry Mitchell, and Angus Newman.

Mr. Crocker who has been at the Island for a time, returned last week to Boston, Mass.

Dr. Miss Down is the guest of Mrs. Harvey Johnston.

Miss Anna Mitchell is visiting at her home here.

Mrs. John Calder, Jr., and family spent last week at North Roads.

**BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.**  
July 30.  
Miss Marion Stuart and Miss Inez Tucker spent Sunday with friends in Letite.

Mr. Henry Moss, of Grand Manan, and Mr. Clifford Moss were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Matthews on Sunday.

Mr. Gerald Gardner, who has been spending the summer at this place, returned to his home on Deer Island on Monday.

Mr. Angus Holland, of Letite, is finishing up the new church at this place. The work is expected to be completed in a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Justason spent Sunday with friends in Pennfield.

Mr. Bibber Stuart spent Sunday at his home here.

Dr. Alexander was attending patients here on Friday.

Mrs. Bibber Stuart is much better after being confined to her bed for a few days.

**BAYSIDE, N. B.**  
August 5.  
Miss Minnie Bartlett, nurse-in-training at Pictou, Pa., is spending her vacation at her home here.

Mrs. McNabb visited her daughter, Mrs. Hiram Newman, at Red Beach, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFarlane and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Greenlaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Nutter motored from Salem, Mass., and were guests of Mrs. L. J. Nutter on Friday.

Miss Helen Young was a week-end guest of Mrs. Edward Rigby.

Master Kenneth Knight, of Pittsburg, Pa., is visiting friends here.

Mr. Charles Maxwell, of Boston, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxwell.

Mrs. Robert Slater is spending a few days at her home here.

Master Newell Newman is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. McNabb.

**BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.**  
August 4.  
The fishing season has been very dull. The line fish are very scarce, and the price of sardines low.

This week many are beginning to get their hay, which seems to be a very good crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Tatton are spending a few weeks in St. George.

Mrs. Edgar Wadlin has returned home from Centreville, N. S., having been called there by the death of her brother, Elmer Ward, of that place.

Walter Wadlin has returned home from the South, where he was employed on a ship coasting between Southern ports.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Paul and Mr. and Mrs. Pettigill, who have been summering at St. Andrews, spent the week-end here with friends.

Miss Lillian Justason, of Pennfield, visited friends in the village last week.

Mrs. Fraser, of Pennfield, has been the guest of her grand-daughters, Mrs. Grosvenor Wright and Mrs. Allen Paul.

An automobile party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cross and children, Myrna and Gordon; Miss Lila Hawkins, and Paul Moran, left for their home in Portland, Me., after a pleasant visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barry are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby son.

Miss Violet Hawkins is in Calais for a few days, receiving medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kinney, of Back Bay, spent Sunday in the village, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Loran Kinney.

Word has been received here of the arrival of a baby son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mayhew in Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Mayhew was formerly Miss Elsie Nodding, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Patterson have gone by auto to Sackville N. B., where they will visit for some time at Mr. Patterson's old home.

**LINES**  
WHEN the lamp is shattered,  
The light in the dust lies dead;  
When the cloud is scatter'd,  
The rainbow's glory is shed;  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.  
As music and splendor  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute—  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.  
When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what is once possess'd.  
O Love, who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,  
As the storms rock the ravens on high:  
Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.  
(Born August 4, 1792; died July 8, 1822.)

**COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO**  
Copenhagen is used differently from ordinary chewing tobacco. Take a small pinch for a start, and put it between the lower lip and gum, in the centre. Afterwards you can increase the size of the pinch to suit the strength of the chew you desire. Copenhagen is strong, because the tobacco of which it is made is cut into fine grains, which makes it impart its strength thoroughly and quickly. Hence, a little "pinch" goes a long way, showing that Copenhagen is not only an unusually economical chew, but also one of the finest quality being made of the best, old, rich, high-flavored tobacco.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

**KENNEDY'S HOTEL**  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS  
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.  
Open for the Summer  
Rates quoted on application.

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

**EXTRA LOW PRICED SALE TO REDUCE STOCK**  
Ladies' Extra High Shoes, Military Heels and High Heels, in Black, Brown, and other colors, as low as \$5.96. With Cloth Tops \$4.50.  
Ladies' High White Shoes for Women and Children, at lowest prices.  
Ladies' Rubbers, 75¢; Men's, \$1.25; Child's, 50¢. A few pairs of Ladies' Box Toe Shoes, \$2.75. Ladies' Nurses Comfort Shoes. Some Patent Leather Ladies' Shoes in button styles, \$2.75. Men's Shoes all styles and colors, from \$3.50 up. The Best Work Shoes for Men, \$5; others, \$3. Boys' Shoes in Latest Dark Brown, with pointed toes and Fibre Soles, \$5. Same in Men's \$6; See the new fancy dress shoe for Men in high and low styles, dark brown, with Fibre soles and heels, and with the new plain toe, only \$6.50.

I AM ALSO A REGISTERED JEWELER  
Another season I plan to put in a complete stock of jewelry and watches, also a competent Watchmaker, but at present I offer the following—  
Alarm Clocks \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3. Men's small size Elgin Watches, Warranted \$16.  
Braelet Watches, very small size, warranted, \$25. Men's Waldemar Watch Chains, Warranted to wear well, \$2. Men's Dickens Vest Chains, Simmons make, none better, Double Vest Chains, \$7. Men's Vest Chains Warranted for 20 years, only \$3.50 each. Remember I can get any make of watch you prefer, and if you are in need of a Diamond Ring, just tell me how much you wish to pay, and I will have an assortment of Diamond Rings come for you to select from.

I ALSO SELL SEWING MACHINES  
I have some new Drop Head, Seven Drawer Singers, for \$45 cash. One second-hand, drop Head Singer, seven drawers, warranted, for \$33 cash. New Davis Sewing Machines with new fancy round corners, drop head, \$40 cash. White Cabinet Sewing Machines, \$50 cash. Electric Motor Sewing Machines, \$45. I keep everything almost, for the Singer on hand. I keep Needles, Belts, Oil for all sewing machines, and I clean and repair any make. Some second hand box top Singer Machines for \$6. Agent for New Home Sewing Machines. I am the Nearest, the Best, and the lowest price store in the city.

Three ply Roofing \$3.  
The corner store formerly occupied by Bucknam & Colwell. Right at the head of Capen's wharf, Grand Manan Boat, Public Slip, and Ferry wharf.

NEW RED SHOE STORE  
**EDGAR HOLMES**  
52 WATER STREET Tel. 277-3 EASTPORT, MAINE.

**Summer Is Here**

You will want to replenish your China a bit. We have some beautiful Hairland China Cups, Saucers and Plates which we are selling at a great reduction.

We will give you 1-2 doz Cups, Saucers and Plates  
**\$5.65, \$6.10, \$7.50 or \$8.25**  
according to the decoration.

These goods are in the best of condition, good shapes and attractive decorations.  
Call and see them.

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

Fresh, rich, full-flavored tea  
—the same every time—

**RED ROSE**  
TEA "is good tea"

Sold only in sealed packages

## The Engine for Your Boat

Our factories have now been released from the service of the government and the

### Fairbanks-Morse Type "M" Engine

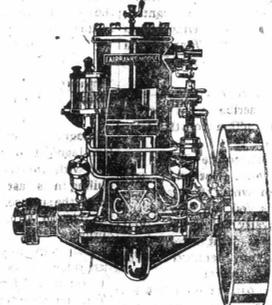
is again back in the service of the Atlantic fishing fleet. Every fisherman recognizes the Type "M" as the very best of work boat engines. Past performance has proved this and whether your requirements are for a

**3, 5, 8 or 10 H. P.**

engine the Type "M" is the right selection for economy of operation and upkeep and for the production of power with the least fuel. The type "M" operates on either gasoline or kerosene, is equipped with the well-known "make-and-break" ignition and plunger pump water circulation.

Back of each Type "M" is the service of a staff of experts and a full equipment of repair and replacement parts.

Investigate this engine for your fishing boat. Ask the nearest Fairbanks-Morse dealer for information today.



The Fairbanks-Morse Type "M" Engine offers an attractive business proposition to dealers. Write for information today.

**The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse CO., LIMITED**  
75 Prince William St., St. John, N. E.

**ST. ANDREW**  
Tuesday  
A meeting of this day held in p. m.  
Present: Thos. Alden, Douglas, Lane, McLaren, Absent: Alden. Minutes of meeting confirmed.  
Applications of \$9.60 taxes. On motion seconded that the Town to refund the tax applicant, as he pay taxes in March.  
Applications shal, Road Com were submitted by Hugh Wiley and  
After some moved by Alden, Alden, Worrell, given in the for tenders for Marshal, Road ster, etc.  
Moved by Alden, authorized to se and arrange to of Marshal, un Alden, Worrell had been made "square" for the work to be winter months, was decided to present, etc.  
Alden, Douglas suggested that "Beacon" and of securing the the installation Alden, Worrell had been a continual occurrence and where gasoline taken.  
August 5, 1919  
Mrs. P. Parker 5 weeks  
G. K. Greenlaw  
do do  
W. J. McQuoid  
Quoddy Coal, Home,  
D'Id Johnston, K. Carnovan, Martin Greenlaw, H. W. Chase, G. K. Greenlaw, James Ross, H. N. Pyle, S. E. Field & So D. G. Hanson & Walter Greenlaw, J. H. McFarlan F. H. Grimmer, W. H. Sinnen, do do Po F. E. Gilman, M Provincial Hosp

**REFUSED**  
Gloucester, owners' associ that control m ing from this p ed the wage de Union. The fi strike that has Gloucester, Pri demands that in accordance price for fishing owners as putt operation of ve owners conten federal and Sta

Minard's Li

**THEY**  
When you and you store for there're E The matc the kitch help you it's Eddy You stril aulant, U 10 to 1 name is G EDD are practic out Canada and every next time y Eddy name guarantee The E. B Also mak on

**ST. ANDREWS TOWN COUNCIL MEETING**

Tuesday, August 5th, inst.  
A meeting of the Town Council was this day held in the Town Hall at 8 o'clock p. m.  
Present. The Mayor, G. K. Greenlaw, Aldn. Douglas, Gilman, Malpas, McFarlane, McLaren, and Worrell.  
Absent. Aldn. Doon and Finigan.  
Minutes of meeting of July 1st read and confirmed.  
Applications from E. B. Snow for refund of \$9.60 taxes of 1918, was submitted. On motion seconded and carried. Ordered that the Town Treasurer be authorized to refund the amount of tax of 1918 to applicant, as he had been compelled to pay taxes in Moncton for the year 1918.  
Applications for the position of Marshal, Road Commissioner, and teamster, were submitted from Arthur Turner Hugh Wiley and George Ross.  
After some discussion of the matter, moved by Aldn. Douglas, seconded by Aldn. Worrell, and carried. That notice be given in the "Beacon" paper calling for tenders for the vacant positions of Marshal, Road Commissioner, and teamster, etc.  
Moved by Aldn. Worrell, seconded and carried—that the Street Committee be authorized to see policeman A. Thurber, and arrange to have him take the position of Marshal, until further notice.  
Aldn. Worrell reported that an offer had been made to fill the tank on the "square" for two hundred (200) dollars, the work to be done between now and the winter months. After some discussion it was decided to let the matter stand at present, etc.  
Aldn. Douglas, referring to water supply, suggested that a notice be placed in the "Beacon" and other papers, with a view of securing the advice of a specialist on the installation of Water Works, etc.  
Aldn. Worrell submitted that his attention had been called by citizens to the continual occupancy of sidewalks by teams and auto cars, especially at points where gasoline is vended. No action was taken.

**BILLS PASSED**

August 5, 1919.

Mrs. P. Parker, Board, 3 mths.		
5 weeks	Poor	\$75.00
G. K. Greenlaw, Supplies, Home,	Poor	82.22
do do	"	6.55
W. J. McQuoid & Son, Hack,	"	1.50
Quoddy Coal, Co., Fuel,	"	4.95
Home,	"	3.50
D'd Johnston, Labor, Streets	"	2.90
K. Carniovan,	"	78.00
Martin Greenlaw, " with team,	"	1.50
H. W. Chase,	"	17.61
G. K. Greenlaw, Supplies, team, etc.	"	1.90
James Ross, Repairs, etc.,	"	2.50
H. N. Pye,	"	9.55
S. E. Field & Son, Repairs,	"	32.50
D. G. Hanson & Co., Feed,	"	29.22
Walter Greenlaw, Hay,	"	45.00
J. H. McFarlane,	"	70.50
F. H. Grimmer, Salary and Postage,	"	50.00
W. H. Sinnott,	"	5.00
do do Policeman's outfit,	"	6.00
F. E. Gilman, Material and labor, Fire	"	7.00
Provincial Hospital, N. Larsen,	"	
		\$532.00

E. S. POLLEYS  
Town Clerk.

**REFUSED DEMANDS OF THE FISHERMEN**

Gloucester, Mass., July 31.—The vessel owners' association, representing interests that control most of the fishing craft hauling from this port, to-day definitely refused the wage demands of the Fishermen's Union. The fishermen are carrying on a strike that has tied up the industry in Gloucester, Princetown, and Boston. The demands that they be paid after each trip in accordance with a minimum scale of price for fishing is described by vessel owners as putting a virtual ban on the operation of vessels, and if granted, the owners contend, it would expose them to federal and State prosecution.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

**TEN TO ONE THEY'RE EDDY'S**

When you are all out of matches, and you go to the nearest store for a fresh supply; 10 to 1 there're Eddy's.  
The match box on the shelf above the kitchen stove, from which you help yourself so freely—10 to 1 it's Eddy's.  
You strike a light—in the restaurant, the club or sleeping car—10 to 1 you'll find that Eddy's name is on the box.  
**EDDY'S MATCHES** are practically universal use throughout Canada. A match for every purpose, and every match fit for its purpose. The next time you buy matches, see that the Eddy name is on the box. It is your best guarantee of satisfaction.  
The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited  
HULL, Canada  
Also makers of Industrial Fibres and Paper Specialties. C3.

**OBITUARY**

Mrs. R. K. Ross

A telegram was received in St. Stephen on Sunday, July 27, containing the sad news of the death of Mrs. Robert K. Ross from an affection of the heart, after an illness of several weeks at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Spinney, in Yarmouth, N. S. Mrs. Ross was the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William T. Rose, of St. Stephen. She was a woman of most gracious manners and many sterling qualities which endeared her to hosts of friends. She married Dr. Robert K. Ross, of St. Andrews, and for many years resided in St. Stephen. During the last few years she has lived in Yarmouth. She leaves her husband and two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Byrne, of Halifax, and Mrs. William Spinney, of Yarmouth; and one sister, Mrs. Arthur Hill, of Wolfville, N. S. The remains were brought to St. Stephen for burial. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon, July 30, from Trinity Church, of which Mrs. Ross had been an ardent and devoted member. Rev. Percy L. Cotton, assisted by Ven. Archdeacon Newnam, conducted the service. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Louis A. Abbot, Andrew DeWolfe, W. F. Todd, Lewis Mills, Dr. Frank I. Blair, and Prof. Upton Hill. The interment was in the Rose family lot in the beautiful Rural Cemetery. The floral tributes, sent in profusion by friends, with tender sympathy, were most fitting and beautiful.

Mrs. Sarah Simpson

The death of Mrs. Sarah Simpson occurred on Sunday, July 20, at her home in Welshpool, Campbell, N. B., after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, Leonard P. Simpson; one daughter, Mrs. John Keohan, of Woodland, Me.; three grand children, Leonard Dunphy, who has lately returned from overseas, and James and Aubrey Jones, children of Mrs. Cecil Jones, deceased; two brothers, Robinson Flagg, Bastport, Me., and William Flagg, Perry, Me., and one sister, Mrs. James Cleaves, Kennebunk, Me. She was aged 66 years and 7 months. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Edgar Tobin officiating.

John Ross Polleys

Mr. John Ross Polleys died suddenly of heart trouble on Tuesday, the 24th of June last, at his home 4 Harris Street, Marblehead, Mass. He was born in St. Andrews, N. B. on the 21th of May, 1848;

and is survived by his wife Delilah A. Polleys, née Magraw, and a brother Eber S. Polleys, of St. Andrews, N. B. Interment took place on the 25th of June last at Waterside Cemetery, Marblehead, Mass.

**BRITISH LEADERS OF THE GREAT WAR HONORED**

London, Aug. 5.—Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Sir David Beatty will be created earls, in recognition of their war services. General Alenby will be made a viscount. General Sir Herbert Plumer, Sir Henry S. Rawlinson, Sir Julian Byng and General Henry S. Horne will be given baronetcies.

Payment of large sums in grants to Great Britain's land and sea heroes was recommended by King George to the House of Commons to-day. The recommendations, made in accordance with time-honored custom, were as follows:

To Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Sir David Beatty, £100,000.  
To Field Marshal Viscount French, British commander in France and Belgium in the early years of the war, and General E. P. H. Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine, £50,000.

Thirty thousand pounds each was recommended for Lieut. General Sir Herbert Plumer, General Sir Henry Rawlinson, General Sir Julian Byng and General Sir Henry Horne.

Lieut. Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey was recommended for a grant of £25,000.

Grants of £10,000 were proposed for Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Edward Madden, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick C. D. Sturdee, Vice-Admiral Sir Roger J. B. Keyes, acting Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Trywhitt, and Vice-Admiral Sir John M. De Robeck.

Major-General Sir Henry Hughes Wilson, General Sir William R. Robertson, Lieut. General William Riddell Birdwood, and Major-General Sir Hugh M. Trenchard were recommended for grants of £10,000 each.



**THE ROVER'S ADIEU**

A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine,  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
No more of me ye knew,  
My Love!  
No more of me ye knew.  
This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fair;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow  
Ere we two meet again.  
—He turn'd his charger as he spake  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave the bridle-reins a shake,  
Said 'Adieu for evermore,  
My Love!  
And adieu for evermore.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
(Born August 15, 1771; died September 21, 1832.)

**BROILERS**

(Experimental Farms Note.)  
Under ordinary conditions the most profitable time to market cockerels of the light weight varieties is unquestionably at the broiler age.

All surplus Leghorns and cockerels of similar breeds should be disposed of at this stage, as the quality of the flesh rapidly lowers with age, and they are consequently not in demand as roasters.

The most desirable weight for broilers is from a pound and a half to two pounds each, and the quicker the chick can be forced to these weights the better the quality of the broiler.

In growing broilers the chicks may be fed and handled in the usual way until they reach the age of about six to eight weeks. The cockerels should then be separated from the general flock, kept in confined quarters and forced with ground grains, mash and milk, just an occasional feed of wheat or cracked corn being supplied to stimulate the appetite.

Milk is essential if the highest quality is to be secured, and when fed sour it acts as a stimulant and keeps the appetite keen.

A mixture of sifted ground oats and corn, corn, oats and barley, or buckwheat, oats and barley, makes a good ration. This should be mixed to a rather thin batter with sour milk, and fed at least three times a day all the chicks will clean up.

They should have at least two weeks' feeding of this kind before being marketed.

When ready they should be starved for at least twelve hours, bled and neatly dressed, care being taken to avoid tearing the skin when plucking, as they are very tender and consequently easily torn at this age.

Those who are not experts at dressing

**Copenhagen**  
**Chewing**  
**Tobacco**  
**IS THE WORLD'S BEST CHEW**

It is manufactured tobacco in its purest form.  
It has a pleasing flavor.  
It is tobacco scientifically prepared for man's use.

**REGAL**

**The Big Value in FLOUR**

PLACE on your table, bread made of "REGAL FLOUR" and see how your family will like it. The test of the table is the supreme test.

The St. Lawrence Flour Mills Co. Limited  
MONTREAL

or who live at a distance from market can make arrangements to ship to a dealer who will dress and deliver at so much a pair. This is usually a better plan than shipping dressed in hot weather, as the danger from spoiling under this method is great.

quoted in a wholesale way at from 45 to 50 cents per pound in Montreal; 40 to 45 at Toronto and Vancouver. Where shipping to clubs and retailers considerably higher prices can be realized.

GEORGE ROBERTSON,  
Assistant Poultry Husbandman,  
Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

For the week of July 8 broilers were

**King Cole Tea**

"You'll like the Flavor"

The Big Value Package that is Guaranteed.

Perfectly packed in bright lead foil, and price marked on every package.

**Hill's Linen Store**

St. Stephen, N. B.

Have Linens to Sell

Ask for Price List

Hill's Linen Store

**2000 ROOMS in the Canadian Pacific Rockies**

Three Giant Mountain Ranges Making Fifty Switzerlands in One Between Calgary & Vancouver B.C.

Distinctive Hotels—each as picturesque as the scenery into which it fits—each with its special feature of glaciers, lakes, Alpine climbing, fishing, pony riding, swimming or golf. Luxurious mountain-guarded tea Lake Louise, among the Lakes B. C., on Vancouver Island with House at Field, under the shadow of Cathedral Mountain—the like Emerald Lake Chalet—Glacier House, glacier rich—Hotel Sicomous, on the Shores of Shuswap Lake—spacious, gracious Hotel Vancouver, at the Gateway to the Banff Springs Hotel—restful Chateau Lake Louise, among the Lakes B. C., on Vancouver Island with House at Field, under the shadow of Cathedral Mountain—the like Emerald Lake Chalet—Glacier House, glacier rich—Hotel Sicomous, on the Shores of Shuswap Lake—spacious, gracious Hotel Vancouver, at the Gateway to the Banff Springs Hotel—restful Chateau Lake Louise, among the Lakes B. 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ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, August 9, 1919.

**"FORCE MAJEURE"**

THERE is nothing, perhaps more distasteful than the necessity for explanation and apology, for shortcomings. This is true even when the shortcomings concern only a few persons; but when the apologist is the editor or manager of a newspaper the truism stands out in glaring prominence. We are in such an unfortunate position on this occasion, for we have to explain why we were unable to issue a paper on August 2, and why this issue is so late in leaving the press. The real and sole cause is that our printing office is short-handed, especially in compositors, and we have been quite unable to secure the number of printers required. We regret very much this state of affairs, and as it is beyond our present power to remedy it the only alternative is to surrender to *force majeure*.

A newspaper that cannot be issued regularly on its due date, whatever that may be, is most unsatisfactory both to reader and to publisher alike. Realizing this, we have made the determination not to attempt to issue another number of the BEACON till we have a staff of compositors large enough to enable us to get out the paper promptly and regularly on the designated day of issue.

Having explained, we must also apologize to our patrons, which we do with all sincerity and contrition; and we know that in a majority of cases the apology will be accepted, and sympathy for us in our difficulty will be extended by many in return.

We are finding, as so many much larger concerns throughout Canada (to speak only of our own country) are finding, that labor conditions since the signing of the armistice have been much worse than during the progress of active hostilities. The soldiers who have quit the field of combat and returned to their homes have, in many instances, reverted to their pre-war avocations with great reluctance or not at all, many having prolonged their well-earned holiday to an inordinate length. Matters will eventually adjust themselves; but in the meantime patience is a virtue that should be ardently embraced and diligently cultivated.

**THE NEW LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY**

THE outstanding event of the week, in Canada, was the convention of the Liberal Party at Ottawa, which was attended by nearly two thousand delegates, from all parts of the Dominion; and the most important act of the Convention was to select a leader in succession to the late Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Four ballots were necessary to reach a decision, and in the final ballot Hon. Mr. King received 476 votes, 438 votes being cast for Hon. W. S. Fielding. The following comment on the election of Mr. King is taken from the Canadian Press Dispatch of August 7:

"Mr. King is the first leader of a political party to be chosen by a national convention. He is not yet forty-five, looks even younger and has a pleasant manner and address. When scarcely more than a boy he was appointed Deputy Minister of Labor under Sir William Mulock and attained no little distinction by reason of his successful dealing with labor disputes. "It was after settling the great western coal strikes of 1906 that Mr. King drafted the industrial investigations and conciliation law, commonly known as the Lemieux act, which has been in successful operation for many years and has been copied by many countries. In 1906 Mr. King was returned to the House of Commons from North Waterloo and entered Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government as Minister of Labor. He lost both portfolio and his seat in the House at the general elections of 1911.

"In 1917 he unsuccessfully contested the riding of North York. He has no seat in the House at the present time, but it is taken for granted that he will be returned from East Quebec, a seat made vacant by the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

**FEDERAL CABINET CHANGES**

HON. F. B. CARVELL, Minister of Public Works, has resigned that office and been appointed Chairman of the Railway Commission in succession to Sir Henry Drayton, who has been appointed Minister of Finance to fill the vacancy created by the recent resignation of Hon. Sir Thomas White. Dr. S. F. Tolmie, M. P. for Victoria City, B. C., has been

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**JOHN DOON**  
St. Andrews, N. B.

appointed Minister of Agriculture, succeeding Hon. T. A. Crerar, who resigned several weeks ago. The office of Minister of Public Works had not been filled at the time of going to press.

These changes call for very little comment from us at this time except to mention that the two new ministers are without previous experience in office, and Sir Henry Drayton is not a member of either House of Parliament and is without any previous parliamentary experience.

The retirement of Mr. Carvell from the cabinet leaves New Brunswick without any representative therein; and his acceptance of an office of emolument under the Crown renders vacant his seat as a member of the House of Commons. "Fighting Frank" is shown to be just as human as many of those whom aforesaid it had been his delight to denounce; and his patriotism has not been superior to his acceptance of a well-paid (likely soon to be much better paid) public office when it came within his reach. And it must be remembered that of a cabinet minister he had a long arm.

**ST. ANDREWS STREET TRAFFIC**

In the report of the August meeting of the Town Council appearing in this issue it will be noticed that a Councillor called attention to the illegal use of the sidewalk by teams and autocars. The Council took no action in the matter.

The condition complained of is becoming a nuisance, and persons using vehicles, however propelled, should be prevented from driving them on the sidewalks, which are for pedestrians only. Cyclists now generally ignore the Town By-Law, and ride their machines on the sidewalks quite as much as on the roadway. Enforcement of Town traffic regulations by the police has become a dead letter.

The excessive speed at which automobiles are driven through our streets constitutes a serious menace, and should be put a stop to by the Town authorities. The offenders are not alone the chauffeurs of summer visitors, some of the permanent residents being frequently and flagrantly at fault. We have in mind a weird figure of a seemingly wild man, clad only in a pair of trousers and an undershirt, without outer shirt, collar, vest, or coat, and hatless, driving his motor cart through the streets at the top of its speed, his long unkempt locks streaming behind him, and with a fierceness of visage that might cause him to be mistaken for some circus freak such as the "Wild Man of Borneo." He will probably come to grief some day, and it is reported that he has already been in one or two collisions. Perhaps even he may take a hint and adjust the speed of his machine to civic requirements for the safety of those who use the streets besides himself.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES**

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales will arrive in St. John on Friday morning next, August 15, and will leave in the evening. A great reception will be accorded him in the old Loyalist City, and people will attend in great numbers from all parts of the Province. Some exception is taken to that part of the programme which takes the form of an exclusive reception at Rothesay by Lieut-Governor Pugsley, as it is felt that in view of the shortness of the visit the various items of the programme should be open to the general public and not be limited, as to any item, to those alone who are on the Governor's social list. But what is the use of being Governor if the holder of the office is to be shorn of the gubernatorial prerogatives? Whatever the programme may be, the fervent prayer of all the people of this loyal Province of New Brunswick will be "God bless the Prince of Wales."

**STREETS AND POLICE**

It will be noted in the advertisement appearing in this issue that the office of Street Commissioner of the Town is now vacant, and that applications for the position are wanted. The advertisement announces that applications will also be received from persons willing to serve in the double capacity of Street Commissioner and Town Marshal, which offices were dually held by Mr. Sinnett, who has recently resigned, and by his immediate predecessor.

"Our view of the matter is that it is false economy to have one man only to do the

**BEACON PLANT FOR SALE**

We offer for sale as a going concern the plant, (machinery, types, etc.) goodwill, and mailing list of this paper, THE BEACON, together with a quantity of news print and other printer's stock. For prompt purchase low price will be accepted. This is an exceptional opportunity

For particulars apply to  
**BEACON PRESS COMPANY**  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
26th July, 1919.

work of two quite distinct public services, for it is not possible for one man to act in both capacities and render efficient and adequate service in each case. Since the late incumbent held the dual position attention has been paid chiefly to road maintenance, and police supervision of the Town has been sadly neglected. Local conditions call for an efficient Town Marshal who will give his whole time to keeping the Town in order and enforcing the by-laws, especially those relating to traffic, which are now generally ignored.

A street commissioner in St. Andrews has plenty of work to keep him busy all the year round, and he should have at least one competent assistant. There is, perhaps, no town in Canada with a larger mileage of streets in proportion to population than is the case of St. Andrews, and the maintenance of such a great extent of roadways and sidewalks cannot be efficiently accomplished by one man, nor with the small appropriation annually voted for the purpose.

The great defect in the road work here in the past decade has been its temporary character, nothing at all permanent having been attempted. It would be economical in the end if the Town were to employ an experienced municipal engineer for a time, to lay out a proper scheme for the maintenance and improvement of the streets so that it could be followed by the Street Commissioner in the future. Much of the road work done here in late years has been less efficient than it should have been, through lack of intelligent supervision and through false ideas of economy in carrying it out.

**NINETEEN LIVES LOST ON "GALLIA"**

Sydney, N. S., Aug. 9.—Nineteen lives, passengers, and members of the crew of the French tern schooner *Gallia*, were lost when a collision occurred between that vessel and the steamer *War Witch*, in a pair of trousers and an undershirt, without outer shirt, collar, vest, or coat, and hatless, driving his motor cart through the streets at the top of its speed, his long unkempt locks streaming behind him, and with a fierceness of visage that might cause him to be mistaken for some circus freak such as the "Wild Man of Borneo." He will probably come to grief some day, and it is reported that he has already been in one or two collisions. Perhaps even he may take a hint and adjust the speed of his machine to civic requirements for the safety of those who use the streets besides himself.

**ALL PASSENGERS SAVED**

Boston, Aug. 8.—The steamship *North Star*, struck on Green Island, nine miles south of Yarmouth, N. S., in the fog at 6.40 a. m. to-day. The removal of her passengers, 280 in all, and their transfer to Yarmouth was accomplished without accident, and at 11.30 it was announced all had landed. The *North Star*, which is in the service of the Eastern Steamship Lines, left Boston for Yarmouth last night.

The summer hotels in St. Andrews continue to do a good business, the season being quite the best on record. For some time the Algonquin has been filled to its utmost capacity, and this is also true of Kennedy's. The weather, generally, has been unusually good this season.

Rev. H. P. Ross, of St. Andrews, has been authorized to solemnize marriage.

**HARD FOR CHAOS**

The wholesale grocer was carefully explaining matters to the commercial traveler whom he had recently engaged, and the C. T. was making himself as nice as he could.

"Mr. Binks," said the boss, "your predecessor was not up to his job. His affairs were all tangled up. He was a muddler."

"Yes, sir," replied the new hand meekly, as though he was sorry, but couldn't help it.

"That being the case, Mr. Binks," said the wholesaler pompously, "it is up to you to get order out of chaos."

For a moment the commercial traveler looked puzzled. Then a beautiful smile spread itself across his countenance.

"Sir," said he eagerly, "I don't happen to know Mr. Chaos, but I'll get an order out of him, if I have to go and live with him."

**Boots and Shoes**

Now is the time to buy them  
We have a large stock of Summer Footwear that we are selling at a very low price.  
Some extra good bargains in last years White Canvas and Buck Skin Shoes.

**St. Andrews Shoe Store**  
G. B. FINIGAN

**Stinson's Cafe**

AND  
**Bowling Alley**  
LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE  
**ICE CREAM**

A Fresh Supply of Confectionery, Soft Drinks, Oranges, Grapes, Cigars and Tobacco always on hand

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

**Millinery**

TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED

Sweaters in all colors  
Sweater Yarns and Needles  
Stamped Linens, white and colored  
Embroidery and Crochet Threads

VEILINGS  
**A. E. O'NEILL'S**  
Water St. ST. ANDREWS

**Dresses**

For the Hot Days of July and August

A very special purchase allows us to sell this season's leading dress of figured voiles (colored) from

**\$6.75**

TO

**\$12.00**

Send for one before it is too late

Also  
Satin and Taffeta Silk Dresses with Georgette sleeves from

**\$12.00 - \$20.00**

**C. C. Grant**  
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

**NOTICE**

This is to notify every subscriber who is one year or more in arrears for his subscription, that if the amount due is not paid immediately the account for the same will be placed in the hands of a collector who will collect the money by legal process if necessary. Kindly pay up promptly and avoid trouble and expense.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

St. Andrews, N. B.  
26th July, 1919.

**Red Rose Flour**

Is made of Selected No. 1 wheat, and is almost all white. Every bag I have sold has been perfectly satisfactory, and all who have used it are high in their praise of it.

I guarantee this flour and if any one is not perfectly satisfied with it I will gladly refund the purchase price. Order a bag today and join the list of satisfied customers.

In bags of 24 and 98 lbs each.

**A. V. Hartford**

St. Andrews, N. B. Phone 75

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS**

THERE was no issue of THE BEACON on the due dates from February 8 to June 21, twenty weeks in all; therefore a corresponding extension will be made in the date of expiry of subscriptions shown on the address slips on the papers issued February 1, 1919. The extension will be made on receipt of money for renewal of subscription.

To all those whose subscriptions were in arrears on December 31, a bill was sent in January, 1919. A large number of these delinquent subscribers have not yet remitted the amount due as per bill sent, and we must now ask them to attend to the matter and make immediate payment.

Special attention is also called to the fact that after this date the subscription to THE BEACON will be \$1.50 a year; and for papers going to United States and other places outside the British Empire, 50 cents a year must be added for Postage. Single copies of THE BEACON will be 5 cents after this date.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

St. Andrews, N. B.  
28th June, 1919

This space belongs to

**E. B. STINSON**

St. Andrews, - New Brunswick

Merchant Tailor and Gentleman's Outfitter

**Try a Beacon Adv. For Results**

**H. O'NEILL**



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

**St. Andrews, New Brunswick**

**Social**

Lieut. Richard Babbitt, has re-

Mr. Edward Partridge is a course in Win-

Pte. Cecil De seas on Saturd went overseas was wounded ing was on tital ship Ara had an attack DeWolfe is a weeks, and the Fredericton.

Mrs. Edwin returned from

Mr. Barnes, Mr. and Mr. a

Rev. Sister Rev. Sister St. Angus Kenned

The Misses I Mr. Ian McLar

Lieut. Jack from Overseas Mr. and Mrs. I

Mrs. G. New Maine.

A number of by Mrs. Stanley at Chamcook L July 26.

Mr. Stanley ing Mr. Robert to his home in

Mr. Wm. We visit to Welfor

Mr. and Mrs. ed at a supper on Wednesday

Mrs. Burns guests of Mrs.

Mrs. William visiting Mrs. F

Mrs. Oscar F Coubrey entert boat party on

for Nursing St

Announceme the marriage of Lamb, only dau

of this town, to man, of Paradi took place in St

N. S., on June 2 Andrews most groom has late

Miss Marjori supper party on

for Miss Ruth I

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Major Charles ly of the 26th B day, July 31.

Mrs. Everett Davidson, who Orlo Hawthorne homes in Millto

/ Mr. and Mrs. N. S., are guests Odell.

Mr. and Mrs. been visiting M at "The Cottage home in New Y

Miss Ethel S friends in Town in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. have returned t after a pleasant father, Mr. Hug

Mr. and Mrs. returned to Por visit with Mrs.

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treat.

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Genoa, Italy.

Mrs. Dorothy B., is visiting M

Mr. Walter I Bank of Canada his holidays in t left on Saturda

Fredericton.

The infant de J. M. Grover, of Elizabeth Const morning service

Rev. G. H. Elliot

Sgt. Blair Fi nesday, Aug. 6,

Overseas. He members of the wounded. He

wife and child.

Mr. and Mrs. ton, Vt.; are at

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lorime ing Mr. and Mr

**Social and Personal**

Lieut. Richard Hart, R. N., who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Babbitt, has returned to Halifax.

Mr. Edward Byron has gone to Partridge Island, St. John, to take a course in Wireless Telegraphy.

Pte. Cecil DeWolfe returned from Overseas on Saturday, July 26. Pte. DeWolfe went overseas with the 115th Batta. He was wounded once, and after convalescing was on transport work on the hospital ship *Araguaya*. While on duty he had an attack of facial paralysis. Pte. DeWolfe is at his home here for two weeks, and then will go to the hospital in Fredericton.

Mrs. Edwin Thurber and children have returned from a visit to Second Falls.

Mr. Barnes, of Moncton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Mallrich.

Rev. Sister Ste. Providence and the Rev. Sister St. Osmonde are visiting Mrs. Angus Kennedy.

The Misses McLaren and their nephew, Mr. Ian McLaren, are at Chestnut Hall.

Lieut. Jack McCoubrey has returned from Overseas and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. McCoubrey.

Mrs. G. Newton is visiting relatives in Maine.

A number of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Stanley Deacon enjoyed a picnic at Chamcook Lake on Saturday evening, July 26.

Mr. Stanley Clarke, who has been visiting Mr. Robert Cockburn, has returned to his home in St. John.

Mr. Wm. Woods has returned from a visit to Welsford.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Coughy entertained at a supper party at their new cottage on Wednesday evening, July 30.

Mrs. Burns and son, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Howard Rigby.

Mrs. William Clarke and little son, are visiting Mrs. H. O. Rigby.

Mrs. Oscar Rigby and Mrs. George McCoubrey entertained at a delightful motor boat party on Thursday evening, July 31, for Nursing Sister A. Clinch.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Rowan Lamb, only daughter of Mr. G. H. Lamb, of this town, to Mr. Albert Arthur Whitman, of Paradise, N. S. The wedding took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, Halifax, N. S., on June 25. The bride is one of St. Andrews most popular young ladies. The groom has lately returned from Overseas.

Miss Marjorie Clarke entertained at a supper party on Friday evening, Aug. 1, for Miss Ruth Matheson.

Mrs. Ethel Studleigh Myers, of Providence, R. I., is visiting Miss K. Cockburn, at the Cabin, Beech Hill.

Major Charles Leonard, D. S. O., formerly of the 26th Bn., was in town on Thursday, July 31.

Mrs. Everett Gilman and Miss Kathleen Davidson, who have been visiting Mrs. Orlo Hawthorne, have returned to their homes in Milltown.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Allan, of Amherst, N. S., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Odell.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kennedy at "The Cottage", have returned to their home in New York.

Miss Ethel Snell, who has been visiting friends in Town, has returned to her home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Otto Hahn and children have returned to their home in St. John after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Hahn's father, Mr. Hugh McQuoid.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie McFarlane have returned to Portland, Me., after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Almira McFarlane.

Mrs. S. T. Duggan has returned from a pleasant visit in Fredericton. She was accompanied home by her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gregory and children, who have been visiting in Town, left on Sunday night for their home in Montreal.

Mrs. Robert Slater received word last week that her husband sailed from Mobile, Ala., in the *Schr. Cashier*, bound for Genoa, Italy.

Miss Dorothy Norwood, of Milltown, N. B., is visiting Miss Mamie Dick.

Mr. Walter Horncastle, of the Royal Bank of Canada, who has been spending his holidays in town, guest of Mr. B. Dick, left on Saturday, Aug. 2, for his home in Fredericton.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Grover, of Montreal, was christened Elizabeth Constance on Sunday after the morning service in All Saints' Church by Rev. G. H. Elliot.

Sgt. Blair Finigan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Finigan, returned on Wednesday, Aug. 6, from four-years' service Overseas. He was one of the original members of the 26th, and had been twice wounded. He was accompanied by his wife and child.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dewey, of Castleton, Vt., are at Kennedy's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lorimer and Mr. Edward Lorimer, of Montreal, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cockburn.

Miss Phyllis Cockburn, of St. John, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cockburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cole, of Castleton, Vt., and Mrs. Harry Burton, of Chipman, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hibbard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Parmlee and Mrs. Lang, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., are occupying the Coughy cottage for the summer.

Mr. G. C. Whitney, of Bermuda, who has been visiting Mr. Jarvis Wren, has gone to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Traeger, of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Rigby.

Miss Ina Rankin entertained a number of her friends at her home in Chamcook on Friday evening.

Mr. Heber Stuart, of Norfolk, Virginia, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Stuart.

Mrs. Lily Morris, of Boston, and Miss May Morris, of St. John, are at Miss Keay's.

Mrs. W. Vernon Lamb has returned from a visit to Castleton, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt, Fredericton, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Babbitt.

The Misses Marjorie Babbitt and Marjorie Clarke are visiting in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Clarke and daughter, Helen, of Toronto, are visiting Mrs. Obediah Clarke.

Mrs. Ralph Goodchild entertained her friends on a motor-boat party on Friday evening.

Mr. E. Barnes, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch, has returned to his home in Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Rollins, of Whitesville, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Rollins.

Mrs. Fenwick Fraser, of St. John, is visiting Mrs. E. Atherton Smith.

Mr. H. E. Wiley, of Grand Falls, spent the week-end in Town.

Miss Eva L. Stoop, of the Cooley-Dickson Hospital, Northampton, Mass., is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Stoop.

Miss Anna Mitchell is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitchell. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Mitchell entertained at a house dance for Miss Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dewey, Mrs. Ralph Goodchild, Miss Carol Hibbard, and Mr. Carl Cole motored to St. John on Wednesday, Aug. 4.

Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. James Stoop celebrated their golden wedding. A number of friends, including the bridesmaid, Mrs. Jessie Dutton, of St. Stephen, and the best man, Mr. Eber Polleys, spent the evening with them and presented them with a purse of gold.

Mrs. Earl Brown and master Frederick, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Stinson, have returned to their home in Plaster Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hallet left for their home in Fleet, Alberta, on July 28.

Mrs. Stanley Robinson and children have returned to their home in Brownville Jct.

Mrs. Wm. Stinson and family have returned to their home in Fredericton.

At the recent University Matriculation and High School Leaving Examinations Miss Georgie M. Mears, who graduated from the Charlotte County Grammar School in the Class of 1919, passed in the Second Division. As she was the only graduate of the Grammar School to pass the examination this year, she has been awarded the John Hope Prize of fifty dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Young, Houlton, are visiting Mrs. John M. Peacock.

Mr. Archibald Burton, Boston, is visiting Mrs. John Peacock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russell and Master Ernest Russell returned this week from Halifax, where they have been living for nearly two years, and have been heartily welcomed by their many friends. Mr. Russell will soon build a house on his lot opposite the Golf Club House, to replace the one destroyed by fire some years ago.

Mr. W. S. Skillen, of Woodstock, spent last week-end in Town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKinney.

Mr. D. R. Forgan, of Chicago, arrived here this week and joined his family at their beautiful summer home. Early this year Mr. Forgan bought from Miss O. A. Smith the cottage and plot of ground ad. joining his own residence. The site is one of the most attractive in St. Andrews.

Miss M. H. Hudson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting the Misses O'Neill.

Mr. Andrew Anderson returned to St. Andrews this week from Halifax, where he has been for eighteen months, and has received a cordial welcome from his many friends.

Miss Alice Wilson left on Saturday for a visit in Fredericton.

Mr. Geo. O. Whitney, of Pembroke, Bermuda, is visiting Mr. Jarvis Wren.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jarvis and little son, who have been visiting Miss Marjorie Clarke, have gone to their home in Montreal.

Miss Marjorie Pendlebury, St. John, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Pendlebury.

Miss McGuigan, St. John, is visiting the Misses Byrne.

**Local and General**

The ladies of All Saints Church held a very successful sale in Memorial Hall on Thursday. Over four hundred and thirty dollars was taken in.

The ladies of Greenock Presbyterian Church will hold their annual sale of food and fancy goods in the Memorial Hall on Thursday, August 14.

The ladies of St. Andrew's Catholic Church will hold their annual sale of food and fancy goods in Memorial Hall on Tuesday, August 19.

Mrs. Lucas and Miss Hickey, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Patrick Sheehan.

Mr. Fred McDowell returned from Montreal on Saturday.

The 4-months old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Finigan received the silver cup in the baby competition on the *Adriatic* during their trip from England.

Mrs. Hazen McDowell and infant son have returned from a visit in Robbinston and St. Stephen.

Miss Marjorie Harvell, of Robbinston, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hazen McDowell.

Miss Freda Wren entertained at a lawn party on Wednesday, July 30, for Miss Ruth Matheson.

Mrs. G. H. Elliot has gone to Boston for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Boston, are visiting Mrs. Collins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Rigby.

Mrs. Richard Owens, of Edmundston, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Angus Kennedy.

Mrs. Walter McGe, of Dorchester, Mass., is visiting Mrs. M. N. Cockburn.

Mrs. Kenneth Mowatt, Powell River, B. C., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. McCreary and Miss McCreary, of Montreal, are staying at Mrs. A. McMullon's.

Miss May Kleamer, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. A. McMullon.

WHEN IN NEED OF  
**Plumbers  
SUPPLIES**  
Give us a Call  
**Roy A. Gillman**  
St. Andrews, N. B.

**Paper  
Napkins**  
**Wax Paper**  
**Crepe Paper**  
Full Line Stationery  
**ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE**  
COCKBURN BROS., Props.  
Cor. Water and King Streets  
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

**T T T**  
Tea is going up again; let us sell you some at the old prices  
Oolong . . . . . 55c  
Black . . . . . 45c  
Orange Pekoe . . . . . 60c  
Morse's, King Cole, Red Rose, and Lipton in packages  
**H. J. Burton & Co.,** St. Andrews, N. B.

**TRUBYTE TEETH**  
TRUBYTE Teeth are the latest invention of mechanical dentistry. The moulds and shades of these teeth are so true to nature that it requires the eyes of an expert to detect that you are wearing an artificial denture.  
TRUBYTE TEETH  
**GUARANTEED  
FOR  
TWENTY YEARS**  
  
**DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST**  
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE  
Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

**To the General Public:**  
I have opened a GROCERY, HARDWARE, FLOUR, FEED and GENERAL MERCHANDISE Store in the stand where my father, the late Mr. G. D. Grimmer, and my uncle, Mr. J. D. Grimmer, have done business for so many years. The place has been thoroughly renovated and an up-to-date stock placed therein.  
I would earnestly solicit a share of the trade so generously given my predecessors. I will buy to the best possible advantage and sell to you at the most reasonable prices.  
Hoping to have a visit from you at an early date.  
Yours very truly,  
**FRANK A. GRIMMER**  
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.  
Just received a car load of Shingles, also one of Matched Spruce

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

You may find your favorite  
**Talcum Powder**  
—AT—  
**The Wren Drug & Book Store**  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
Our stock is very complete

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

Misard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

# PENROD

## By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Arrived upon the populous and festive scene of the dog and pony show, he first turned his attention to the brightly decorated booths which surrounded the tent. The cries of the peanut vendors, of the popcorn men, of the toy balloon sellers, the stirring music of the band, playing before the performance to attract a crowd; the shouting of excited children and the barking of the dogs within the tent all sounded exultantly in Penrod's ears and set his blood a-tingle. Nevertheless he did not squander his money or fling it to the winds in one grand splurge. Instead, he began cautiously with the purchase of an extraordinarily large pickle, which he obtained from an aged negress for his odd cent, too obvious a bargain to be missed. At an adjacent stand he bought a glass of raspberry lemonade (so alleged) and sipped it as he ate the pickle. He left nothing of either.

Next he entered a small restaurant tent and for a modest nickel was supplied with a fork and a box of sardines, previously opened, it is true, but more than half full. He consumed the sardines utterly, but left the tin box and the fork, after which he indulged in an inexpensive half pint of lukewarm cider at one of the open booths. Mug in hand, a gentle glow radiating toward his surface from various centers of activity deep inside him, he paused for breath, and the cool, sweet cadences of the watermelon man fell delectably upon his ear:

"Ice cole watermelon; ice cole watermelon! The biggest slice of ice cole, ripe, red, ice cole, rich an' rare; the biggest slice of ice cole watermelon ever cut by the hand of man! Buy our ice cole watermelon!"

Penrod, having drained the last drop of cider, complied with the watermelon man's luscious entreaty and received a round slice of the fruit, magnificent in circumference and something over an inch in thickness. Leaving only the really dangerous part of the rind behind him, he wandered away from the vicinity of the watermelon man and supplied himself with a bag of peanuts, which, with the expenditure of a dime for admission, left a quarter still warm in his pocket. However, he managed to "break" the coin at a stand inside the tent, where a large, oblong paper box of popcorn was handed him with 20 cents change. The box was too large to go into his pocket, but having seated himself among some wistful Polack children he placed it in his lap and devoured the contents at leisure during the performance. The popcorn was heavily larded with partially boiled molasses, and Penrod maniched mouthfuls of peanuts with gobs of this mass until the peanuts were all gone. After that he ate with less avidity, a sense almost of satiety beginning to manifest itself to him, and it was not until the close of the performance that he disposed of the last morsel.

He descended a little heavily to the outflowing crowd in the arena and bought a caterwauling toy balloon, but showed no great enthusiasm in manipulating it. Near the exit as he came out was a hot waffle stand which he had overlooked, and a sense of duty obliged him to consume the three waffles, thickly powdered with sugar, which the waffle man cooked for him upon command.

They left a hotish taste in his mouth; they had not been quite up to his anticipation, indeed, and it was with a sense of relief that he turned to the hoksey-poksey carts which stood close at hand, laden with square slices of Neapolitan ice cream wrapped in paper. He thought the ice cream would be cooling, but somehow it fell short of the desired effect and left a peculiar savor in his throat.

He walked away, too languid to blow his balloon, and passed a fresh tacky booth, with strange indifference. A bare armed man was manipulating the tacky over a book, putting a great white mass to the desired stage of "candy-ing." But Penrod did not pause to watch the operation. In fact, he averted his eyes (which were slightly glazed) in passing. He did not analyze his motives. Simply he was conscious that he preferred not to look at the mass of tacky.

For some reason he put a considerable distance between himself and the tacky stand, but before long halted in the presence of a red faced man who flourished a long fork over a small cooking apparatus and shouted jovially: "Winnies! Here's your hot Winnies! Hot winny wurst! Food for the overworked brain, nourishing for the weak stummick, entertaining for the tired business man! Here's your hot winnies! Three for a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth pot of a dollah!"

This above all nectar and ambrosia was the favorite dish of Penrod-Schofield. Nothing inside him now craved it—on the contrary. But memory is the great hypnotist. His mind argued against his instincts that opportunity knocked at his door. "Winnies wurst"

was rigidly forbidden by the home authorities. Besides, there was a last nickel in his pocket, and nature protested against its survival; also the red faced man had himself proclaimed his wares nourishing for the weak stummick.

Penrod plucked the nickel in the red hand of the red faced man. He ate two of the three greasy, cigar-like shapes cordially pressed upon him in return. The first bite convinced him that he had made a mistake. These winnies seemed of a very inferior flavor, almost unpleasant, in fact. But he felt obliged to conceal his poor opinion of them for fear of offending the red faced man. He ate without haste or eagerness, so slowly indeed that he began to think the red faced man might dislike him as a deterrent of trade. Perhaps Penrod's mind was not working well, for he failed to remember that no law compelled him to remain under the eye of the red faced man, but the virulent repulsion excited by his attempt to take a bite of the third sausage inspired him with at least an excuse for postponement.

"Mighty good," he murmured feebly, placing the sausage in the inside pocket of his jacket with a shaking hand. "Guess I'll save this one to eat at home after—after dinner."

He moved slightly away, wishing he had not thought of dinner. A side show, undiscovered until now, failed to arouse his interest, not even exciting a wish that he had known of its existence when he had money. For a time he stared without comprehension at a huge canvas poster depicting the chief attraction, the weather worn colors conveying no meaning to his torpid eye. Then, little by little, the poster became more vivid to his consciousness. There was a greenish tinted person in the tent, it seemed, who thrived upon a reptilian diet.

Suddenly Penrod decided that it was time to go home.

### CHAPTER XIII. Brothers of Angels.

"INDEED, doctor," said Mrs. Schofield, with agitation and profound conviction, just after 3 o'clock that evening, "I shall always believe in mustard plasters—mustard plasters and hot water bags."

There, he said it was the acutest case of indigestion he had ever treated in the whole course of his professional practice.

"Of course I didn't know what he'd do with the dollar," said Robert. She did not reply. He began plaintively, "Margaret, you don't—"

"I've never seen papa and mamma so upset about anything," she said rather primly. "You mean they're upset about me?"

"We are all very much upset," returned Margaret, more starch in her tone as she remembered not only Penrod's sufferings, but a duty she had vowed herself to perform.

"Margaret! You don't!" "Robert," she said firmly and, also, with a rhetorical complexity which breeds a suspicion of rehearsal; "Robert, for the present I can only look at it in one way—when you gave that money to Penrod you put into the hands of an unthinking little child a weapon which might be, and indeed, was, the means of his undoing. Boys are not respon—"

"But you saw me give him the dollar, and you didn't!" "Robert!" she checked him with increasing severity. "I am only a woman and not accustomed to thinking everything out on the spur of the moment. But I cannot change my mind—not now, at least."

"And you think I'd better not come in tonight?" she gasped. "Not for weeks! Papa would!" "But Margaret," he urged plaintively, "how can you blame me for—"

"I have not used the word 'blame,'" she interrupted. "But I must insist that for your carelessness to—wreak such havoc—cannot fall to—lessen my confidence in your powers of judgment. I cannot change my convictions in this matter—not tonight—and I cannot remain here another instant. The poor child may need me. Robert, good night."

With chill dignity she withdrew, entered the house and returned to the sick room, leaving the young man in outer darkness to brood upon his crime—and upon Penrod. That sincere invalid became convalescent upon the third day, and a week elapsed, then, before he found an opportunity to leave the house unaccompanied—save by Duke. But at last he set forth and approached the Jones neighborhood in high spirits, pleasantly conscious of his pallor, hollow cheeks and other perquisites of illness provocative of interest.

One thought troubled him a little because it gave him a sense of inferiority to a rival. He believed, against his will, that Maurice Levy could have successfully eaten chocolate creams, licorice sticks, lemon drops, jaw breakers, peanuts, waffles, lobster croquettes, sardines, cinnamon drops, watermelon pickles, popcorn, ice cream and sausage with raspberry lemonade and cider. Penrod had admitted to himself that Maurice could do it and afterward attend to business or pleasure without the slightest discomfort, and this was probably no more than a fair estimate of one of the great constitutions of all time! As a digester, Maurice Levy would have disappointed a Borgias.

Fortunately, Maurice was still at Atlantic City, and now the convalescent's heart leaped. In the distance he saw Marjorie coming in pink again, with a ravishing little parcel over her head. And alone! No Mitty-Mitch was to mar this meeting. Penrod increased the feebleness of his steps, now and then leaning upon the fence as if for support. "How do you do, Marjorie?" he said in his best sickroom voice as she came near. To his pained amazement she proceeded on her way, her nose at a celebrated elevation—an icy nose.

ing to talk, telling us over and over it was all your fault."

In the darkness Mr. Williams' facial expression could not be seen, but his voice sounded hopeful.

"Is he—is he still in a great deal of pain?"

"They say the crisis is past," said Margaret, "but the doctor's still up."



"I shall always believe in mustard plasters—mustard plasters and hot water bags."

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She cut him dead.

He threw his loyalist's airs to the winds and hastened after her.

"Marjorie!" he pleaded, "what's the matter? Are you mad? Honest, that day you said to come back next morning and you'd be on the corner, I was sick. Honest, I was awful sick. Marjorie! I had to leave the doctor!"

"Doctor!" She whirled upon him, her lovely eyes blazing. "I guess we've had to have the doctor tonight at our house, thanks to you, Mister Penrod Schofield. Papa says you haven't got near sense enough to come in out of the rain after what you did to poor little Mitty-Mitch!"

"What?" "Yes, and he's sick in bed yet!" Marjorie went on with unabated fury. "And papa says if he ever catches you in this part of town—"

"What'd I do to Mitty-Mitch?" gasped Penrod.

"You know well enough what you did to Mitty-Mitch!" she cried. "You gave him that great, big, nasty two cent piece!"

"Well, what of it?" "Mitty-Mitch swallowed it!" "What?"

"And papa says if he ever just lays eyes on you once in this neighborhood—"

But Penrod had started for home. In his embittered heart there was increasing a critical disapproval of the Creator's methods. When he made pretty girls, thought Penrod, why couldn't he have left out their little brothers!

### CHAPTER XIV. Rupe Collins.

FOR several days after this Penrod thought of growing up to be a monk and engaged in good works so far as to carry some kittens (that otherwise would have been drowned) and a pair of Marjorie's outworn dancing slippers to a poor, ungrateful old man sojourning in a shed up the alley. And although Mr. Robert Williams after a very short interval began to leave his guitar on the front porch again, exactly as if he thought nothing had happened, Penrod, with his younger vision of a father's mood, remained coldly distant from the Jones neighborhood. With his own family his manner was gentle, proud and sad, but not for long enough to frighten them. The change came with mystifying abruptness at the end of the week.

It was a Duke who brought it about. Duke could chase a much bigger dog out of the Schofields' yard and far down the street. This might be thought to indicate unusual valor on the part of Duke and cowardice on that of the bigger dogs whom he undoubtedly put to rout. Of the contrary, all such flights were founded in mere superstition, for dogs are even more superstitious than boys and colored people, and the most firmly established of all dog superstitions is that any dog, be he the smallest and feeblest in the world, can whip any trespasser whatsoever.

A rat terrier believes that on his home grounds he can whip an elephant. It follows, of course, that a big dog, away from his own home, will run from a little dog in the little dog's neighborhood. Otherwise the big dog must face a charge of inconsistency, and dogs are as consistent as they are superstitious. A dog believes in war, but he is convinced that there are times when it is moral to run, and the thoughtful physiognomist, seeing a big dog fleeing out of a little dog's yard, must observe that the expression of the big dog's face is more conscientious than alarmed. It is the expression of a person performing a duty to himself.

Penrod understood these matters perfectly. He knew that the gaunt brown hound Duke chased up the alley had fled only out of deference to a custom, yet Penrod could not refrain from bragging of Duke to the hound's owner, a fat faced stranger of twelve or thirteen, who had wandered into the neighborhood.

"You better keep that ole yellow dog o' yours back," said Penrod ominously as he climbed the fence. "You better catch him and hold him till I get mine inside the yard again. Duke's chewed up some pretty bad bulldogs around here."

The fat faced boy gave Penrod a fishy stare. "You'd oughta learn him not to do that," he said. "It'll make him sick."

"What will?" The stranger laughed raspingly and gazed up the alley, where the hound, having come to a halt, now cooly sat down, and, with an expression of roguish benevolence, patronizingly watched the tempest of Duke, whose assaults and barkings were becoming perfunctory.

"What'll make Duke sick?" Penrod demanded. "Eatin' dead bulldogs people leave around here."

This was not improvisation but formula, adapted from other occasions to the present encounter. Nevertheless, it was new to Penrod, and he was so taken with it that resentment lost itself in admiration. Hastily committing the gem to memory for use upon a dog owning friend, he inquired in a sociable tone:

"What's your dog's name?" "Dan. You better call your ole pup, 'cause Dan eats live dogs."

They were received without comment, though both boys looked at them reflectively for a time. It was Penrod who spoke first.

"What number you go to?" (In a "form lesson in English" Penrod had been instructed to put this question in another form. "May I ask which of our public schools you attend?") "Me? What number do I go to?" said the stranger contemptuously. "I don't go to no number in vacation."

"I mean when it ain't." "Third," returned the fat faced boy. "I got 'em all scared in that school."

"What of?" Innocently asked Penrod to whom "the third"—in a distant part of town—was undiscovered country.

"What of? I guess you'd soon see what of if you ever was in that school about one day. You'd be lucky if you got out alive!"

"Are the teachers mean?" The other boy frowned with bitter scorn. "Teachers! Teachers don't order me around, I can tell you. They're mighty careful how they try to run over Rupe Collins."

"Who's Rupe Collins?" "Who is he?" echoed the fat faced boy indignantly. "Say, ain't you got any sense?"

"What?" "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Yes-eh," Penrod's answer, like the look he lifted to the impressive stranger, was meek and placid. "Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, I guess."

The other yelled with jeering laughter and mocked Penrod's manner and voice. "Rupe Collins is the principal at your school, I guess!" He laughed harshly again, then suddenly showed trepidation. "Say, 'bo, why'n't you learn enough to go in the house when it rains? What's the matter of you, anyhow?"

"Well," urged Penrod timidly, "no less nape a final squeeze. That's the way we do up at the Third."

Penrod rubbed his neck and asked meekly: "Can you do that to any boy up at the Third?" "See here now," said Rupe in the tone of one goaded beyond all endurance, "you say if I can. You better say it quick or—"

"I knew you could," Penrod interposed hastily, with the pathetic semblance of a laugh. "I only said that in fun."

"In fun!" repeated Rupe stormily. "You better look out how you—" "Well, I said I wasn't in earnest." Penrod retreated a few steps. "I knew you could all the time. I expect I could do it to some of the boys up at the Third myself. Couldn't I?"

"No; you couldn't." "Well, there must be some boy up there that I could—" "No; they ain't. You better—" "I expect not, then," said Penrod quickly.

"You better expect not. Didn't I tell you once you'd never get back alive if you ever tried to come up around the Third? You want me to show you how we do up there, 'bo?"

He began a slow and deadly advance, whereupon Penrod timidly offered a diversion:

"Why, Rupe, I got a box of cats in our stable under a glass cover, so you can watch 'em jump around when you hammer on the box. Come on and look at 'em."

"All right," said the fat faced boy, slightly mollified. "We'll let Dan kill 'em."

"No, sir! I'm goin' to keep 'em. They're kind of pets. I've had 'em all summer. I got names for 'em and—" "Look here, 'bo. Did you hear me say we'll let Dan kill 'em?"

"Yes, but I won't!" "What won't you?" Rupe became sinister immediately. "It seems to me you're gettin' pretty fresh around here."

"Well, I don't want—" Mr. Collins once more brought into play the dreadful eye to eye scowl as practiced "up at the Third" and sometimes also by young leading men upon the stage.

Frowning quite appallingly and thrusting forward his underlip, he placed his nose almost in contact with the nose of Penrod, whose eyes naturally became crossed.

"Dan kills the rats. See?" hissed the fat faced boy, maintaining the horrible juxtaposition.

"Well, all right," said Penrod, swallowing. "I don't want 'em much." And when the pose had been relaxed he stared at his new friend for a moment, almost with reverence. Then he brightened.

"Come on, Rupe!" he cried enthusiastically, as he climbed the fence. "We'll give our dogs a little live meat—'bo!"

"Say your prayers!" commanded Rupe, and continued to twist the tuckless finger until Penrod writhed to his knees.

"Ow!" The victim, released, looked grievously upon the still painful finger. At this Rupe's scornful expression altered to one of contrition. "Well, I declare," he exclaimed remorsefully, "I didn't expect it would hurt. Turn about's fair play; so now you do that to me."

He extended the middle finger of his left hand and Penrod promptly seized it, but did not twist it, for he was instantly swung round with his back to his amiable new acquaintance. Rupe's right hand operated upon the back of Penrod's slender neck; Rupe's knee tormented the small of Penrod's back.

"Ow!" Penrod bent far forward involuntarily and went to his knees again.

"Lack dirt," commanded Rupe, forcing the captive's face to the sidewalk, and the suffering Penrod completed this ceremony.

Mr. Collins evinced satisfaction by means of his horse laugh. "You'd last just about one day up at the Third!" he said. "You'd come rummin' home, yellin' 'Mom-muh, mom-muh,' before recess was over."

"No, I wouldn't," Penrod protested rather weakly, during his knees.

"You would, too." "No, I wouldn't." "Looky here," said the fat faced boy, darkly, "what you mean, counterfeiting me?"

He advanced a step and Penrod hastily qualified his contradiction. "I mean, I don't think I would, I—" "You better look out!" Rupe moved closer, and unexpectedly grasped the back of Penrod's neck again. "Say, I would run home yellin' 'Mom-muh!'"

"Ow! I would run home yellin' 'Mom-muh!'" "There!" said Rupe, giving the helpless nape a final squeeze. "That's the way we do up at the Third."

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ing the subject, and here he made a mistake; he should have followed up his son's singular contribution to the conversation.

That would have plainly revealed the fact that there was a certain Rupe Collins whose father was a foreman at the ladder works. All clues are important when a boy makes his first remark in a new key.

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is good money?" Penrod turned upon her a stern glance. "Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had some sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

Mrs. Schofield might have been more dismayed than she was if she had realized that it was the beginning of an epoch. After dinner Penrod was slightly scolded in the back as a result of telling Della, the cook, that there was a wart on the middle finger of her right hand. Della thus proving poor material for his new manner to work upon, he approached Duke in the back yard, and bending double, seized the lowly animal by the forepaw.

"I let you know my name, Penrod Schofield," hissed the boy. He protruded his underlip ferociously, scowled and thrust forward his head until his nose touched the dog's. "And you better look out, when Penrod Schofield's around, or you'll get in big trouble! You understand that, 'bo'?"

The next day, and the next, the increasing change in Penrod puzzled and distressed his family, who had no idea of its source. How might they guess that hero worship takes such forms? They were vaguely conscious that a rather shabby boy, not of the neighborhood, came to "play" with Penrod several times, but they failed to connect this circumstance with the peculiar behavior of the son of the house, whose ideals his father remarked seemed to have suddenly become identical with those of Gyp the Blood.

CHAPTER XV. The Imitator.

Mrs. Williams, for Penrod himself, "He had taken on new meaning, new richness." He had become a fighting man in conversation at least. "Do you want to know how I do when they try to slip up on me from behind?" he asked Della. And he enacted for her unappreciative eyes a scene of fisty maneuvers wherein he held an imaginary antagonist helpless in a net of stratagems.

Frequently, when he was alone, he would outfit and pummel this same enemy, and, after a cunning feint, land a dolorous stroke full upon a face of air. "There! I guess you'll know better next time. That's the way we do up at the Third!"

Sometimes in solitary pantomime he encountered more than one opponent at a time, for numbers were apt to come upon him treacherously, especially at a little after his rising hour, when he might be caught at a disadvantage—perhaps standing on one leg to incase the other in his knickerbockers. Like lightning he would hurl the trapping garment from him, and, ducking and pivoting, deal great sweeping blows among the circle of sneaking devils. (That was how he broke the clock in his bedroom.) And while these battles were occupying his attention, it was a waste of voice to call him to breakfast, though if his mother, losing patience, came to his room, she would find him seated on the bed pulling at a stocking. "Well, ain't I coming as fast as I can?"

At the table and about the house generally he was bumptious, loud with fatuous misinformation and assumed a domineering tone, which neither satire nor reproof seemed able to reduce, but it was among his own intimates that his new superiority was most outrageous. He twisted the fingers and squeezed the necks of all the boys of the neighborhood, meeting their indignation with a hoarse and rapping laugh he had acquired after short practice in the stable, where he jeered and pummeled the lawnmower, the garden scythe and the wheelbarrow quite out of countenance.

Likewise he bragged to the other boys of the hour, Rupe Collins being the chief subject of encomium next to Penrod himself. "That's the way we do up at the Third," became staple explanation of violence, for Penrod, like Tarzan, was plastic in the hands of his own imagination, and at times convinced himself that he really was one of those dark and murderous spirits exclusively of whom "the Third" was composed—according to Rupe Collins.

Then, when Penrod had exhausted himself repeating to nauseate accounts of the prowess of himself and his great friend, he would turn to two other subjects for vainglory. These were his father and Duke. Mothers must accept the fact that between babyhood and manhood their sons do not boast of them. The boy, with boys, is a Choctaw, and either the influence or the protection of women is shameful. Your mother won't let you, is an insult. But, "My father won't let me," is a dignified explanation and cannot be hooted. A boy's ruined among his fellows if he talks much of his mother or sisters, and he must recognize it as his duty to offer at least the appearance of persecution to all things ranked as female, such as cats and every species of fowl. But he must champion his father and his dog, and, ever ready to pit either against any challenger, must picture both as rallying for battle and absolutely unconquerable.

Penrod, of course, had always talked by the code, but under the new stimulus, Duke was represented virtually as a cross between Bob, Son of Battle,

and South American vampire, and this in spite of the fact that Duke himself often sat close by, a living lie with the hope of peace in his heart. As for Penrod's father, that gladiator was painted as of sentiments and dimensions suitable to a superdemon composed of equal parts of Goliath, Jack Johnson and the Emperor Nero.

Even Penrod's walk was affected. He adopted a gait which was a kind of taunting swagger, and when he passed other children on the street he practiced the habit of feinting a blow; then as the victim dodged he rasped out the triumphant horse laugh which he gradually mastered to horrible perfection. He did this to Marjorie Jones. Are, this was his next meeting, and such it was, young "What was even worse, in Marjorie's opinion, he went on his way without explanation and left her standing on the corner talking about it long after he was out of hearing.

Within five days from his first encounter with Rupe Collins, Penrod had become unbearable. He even almost alienated Sam Williams, who for a time submitted to finger twisting and neck squeezing and the new style of conversation, but finally declared that Penrod made him "sick." He made the statement with fervor one sultry afternoon in Mr. Schofield's stable in the presence of Herman and Verman.

"You better look out, 'bo," said Penrod threateningly. "I'll show you a little how we do up at the Third."

"Up at the Third?" Sam repeated with scorn. "You haven't ever been up there."

"I haven't?" exclaimed Penrod. "I haven't?"

"No, you haven't."

"Looky here," Penrod, darkly argumentative, prepared to perform the eye to eye business. "When haven't I been up there?"

"You haven't never been up there. In spite of Penrod's closely approaching nose Sam maintained his ground and appealed for confirmation. "Has he, Herman?"

"I don't reckon so," said Herman, laughing.

"What?" Penrod transferred his nose to the immediate vicinity of Herman's nose. "You don't reckon so, 'bo, don't you? You better look out how you reckon around here. You understand that, 'bo'?"

Herman bore the eye to eye very well. Indeed, it seemed to please him, for he continued to laugh, while Verman chuckled delightedly. The brothers had been in the country picking berries for a week, and it happened that this was their first experience of the new manifestation of Penrod.

"Haven't I been up at the Third?" the sinister Penrod demanded.

"I don't reckon so. How come you ask me?"

"Didn't you just hear me say I been up there?"

"Well," said Herman mischievously, "hearin' ain't believin'!"

Penrod clutched him by the back of the neck, but Herman, laughing loudly, ducked and released himself at once, retreating to the wall.

"You take that back!" Penrod shouted, striking out wildly.

"Don't get mad," begged the small darky, while a number of blows falling upon his warding arms failed to abate his amusement, and a sound one upon the cheek only made him laugh the more unrestrainedly. He behaved exactly as if Penrod were tickling him, and his brother, Verman, rolled with joy in a wheelbarrow. Penrod pummeled till he was tired and produced no greater effect.

"There!" he panted, desisting finally.

"Now I reckon you know whether I been up there or not?"

Herman rubbed his smitten cheek.

"Pow!" he exclaimed. "Pow-ee! You cert'n did lan' me good one nat time! Oo-ee, she hurt!"

"You'll get hurt worse'n that," Penrod assured him, "if you stay around here much. Rupe Collins is comin' this afternoon, he said. We're goin' to make some policemen's billes out of the rake handle."

"You go' spoil new rake you' pa bought?"

"What do we care? I and Rupe got to have billes, haven't we?"

"How you make em'?"

"Gett' in and pour in a hole we're goin' to make in the end of 'em. Then we're goin' to carry 'em in our pockets, and if anybody says anything to us—oh, oh, look out! They won't get a crack on the head—oh, no!"

"When's Rupe Collins comin'?" Sam Williams inquired rather uneasily. He had heard a great deal too much of this personage, but as yet the pleasure of actual acquaintance had been denied him.

At this moment a brown bound ran into the stable through the alley door, dragged a greeter to Penrod and frantically with Duke. The fat faced boy appeared upon the threshold and gazed coldly upon the little company in the carriage house, whereupon the colored brethren, ceasing from merriment, were instantly impassive, and Sam Williams moved a little nearer the door leading into the yard.

Obviously Sam regarded the new comer as a redoubtable if not ominous figure. He was a head taller than either Sam or Penrod, head and shoulders taller than Herman, who was short for his age, and Verman could hardly be used for purposes of comparison at all, being a mere squat brown spot, not yet quite nine years on this planet. As to Sam's mind the aspect of Mr. Collins realized Penrod's portentous foreshadowings. Upon the fat face there was an expression of truculent intolerance which had been contrived by careful habit to such perfection that Sam's heart sank at sight of it. A somewhat enfeebled twin to this expression had of late often decorated the visage of Penrod and appeared upon that ingenious surface now as he advanced to welcome the eminent visitor.

The host swaggered toward the door with a great deal of shoulder movement, carefully feinting a slap at Verman in passing and creating by various means the atmosphere of a man who has contemptuously amused himself with underlings while awaiting an equal.

"Hello, 'bo!" Penrod said in the dearest voice possible to him.

"Who you callin' 'bo'?" was the ungracious response, accompanied by an immediate action of a similar nature. Rupe held Penrod's head in the crook of an elbow and massaged his temples with a hard pressing knuckle.

"I was only in fun, Rupe," pleaded the sufferer, and then, being set free, "Come here, Sam," he said.

"What for?"

Penrod laughed piteously. "Pshaw, I ain't goin' to hurt you. Come on, Sam, maintainin' his position near the other door, Penrod went to him and caught him round the neck.

"Watch me, Rupe," Penrod called, and performed upon Sam the knuckle operation which he had himself just undergone, Sam submitting mechanically, his eyes fixed with increasing uneasiness upon Rupe Collins. Sam had a premonition that something even more painful than Penrod's knuckle was going to be inflicted upon him.

"That don't hurt," said Penrod, pushing him away.

"Yes, it does, too!" Sam rubbed his temple.

"Pah! It didn't hurt me, did it, Rupe? Come on in, Rupe; show this baby where he's got a wart on his finger."



The Fat Faced Boy Appeared Upon the Threshold and Gazed Coldly About.

"You showed me that trick," Sam objected. "You already did that to me. You tried it twice this afternoon and I don't know how many times before, only you weren't strong enough after the first time. Anyway, I know what it is, and I don't."

"Come on, Rupe," said Penrod. "Make the baby lick dirt."

At this bidding, Rupe approached, while Sam, still protesting, moved to the threshold of the outer door, but Penrod seized him by the shoulders and swung him indoors with a shout.

"Little baby wants to run home to its mom-mum! Here he is, Rupe!"

Thereupon was Penrod's treasury to an old comrade, properly rewarded, for as the two struggled, Rupe caught each by the back of the neck, simultaneously, and with creditable impartiality, forced both boys to their knees.

"Lick dirt!" he commanded, forcing them still forward, until their faces were close to the stable floor.

At this moment he received a real surprise. With a loud whack something struck the back of his head, and, turning, he beheld Verman in the act of lifting a piece of lath to strike again.

"Em moys ome!" said Verman, the giant killer.

"He tongue tie," Herman explained. "He say, let 'em boys alone."

Rupe addressed his host briefly. "Chase them high out o' here!" "Don't call me big," said Herman. "I mine my own bizness. You let 'em boys alone."

Rupe strode across the still prostrate Sam, stepped upon Penrod and, equipping his countenance with the terrifying scowl and protruded jaw, lowered his head to the level of Herman's.

"Nig, you'll be lucky if you leave here alive!" And he leaned forward all his nose was within less than an inch of Herman's nose.

It could be felt that something awful was about to happen, and Penrod, as he rose from the floor, uttered an unexpected wringe of apprehension and remorse. He hoped that Rupe wouldn't really hurt Herman. A sudden dislike of Rupe and Rupe's ways rose within him as he looked at the big boy over, wheezing the little darky with that ferocious scowl. Penrod all at once felt sorry about something indefinable, and with equal regretfulness he felt foolish. "Come on, Rupe," he suggested feebly. "Let Herman go, and let's us make our willies out of the rake handle."

The rake handle, however, was not available if Rupe had inclined to favor the suggestion. Verman had discarded his lath for the rake, which he was at this moment lifting in the air.

"You ole black nigger," the fat faced boy said venomously to Herman. "I'm goin' to—"

But he had allowed his nose to remain too long near Herman's. Penrod's familiar nose had been as close with only a ticklish spinal effect upon the not very remote dependant of Kong-man eaters. The result produced by the glare of Rupe's unfamiliar eyes and by the dreadfully suggestive proximity of Rupe's unfamiliar nose, was altogether different. Herman and Verman's Bangala great-grandfathers never considered people of their own jungle neighborhood proper material for a meal, but they looked upon strangers, especially truculent strangers, as distinctly edible.

Penrod and Sam heard Rupe suddenly squawk and bellow, saw him writhe and twist and fling out his arms like dials, though without removing his face from its juxtaposition. Indeed, for a moment the two heads seemed even closer.

Then they separated, and the battle was on!

CHAPTER XVII. Colored Troops in Action.

Colored Troops in Action. HOW neat and pure is the task of the chronicler who has the tale to tell of a "good roasting fight" between boys or men who fight in the "good old English way," according to a model set for fights in books long before Tom Brown went to Rugby.

There are seconds and rounds and roles of fair play, and always there is great good feeling in the end—though sometimes, to vary the model, "the butcher" defeats the hero—and the chronicler who stencils this fine old pattern on his page is certain of applause as the stirrer of "red blood." There is no surer recipe.

But when Herman and Verman set to't the record must be no more than a few fragments left by the expurgator. It has been perhaps sufficiently suggested that the altercation in Mr. Schofield's stable opened with mayhem in respect to the aggressor's nose. Expressing vocally his indignation and the extremity of his pained surprise, Mr. Collins stepped backward, holding his left hand over his nose and striking at Herman with his right. Then Verman bit him with the rake.

Verman struck from behind. He struck as hard as he could. And he struck with the fines down. For, in his simple, direct African way he wished to kill his enemy, and he wished to kill him as soon as possible. That was his single, earnest purpose.

On this account, Rupe Collins was peculiarly unfortunate. He was plucky and he enjoyed conflict, but neither his ambitions nor his anticipations had ever included murder. He had not learned that a habitually aggressive person runs the danger of colliding with beings in one of those lower stages of evolution wherein theories about "bitting below the belt" have not yet made their appearance.

The rake glanced from the back of Rupe's head to his shoulder, but it fell on him. Both darkies jumped full upon him instantly, and the three rolled and twisted upon the stable floor, unloosing upon the air sincere maledictions closely connected with complaints of cruel and unusual treatment, while certain expressions of feeling presently emanating from Herman and Verman indicated that Rupe Collins, in this extremity, was proving himself not too slavishly addicted to fighting by rule. Dan and Duke, mistaking all for mirth, barked merrily.

From the panting, pounding, yelling heap issued words and phrases hitherto quite unknown to Penrod and Sam; also a hoarse repetition in the voice of Rupe, concerning his ear left it not to be doubted that additional mayhem was taking place. Appalled, the two spectators retreated to the doorway nearest the yard, where they stood dumbly watching the catagory.

The struggle increased in primitive simplicity. Time and again the howling Rupe got to his knees, only to go down again as the earnest brothers in their own way assisted him to a more reclining position. Primal forces operated here, and the two blanched, slightly higher products of evolution, Sam and Penrod, no more thought of interfering than they would have thought of interfering with an earthquake.

At last out of the ruck rose Verman, disfigured and maniacal. With a wild eye he looked about him for his trusty

rake, but Penrod in horror had long since thrown the rake out into the yard. Naturally it had not seemed necessary to remove the lawn mower.

The frantic eye of Verman fell upon the lawn mower, and instantly he leaped to its handle. Shrieking a wordless warcry, he charged, propelling the whirling, deafening knives straight upon the prone legs of Rupe Collins. The lawn mower was sincerely intended to pass longitudinally over the body of Mr. Collins from heel to head, and it was the time for a death song. Black Valkyrie hovered in the shrieking air.

"Cut his gizzud out!" shrieked Herman, urging on the whirling knives. They touched and accelerated the shin of Rupe, as, with the supreme agony of effort a creature in mortal peril puts forth before succumbing, he tore himself free of the scythe, and got upon his feet as quickly. He leaped to the wall and seized the garden scythe that hung there.

"I'm go' cut you' gizzud out," he announced definitely, "an' eat it!"

Rupe Collins had never run from anybody (except his father) in his life. He was not a coward, but the present situation was very, very unusual. He was already in a badly dismantled condition, and yet Herman and Verman seemed discontented with their work. Verman was swinging the grass cutter about for a new charge, apparently still wishing to mow Sam, and Herman had made a quite plausible statement about what he intended to do with the scythe.

Rupe passed, but for an extremely condensed survey of the horrible advance of the brothers and then, uttering a blood curdled scream of fear, ran out of the stable and up the alley at a speed he had never before attained, so that even Dan had had hard work to keep within barking distance. And a cross shoulder glance at the corner, revealing Herman and Herman in pursuit, the latter waving his scythe overhead, Mr. Collins slackened not his gait, but rather, out of great amazement, increased it, while a rapidly developing purpose became firm in his mind and ever after so remained not only to refrain from visiting that neighborhood again, but never by any chance to come within a mile of it.

From the alley door Penrod and Sam watched the flight and were without words. When the pursuit rounded the corner the two looked wanly at each other, but neither spoke until the return of the brothers from the chase.

Herman and Verman came back laughing and chuckling.

"Hi!" sneaked Herman to Verman as they came. "See 'at ole boy run!"

"Who-ee!" Verman shouted in ecstasy.

"Nev' did see boy run so fas!" Herman continued, tossing the scythe into the wheelbarrow. "I bet he home in bed by dis time!"

Verman roared with delight, appearing to be wholly unconscious that the lids of his right eye were swollen shut and that his attire, not too finical before the struggle, now entitled him to unquestioned rank as a sanscrotete. Herman was a similar ruin and gave as little heed to his condition.

Penrod looked dazedly from Herman to Verman and back again. So did Sam Williams.

"Herman," said Penrod in a weak voice, "you wouldn't honest of cut his gizzud out, would you?"

"Who? Me? I don't know. He mighty mean ole boy!" Herman shook his head gravely and then, observing that Verman was again convulsed with unctuous merriment, joined laughter with his brother. "Sho! I guess I uz dess talkin' when I said 'at Reckon he thought I meant it I'm de way he tuck an' run. Hi!" Reckon he thought ole Herman had man. No, s'hr. I uz dess talkin' 'cause I nev' would cut nobody. I ain' tryin' git in no jail—no, sub!"

Penrod looked at the scythe; he looked at Herman; he looked at the lawn mower, and he looked at Verman. Then he looked out in the yard at the rake. So did Sam Williams.

"Come on, Verman!" said Herman. "We ain' got 'at stove wood 't supper yet!"

Giggling reminiscently, the brothers disappeared, leaving silence behind them in the carriage house. Penrod and Sam retired slowly into the shadowy interior, each glancing, now and then, with a preoccupied air, at the open doorway where the late afternoon sunshine was growing ruddy.

At intervals one or the other scraped the floor reflectively with the side of his shoe. Finally, still without either having made any effort at conversation, they went out into the yard and stood, continuing their silence.

"Well," said Sam at last, "I guess it's time I better be gettin' home. So long, Penrod."

"So long, Sam," said Penrod feebly. With solemn gaze he watched his friend out of sight. Then he went slowly into the house and after an interval occupied in a unique manner appeared in the library holding a pair of brilliantly gleaming shoes in his hand.

Mr. Schofield, reading the evening paper, glanced frowningly over it at his offspring.

"Look, papa," said Penrod; "I found your shoes where you'd taken 'em off in your room to put on your slippers, and they were all dusty. So I took 'em out on the back porch and gave 'em a good blacking. They shine up fine, don't they?"

"Well, I'll be a d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d!" said the startled Mr. Schofield.

Penrod was zigzagging back to normal.

The midsummer sun was stinging hot outside the little barber shop next to

the corner drug store, and Penrod, undressing a toilet preliminary to his very slowly approaching twelfth birthday, was as desirous enough to retain upon his face much hair as it fell from the shears.

There is a mystery here. The torsorial processes are not ungraceful to manhood—in truth, they are soothing—but the hairs detached from a boy's head get into his eyes, his ears, his nose, his mouth and down his neck, and he does everywhere with execratable thoroughness. Wherefore he blinks, winces, weeps, twitches, condenses his countenance and squirms; and perchance the barber's scissors clip more than intended—belike an outlying flange of ear.

"Um-muh-ow!" said Penrod, this thing having happened.

"D' I touch 'r a little?" inquired the barber, smiling falsely.

"Ooh-uh!" The boy in the chair offered inarticulate protest, as the wound was rubbed with alum.

"That don't hurt," said the barber. "You will get it, though, if you don't sit stiller," he continued, nipping in the end any attempt on the part of his patient to think that he already had cut it.

"Pshaw!" said Penrod, meaning no disrespect, but endeavoring to disguise a temporary mistake from his lip.

"You ought to see how still that little George Bassett sits," the barber went on reprovingly. "I hear everybody says he's the best boy in town."

"Pshaw! Pshaw!" There was a touch of intentional contempt in this. "I haven't heard nobody around the neighborhood makin' no such remarks," sneered the barber, "about nobody of the name of Penrod Schofield."

"Well," said Penrod, clearing his mouth after a struggle, "who wants em to 'ouch?"

"I hear they call George Bassett the 'little gentleman,'" sneered the barber, "provident, nothin' with no ass't success."

"They better not call me that," returned Penrod truculently. "I'd like to hear anybody try. Just once, that's all, or I bet they never try it ag-ooch!"

"Why? What'd you do to 'em?"

"It's all right what I'd do I bet they wouldn't want to call me that again long as they lived!"

"What'd you do if it was a little girl? You wouldn't hit her, would you?"

"Well, I'd—ouch!"

"You wouldn't hit a little girl, would you?" the barber persisted, gathering into his powerful fingers a mop of hair from the top of Penrod's head and pulling that suffering head into an unnatural position. "Doesn't the Bible say it ain't never right to hit the weak set?"

"Ow! Say, look out!"

"So you'd go and pinch a pore, weak, little girl, would you?" said the barber reprovingly.

"Well, who said I'd hit her?" demanded the chivalrous Penrod. "I bet

"They better not call me that," returned Penrod truculently.

"I'd fix her, though, all right, she'd see!"

"You wouldn't call her names, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't. What hurt is it to call anybody names?"

"Is that so?" exclaimed the barber. "Then you was intending what I heard you hollerin' at Fisher's grocery delivery wagon driver for a favor the other day when I was goin' by your house, was you? I reckon I better tell him, because he says to me afterwards if he ever lays eyes on you when you ain't in your own yard he's goin' to do a whole lot o' things you ain't goin' to like! Yessir, that's what he says to me!"

"He better catch me first, I guess, before he talks so much."

"Well," resumed the barber, "that ain't sayin' what you'd do if a young lady ever walked up and called you a little gentleman. I want to hear what you'd do to her. I guess I know, though, come to think of it."

"What?" demanded Penrod.

"You'd sick that pore ole dog of yours on her cat if she had one, I expect," guessed the barber derisively.

"No, I would not!"

(To be continued)

### DEFENCE OF ANGLING

**PISCATOR.** You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence, and malice, will do it; but though they often venture boldly, yet they are often caught, even in their own trap, according to that of Lucian, the father of the family of scoffers.

"Lucian, well skill'd in scoffing, this hath writ,  
Friend, that's your folly, which you think your wit;  
This, you vent off, void both of wit and fear,  
Meaning another, when yourself you jeer."

If to this you add what Solomon says of scoffers, that "they are an abomination to mankind," let them that think fit scoff on, and be scoffers still but I account them enemies to me and to all that love virtue and angling.

And for you, that have heard many grave, serious men, pity Anglers; let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we condemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented; for these poor rich men, we Anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such disposition, and as the learned and ingenious Montaigne says—like himself, freely. "When myself and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another), that we agree no better. And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together?" Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and I hope I may take as great a liberty to blame and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what Anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts to make ourselves happy.

**Venator.** Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no scoffer, yet I have, I pray, let me speak it without offence, always looked upon Anglers as more patient and more simple men than I fear I shall find you to be.

**Piscator.** Sir, I hope you will not judge my earnestness to be impatience; and for my simplicity, if by that you mean a harmlessness, or that simplicity which was usually found in the primitive Christians, who were, as most Anglers are, quiet men, and followers of peace; men that were so simply wise, as not to sell their conscience to buy riches, and with them vexation and a fear to die; if you mean by such simple men as lived in those times when there were fewer lawyers, when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it safely in this wiser age; I say, sir, if you take us Anglers to such simple men as I have spoken, then myself and those of my profession will be glad to be so understood; but if by simplicity you meant to express a general defect in those that profess and practise the excellent art of angling, I hope in time to disabuse you, and make the contrary appear so evidently, that if you will but have patience to hear me, I shall remove all the anticipations that discourse, or time, or prejudice, have possessed you with against that laudable and ancient art; for I know it worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

But, gentlemen, though I be able to do this, I am not so unmanly as to engross all the discourse to myself; and, therefore, you two having declared yourselves, the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practice; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation, and art of angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter; and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

From "The Compleat Angler," by IZAAK WALTON (Born August 9, 1593; died December 15, 1683.)

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

### THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

August 10.—St. Lawrence, Otterburn (Chevy Chase), 1388; St. Quentin, 1557; Ferdinand Magellan, Portuguese navigator and explorer, started on his voyage across the Atlantic, 1519; Jacques Cartier reached the St. John River, 1535; General Sir Charles Napier, British military commander, born 1782; Storming of the Tuilleries in Paris, 1792; Jay Cooke, American Financier, born, 1821; Great Earthquake in Italy, 1822; William S. Loggie, M. P. for Northumberland, N. B., born, 1850; Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, French pioneer of photography, died 1851; Herbert C. Hoover, former Food Controller in the United States, born, 1874; Lord Curzon of Kedleston appointed Viceroy of India, 1898.

August 11.—Zuyder Zee, 1673; Wilna, 1794; Sir James A. Grant, Ottawa physician, born, 1831; Sir Edward Kemp, Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, born, 1858; Cardinal John Henry Newman, English prelate, died, 1890; John Boyle O'Reilly, Irish-American poet, died, 1890; Francesco Crispi, Italian statesman, died 1901.

August 12.—Nahum Tate, English Poet Laureate, with Brady joint versifier of the Psalms, died, 1715; Rev. Rowland Hill, English preacher, born 1744; Thomas Bewick, English wood engraver, born 1753; King George IV of England born, 1762; Robert Southey, English Poet Laureate, born, 1774; William Makepeace Thackeray, British novelist, born, 1811; William Blake, English poet and engraver, died, 1827; George Stephenson, British engineer, died, 1848; James Russell Lowell, American man of letters, poet and diplomat, died, 1891; Hawaii annexed to the United States, 1898; Grand Alexis, only son of the late Tsar of Russia, born, 1904; Great Britain declared war against Austria-Hungary, 1914.

August 13.—General Montgomery founded Fort Richelieu, 1642; Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Anglican divine, died, 1677; Antoine Lavoisier, French chemist, born, 1762; Sir George Grove, English musician, born, 1820; Marquis of Cambridge, brother of Queen Mary, born, 1868; Manila surrendered to American forces, 1898.

August 14.—Old Lammis Day, Metz, 1870; Dr. Chas. Hutton, English mathematician, born, 1737; General Montcalm took Oswego, 1756; George Colman, English dramatist, died, 1794; Dr. William Buckland, English geologist, died, 1856; Ernest Seton-Thompson, American naturalist, author, and lecturer, born, 1860; Hon. Frank B. Carvell, Chairman of the Railway Commission of Canada, born, 1862; Relief of Peking, 1900.

August 15.—Admiral Robert Blake, British naval commander, born, 1299; Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, born, 1769; Sir Walter Scott, Scottish poet and novelist, born, 1771; Hon. Walter R. Page, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, born, 1855; J. Keir Hardie, late Scottish labor representative, 1856; Hon. Sir John S. Hendrie, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, born, 1857; United States troops marched through London, 1917.

August 16.—Dr. Thomas Fuller, English divine, died, 1661; Province of New Brunswick formed, 1784; Thomas De Quincey, English journalist and essayist, born, 1785; "Peterloo" meeting at Manchester, 1819; Northern Sea discovered by Captain Sir John Franklin, English Arctic explorer, 1825; Adelaide Nelson, English actress, died, 1880; Vicount Wolsley succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, 1895; British Expeditionary Force landed in France, 1914.

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Correspondents will please take notice that they are not to send in their local news items until we make a special request for them to do so, as the date of the next issue of the BEACON is uncertain. The paper will not be issued again until we have installed a typesetting machine or obtained a sufficient number of hand compositors.

**BEACON PRESS COMPANY**  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
19th August, 1919.

### CANADIAN PACIFIC

### FARM LABORERS Excursions

**AUGUST 11th AND 18th**

FARES FROM ST. ANDREWS  
**\$12.00 Going**  
**\$18.00 Returning**

**N. R. DESBRISAY,**  
District Passenger Agent

### TEN DOLLARS REWARD

TEN DOLLARS will be paid to any person or persons that will give such evidence as will lead to the conviction and punishment of the person or persons who cut the top out of and mutilated an apple tree in my garden in June 1918, and also cut the limbs off and mutilated a plum tree in the same locality between July 25 and August 3 inst.

**J. A. SHIRLEY**  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
August 14, 1919.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.

**MOISE DEROSCE,**  
Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

### MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME  
PHASES OF THE MOON  
August  
First Quarter, 3rd ..... 4h. 12m. p.m.  
Full Moon, 11th ..... 1h. 40m. p.m.  
Last Quarter, 18th ..... 11h. 56m. a.m.  
New Moon, 25th ..... 11h. 37m. a.m.

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	H. Water a.m.	H. Water p.m.	L. Water a.m.	L. Water p.m.
August							
10 Sun	5:27	7:39	10:52	11:01	4:55	5:12	
11 Mon	5:29	7:37	11:32	11:41	5:36	5:53	
12 Tue	5:30	7:36	0:08	12:11	6:15	6:33	
13 Wed	5:31	7:35	0:22	12:50	6:55	7:14	
14 Thur	5:32	7:33	1:04	1:30	7:36	7:56	
15 Fri	5:33	7:31	1:48	2:12	8:19	8:40	
16 Sat	5:34	7:30	2:35	2:58	9:04	9:27	

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

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

### PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

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

### INDIAN ISLAND. CUSTOMS

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

### CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

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

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF  
Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—  
CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 13.  
Mr. Justice Crockett; Tuesday, October 7, Mr. Justice Barry.  
COUNTY COURT: Tuesday, February 4; Tuesday, June 3; and Tuesday, October 28.  
Judge Carleton

### WANTED

A man to act as Street Commissioner, care for Town Team, and do the street work.

Also a man to act as Marshal; or a competent man willing to serve in both capacities.

Apply in writing, stating Salary expected, on or before the 16th inst.

**G. K. GREENLAW,** Mayor.  
St. Andrews, N. B.,  
August 7, 1919.

### WANT COMPOSITORS

Much matter of local and general interest has to be held over to-day in consequence of the very limited staff of compositors in our printing office. We wish to engage more compositors, men or women, to whom good wages will be paid.

### FOR SALE

One Gramm Motor Truck with Continental Motor, capacity 4000 lb., in good running order. Apply to  
**GLENN THOMPSON,**  
St. Andrews, N. B.

FOR SALE. A farm on Mascarene formerly known as the Capt. Sam Dick place. For particulars apply to  
**WILLIAM MITCHELL**  
Beak Bay, N. B.

### FOR SALE

Half interest in a Fishing Weir located at Sherrard's Cove, and known as the Channel Weir. For price and particulars apply to  
**WILLIAM MITCHELL**  
Beak Bay, N. B.

### TRAVEL

### GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME  
Commencing June 1, a steamer of this line leaves Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a.m., for St. John via Campbell and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a.m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leaves Grand Manan, 8 a.m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays.

Fridays, leaves Grand Manan, 6.30 a.m., for St. John direct, returning 2.30 same day.

Saturdays, leaves Grand Manan, 7.30 a.m., for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1.30 same day.

**SCOTT D. GUPTILL,** Manager

### MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

### TIME TABLE

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a.m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay.

Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, a.m., Thursday.  
Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors.

This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

### CHURCH SERVICES

**ST. ANDREW CHURCH**—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 7 a.m. and 10.00 a.m., and 7.30 p.m.

**GREENOCK CHURCH**—Sunday, July 6. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. W. W. Malcolm, of St. Stephen, will conduct both services.

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

**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.

**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.

### ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

**ALBERT THOMPSON,** Postmaster  
Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp.

Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

Mails inward and outward by train; daily except Sunday:—  
Arrive: 10.55 a.m.  
9.35 p.m.  
Close: 4.40 p.m.  
10.30 p.m.

Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campbell. Daily except Sunday:—  
Arrive: 10.15 a.m.  
Close: 11.00 a.m.

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

The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

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



### JOB PRINTING TO SUIT YOU

WEDDING INVITATIONS,  
DANCE PROGRAMMES  
VISITING CARDS AND ALL KINDS OF SOCIETY, COMMERCIAL, LODGE AND LEGAL PRINTING Done by OUR JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

### Beacon Press Co.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE  
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Next Door to Custom House