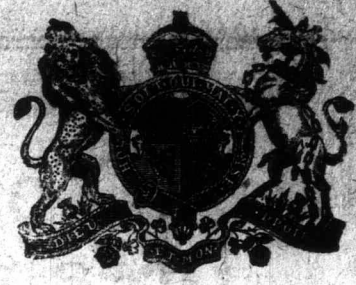




The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1919

NO. 27

A DIRGE

SLEEP on, sleep, ye resting dead?
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dew's greenness. Ever fled
From you hath Care; and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made.
Where tears do cease from flowing,
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! Ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever;
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel
And blanch the loving heart, until
Tis like the bed of mountain-till
Which waves have left for ever
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! Your couch is made
Upon your mother's bosom;
Yea, and your peaceful, lonely bed
Is all with sweet wild-flowers inlaid;
And over each earth-pillow'd head
The hand of Nature strews them
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! I would I were
At rest within your dwelling,
No more to feel, no more to bear
The World's falsehood and its care,
The arrows it doth never spare
On him whose feet are failing.
Sleep on!

—ROBERT NICOLL
(Born January 7, 1814; died 1837.)

THE HEADSWOMAN

By KENNETH GRAHAME

I was a bland, sunny morning of a medieval May,—an old-style May of the most typical quality; and the Council of the little town of St. Radegonde were assembled, as was their wont at that hour, in the picturesque upper chamber of the Hotel de Ville, for the dispatch of the usual municipal business. Though the date was early sixteenth century, the members of this particular town-council possessed considerable resemblance to those of similar assemblies in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and even the nineteenth centuries, in a general absence of any characteristic at all—unless a pervading hopeless insignificance can be considered as such. All the character in the room, indeed, seemed to be concentrated in the girl who stood before the table, erect, yet at her ease, facing the members in general and Mr. Mayor in particular; a delicate-handed, handsome girl of some eighteen summers, whose tall, supple figure was well set off by the quiet, though tasteful mourning in which she was clad.

"Well, gentlemen," the Mayor was saying, "this little business appears to be—er—quite in order, and it only remains for me to—er—review the facts. You are aware that the town has lately had the misfortune to lose its excoriated,—a gentleman who, I may say, performed the duties of his office with neatness and dispatch, and gave the fullest satisfaction to all with whom he—er—came in contact. But the Council has already, in a vote of condolence, expressed its sense of the—er—striking qualities of the deceased. You are doubtless also aware that the office is hereditary, being secured to a particular family in this town, so long as any one of its members is ready and willing to take it up. The deed lies before me, and appears to be—er—quite in order. It is true that on this occasion the Council might have been called upon to consider and examine the title of the claimant, the late lamented official having only left a daughter,—she who now stands before you; but I am happy to say that Jeanne—the young lady in question—with what I am bound to call great good-feeling on her part, has saved us all trouble in that respect, by formally applying for the family post, with all its—er—duties, privileges, and emoluments; and her application appears to be—er—quite in order. There is therefore, under the circumstances, nothing left for us to do but to declare the said applicant duly elected. I would wish, however, before I—er—sit down, to make it quite clear to the—er—fair petitioner, that if a laudable desire to save the Council trouble in the matter has led her to a—er—hasty conclusion, it is quite open to her to reconsider her position. Should she determine not to press her claim, the succession to the post would then apparently devolve upon her cousin Enguerrand, well known to you all as a practising advocate in the courts of this town. Though the youth has not, I admit, up to now proved a conspicuous success in the profession he has chosen, still there is no reason why a bad lawyer should not make an excellent excutioner; and in view of the close friendship—may I even say attachment?—existing between the cousins, it is possible that this young lady may, in due course, practically enjoy the solid emoluments of the position without the necessity of discharging its (to some girls) uncongenial duties. And so, though not the rose herself, she would still be—er—near the rose!" And the

Mayor resumed his seat, chuckling over his little pleasantry, which the keener wits of the Council proceeded to explain at length to the more obtuse.

"Permit me, Mr. Mayor," said the girl, quietly, "first to thank you for what was evidently the outcome of a kindly though misdirected feeling on your part; and then to set you right as to the grounds of my application for the post to which you admit my hereditary claim. As to my cousin, your conjecture as to the feeling between us is greatly exaggerated; and I may further say at once, from my knowledge of his character, that he is little qualified either to adorn or to dignify an important position such as this. A man who has achieved such indifferent success in a minor and less exacting walk of life, is hardly likely to shine in an occupation demanding punctuality, concentration, judgement,—all the qualities, in fine, that go to make a good business man. But this is beside the question. My motive, gentlemen, in demanding what is my due, is a simple and (I trust) an honest one, and I desire that there should be no misunderstanding. It is my wish to be dependent on no one. I am both willing and able to work, and I only ask for what is the common right of humanity,—admission to the labor market. How many poor toiling women would simply jump at a chance like this which fortune, by the accident of birth, lays open to me! And shall I, from any false deference to that conventional voice which proclaims this thing as 'nice,' and that thing as 'not nice,' reject a handicraft which promises me both artistic satisfaction and a competence? No gentlemen; my claim is a small one,—only a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. But I can accept nothing less, nor consent to forgo my rights, even for any contingent remainder of possible cousinly favor!"

There was a touch of scorn in her fine contralto voice as she finished speaking; the Mayor himself beamed approval. He was not wealthy, and had a large family of daughters; so Jeanne's sentiments seemed to him entirely right and laudable.

"Well, gentlemen," he began briskly, "then all we've got to do, is to—"

"Beg pardon, your worship," put in Master Robinet, the tanner, who had been sitting with a petrified, Bill-the-Lizard sort of expression during the speechifying; "but are we to understand as how this here young lady is going to be the public excutioner of this here town?"

"Really, neighbour Robinet," said the Mayor, somewhat pettishly, "you've got ears like the rest of us, I suppose; and you've had my assurance that it's—er—quite in order; and as it's getting towards lunch-time—"

"But it's unheard of," protested honest Robinet. "There hasn't ever been no such thing—leastways not as I've heard tell."

"Well, well, well," said the Mayor, "everything must have a beginning, I suppose. Times are different now, you know. There's the march of intellect, and—er—all that sort of thing. We must advance with the times—don't you see Robinet?—advance with the times!"

"Well, I'm—"

But no one heard, on this occasion, the tanner's opinion as to his condition, physical or spiritual; for the clear contralto cut short his objections.

"If there's really dotting more to be said, Mr. Mayor," she remarked, "I need not trespass longer on your valuable time. I propose to take up the duties of my office to-morrow morning, at the usual hour. The salary will, I assume, be reckoned from the same date; and I shall make the customary quarterly application for such additional emoluments as may have accrued to me during that period. You see I am familiar with the routine. Good-morning, gentlemen!" And as she passed from the Council chamber, her small head held erect, even the tanner felt that she took with her a large portion of the May sunshine which was descending that morning to gild their deliberations.

II

One evening, a few weeks later, Jeanne was taking a stroll on the ramparts of the town, a favorite and customary walk of hers when business cares were over. The pleasant expanse of country that lay spread beneath her—the rich sunset, the gleaming, sinuous river, and the noble old chateau that dominated both town and pasture from its adjacent height all served to stir and bring out in her those poetic impulses which had lain dormant during the working day; while the cool evening breeze smoothed out and obliterated any little jars or worries which might have ensued during the practice of a profession in which she was still something of a novice. This evening she felt fairly happy and content. True, business was rather brisk, and her days had been fully occupied; but this mattered little so long as her modest efforts were appreci-

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Here's to the year that's awa'
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ik bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our songs and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

JOHN DUNLOP.

—The New York Evening Post.

RESOLUTION FOR 1919

I HEREBY RESOLVE:
That during 1919 I will save money;
That I will save an amount which will compel me to forgo something I can really do without;
That I will buy War Savings Stamps;
That I will also get a Thrift card, which will enable me to take care of the "quarters";
That I will keep on doing this throughout the year;
That I will recommend this plan to others;
That I will do all I can to popularize it for the good of my neighbour and Canada generally.

ated, and she was now really beginning to feel that, with practice, her work was creditably and artistically done. In a satisfied, somewhat dreamy mood, she was drinking in the various sweet influences of the evening, when she perceived her cousin approaching.

"Good-evening, Enguerrand," cried Jeanne, pleasantly; she was thinking that since she had begun to work for her living, she had hardly seen him—and they used to be such good friends. Could anything have occurred to offend him?"

Enguerrand drew near somewhat moodily, but could not help allowing his expression to relax at sight of her fair young face, set in its framework of rich brown hair, wherein the sunset seemed to have tangled itself and to cling, reluctant to leave it.

"Sit down, Enguerrand," continued Jeanne, "and tell me what you've been doing this long time. Been very busy, and winning forensic fame and gold?"

"Well, not exactly," said Enguerrand, moody once more. "The fact is, there's so much interest required nowadays at the courts that unassisted talent never gets a chance. And you, Jeanne?"

"Oh, I don't complain," answered Jeanne, lightly. "Of course, it's fair-time just now, you know, and we're always busy then. But work will be lighter soon, and then I'll get a day off and we'll have a delightful ramble and picnic in the woods, as we used to do when we were children. What fun we had in those old days, Enguerrand! Do you remember when we were quite little tots, and used to play at excursions in the back-garden, and you were a bandit and a buccaneer, and all sorts of dreadful things, and I used to chop off your head with a paper-knife? How pleased dear-father used to be!"

"Jeanne," said Enguerrand, with some hesitation, "you've touched upon the very subject that I came to speak to you about. Do you know, dear, I can't help feeling—it may be unreasonable, but still the feeling is there—that the profession you have adopted is not quite—is just a little—"

"Now, Enguerrand!" said Jeanne, an angry flash sparkling in her eyes. She was a little touchy on this subject, the word she most affected to despise being also the one she most dreaded,—the adjective "unladylike."

"Don't misunderstand me, Jeanne," went on Enguerrand, imploringly: "you may naturally think that, because I should have succeeded to the post, with its income and perquisites, had you relinquished your claim, there is therefore some personal feeling in my remonstrances. Believe me, it is not so. My own interests do not weigh with me for a moment. It is on your account, Jeanne, and yours alone, that I ask you to consider whether the higher aesthetic qualities, which I know you possess, may not become cramped and thwarted by 'the trivial round, the common task,'

which you have lightly undertaken. However laudable a professional life may be, one always feels that with a delicate organism such as woman, some of the bloom may possibly get rubbed off the cheeks.

"Well, Enguerrand," said Jeanne, composing herself with an effort, though her lips were set hard, "I will do you the justice to believe that personal advantage does not influence you, and I will try to reason calmly with you, and convince you that you are simply hide-bound by old-world prejudice. Now, take yourself, for instance, who come here to instruct me: what does your profession amount to, when all's said and done? A mass of lies, quibbles, dodges, and tricks, that would make any self-respecting excutioner blush! And even with the dirty weapons at your command, you make but a poor show of it. There was that wretched fellow you defended only two days ago. (I was in court during the trial—professional interest, you know.) Well, he had his regular *alibi* all ready, as clear as clear could be; only you must needs go and mess and bungle the thing up, so that, just as I expected all along, he was passed on to me for treatment in due course. You may like to have his opinion—that of a shrewd, though unlettered person. It's a real pleasure, miss," he said, "to be handled by you. You know our work, and you does your work—though 'p'raps I see it as shouldn't. If that blooming fool of a mouthpiece of mine—er—was referring to you, dear, in your capacity of advocate—'had known his business half as well as you do yours, I shouldn't a bin here now! And you, know, Enguerrand, he was perfectly right."

"Well, perhaps he was," admitted Enguerrand. "You see, I had been working at a sonnet the night before, and I couldn't get the rhymes right, and they would keep coming into my head in court and mixing themselves up with the *alibi*. Bul look here, Jeanne, when you saw I was going off the track, you might have given me a friendly hint, and you know—for old times' sake if not for the prisoner's!"

"I daresay," replied Jeanne, calmly: "perhaps you'll tell me why I should sacrifice my interests because you're unable to look after yours. You forget that I receive a bonus, over and above my salary, upon each exercise of my functions!"

"True," said Enguerrand, gloomily: "I did forget that. I wish I had your business aptitudes, Jeanne."

"I daresay you do," remarked Jeanne. "But you see, dear, how all your arguments fall to the ground. You mistake a prepossession for a logical base. Now if I had gone, like that Clairette you used to dangle after, and been waiting-wompt on some grand lady in a chateau,—a thin-blooded compound of drudge and sycophant—then, I suppose, you'd have been perfectly satisfied. So 'feminine! So genteel!"

"She's not a bad sort of girl, little

Claire," said Enguerrand, reflectively (thereby angering Jeanne afresh): "but putting her aside,—of course you could always beat me at argument, Jeanne; you'd have made a much better lawyer than I. But you know, dear, how much I care about you; and I did hope that on that account even a prejudice, however unreasonable, might have some little weight. And I'm not alone, let me tell you, in my views. There was a fellow in court only to-day, who was saying that yours was only a *succes d'estime*, and that woman, as a naturally talkative and hopelessly unpunctual animal, could never be more than a clever amateur in the profession you'd have chosen."

"That will do, Enguerrand," said Jeanne, proudly, "it seems that when argument fails, you can stoop so low as to insult me through my sex. You men are all alike,—steeped in brutish masculine prejudice. Now go away, and don't mention the subject to me again till you're quite reasonable and nice."

To be continued

AMERICAN SAILORS FIND LONDON HOSPITABLE

AT the beginning of the present month there were 15,000 American sailors in London, and the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, in a dispatch printed in that newspaper on December 7, without telling exactly what London thought of the boys in blue, gave an impressionistic glimpse of the American sailor's view of London. The dispatch said:

"London seems to be thinking a good deal about the 15,000 American sailors who are in town. What are they thinking about London? 'I like your town all right,' one of them said to me to-day, 'but you haven't enough restaurants. Even in a small American town every street has got them in bunches of fives. Your transport is not up to standard, but I suppose that's the war. London's more like an American city than Edinburgh, and the people are all right. You are not so modern as we are. I see your girls have got their hair bobbed—why, our girls had that ten years ago! The people are real friendly. We like your burg, but your climate is a mutt. The big difference is your ladies. You can speak to a lady here, high or low, without getting into trouble. If you spoke to a lady in America you'd be arrested. I don't say that there's not something where you're more democratic than we are.'

"I referred to the condition of the Strand, and said I hoped that they would not take home wrong ideas about English girls. He said: 'Make no mistake about that. We know all about it. When a man just came back to his ship from leave in London the fellows asked him what the girls were like. He said: 'Depends on what sort you're out for. You can get both sorts if you want them.' We've got our bad joints at home, like you have; but lots of us have got to know fine girls, and high-toned, too, and we don't want the other sort."

"They got on very well with the English sailors on the Forth. 'We gave them a vaudeville, and they gave us what they called a concert.' He would like to live in England when we changed our weather."

"This sailor gave me some sound information on a point about which I had always been curious. I asked him if one American could tell at once what part of America another one came from. He said, 'Sure. Take a man from the South. He speaks slow with a drawl—'Air-you-go-in-down-town-toe-night' see? Like that like a bunch of farmers talking. A man from Chicago talks like a man from New York, quick and cutting like, with a lot of profanity."

"But could you tell the difference between a Chicago man and a New York man?" "Sure; a Chicago man uses more profanity, and he moves his hand like this—see?—as if he was dealing a card trick." "What about the Middle West?" "Oh! a Kansas man doesn't speak slow, like a Southerner, or too quick like a Chicago man, but just plain and distinct, so any one can understand him. Just like I speak. I come from Kansas.' So there you have it all."

WAR DEATH LIST

London, Dec. 30.—With the issue of the official figures of the French losses in the war, it is possible to arrive at the approximate estimate of the appalling toll of life. The dead so far number 5,936,504. The individual losses in dead thus far announced are:

British, 706,726; French, 1,071,300; American, 58,478; Russian, 1,700,000; Austrian 800,000; German, 1,600,000.

The total German casualties are given by the Berlin Vorwaerts as 6,330,000, and the Austrian total was placed at 4,000,000. Serbia in killed, wounded and prisoners, lost 320,000 men.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, December 26.—The safe arrival at Algoa Bay, an African port, of the American sailing ship *Brynilda*, previously reported as lost, was confirmed by Lloyd's here to-day. The report of her loss was due to the fact that a smug boat from her had been picked up at sea.

The *Brynilda* sailed from New York September 27 with a cargo for Africa ports. Two days later a lifeboat to which was attached part of the davits was picked up some distance off the America coast, the boat being identified as belonging to the ship. Later, navy crews searching for the ship and survivors found lumber and other wreckage also identified as part of the ship's cargo. As the ship carried wireless and no report was heard from her, she was given up for lost, and it was generally believed she had struck a mine. This opinion was accepted by the underwriters and 80 per cent. of the ship's insurance was paid. The vessel was in command of Capt. J. S. Keannely, of Malden, Mass., and carried a crew of twenty-one men.

—London, Dec. 30.—The American transport *Taradore*, which left New York for Brest on December 18, was stranded on the Isle D'Yeu, in the Bay of Biscay, on Saturday. Advice state that those on board are being rescued.

—St. John's, Nfld., Dec. 30.—The steamer *Cracianna*, which was due to arrive here to-day, has gone to the assistance of the steamer *Carib*, which last night was reported in distress about 800 miles off this port. No further word has been received from the *Carib* in addition to the wireless message picked up last night, saying that her cargo was shifting and breaking loose.

—London, Dec. 30.—The American Line Steamship *Laladyeu* is on the rocks off the English coast, Lloyd's announced to-day. Rescue of passengers has commenced. No steamship named *Laladyeu* is listed in Lloyd's register.

—Manila, Dec. 30.—Sixteen lives are believed to have been lost when the United States shipping board's steamer *Quantico* was driven ashore in a storm Christmas night on Tabias Island, 25 miles east of Iloilo. The missing were passengers and members of the crew. News of the wreck reached here to-day.

The vessel, which was used in the Inter-Island service, is badly damaged, but it is believed its cargo can be saved.

—London, Dec. 31.—The British steamer *Merida*, from Baltimore December 6, is stranded off Pointe Du Touquet on the French coast, south of Boulogne. Although they report the vessel is not damaged, the crew has been obliged to abandon her, owing to the heavy weather.

—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 31.—The steamer *Carib*, before reported in distress eight hundred miles off St. John's, Nfld., was 95 miles east of Halifax this morning and is expected to arrive at this port this evening, according to wireless messages received here. The *Carib* is proceeding under her own steam.

—London, Jan. 1.—Two hundred and seventy sailors were drowned to-day as the result of the loss of the British steam yacht *Jolair*, off Stornoway, Scot. The yacht had 300 sailors on board. They were on a New Year's holiday leave.

The vessel struck on the dangerous rocks known as the Beasts of Hell, near Stornoway harbor, and only about thirty of them were saved. Many of these were terribly injured in their efforts to reach the shore. All the officers and crew of the *Jolair* were lost.

The *Jolair* was a vessel of 302 tons. She was built in 1902, and before the war belonged to the estate of the late Sir Donald Currie.

Make 1919 a W. S. S. year.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S WORK GOES ON

A reminder of Elbert Hubbard, victim of the Lusitania, is contained in this paragraph in a New York paper: "At East Aurora the Roycrofts continue to flourish. Their annual convention is as usual. But no invitation is necessary to attend it. Anyone who goes there is welcomed and the speakers include you if you want to speak. That's the Roycroft idea. The notables are scheduled, but in the grove the open-air theater is an open forum. Any subject goes. We hear that the work phase of the Roycrofts is the big thing now. Which as we recall it was Hubbard's hope. A place where everything that was made was first useful and then beautiful. He used to say, 'If it's useful it is beautiful, but many useful things can be made more beautiful. That's what we want to do.'" —Exchange.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY
C11 2 3 4 5
115

You May Dream Dreams

and see Visions, but to make your Dreams come true—and your Visions materialize—generally means having a little capital to start with.

The way to get capital is to save a part of what you now earn.

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

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

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

G. W. BABBITT
Manager
St. Andrews Branch



CAMPOBELLO

Dec. 30.
Miss Georgia Calder, of Fredericton Business College, and sister, Mrs. Lawson Hanson, also of Fredericton, are spending the holiday season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Calder.

Mr. Calvin Calder, of Gloucester, Mass., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Thankful Calder.

Sgt. Lawson Hanson was a recent visitor here.

Mrs. Etta Calder spent Christmas with relatives here.

Mrs. Lydia Lank, Mr. and Mrs. Lydia Lank and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Harvey attended the funeral of the late Mr. Mowat, Bayside, on Christmas day. Mr. Harvey went thence to Stanley, N. B., to meet his brother, who has returned from the front.

Collector Carson and wife spent the holidays with relatives at Magaguadavic.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pike and two children, of Lubec, Me., were the Christmas guests of friends here.

Milton Townsend went last week for a trip to the Dennysville woods.

Miss Emma Davidson visited New York, and returned last week.

Mr. Allen and daughter are the guests of Mrs. Eleazer Patch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollo Calder and family spent a few days of the past week with relatives here.

Miss May Alexander and Angus Calder visited their homes here at Christmas-tide.

The annual Christmas service was held in St. Anne's church during the day, while the evening was made joyous by a ball in the public hall, the receipts to be used for patriotic purposes.

Died, at Bunker Hill, Campobello, Dec. 25th, Mrs. Sprague, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Vennell. Deceased was an aged lady. The remains were conveyed on Friday to Eastport, Me., her former home, for burial.

The death occurred at Portland, Me., early in November, of Spanish influenza, of Daniel Calder, son of Mrs. Thankful and the late Walter Calder, aged 56 years. Interment took place in Portland. The announcement of the sad event has not previously been sent to the press owing to a misunderstanding, but the news was brought here by a brother, Calvin Calder, who arrived last week from American ports. Mrs. Thomas Mitchell and Mr. Thomas Calder, residents here, are sister and brother of the deceased.

On Christmas Eve the children of St. Anne's church enjoyed a Christmas-tree in the church hall, where good Old Santa awaited them all with a nice present for each.

Rev. J. D. Corey addressed his church here on Sunday afternoon in commemoration of the New Year, 1919. Next Sunday he will hold a memorial service at his church at Wilson's beach in memory of Pte. Judson Mitchell, who died in battle Aug. 8, last.

Mrs. Brown and daughter, the recent guests of Mrs. Henry Mitchell, jr., have returned to Boston, Mass.

The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Calder, under the supervision of Mr. Winslow Townsend, is about completed, and presents a fine appearance. It will be ready for occupancy in the early summer.

GRAND HARBOR, G. M.

Dec. 30.
Pte. Fay Brown, 1st Depot Battalion, is now home on a furlough.

Messrs. Duncan McDowell and George

McLaughlin were passengers on strmr., Grand Manan on Monday.

Mr. Myrton Foster, of Grand Manan and Miss Ruth Tate, of Ellsworth, Me., who were united in marriage at the bride's home on Xmas Eve, returned to the Island by strmr. Grand Manan on Friday evening. They were tendered a reception at the home of the groom's parents, receiving many valuable presents.

Mr. Albert Harvey and family are confined to their home with the Spanish "flu."

Schr. Lillian, of Machais, sailed from here last week with a load of ship timber for Harrington, Me.

Darrell Gordon, who has been at Ottawa with the Signal Corps, having got his discharge from his duties, has returned to his home.

Many of our young men are leaving the Island for St. John, where they have employment during the winter.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

Dec. 30.
Quite a number of the men from here are planning to attend the play in Eastport to-night. It is entitled "Hearts of the World."

Mrs. Roy Cummings and her sisters, the Misses Blanche and Sarah Butler, of Eastport, are guests of Mrs. Edgar Cummings, and Mrs. Jack Ingalls.

Mrs. Harry Simpson and little daughter, Gertrude, of Lord's Cove, have been spending the Yuletide with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hooper.

Miss Alma Chaffey is spending a few days in Eastport, with her brother, Milton, and family, who are ill with influenza.

Mr. Wasson supplied in the U. B. Churches on the Island on Sunday, Dec. 20. Mr. Wasson is a student at the Gordon Bible School in Boston, and also has charge of a church in Everett. His many friends on the Island were pleased to meet him again.

Clayton Stover, of Waterville, spent Xmas with relatives here.

Many who have been on the sick-list are much improved in health.

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Jan. 1.
Mrs. Burpee Wilson and baby, of Leonardville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Stewart.

Mrs. Harland Pendleton and baby, Harland, are visiting at Pendleton's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Parker were the guests on Sunday of Mrs. D. F. Lambert.

Our community was sadly shocked on Sunday morning, the 28th, when it was learned that Almada, beloved wife of Mr. Harry Ward, had passed peacefully to her rest after an attack of Spanish influenza.

The death of Lucy, the six-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of this place, occurred at the Calais Hospital, Dec. 31. The remains were brought home for burial on Wednesday morning. The sympathy of the Island goes out to the sorrowing family in their bereavement.

Mr. E. A. Lambert, merchant of this place, and wife, are spending a pleasant week in St. John.

Christmas passed very quietly, the amusements were largely carried on on Christmas Eve. The Concert held in the Church was much appreciated. The sum of \$40 was realized. The weather being ungenial on Christmas Day confined

most of the people to their homes, but it was Christmas just the same and celebrated in most every home with good cheer.

Mrs. James Stuart, very pleasantly entertained a number of her friends on New Year's Eve.

News of the saddest nature has just reached the writer that Mr. Harry Ward passed peacefully away this evening from influenza. His wife died four days previously. Mr. Ward was the son of Councillor James H. Ward, who passed away one year ago. Deepest sympathy is felt for the two young sons, James and Frank, who are entirely bereft of a loving father and mother.

OAK BAY, N. B.

Dec. 31.
Miss Bertha Bailey, of St. John, is spending the Christmas holidays with her aunt, Mrs. Herbert MacAdam.

Mrs. Chas. A. Gilman and daughter, Katherine, were calling on friends here on Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ashley spent Christmas with her brother, Mr. W. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Gilman spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert MacAdam.

Joseph, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Richardson, is quite ill.

Pte. H. H. Hill has returned to his home here after a trip to St. John.

Ralph Hill has returned to Canoose to resume his work in the lumber woods, after spending the holidays with his mother.

Pte. H. H. Hill spent Sunday with friends in St. Stephen.

The many friends of Miss Edna Budd are sorry to hear of her illness and hope for a speedy recovery.

Our Sunday School closed on Sunday, Dec. 29, for the winter.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Dec. 31.
Christmas passed very quietly in the village. On Christmas Eve the children of the Sunday School gave a concert in the Hall which was well attended. The children carried out a well-prepared programme of recitations, singing, and exercises; and afterwards each received presents from a loaded Christmas tree.

Misses Winnie Hawkins and Lila Outhouse, who trained the children, deserve praise for the success of the concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Eldridge and baby, Glendon, spent the holidays here with friends. Mr. Eldridge returns to Fredericton in a few days.

Avard and Ernest Wadlin, of the Canadian Navy, are spending the holidays in the village.

Misses Violet and Geneva Hawkins, who were teaching at Deer Island, are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hawkins.

Miss Agusta Dakin has returned to her studies at Northfield College, after several weeks spent with her sister, Mrs. Archie Harvie.

G. M. Kennedy is spending the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright, Fenwick Wright, Donald Matthews, and Frank Patterson all came from St. John and spent Christmas with friends here.

Miss Nina Wadlin has come from St. John to spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wadlin.

Mrs. Benj. Bates still remains ill.

Mrs. Walter Wadlin was called to St. John by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Edmund Wallace.

Wille Bradford, of Black's Harbor, who has just returned from overseas, has spent part of his two-weeks' leave visiting friends here.

The many friends of Mrs. David Johnson are glad to know that her health is much improved, since going to the Calais Hospital a few weeks ago.

Miss Martha Eldridge, who is spending the winter in Boston, has been very ill with influenza, but at last report has improved slowly.

Hilton Outhouse, of the Bank of British North America staff, St. John, was home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Outhouse, for Christmas.

Miss Eula Hawkins, teacher at Shannon, Queens County, is home for the vacation.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 22, a memorial service was held in the Baptist Church for Austin H. Holmes, who was killed in France in August of this year. The service was conducted by Rev. B. N. Nobles and was solemn and impressive throughout. The theme of the address was "Heaven." The speaker gave an account of the career of the young man from his childhood until the time he answered his country's call, and then on till the time he made the supreme sacrifice. The crowd of people present at this service showed the high place this young man held in the hearts of the people of his native village. The choir sang "O Canada," "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and the National Anthem.

Christmas passed very quietly, the amusements were largely carried on on Christmas Eve. The Concert held in the Church was much appreciated. The sum of \$40 was realized. The weather being ungenial on Christmas Day confined

most of the people to their homes, but it was Christmas just the same and celebrated in most every home with good cheer.

Mrs. James Stuart, very pleasantly entertained a number of her friends on New Year's Eve.

News of the saddest nature has just reached the writer that Mr. Harry Ward passed peacefully away this evening from influenza. His wife died four days previously. Mr. Ward was the son of Councillor James H. Ward, who passed away one year ago. Deepest sympathy is felt for the two young sons, James and Frank, who are entirely bereft of a loving father and mother.

Joseph, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Richardson, is quite ill.

Pte. H. H. Hill has returned to his home here after a trip to St. John.

Ralph Hill has returned to Canoose to resume his work in the lumber woods, after spending the holidays with his mother.

Pte. H. H. Hill spent Sunday with friends in St. Stephen.

The many friends of Miss Edna Budd are sorry to hear of her illness and hope for a speedy recovery.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Communications for publication in the BEACON must reach this office not later than noon on Thursday if they are to appear in the issue of the following Saturday.

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buzzell have gone to Minneapolis, Minn., to make an extended visit with relatives.

Mrs. Chester Gregory and her little daughter, Mildred, are quite ill with the prevailing cold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morrison, who were here to attend the funeral of their sister, Miss Grace Stevens, have returned to their home in Hamilton, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Eaton have arrived home from New York City.

Mrs. E. G. Vroom, of Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Lawson, Water Street, St. Stephen.

Mr. Paul Vroom spent Christmas in St. Stephen with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd left on Friday afternoon, in the Maine Central train, for Florida, where they will spend the winter months.

Mrs. William Lowe and Miss Bessie Lowe are visiting friends in Lynn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. John Elmore, of St. John, have been in town during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Meating, of St. George, were Christmas guests of her mother, Mrs. Moore.

Mr. Harold Newham, of Moncton, was a guest at Christ Church Rectory for Christmas Day.

A service of prayer was held in Christ Church this morning to mark the beginning of the New Year.

Mr. A. E. Vessey came from St. John and spent Christmas with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lowe, of Portland, spent Christmas in St. Stephen with Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ganong.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Groves, of Calais, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Doloff Stewart, born on Dec. 20.

Miss Hazel Eastman, of St. Stephen, is visiting Fredericton friends.

Misses Gertrude Reddiker and Lillian Murchie gave up all thought of Christmas pleasures and went to Portland, Me., to care for "Flu" patients in Portland, when an urgent call for help was sent to Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Dawson, of Fredericton, spent Christmas in St. Stephen with her mother, Mrs. Mehan.

Mrs. James Davis, of Brockway, was in St. Stephen for a short visit during the past week.

Miss Isabel Thomas, the principal of the St. Stephen High School, spent her vacation at her home in Fredericton.

A Sunday School Carol service was held in Christ Church last Sunday evening with a special address by the rector, Ven. Archdeacon Newham.

Miss Winnifred Smith, of Woodstock, has been the guest this week of her aunts, the Misses Grimmer, King Street, St. Stephen.

Miss Lelia Moore, who has been employed in the Civil Service in Washington, D. C., during the war, has returned to her home in St. Stephen and is most cordially welcomed by her circle of friends.

Mr. Leon Harper has been spending his vacation at his home in Calais.

Miss Sharpe, of the Public School staff in Milltown, has been very ill with the influenza at the home of Mrs. Annie Deacon.

Madame Henrietta Blair celebrated her nineteenth birthday on Christmas Day and was the recipient of numerous gifts, flowers, cards, and notes from her friends. This winter Mrs. Blair is spending in Ottawa with her eldest son, Mr. W. L. Blair, of the Finance Department. Dr. Frank I. Blair, of St. Stephen, is also a son.

Cecil Towers, who works in Portsmouth, N. H., with his father, Mr. Julius Towers, in shipbuilding, is home to spend a week with his mother and brother.

Mrs. J. W. Richardson has arrived home after an absence of several weeks, and is most cordially welcomed by her circle of friends.

Capt. A. W. Gregory has gone to Ottawa.

Mrs. James McBride is expected to arrive home from Winnipeg, where she has spent the past three months, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Grant. Her son, Mr. Hugh McBride, who conducts the business of Ganong Bros. Ltd., in Western Canada, will accompany his mother home.

Mrs. Mary Meredith, one of St. Stephen's highly esteemed elderly ladies, is very ill at her home on Water Street.

Buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Dec. 24.
Preparations are complete in the different churches for Christmas services. The holiday trade has been very good in the stores, Santa Claus has made almost a complete sweep.

The boys are arriving every day from overseas. Among those already home are Gunner Edward Mullen, who has been four years and ten months in the service. He was injured severely when the big gun he was serving was turned over by a bomb dropped by a German airplane. Also Geo. Henry, who went over in a draft from the 55th, and has been through some desperate fighting. He bears the marks of three wounds, and was awarded the D. C. M. for exceptional bravery. James McCarty and Harry Phillips both went over with the 115th, saw transferred to the fighting front and saw much service, both were wounded several times. The boys all look well but show evidence of the hard days they passed in France and Belgium. Chas. Cawley, who was in the Flying Corps, lost over forty pounds after a short sojourn in German prison camps. His machine was driven behind the lines in a big engagement with the enemy and he was taken prisoner. Fred McCleanagh, who was a member of the "Kilties," was a passenger on the *Northland*. He spent many days in the hospitals in England, a victim of the climate. Harry Austin, Edwin Hibbard, Wallie Henry, and Albert Buckley, all returned men, are home from Fredericton; and Horace Stewart from Toronto, where he was in the Flying Corps. The boys from the Depot Battalion, St. John, add to the numbers in khaki, and lend a martial appearance to the town.

Dr. H. I. Taylor leaves to-day for St. John to spend Christmas with his mother.

Misses Annie Brown and Ray Cawley are home from St. John for Christmas.

Miss Peacock, of the Bay of Fundy staff, is spending the holidays at her home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Maloney, of Grand Manan, are guests of Mrs. Maloney's mother, Mrs. F. Meating.

Dec. 31.
A social dance will be held in Courts' Hall on New Year's night.

Good skating has followed the cold weather and venturesome skaters are gliding over the river surface. The river is frozen over, but many air holes and open places make it extremely dangerous for the young people.

The foundations for the new lamps are being placed in position in different sections of the town. The lights will probably be in use in the early part of the year.

The school trustees met last evening to select a teacher for grades V and VI, in place of Miss Frances Murphy, who has resigned.

Misses Marjorie Hibbard and Annie Penwarden are home from Wolfville for the Christmas holidays.

Misses Geneva Hennessey and Bessie Spear have returned to Business College at St. John.

Sergt. Nicholas Meating, of the Depot Battalion, is home for the New Year.

A young son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mathewson was taken to the hospital yesterday, suffering from appendicitis.

Mrs. J. Jamieson and her daughter, Patricia, are visiting the border towns.

Mrs. Coutts, who injured herself severely by a fall on the ice a few days ago, is confined to her bed by an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. James Hickey and a Miss Cassidy, of Eastport, who were guests of relatives here on Christmas, returned home on Monday.

Extensive alterations have been made on the stage at the B'way theatre, a new drop curtain, the work of a local artist, has been added, the stage enlarged and freshly painted. The stage will now accommodate any of the travelling shows on the road, and will be plenty large enough for amateur local plays.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A FAREWELL TO THE BORDERLAND

OUR native Land—our native Vale—
A long and last adieu?
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song;
Farewell, ye bithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knoves,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birch and sloe.

The battled-mound, the Border tower,
That Scotland's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bowers—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee:

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again;

But may dishonor blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native Land—our native Vale—
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue.

THOMAS FRINGLE
(Born January 5, 1789; died December 3, 1834.)
follows

How to Cure Biliousness

Doctors warn against remedies containing opium and alcohol. "The Extract of Roots, long known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, has no drugs or strong ingredients; it cures indigestion, biliousness and constipation. Can be had at any drug store." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

THE NEW RED SHOE STORE IS NOW OPEN

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

Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c.
Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25.
Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00.

Ladies' Extra High Cut Shoes, Brown, Black, and other colors, \$5.
Ladies' Extra High Cut Cloth Top Shoes, Browns, and Grays, \$4.
Men's Dark Brown Shoes, Fibre or Leather soles, \$5.
Men's Heavy Work Shoes, \$2.50 up.

Extra High Cut Shoes with Straps and Buckles, for Men and Boys.
Needles, Belts, Oil, and new parts for any Sewing Machine.
Only agent for Singer Sewing Machines. Keep a large supply on hand, and make extra specially low prices for cash.
Any make Sewing Machine repaired.
Three Ply Roofing, \$3.25. Two Ply, \$3.00. Plenty on hand.

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

THE RED STORE IS THE STORE

EDGAR HOLMES
52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.
Open Evenings

WE HAVE EVERYTHING USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL TO SET A DAINTY TABLE.

What makes a better CHRISTMAS GIFT than a pretty piece of CHINA? We can give you a Bon Bon dish from 35c. up. Fancy Cups and Saucers, Cracker Jars, and we have a great variety of Lacquer Trays, Bowls, and Boxes.

No trouble to find something for each member of the family both useful and ornamental, and at the right prices.

R. D. Ross & Co.

Near Post Office, St. Stephen, N. B.

Part the

JOSEPH

Copyright, 1900

"Don't you that dynamite?"

"No, no, I'll you I would, d

Bradley

Partners of the Tide

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

"Don't you want me to attend to that dynamite?" asked the junior partner.

"No, no. I'll tend to it myself. Told you I would, didn't I?"

Bradley said it was time to change the subject. He looked across the ocean to the horizon. The air was clear and cold and the November sunlight lay upon the water with a steely metallic glitter that had no warmth in it.

"Wind to the south'ard," he observed, "and seems likely to hold that way. If it only holds fair long enough we'll win out yet."

"Where's that special weather bureau of ours?" asked the captain. "Ain't had a prophecy for two days or more." He stepped to the hatchway. "Hi, Peleg!" he shouted. "Peleg Myrick, ahoy!"

A distant voice from the hold replied that Peleg was aboard the Diving Belle.

"That's so," said Captain Titcomb. "So he is. Well, we'll see him later."

When the schooner again ran alongside the barge Mr. Myrick was summoned and clambered on board. The weather prophet had cold dust in his nostrils, in his mouth and in decorative smudges on his cheeks. As for his whiskers, the red and gray had disappeared; they were now a solid black.

"Peleg," observed the captain, "does Skeezicks know you when you get home nowadays?"

"Know me?" repeated the astonished owner of the dog that was just like a human. "Know me! Course he does."

"Well, I didn't know. You look so much like a cross between a ducky and a Kikkapoo Sagwa poddler in his war paint that I shouldn't think your mother'd know you, let alone a dog."

Mr. Myrick pondered. "Well, you see," he replied slowly, "mother, she's been dead for a considerable spell, and Skeezicks—"

"Skeezicks ain't. I see. That's the best reason I know of. Say, how about gates? Got any marked on the calendar?"

The prophet's dreamy gaze wandered momentarily to the sky.

"No," he drawled; "I don't call late there'll be a storm for the next week. After that—well, I don't know. I've been having a feelin' that the weather'd shift, but p'raps 'twon't. Still, I'm kind of scart—kind of scart of the week after next."

Captain Titcomb looked troubled. "Thunder," he muttered. "I swan I hope that ain't so."

Bradley looked at him in puzzled surprise.

"Now, honest, Cap'n Ez," he exclaimed, "you aren't worried because that hunk baked chap says—here, Peleg! Come back here a minute! Say, how do you get your tips on the weather?"

Mr. Myrick hesitated and looked troubled. "Waal," he replied, "I—I— you see, I don't gin'rally tell that, 'cause folks laugh at me; but, bein' as you're my boss, I s'pose I ought to tell you a little. You see, I jest sort of feel it in my bones."

"Any particular bones?"

"Why, my laig bones mostly. If a notheaster's comin', my right laig sort of aches, and if it's a sou'easter it'll fetch me in the left one. Then there's other—"

Bradley interrupted him by a roar of laughter. The prophet looked hurt.

"There!" he sighed. "I knew you'd laugh."

"All right, Peleg; trot along. There, Cap'n Ez, does that satisfy you?"

The captain laughed, too, but he shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied. "Them leg bones of Peleg's seem to have been pretty good barometers afore now. Well, what is to be will be, as the fellow with dyspepsy said when he tackled the mince pie. My, this won't do me for or for you either, Brad!"

They separated to plunge again into their work. But Bradley's hint about the dynamite still troubled Captain Titcomb's conscience. When the Diving Belle came back from her next trip to the beach he hailed Peleg and called him to him, said:

"Peleg, I've got a job for you. I want you to get out that dynamite we've got in the hold for'ard and take it ashore some'er."

Now, that dynamite was Mr. Myrick's particular dread. He was more afraid of it than he was of anything else on earth. The captain knew this, and that was why he always selected Peleg to bring up a stick of the stuff when the latter was needed. "It's the scared man that's always careful," said the skipper. "Peleg hangs to them sticks like a sucker to a barn door. He won't drop 'em unless his knee joints rattle loose altogether from nervousness."

When the weather prophet heard the captain's order the visible parts of his countenance turned white.

"Oh, my soul and body!" he gasped. "You don't want me to tech them pesky things, do you, Cap'n Ez? Git somebody else, do!"

"No," replied the skipper gravely. "I wouldn't trust nobody else. Tumble 'em out!"

"Tumble 'em out! Don't talk in that

careless kind of way, Cap'n Ez. What'll I do with 'em?"

"Oh, dig a hole and bury 'em; put 'em under your bunk in the shanty; feed 'em to Skeezicks, only git 'em out of the schooner some time pretty soon!"

"Will—will Sunday do?"

"Yes, yes! Whenever you have the time. Hi, Sam Hammond! What are you settin' there for? Git back to your engine."

Mr. Hammond was still with them, although his usefulness as a diver was gone owing to the temporary abandonment of the far venture. But because they anticipated returning to this work if the Freedom should be floated he was retained at his old wages and was now running one of the hoisting engines, a labor with which he was more or less familiar, although he considered it beneath him and shirked whenever he could.

This shirking irritated Captain Titcomb.

"Cousarn him!" he growled. "Let him either fish or cut bait, one or 'other. If he's too good for the job, why, then, the job's too good for him. If I had my way we'd come to a settlement in about half a shake."

The majority of the men hired by the partners were intensely loyal and thoroughly optimistic. They knew the circumstances under which the contract had been taken and which they considered the possibility of failure for a moment. But Hammond was the head of a little coterie of pessimists, among whom were Henry Simmons and a few others from Orham and Lon Clark and the Bodklu from Harniss. These croakers sneered at Captain Ezra when his back was turned and pretended to pity Bradley. When the pay envelopes were distributed they congratulated themselves loudly and wondered if this time was the last.

Bradley was aware of all this, because Barney told him, but he would not permit his partner to call Hammond to account. Sam should not have the opportunity of telling Gus that he was the victim of persecution by an unsuccessful rival—not if Bradley could help it, he shouldn't. Captain Titcomb understood, and so Sam was not reproved and grew more and more intolerable.

All day long the Freedom's deck was a whirl of industry. The captain and Bradley were always in the thick of it and were dog tired when 6 o'clock came. Then the cable was tightened and chocked, the watch was set and most of the crews were transferred in relays to the beach to eat supper in the shanty and shout, sing and play cards until bedtime. The partners, with Hammond, Barse and a few others, went up to Orham in the Diving Belle. The old maids had been very solemn of late. When Bradley first told them that his firm had secured the biggest wrecking contract ever handled by Orham men they were jubilant. But then like Sam Busted, brimming over with a sort of living "extra"—with exaggerated reports of village opinion concerning that contract, and the sisters began to worry. Other callers, whose views were more weighty than Melissa's, came also, and now even Miss Prissy was nervously anxious.

Bradley went to bed early nowadays. On the night following the conversation with Peleg he took his lamp from the shelf soon after supper was cleared away. Captain Titcomb called, but remained only a little while.

As the young man rose from his chair Miss Prissy, who had been watching him over her glasses while pretending to mend some stockings, dropped the work in her lap and asked, "Bradley, how are you gettin' on down at the Point?"

"Tiptop," was the reply.

"Yes, you always say that, but are you gainin' as fast as you ought to? You don't think there's any—any chance of your not bein' able to git that vessel off, do you? Folks seem to think—"

Bradley laughed. "Has Melissa been here today?" he interrupted.

"No, she hasn't, but Mr. Langworthy has. Oh, Bradley, we hear such dreadful things! Mr. Langworthy came here almost on purpose to try to git us to coax you to give it up 'fore it's too late. He says the whole town thinks you can't carry it through. Men that know all about wreckin' say—"

"Who says, the Jeremiah club?" The Jeremiah club was Captain Titcomb's name for the daily gathering about the stove in Weeks' store.

"No, indeed! Men like Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Mr. Wingate and lots more. They say that you've mortgaged your vessel and that if you fail you'll be ruined—absolutely ruined. They lay it all to Cap'n Ezra. Of course Tempy and me stand up for you and the cap'n and pretend we ain't a mite anxious; but, oh, Bradley, if any such awful thing should happen to you, to our boy, 't would break our hearts!"

Bradley felt a pang of reproach. Miss Prissy's eyes were wet, and the tears were running down Miss Tempy's cheeks. He was very grave as he answered.

"Miss Prissy," he said, "please don't worry. I know how people are talking; but, honestly and truly, I think we shall succeed. If we do, it means everything to us. If we don't—well, whatever happens, if God lets us live, you and Miss Tempy shall never suffer. I owe everything in the world to you. I'll promise you something else too. If we win out now, I'll never take another contract where the risk is as big as this. Now, good night, and, to please me, don't worry any more."

As he was leaving the room Miss Tempy said timidly: "Bradley, you don't go to prayer meetin' any more. Prissy and me pray for you every night. I hope you won't let your business crowd out your religion."

Bradley shook his head, answered hurriedly that he was working hard

nowadays and was tired and went up to his room. The last time he had been to prayer meeting Gus went with him. He had no wish to go there now and perhaps see her in Sam's company.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THAT very moment Mr. Hammond, seated on the fence by the vestry door, was puffing at a cigar and talking in an unusually loud voice of New York and his experiences there. He seemed to be very happy, and his boisterous laughter penetrated even to the little company of worshippers on the settees inside.

When the meeting was over he threw away the stump of his cigar and shouldered himself into the front row of waiting swains by the door. As Gus came out he stepped forward to meet her and in doing so bumped against Mrs. Piper, who, looking the other way, had not seen him, and, being deaf, had not heard his step.

"Gracious sakes alive!" exclaimed the old lady, rubbing her shoulder. "Excuse me, Mr. Hammond. I didn't see you."

Sam nodded serenely. "Don't mention it," he shouted, winking over his shoulder at Georgiana Bailey. "You didn't hurt me a bit."

Georgiana giggled, and most of the young men grinned at the joke. Gus glanced hurriedly at Mrs. Piper and then at Hammond. She looked surprised and troubled.

Sam took her arm without asking permission and led her to the sidewalk. She still looked back.

"I'm afraid you hurt Mrs. Piper," she said. "What made you so rough?" Her escort laughed. "I guess it won't be fatal," he observed. "If I'd managed to fracture that voice of hers so she couldn't sing, maybe the congregation would give me a vote of thanks."

Gus didn't reply. There was something in her companion's manner that made her recoil instinctively. She disengaged her arm from his, but he took it again and walked on, joking and laughing.

"What a crowd of jays there is in this town," he remarked after awhile, with a sneer—"enough to stock a dime museum."

He had always spoken patronizingly of the townspeople that she had not minded so much, coming from a city man, but heretofore he had not openly made fun of them. She resented the remark, but most of all the tone in which it was uttered.

"Why do you stay here, then?" she asked coldly.

"Why? I guess you know the reason all right. Don't you, Gus? Hey?"

He chuckled and bent down to look in her face. She shivered and drew away from him.

His hand upon her arm, the look he had just given her, his air of assumed proprietorship—above all, that new and vulgar something in his manner, as if the real soul of the man was showing for the first time—filled her with disgust.

She did not speak again until they reached the gate. Then she said, without looking at him, "Good night."

He put his hand over hers on the latch. "Oh, say," he exclaimed, with a laugh, "this isn't a square deal, Gus. Aren't you goin' to ask me in?"

She tried to snatch her hand away, but he held it fast and, leaning across the gate, threw his arm about her waist and drew her toward him.

"There!" he cried exultantly. "This is more like it. This is more like friends. Give us a kiss. You're too high and mighty to be the prettiest girl on the Cape."

She struggled from his grasp and stood panting. "Oh," she whispered, with a shudder, as she realized the truth—"oh, you've been drinking!"

He laughed foolishly and shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, what's one glass between friends?" he said. "I stopped into Web's a minute, and he set 'em up. First drink I've had since I left New York. Thought you was too sensible to have blue ribbon notions. Come; be more sociable, that's a good girl."

She was afraid of him now—not afraid of physical violence, but as she would have feared the contact with something loathsome and unclean. A sense of utter loneliness came over her. She longed for protection and help. She thought of Bradley. He would have helped her. She could have trusted him. But she had driven him out of her life, and this fellow—

"Go!" she cried. "Go!"

Sam ceased to smile. Other girls had told him to go, but never in that way or with such quivering lips. He began to realize that this was the end of his game. He had lost the prize. But he made one more effort.

"Oh, say," he cried, "don't get mad, Gus. I was only fooling. Don't be such an old maid. Come here."

She turned on her heel and, without replying, walked toward the house. Hammond swore between his teeth, opened the gate, took one step in her direction and then stopped. He laughed a short, ugly laugh and nodded.

"You mean it, do you?" he asked. "Want me to clear out, hey? Well, don't you fool yourself that I don't know what ails you. You can't come the high moral game on me, my lady. You're whining after that sneaking Sunday school kid, Brad Nickerson, the fellow that didn't care enough about you to lift his hand, but stood still and let me walk off with his girl as if she was as common as dish-water. The whole town thinks you're going to marry me. What'll they say when I show 'em I'm done with you?"

He laughed again and put his hands in his pockets.

He pulled his hat over his eyes and walked rapidly away. Gus watched him go. Then she went into the house, threw herself into a chair beside the table and laid her head upon her arms.

Sam plunged straight on through the mud and wet grass until he reached the back door of the billiard room. Web Saunders came hurrying to see who it was that had knocked; only the tried and true were admitted at that door.

"Hello, Sam!" he exclaimed, with a look of relief. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," replied Hammond gruffly. "Where's that jug of yours, Web? I'm dying for another drink."

After cautioning his visitor against speaking so loud Mr. Saunders indicated the whereabouts of the jug. Sam poured out a liberal dose of the villainous cheap whisky and drank it forthwith. Then he poured out another.

He refused to go home that night, and Web put him to bed upon one of the settees in the back room. And in that back room he stayed throughout the next day, drinking frequently, in spite of his friend's protests, and growing more ugly with every drink.

That next day, Friday, was wet and foggy, with occasional cold showers, but there was no wind worth men-



"Oh, you've been drinking!"

tioning, and the wreckers put in ten hours of the hardest kind of work. The Freedom had moved perceptibly in the sweep of the latest tides, and the partners were happy in consequence.

It was dark, though a few stars were showing dimly through the mist overhead when the Diving Belle entered Orham harbor that evening. Alvin Barse was at the helm, and he brought the schooner alongside the wharf. A half dozen men, the only members of the wrecking gang who returned to Orham at the end of the day's work, climbed over the stringpiece and departed for their homes in the village.

Barse remained on board when the vessel ran out to her moorings to help his employers make snug for the night.

A few minutes later Bradley stood by the cabin door with a lantern in his hand. Alvin and the captain were forward. Suddenly the junior partner was aware that some one was standing beside him.

"Well, Cap'n Ez," he observed, "all ready to go ashore?"

There was no answer. He looked up into the face of Sam Hammond. The diver wore no overcoat. His stiff hat, battered and muddy, was pushed back on his head. His face under the tumbled, damp hair on the forehead was flushed and scowling, and his half shut eyes had an ugly glimmer. Even in the dim light of the lantern his condition was unmistakable.

Hammond's behavior in his native village had heretofore been of the best so far as this particular vice was concerned. Bradley was dumfounded.

"Hello, Sam!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you come from?"

"Off the wharf," was the gruff answer. "Where'd you think, you fool?"

It was evident that the fellow was spilling for a fight. Bradley, however, had no wish to quarrel with a drunken man, especially this one.

"All right, all right," he said mechanically. "I didn't see you come aboard; that's all. Want to see Cap'n Ez?"

"No, I don't want to see Cap'n Ez nor any other longshore thief but you. I want to go below and get my things."

"Your things?"

"Yes, my things—my oliskins and the rest of my stuff. I wouldn't leave 'em aboard this rotten tub another minute for a million dollars."

"Oh, very well," Bradley swung open the cabin door and started to lead the way with the lantern. Hammond shoved him aside.

"I'll go alone," he muttered. "You can't see without the lantern. You'll have to go with me or wait till tomorrow morning."

ain't he? Hold still, or, by the everlasting hooklocks, I'll heave you overboard! Where'd he come from?"

"Must have come aboard when we stopped at the wharf," replied Bradley. "He was dead set on taking the lantern and going below after his oliskins and stuff."

"Sooner trust a blind cripple with a lantern. Chuck his dunnage ashore to-morrow mornin'. Now, then," turning to Hammond, "will you walk to the dory or shall we carry you? Shut up! You've cussed enough."

He led the way to the side, holding Sam by the coat collar. Bradley followed.

"Oh!" exclaimed the skipper, stopping short. "Didn't shut that cabin door, did you, Brad? I've left that blasted key somewhere, and if that spring lock's snapped shut we'll be in a mess. No? Well, all right then."

They got into the dory and Bradley took up the oars. Barse sat on the bow thwart, while the captain reclined in the stern with Hammond, sprawling and muttering between his knees. They had nearly reached the beach when Sam gave a sudden spring and, with an oath, threw himself upon his enemy. Bradley fell backward. The dory heeled until the water lipped the rail.

"You would, would you?" grunted Captain Titcomb. "There!"

Seizing the struggling diver neck and crop, he whirled him bodily over the side.

"Now, then," panted the captain, "if you can't ride like a man, walk!"

Sam went into the cold water with a tremendous splash. It was not deep and he floundered to his feet, but the shock sobered him a little. He waded to the shore. Turning, he stretched out an arm with a shaking forefinger at the end of it. His rage almost choked him. He tried twice before he managed to speak clearly.

"I pay my debts," he gasped. "I pay my debts!"

"I've heard different," remarked the captain dryly. "But never mind, Sam; it's a good habit."

Hammond did not heed him. "I pay my debts," he repeated. "Do you hear that, Brad Nickerson? You dough-face! I've got your girl away from you already, and that ain't the end. I pay my debts, and Brad Nickerson, I'll pay you!"

He stood for an instant pointing at the dory. Then he stepped back into the darkness. They heard his footsteps crunching the broken clam shells of the road.

"Seems to love you like a brother, don't he, Brad?" observed the captain as they were on their way uptown. "I judge from the drift of his entertainin' remarks that he's decided to chuck up his job with Titcomb & Nickerson. Well, I cal'late he'll resign by mutual consent, as the Irishman did when him and his boss told each other to go to blazes at the same time. I met one of the Metropolitan men when I was up to Boston, and he told me his folks fired Sam because he went on a howlin' spree, so I guess this little shindy was bound to come sooner or later. Kept pretty straight afore sence he's been to home, though, ain't he?"

Bradley did not answer.

Suddenly the captain slapped his thigh.

"Good land!" he exclaimed. "Brad, I've meant to tell you all day and forgot it. The Diving Belle's insured. I went down to Obed's after I left your house last night and we fixed it up. Five thousand dollars, and it went on at noon today—last night. I s'pose it did. He was to telephone the insurance folks this mornin'."

"Good! I'm glad that's settled. It has worried me to think we weren't protected at all."

"Well, I told you I'd do it, didn't I? The only bitch was about that dynamite. But I fixed that. Give Obed to understand we'd took it ashore. We have, all but. I spoke to Peleg, and he'll have it off in a day or so."

Bradley stopped short. "You don't mean to tell me it hasn't gone yet?" he exclaimed. "Why, if anything should happen to the schooner with that stuff aboard the policy wouldn't hold for a minute. I've a good mind to go back now and take it off myself."

"Oh, don't be an old woman!" cried the captain testily. "What do you think's goin' to happen? I'll see to it tomorrow. Come on home."

The junior partner did not press the subject, but he made up his mind that if he lived until the next morning that dynamite should go ashore the minute the Diving Belle reached the Point.

At the gate of the Traveler's Rest they separated. "Coming round to the house by and by, cap'n?" asked Bradley.

The captain's manner changed. "I don't know," he answered gloomily. "I presume likely I may."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a mystery about the captain's visits to the big house. Up to the beginning of that week he had called on Tuesday and Friday evenings only and had remained until after 10 o'clock, joking, laughing and apparently enjoying himself. But now he came every night and seemed less talkative and more glum each time; also his calls grew shorter, and he went home as early as half past 8.

The sisters did not know what to make of it. It was pleasant and encouraging to have him come so often, but why didn't he stay longer? Miss Tempy thought he must be worrying over the big contract.

She asked Clara for her opinion, but Miss Hopkins seemed very indifferent. She used to come into the sitting room as soon as the work was done to listen to Captain Titcomb's stories, but of late she had gone straight to her own room. The old maids did not urge her to remain. They liked to have the captain to themselves.

On the afternoon of the previous Sunday Miss Tempy had taken a sudden notion to go over to the Methodist chapel and attend the Sabbath school concert. The chapel was on the road to Orham Port, a mile or more from the Allen home. Miss Prissy was not strong enough to go and, in fact, thought the walk too long for her delicate sister, but Miss Tempy, having made up her mind, went. She would have been glad of Clara's company, but the young lady had already gone out.

Miss Tempy had just reached the corner when she was surprised to see Captain Titcomb driving toward her in a buggy. She recognized the horse and carriage as being the best owned by Lem Mullett, the livery stable keeper; also she noticed that the captain looked particularly well dressed—spruced up, she told Miss Prissy afterward.

"Cap'n!" she called. "Cap'n Ezra!"

The captain was then almost directly opposite, but he did not seem to hear or see her. Instead he whipped up the horse and drove by faster than ever.

"Dear me!" thought Miss Tempy. "He must be gittin' absentminded. Workin' too hard, I guess. Cap'n Ezra!"

It is doubtful if the captain would have heard even then, but Jonadab Wixon was coming down the road, and he also began to shout. Hailed thus, fore and aft, the absentminded one was obliged to heave to, and when Captain Jonadab pointed out Miss Tempy he turned his horse and drove back to where she was standing.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed the lady, smilingly conscious of a becoming new bonnet—one of the reasons for her desire to attend the concert. "I'm all out of breath callin' after you. I don't know what folks will think!"

The captain didn't appear to care very much what folks might think. He was polite as usual, but seemed to be a trifle nervous and kept glancing up and down the road. Miss Tempy, unconscious of the nervousness, went gushingly on.

"What a lovely horse!" she cried. "I declare, it must be a pleasure to ride behind him. I do so like to ride with a nice, gentle horse like that. Father used to take Prissy and me drivin' with our Dexter when he was alive—father was alive, I mean—yes, and the horse, too, of course. I hope I haven't kept you. Was you goin' to see Bradley?"

"No, no," was the hasty answer. "I was jest—jest drivin' down the road a ways." Then, perhaps noticing that his friend was headed toward the village, he added: "I had a little errand down toward the Port. You're goin' uptown, I see, else I'd ask you to jump in."

"Why, how lovely!" exclaimed Miss Tempy. "I was goin' to the Port, too—down to the Methodist folks' concert. I only came this way 'cause I thought I'd stop at Mrs. Wingate's and see if she wouldn't go with me. Prissy was afraid the walk there and back would be too long for me, and, truth to tell, I was a little afraid of it myself. I didn't expect to ride, and with you, Cap'n Ezra! It'll be such a treat, because I shall feel perfectly safe with you drivin'."

The captain did not answer immediately. He was busy with the buckle that fastened the reins together. But the silence was only momentary.

"Good enough!" he cried. "I'll have you there in a jiffy."

He sprang out, assisted the lady into the buggy and then turned the horse's head into the road leading up the hill.

"Why, you're goin' the wrong way," Miss Tempy exclaimed. "You're goin' the wrong way, Cap'n Ezra!"

"Oh," replied the captain cheerfully, "that's all right! I thought we'd go round by the Neck road. It's prettier that way."

But Miss Tempy would not consent. She told Miss Prissy afterward, "I felt as though I'd the same as begged him for a ride as it was, and I swan if I was goin' to let him go miles out of his way jest for me."

"No," she protested. "No, cap'n, I won't hear of it. We'll go the shortest road or I shall git right out."

She stood up as she said it. The captain looked at her determined face.

"Why, Tempy!" he began.

"No, I shan't like it a bit, Cap'n Titcomb, if you don't turn right round and go the way you was goin'."

The captain jerked at the rein with almost unnecessary vigor. The turn was made in a hurry. They wheeled back into the direct road to the Port and moved swiftly along it. Captain Titcomb did not say much, but as Miss Tempy talked continuously he had little opportunity.

"Now nice the horse does go!" commented the lady. "You don't have to chuck to him or nothin'. Father used to find so much fault with our Dexter; said he had to shove on the reins so hard to make him navigate at all that he didn't know's 't wouldn't be easier to haul the carryall himself. But, then, father was so high spirited that nothin' less'n a race horse would do him. What's that waitin' on the corner in front of Gaius Eldredges? Why, I do b'lieve it's Clara!"

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
To all parts of Canada, per annum \$1.50
To United States and Postal Union
Countries, per annum \$2.00
If payment is made strictly in advance
a discount of 50 cents will be allowed in
the rate of annual subscription.

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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 4th January, 1919.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

WHILE the thoughts of most peoples
are bent eagerly towards the
establishment of peace throughout
the world, the Bolshevik regime in Russia
is still continuing the war aggressively, its
Red Army advancing southwestward
from Petrograd for the purpose of
subjugating those recently formed inde-
pendent states which separated from
Russia at the time of rise of the Bolshe-
viki, namely, Estonia, Livonia, Courland,
and Lithuania; and the Red Army was
said to have occupied Vilna, the capital of
Lithuania, and to be approaching Riga in
Livonia. But in the north, the Allied
army operating from the White Sea, with
Archangel as a base, and supporting the
local Russian army opposed to the
Bolsheviks, has made substantial advances
in the direction of Vologda, in spite of
stubborn resistance on the part of the
Bolsheviks. Russia is the chief obstacle
to peace, — an obstacle that must be over-
come by internal concord or by external
pressure. The Russian situation will
constitute one of the most serious prob-
lems to be dealt with at the Peace Con-
ference.

President Wilson has completed his
historical visit to England and returned to
France, whence he was to leave for Rome.
The visit to England was everywhere
made the occasion of most enthusiastic
popular demonstrations which deeply im-
pressed the President, and it has appar-
ently been the means of cementing the
great friendship which has always existed
between the two great nations which
speak the same language and are actu-
ated by the same principles of freedom and
justice. So far as can be learned from
the dispatches, complete concord has
been established between Great Britain
and the United States in regard to the
peace terms to be formulated at the Con-
ference, which, it is now announced, is
to assemble this month.

The elections in Great Britain have re-
sulted in a great personal triumph for
the Premier, David Lloyd George, his
government having been returned to
power by an overwhelming majority.
In France, too, the government of Premier
Georges Clemeneau has been sustained by
great majorities in the Chamber of Deputies
and in the Senate. Everything
augurs well for a complete agreement be-
tween the Great Powers, as Great Britain
and France are believed already to have
unified their policies; and the conformity
of Italy thereto will probably be announ-
ced after President Wilson's visit to Rome.

Demobilization of the British army is
proceeding as rapidly as possible, and is
being handled as well as such a problem,
always difficult, can be dealt with. Of
course complete demobilization cannot be
effected until peace has been formally de-
clared, for the army of occupation in Ger-
many must be kept up to full strength and
be prepared for all eventualities. The
Allied occupation of Germany seems to be
working as smoothly as could be expected,
but there is some little friction in the large
cities over the regulations enforced by the
Allied military commanders. In Berlin
there have been serious riots caused by
the extreme socialists, and a number of
people have been killed; but it seems that
generally throughout Germany the people
are accepting as gracefully as possible the
present situation, and want peace and con-
cord as speedily as possible.

Canadian troops, war-stained veterans,
continue to arrive in great numbers al-
most daily, and their home-coming is the
occasion of great rejoicing throughout the
Dominion. The Canadian Government
is, apparently, making proper provision
for the returned men, and is handling de-
mobilization in an efficient manner.
There is no question of the returned men
being able to find positions at least as
good as those they vacated to enlist.
Canada can give employment to all these
men, and to many more besides.

ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP

Topeka, Kan., December 18.—In an
effort to reduce the tenantry of farms in
the State, the Board of Agriculture has
taken up changes in taxation of farm
lands. A meeting has been called to out-
line these for the Legislature at its ap-
proaching meeting. Large tracts of land
are handled by renters, and absentee own-
ership is growing at a rate unexampled.
As lands change hands they drift into the

ownership of well-to-do bankers and
town men, or the farmers retire and live
at ease while their farms produce a com-
fortable income. It has not been unusual
for these owners to receive \$15 an acre
net from wheat land during the past two
years—a very large interest on their in-
vestment.

The plan of the State Board is to im-
pose a higher rate of taxation on tenant
lands than on farms occupied by
their owners. On farms of 160 acres
or less the land in indebtedness shall not
be included in taxation. It is also propos-
ed to increase the rate of taxation with
increased holdings of all property in land.
Whether these can be carried out within
the limits of the Constitution is to be
determined by the Board in its new Tax
law to be submitted to the Legislature.

It is, however, a serious effort to lessen
in some degree the tenant farming system
and bring lands back to management by
the owners. Farms are deteriorating
under the tenant system, and improve-
ments are allowed to run down, all affect-
ing materially the rural development of
the state.—The New York evening Post.

** The above article is printed not
so much as an interesting item of news
as a peg whereon to hang a moral which
should be taken to heart by the people of
St. Andrews. There are many things that
operate together to retard the natural
progress and development of this Town,
but one of the most conspicuous is absentee
landlordism. In many parts of the
Town are to be seen shabby old buildings
out of repair, denuded of paint, and pre-
sented a deplorably woebegone ap-
pearance. In almost every case these
buildings do not belong to the persons
occupying, or even to other residents of
the Town, but are the property of others
who may or may not have lived here at
some former time but now reside else-
where. The consequence is that the
money paid for the rent of these build-
ings is sent out of the Town instead of
being circulated within it, the grasping
absentee landlords not even spending the
money necessary to keep the buildings in
decent repair. Just what can be done to
remedy this undesirable state of affairs
may not be apparent, but the question is
one that might very well engage the at-
tention of the Town Council. If thought
desirable, the Town might obtain legis-
lative authority to impose a higher rate of
taxation on buildings owned by absentee
landlords; but, on the other hand, should
such a course be legally pursued it might
result in further increasing the rent of the
tenants, who are probably excessively
rack-rented as it is. The problem is well
worth consideration, and we shall be
pleased to receive the views of our readers
on the subject.

Whatever one may think of absentee
landlordism and rack-renting, there can-
not be two opinions in regard to increasing
the rate of taxation on unoccupied land
in the Town. Vacant lots should be
assessed at the full value the owners set
upon them to would-be purchasers, and
not at a merely nominal value as at pre-
sent. What is the good to the community
of all the vacant lots in the Town? The
great majority of them are only a nuisance
and an eye-sore;—a nuisance, because they
are the growing places of noxious
weeds which are blown broadcast and in-
fect cultivated fields and gardens; an eye-
sore because they are the receptacles and
abiding-places of all kinds of rubbish, the
filth and jetsam of the Town.

Why are these places vacant? In most
cases the answer to this proper query is:
—The price demanded by the owner is
prohibitive to the would-be purchaser. In
many cases the vacant lots have been se-
cured by their present owners for purely
speculative purposes, for they have hoped
that in some eventuality, other than that
caused by their own enterprise or ex-
penditure, the land will increase in value
and they will reap the unearned increment.
The low assessment valuation of these lots
is a potent aid to those who hope to derive
a profit from the enterprise of others.

It will probably be remembered that
when the Town applied for legislation anent
the prospective installation of a
water-works system, in the original draft
of the Bill voting on the question was re-
stricted to owners of land. The clause
was inserted by one who, perhaps, had an
object in trying to keep the whole control
of Town affairs in the hands of the owners
of land, whether improved or not. Fortu-
nately this attempt to disfranchise a
number of our most useful and active
ratepayers was frustrated. We only refer
to it here for the purpose of accentuating
the fact that, in the opinion of one man at
least, the ownership of land alone qualifies
a ratepayer to vote on an important
question affecting the whole community.

If the possession of land were to con-
stitute the sole qualification to vote on a
question vitally affecting the entire com-
munity, then land alone should bear the
whole burden of taxation. You cannot
have it both ways. Vacant land is now
virtually exempt from taxation, the rating
by the assessors being a merely nominal
one.

In the valuation of property for assess-
ment purposes real property should be
rated proportionately as high as personal
property. If a ratepayer invests money
in bonds or securities that are not specifi-
cally tax-exempt, his investments (if
known or declared) are taxed, pro rata, at
their actual face value. The rule should
apply to real property also. Doubtlessly
many persons in Town would be willing
to acquire land and improve it, if it could
be obtained at its actual present value

Land is necessarily limited and cannot be
increased in area. Those holding it in an
unimproved condition in anticipation of
increased values when, by some miracu-
lous development of the Town, the price
of land will soar, should, in the meantime
be taxed on the unearned increment they
hope ultimately to derive. Under the
present system people who engage in
commerce and manufacturing here are
actually fined for investing in merchandise
and plant, while the land-owner escapes
from paying his due proportion of taxes.
This condition ought not to be tolerated
any longer, and the matter should receive
the early and earnest consideration of the
Town Council.

Holiday weather has been a disappoint-
ment this season, both Christmas and
New Year being drizzling wet days.
After Christmas there were two or three
days of frosty weather, which made ice
and enabled the youth of the Town to
enjoy skating on the new rink; but the
rain on Wednesday spoiled the skating.
The ground has been denuded of snow
during the holidays, and there was no
sleighting; but yesterday there was quite
a heavy fall of snow, and it is to be hoped
that it will remain. The winter, so far,
has been unusually mild; and this is in
marked contrast to last winter, which
was unusually severe throughout. Mild
weather is appreciated as an aid to the
solution of the fuel problem.

FIRST TO AID—LAST TO
APPEAL

The Salvation Army was the first of
the strictly social organizations to follow
the British Army to Belgium. On the
18th of August, 1914, its Officers and
Soldiers appeared at Brussels ready to
help the boys.
We all know how the Army has kept
up with the fighting boys. Right to the
front line with the coffee and the sand-
wiches, and farther back huts for cre-
ation and social purposes were estab-
lished. They have 197 huts. Over 300,000
soldiers daily have received comfort
and help and guidance from the lasses
and the matrons who fight under the
Blood-and-Fire Banner.

Till now the Salvation Army has not
asked for money, except in small contri-
butions on the street corners. Other
agencies have appealed for help to carry
on their good work with the soldiers. The
Salvation Army is now asking for a
million dollars to continue the good work
on the battle-fields. The request is
reasonable. But it should not be left
for a few to subscribe. This is a chance
for everybody. Will you help?

KEEPING DAIRY HERD RECORDS

The Dairy and Cold Storage Branch of
the Ottawa Department of Agriculture has
issued an eight-page circular giving exact
instructions relative to the keeping of
dairy herd records. The circular states
that the Department will pay to any
qualified tester 10cts. for each Babcock
test made from the composite samples of
any herd. The party who does the testing
must provide the Babcock tester and the
necessary glassware and equipment for
making the test. The Department, how-
ever, will provide free of charge the sul-
phuric acid preservation tablets, return
envelopes, credit slips, labels for the com-
posite sample bottles, and blank forms
for recording the weights of milk at the
farm. The duties of the testers will be to
test the composite samples each month,
enter the tests on the record sheets
and forward the same to Ottawa. With
the circular, a sample is given of the
record and the manner in which it
should be kept and blank application
forms, first, for assistance in herd record
work and, second, for employment as a
milk tester. It should be stated that no
postage is required when writing to the
Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner,
Ottawa, and also that the circular here
referred to can be had free from the
Publications Branch at Ottawa.

VON TIRPIZ SHAVES

The startling news has just come to
hand that the ineffable Von Tirpitz has
shaved his wonderful whiskers. One's
first idea is that he must have grown them
in the first place in satisfaction of a
lost bet and honor now being satisfied
with the lapse of the time specified, he is
at liberty to take back his human shape
again. The British Navy has played
Delilah to Germany's very hirsute Samson
with a vengeance. In the days of Drake
the boast used to be that our naval com-
manders had singed the King of Spain's
beard; in the days of Beatty it is Von
Tirpitz's whiskers that have gone by the
board. Other times, same manners,
Von Tirpitz will now presumably
shave his head also, and make diligent
inquiries as to the war price of sackcloth
and ashes.—Bystander, London.

Hokus—"I can read him like a book."
Fokus—"But he's such a small type. I
should think you'd ruin your eyes."—
Judge.

Edith—"Mr. Boreleigh? Oh dear I'll
have Ninette tell him I'm out." Alice—
"Won't the still, small voice reproach
you?" Edith—"Maybe; but I'd much
rather hear the still, small voice than Mr.
Boreleigh's."—Boston Transcript.

GREAT BRITAIN'S NEW
PARLIAMENT

London, Dec. 29.—Complete returns
for the election of the new parliament
give the following results:
Coalition Unionists 334
Coalition Liberals 127
Coalition Laborites 10
Unionists 46
Asquithian Liberals 37
Laborites 65
National Party 2
Independents 5
Socialists 1
Sinn Feiners 73
Irish Nationalists 7
All Coalitionists with the Unionists and
National party may be regarded roughly
as supporting Lloyd George. The only
opposition will be formed by the Asqui-
thian Liberals, Laborites, and Indepen-
dents, barely more than 100 members in
a house of 707.

Not only has no coalition minister been
defeated, but most of them were re-elec-
ted by extraordinary majorities. On the
other hand, the pacifists were almost in
every case ignominiously defeated by
heavy votes. The rejected candidates in
this group included Phillip Snowden,
James Ramsay MacDonald, Wm. C. An-
derson, Arthur Henderson, (the Labor
leader), Robert L. Outhwaite, Frederick
W. Jowett, George Lansbury (former
socialist member), and Charles P. Trevel-
yan (former Parliamentary Secretary
for Education).

In addition to the defeat of Asquith and
Sir John Simon the Liberals lost Reginald
McKenna, former Chancellor of the Ex-
chequer; Walter Runciman, former Presi-
dent of the Board of Trade; Herbert
Samuel, former Postmaster-General; Charles
F. Masterman, former Chancellor of the
Duchy of Lancaster, and others.

Labor fared badly in the elections,
though more fortunate than the Asquithi-
ans. They had expected to elect at least
one hundred members, where they have
only approximately seventy-five, of whom
ten are coalitionists. This, however, is
much larger representation than Labor
had in the old parliament.

It is difficult to compare the results of
1910, owing to the numerous rearrange-
ments of constituencies under the last re-
form act, but a comparison on the whole
shows that London has gone almost solid
for the coalition. Only three independent
Liberals were returned and the two
Laborites returned are both coalitionists.

The net result of the election is sum-
med up in to-day's papers as a personal
triumph for Premier Lloyd George in the
disappearance of the two great parties,
the Liberals and Irish Nationalists.

It is pointed out that Labor largely
voiced coalition in the expectation that a
policy agreeable to Labor would be pur-
sued. George Nicoll Barnes, Labor
member of the war cabinet, in a state-
ment issued in Glasgow, expressed the
opinion that the Labor party has lost a
great chance by truckling to the pacifists
and Bolshevists.

An analysis of the polling shows that
London and Scotland polled less than half
the total electorate, while English bor-
oughs and counties polled little more than
one-half, and Wales just half.

Of fourteen women candidates, only

one will be entitled to sit in the House of
Commons, namely, a Sinn Fein, Countess
Markievicz, who was elected for St.
Patrick's division of Dublin city.

All the other women candidates, includ-
ing many of the foremost in the women's
movement, were rejected by their con-
stituencies. Christabel Pankhurst came
the nearest to being elected, being defeat-
ed only by a narrow majority by a
Laborite.

The Sinn Feiners not only swept Ire-
land, but gained their seats with enormous
majorities, leaving the Nationalist repre-
sentation in the new parliament a bare
seven members. John Dillon, the Nation-
alist leader, was defeated by E. DeValera,
Sinn Feiner, for East Mayo, by a majority
of more than 4,000. Joseph Devlin, how-
ever, defeated DeValera for the West
Belfast seat.

Ex-Premier Asquith's defeat, which
caused a great sensation, is explained by
the Liberals as owing to the fact that the
constituency of East Fife has been en-
larged and includes a substantial Conserva-
tive element which hitherto has not had
the opportunity of voting against him.

While the Sinn Feiners also completely
routed the Nationalists in Ireland they
did not make much of an impression on
Ulster.

CONFESSEDLY INNOCENT

The manager of a big downtown hotel
telephoned to the police station the other
day, thus:

"I wish you would send a plain clothes
man over here. There's a suspicious
character loafing in front of the hotel."
So they sent two detectives over. And
when the detectives arrived on the other
side of the street one said to the other:

"Now, I'll go over and brace the guy and

you just stroll past a few times until I
need you."

And then the first detective went over
and carelessly entered into conversation
with the stranger.

"Pretty hot, ain't it?" said the minor
of the law.

"Yep," answered the stranger, pleasant-
ly. "It does get hot in Cleveland, don't
it?"

"Stranger in town?"

"Yes. Come from Aurora. Had a lit-
tle time off—threshin's all done—and
thought I'd come up and see the sights."

By this time the other detective had
strolled past for the third time, and the
stranger noticed him.

"Who's that feller hangin' around here?"
he asked.

"Why," answered the detective in a
kidding vein, "that's Francis X. Bushman,
the famous movie actor. Why?"

"Why," answered the stranger. "I'm
kinder green, an' I was fool enough to
think he was another one o' you de-
tectives!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Am I the only girl you ever loved?"

"No, but you are the only one who had
sense enough to appreciate it."—Balti-
more American.

Spanish Flu
Claims Many Victims in Canada
and should be guarded against

Minard's Liniment

Is a Great Preventive, being one of the oldest
remedies used. Minard's Liniment has cured
thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Sore
Throat, Asthma, and similar diseases. It is an
Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being
used every day. For sale by all druggists and
general dealers.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.

We take this opportunity of wishing you
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
And hope you will continue to favor us with your
patronage during 1919 as in the past.
We Have in Stock
A seasonable line of goods such as
Perfection Heaters Carriage Heaters
Flashlights, Batteries, and Bulbs.
Anso Cameras, Films, and Supplies.
All kinds of building Hardware.
Tools, Kitchen Wares, etc.
J. A. SHIRLEY
St. Andrews, N. B.

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

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social and
Mr. and Mrs. Lloy
spent Christmas in S
turned home.
Mr. Abert Thomps
Capt. H. P. O'Neill of
Miss Nellie DeWolf
was the guest of M
Hibbard on Friday. D
Mr. and Mrs. Percy
in Amherst, N. S.
The Misses Laura
Greenlaw have returne
Miss Dorothy McV
grandmother, Mrs. Th
Miss Alice DeWolf
spent the week-end the
Vernon Lamb.
Miss Nonie Sheehan
supper party on Mond
Miss Dorothy Lamb
end in Campobello.
Corp. Whitman, who
friends here, has returne
Nova Scotia.
Dr. Harry Gove was
professional business th
Mr. John McCullough
Rogers were passing
evening's train for St. J
Mr. Beni. Hanson
Moncton.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
cen spent the vacation.
Miss Phyllis Cockbur
St. John.
Miss Alice Anderson
John.
Miss Louis Greenla
visiting friends in St. A
The many friends
Truesdell's are sorry th
fell on Friday, and fract
Mr. and Mrs. Melvin
have returned home,
visit with relatives at B
Mrs. W. R. Wentwort
a recent guest of Mrs. H
Mrs. Joseph Gibson and
Greenlaw were called to
nesday by the death
Greenlaw.
Miss Edith Hewitt is v
Mrs. Hartley Wentwor
Mrs. Margaret Gilmai
staff, spent the New Year
mother at Bartlett's Mill
The Misses Merce
Canavan, who spent the
days with their mot
Canavan, have returned
Mr. Geo. King, of
Station, spent Christmas
Town.
Mrs. John McGowan
spent Sunday with he
Wm. Hannigan.
Miss Edith Townsenc
was the guest of Mrs. Y
week.
Miss Bessie Wren ha
Riviere du Loup.
Mr. and Mrs. Austin B
trip to New York.
Mrs. Vernon Lamb, M
Miss Bessie Grimmer,
Wren went to St. John
evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Orville E
spent the holidays with
J. McQuoid, have return
Mr. Melvin McQuoid
his work in Halifax.
Mrs. McCormick and
Stephen, spent the New
and Mrs. Wheeler Mallo
Mr. George Malloch, o
visiting his brother, Mr. V
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin O
at a midnight supper on
Miss Hetherington, of
her guest, Miss Spicer,
visitors of Mrs. Thos. Cou
Miss Bessie Thompson
Portland, Me.
William Hannigan left
up his studies at the
Joseph's College, St. Josep
Capt. H. P. O'Neill, of
Military Hospital, Freder
ed a few of his friends on
ing at his residence on Qu
Mr. Hugh Judge, of J
town on Thursday.
Mrs. P. G. Hanson we
on Thursday night's train
Mr. and Mrs. Melvin
pleasantly entertained at
New Year's Day.
Picture—if you can—the
crestfallen expression on
plumber who has just re
bill for automobile repai
gaged garage man.—Buffa
"See Henry Ford is go
newspaper." "Does he
about running a newspa
know a heap. I notice he
got \$40,000,000 before ar
etc."—Louisville Courier-J

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray, who spent Christmas in St. Stephen have returned home.

Mr. Abert Thompson entertained for Capt. H. P. O'Neill on Monday evening.

Miss Nellie DeWolfe, of St. Stephen, was the guest of Mrs. G. F. Hibbard on Friday, Dec. 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Odell are visiting in Amherst, N. S.

The Misses Laura Handy and Elma Greenlaw have returned to St. John.

Miss Dorothy McVay is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Thos. Burton.

Miss Alice DeWolfe, of St. Stephen spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. W. Vernon Lamb.

Miss Nonie Sheehan entertained at a supper party on Monday.

Miss Dorothy Lamb spent the week-end in Campbell.

Corp. Whitman, who has been visiting friends here, has returned to his home in Nova Scotia.

Dr. Harry Gove was in Deer Island on professional business this week.

Mr. John McCullough and Mr. Arthur Rogers were passengers on Tuesday evening's train for St. John.

Mr. Benj. Hanson has returned to Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Calder and children spent the vacation at Campbell.

Miss Phyllis Cockburn has returned to St. John.

Miss Alice Anderson is visiting in St. John.

Miss Louis Greenlaw, of Bayside, is visiting friends in St. Andrews.

The many friends of Miss Jennie Truesdell are sorry to learn that she fell on Friday, and fractured her arm.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett and son have returned home, after a pleasant visit with relatives at Bayside.

Mrs. W. R. Wentworth, of Letite, was a recent guest of Mrs. Harry G. Maloney.

Mrs. Joseph Gibson and Mrs. Thompson Greenlaw were called to Bayside on Wednesday by the death of Miss Marion Greenlaw.

Miss Edith Hewitt is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hartley Wentworth, at Eastport.

Miss Margaret Gilman, of the Beacon staff, spent the New Year with her grandmother at Bartlett's Mills.

The Misses Mercedes and Annie Canavan, who spent the Christmas holidays with their mother, Mrs. Edna Canavan, have returned to St. Stephen.

Mr. Geo. King, of Prince William Station, spent Christmas with friends in Town.

Mrs. John McGowan, of Rollingdam, spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hannigan.

Miss Edith Townsend, of Chamcook, was the guest of Mrs. Wm. Carson this week.

Miss Bessie Wren has returned from Rivière du Loup.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bucknam are on a trip to New York.

Mrs. Vernon Lamb, Miss Carol Hibbard, Miss Bessie Grimmer, and Miss Freda Wren went to St. John on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville E. McQuoid, who spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. McQuoid, have returned to St. John.

Mr. Melvin McQuoid has returned to his work in Halifax.

Mrs. McCormick and children, of St. Stephen, spent the New Year with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch.

Mr. George Malloch, of Campbell, is visiting his brother, Mr. Wheeler Malloch.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Odell entertained at a midnight supper on New Year's Eve.

Miss Hetherington, of McAdam, and her guest, Miss Spicer, were week-end visitors of Mrs. Thos. Coughy.

Miss Bessie Thompson is visiting in Portland, Me.

William Hannigan left this week to take up his studies at the University of St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph, N. B.

Capt. H. P. O'Neill, of the C. M. C. Military Hospital, Fredericton, entertained a few of his friends on Thursday evening at his residence on Queen Street.

Mr. Hugh Judge, of Woodstock, was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. P. G. Hanson went to St. John, Thursday night's train.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett most pleasantly entertained at a family party on New Year's Day.

Local and General

Greenock Church, Sunday, Jan. 5. Services at 11 and 7. Rev. William Amos will conduct the evening service.

"Smiling George" Walsh romps across the screen of the King St. Theatre this Friday and Saturday. In "The Kid in Clover" George breaks all speed records.

The regular monthly meeting of the G. W. P. A. will be held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening January 7, at 7 o'clock sharp.

The Methodist Congregation held their annual Christmas tree and concert in their church on Thursday evening, Dec. 26.

The Womens' Canadian Club will gather waste paper on Saturday, if fine.

On Friday evening, Dec. 27, the Baptists had a Christmas tree and social in Paul's Hall.

St. Andrews is glad to receive one more of her soldiers back from the Great War. On Tuesday Pte. F. R. Stevenson returned to his home here. As no one knew of "Bobs" arrival there was no public welcome, but he is receiving hearty greetings from his many friends. "Bobs" certainly has done his bit, for he is only nineteen years old, but has received his baptism of fire.

A meeting of the Womens' Canadian Club will be held in the Town Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. A full meeting of all the members is necessary; also members of the Y. W. P. A. and all Patriotic societies and all the ladies of the town interested in a memorial to the boys of our town and the outlying districts who have given their lives in France. The men of the town are also invited to be present, as it is necessary to discuss this matter fully. All who are at all interested should make a point of attending the meeting.

A contribution of one dollar to the above has been handed in by Miss Elspa Fryer.

An enjoyable Christmas Concert was held in the Methodist Church on Thursday evening, the 26th, ult. There was a large attendance. The Programme consisted of a choice Selection of Christmas Songs, Choruses, and Recitations, all of which were well rendered by the young people of the Sabbath School who had been carefully trained by Miss Gardner, Mrs. D. Pendleton, and the Misses Thompson. During the evening, the Pastor, Rev. Thos. Hicks, presented a gift to the Scholar in each class who had made the best attendance at Sunday School during the year. The Christmas tree and the visit of Santa Claus were parts of the Programme very much appreciated. In the distribution of gifts nobody was overlooked. The young folks will not forget the gifts of Santa nor the words of counsel he addressed to them before he left. A generous offering of twelve dollars was made.

The Y. W. P. A. held a most successful card party and dance in the Andrae Hall on New Year's Eve. The Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion with Christmas trees and flags. A dainty candy table also proved very attractive. Cards were played at twenty-five tables, the prize winners being Mrs. G. H. Stickle, Miss Marguerite Graham, Mr. T. R. Wren, and Mr. Carl Young. Dr. J. F. Worrell then welcomed Pte. F. R. Stevenson home. After the refreshments were served dancing was enjoyed, the music being furnished by the St. Andrews orchestra. About fifty-five dollars will be added to the G. W. P. A. treasury from this affair. The Society wishes to thank Messrs. Richardson and Hartford, who donated the coffee used; the St. Andrews orchestra for their services; and all others who helped to make the evening a success.

Make 1919 a Saving year.

OFFICERS OF ST. GEORGE LODGE NO. 12

Following is the list of Officers for St. George Lodge No. 12 for the ensuing year. Installed December 27, 1918.

Clarence Munroe,	W. M.
G. W. McKay,	S. W.
T. R. McIntyre,	J. W.
Rev. H. E. DeWolfe,	Chap.
A. C. Toy,	P. M.
C. Johnson,	Treasurer.
A. C. Grant,	P. M.
Audubon Hatt,	S. D.
Frank Chaffee,	S. S.
W. L. Barry,	J. S.
George Anderson,	I. G.
James Boyd,	P. M.
James Jack,	D. of C.
	Tyler.

SUSSEX LODGE

The officers of Sussex Lodge, No. 7, F. and A. M., St. Stephen, installed by Julius T. Whitlock, P. G. M., are:

Harold H. Smythe, W. M.; H. E. Carter, S. W.; R. J. Webber, J. W.; F. O. Sullivan, Chap.; O. F. Deakin, Treas.; R. W. J. T. Whitlock, Sec.; W. G. DeWolfe, S. D.; J. W. Christie, J. D.; H. C. Carter, S. S.; E. W. Hanson, J. S.; Chester Gregory, D. of C.; R. R. Bateman, I. G. H. P. Webber, Tyler.

MARRIED

MAWHINNEY-RICHARDSON

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon Rev. H. C. Fraser united in marriage John M. Mawhinney, of Mace's Bay, and Mrs. Annie H. Richardson, of St. John, formerly Miss Annie Davis, of Grand Falls. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the officiating minister, 46 Coburg street. The witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Percy J. Ellis, of Douglas avenue. The bride was neatly attired in navy blue silk poplin with hand embroidered georgette crepe blouse with white feather hat. Mr. and Mrs. Mawhinney will reside at Mace's Bay.—*St. John Telegraph*, Jan. 2.

OBITUARY

MISS MARION GREENLAW

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Greenlaw was saddened on Monday night Dec. 30, by the death of their youngest daughter, Marion. After an illness of only a few days pleuro-pneumonia set in, from which she never rallied. She was sixteen years of age, and though never very strong, she had by her gentle, unselfish nature endeared herself to all who knew her, and the deepest sympathy is felt for her family. She was a girl of unusual ability, and her original work for the Cottage Craft in flower designs was already becoming well known. Besides her parents she leaves one sister, Mrs. Joe Gibson, of St. Andrews, and three brothers Victor, now in Montreal, Thomson, in St. Andrews, and Lloyd, at home. The funeral took place at Sandy Point Cemetery on Thursday afternoon.

ROBERT MCKINNEY

Robert McKinney, a much respected resident of this County, passed away at his home at Rollingdam on Friday, Dec. 26, aged seventy-nine years. Mr. McKinney had been in poor health for several years. He was twice married, his second wife and six children survive him—three sons and three daughters—Maynard, a resident of St. Stephen; Ralph, of Berlin, N. H.; Warren, at home; Mrs. Ashley St. Clair, Calais, Me., who was recently married and is now on her honeymoon trip south; Ella and Priscilla, at home.

JAMES MARRATY, SR.

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 1.—At an early hour on Tuesday morning, after a severe illness which ended in pneumonia, Mr. James Marraty passed away. He was a well known merchant in St. Stephen, where he conducted a Market on Water Street. His wife predeceased him about a year ago, and a few weeks ago a son Vincent gave up his life on the battlefield in France. Two daughters, Mrs. Wibberly and Mrs. Florence Cossaboom, and two sons, James and Clifford survive him. He was a member of Christ Church. The funeral service will be held from his home to-morrow Thursday, afternoon and will be conducted by Ven. Archdeacon Newnham. The interment will be in the Marraty family lot in the Rural Cemetery.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 1.—After a painful illness of several weeks of heart trouble, Frederick Douglas passed away at his home Union Street, St. Stephen, on Tuesday afternoon. He leaves his wife, who was Miss Bertha Young, and four children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. Mr. Douglas was a man highly esteemed by all who knew him. For many years he conducted a stone-cutter's business, designing and making monuments and ornamental work in stone and marble. His death is a great loss to his family, church and in the town. The funeral will take place to-morrow, Thursday afternoon, and will be conducted by Rev. S. A. B. Strothard, of the McColl Methodist Church, of which he was a staunch member. The interment will be in the Rural Cemetery. Much sympathy is expressed for his family and relatives.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Robinson, of Brownville Junction, Me., in the death of their nine-months old child, Frederick. The remains were brought to St. Andrews for interment in the family lot in the Rural Cemetery, and were buried on New Year's Day, Rev. Mr. Elliott officiating. Mrs. James McDowell, the child's grandmother, returned to Brownville with Mr. Robinson.

RECEPTION FOR PTE. ROBERT STEVENSON

On Wednesday evening about fifteen of the young friends of Pte. Stevenson tendered him a dinner and reception at Stinson's Café. Pte. Stevenson returned from overseas on Tuesday. A chicken dinner was served, during the course of which toasts were given for the King, Pte. Stevenson, and the success of the Allies in the war. During the evening several speeches and recitations were given and several songs rendered. The reception was brought to a fitting close by the singing of "God Save the King." Pte. Stevenson is being warmly welcomed by a host of friends.

Resolve to save during 1919.

ALL SAINTS SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

The annual Sunday School entertainment and Christmas tree was held in All Saints' schoolroom on New Year's night. Although the night was stormy the room was packed by the children and their friends, and we are sure all were glad that they had braved the elements in order to be present, as the entertainment, given chiefly by the younger scholars with some of the older ones as leaders, was most pleasing. The "Lord of Misrule" was in charge and with his "Waits" and "Mummers" in their medieval costumes made fun and frolic supreme. We always love anything the children do, and all appreciated the trouble that had been taken to train the tiny tots and enable them to take their parts so well. The singing of carols by the school was much enjoyed, closing this part of the programme by singing God Save the King. The next item was a presentation to Pte. Robert Stevenson, who was present, having just returned from overseas. The Rector, Rev. G. H. Elliott, in a few very happy remarks, recalling the time when Pte. Stevenson was a pupil in the school, presented him with a pair of military brushes on behalf of the teachers and scholars. Pte. Stevenson was loudly cheered as he rose to receive the gift, which he acknowledged in a few fitting words wishing all a very happy New Year. Good old Santa, ever dear to us all, then arrived, and gifts, with bags of sweets, were distributed to all, and surely gave much pleasure judging by happy exclamations. While Santa was busy in this way a tremendous knock at the door was heard. Upon being opened it was found a Dominion Express messenger was there and wished to see Mr. Santa Claus. He carried a large basket which he handed over to the good old man. It was found to contain a beautiful mahogany library clock, a gift from the school to the Rector and Mrs. Elliott. As this was a complete surprise to the recipients, and it a very delightful conclusion to a happy evening. The Rector, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Elliott, heartily thanked the donors.

MANY LYNCHINGS IN UNITED STATES

Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 31.—Sixty-two lynchings occurred in the United States during 1918, according to records compiled by Tuskegee Institute and made public last night. The total, which includes 58 negroes and four white persons, is an increase of 24 over 1917. Five of the number were women. The largest number of lynchings occurred in Georgia, where eighteen persons were thus put to death.

WASTED EXPERIENCE

He was a green Scottish lad, and one of his duties was to answer the telephone. When first called on to do so, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded absent.

Again the question came and again and yet again, and each time the boy gave the answering nod.

When the question came for the fifth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the transmitter: "Man, are ye blin'? I've been noodin' ma heid aff for the last half-oor."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Cornsossel, "when we used to tell Josh, Children should be seen and not heard?" "Yes," replied the farmer; "and now I get called down by every-body if I interrupt Josh while he's tellin' about his experiences at the front."—*Washington Star*.

A. E. O'NEILL'S
FOR
MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS
Water St. ST. ANDREWS

We wish all our Customers a
BRIGHT, HAPPY, And PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
H. J. BURTON & CO.
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

NOTICE

The Mailing List of THE BEACON is corrected to December 31. All subscribers in arrears on that date will please make payment at once, so that they can start the New Year in proper form.

Beacon Press Company,
St. Andrews, N. B.,
January 1, 1919.

ST. MARKS LODGE F. AND A. M.

The following officers of St. Marks Lodge F. and A. M. were installed on Friday evening, Dec. 27th 1918 by D. C. Rollins, P. M.

W. J. Rollins,	W. M.
J. F. Worrell,	S. W.
A. Gove,	J. W.
J. McDowell,	Treas.
D. G. Hanson,	Sec.
R. Worrell,	P. M.
H. Boone,	S. D.
S. J. Anning,	J. D.
T. Pendlebury,	S. S.
E. B. Stinson,	J. S.
R. D. Rigby,	P. M.
G. C. Ripley,	D. of C.
K. R. Maloney,	Tyler.

To Everybody

We Extend The Season's Greetings

With Best Wishes

For A

Happy and Prosperous New Year

The Wren Drug and Book Store

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We wish to thank the public for their liberal patronage in the past year, and wish them

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

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

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-18231)

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

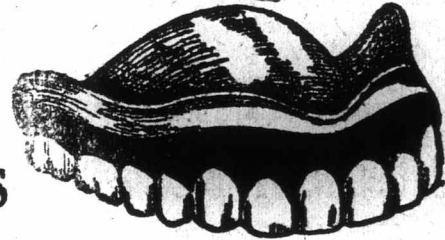
IRA STINSON

ST. ANDREWS
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 10-1207)

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH



GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS

DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST

OFFICE IN RESIDENCE
Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT

As I intend to retire from business on the 1st day of January next, beginning MONDAY, DEC. 9th, I will give a discount of 10 p. c. off all Groceries, except Flour, Molasses, Sugar, Butter, and Lard; and a discount of 15 p. c. off all other goods in store.

As a large part of the stock was bought before the rise in price, this will be found an excellent opportunity to get a winter's supply at a low rate.

J. D. GRIMMER
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-5739)

Picture—if you can—the baffled and crestfallen expression on the face of a Number who has just received his first bill for automobile repairs from a connoisseur garageman.—*Buffalo Express*.

"See Henry Ford is going to start a newspaper." "Does he know anything about running a newspaper?" "Must know a heap. I notice he waited until he got \$40,000,000 before arranging to run one."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

COMMON PARASITES OF SWINE

(Experimental Farms Note)
Swine are subject to several parasites, external and internal. Of the first class the most troublesome is the ordinary hog-lice. These insects are responsible for such unthriftiness and poor gains; are an advertisement of the unobservant eye or carelessness of the feeder, and are intolerable in that unless the infestation is of long standing, they are fairly easy of eradication.

- METHODS OF ERADICATION**
1. Pigs may be dipped or sprayed with any good creolin or coal-tar disinfectant, made up as per directions accompanying the preparation.
 2. Coal oil or kerosene is used by some. Though effective, it has a blistering action and should be avoided.
 3. Fuel oil is highly recommended. Experiments with it at Ottawa proved it efficient, but slightly irritant and leaving the hair of the pig in a dirty discolored condition.
 4. Crude castor oil is non-irritant, soothing and quite destructive to lice. Where procurable it forms possibly the best application for this purpose. At present, the price of castor oil is too high to permit of its use.
 5. Paraffin oil (low grade) as now used in the herd of swine at the Central Experimental Farms, has proved non-irritant to the skin and quite effective as an insecticide. It is cheap, easily procurable, and colorless.
 6. Apply disinfectant washes (creolin, etc.) with a brush, broom, spray-pump, or, in the case of the large herd, by the dipping method. Apply oils with a cloth, or more conveniently still, by using a large oil-can with a handle and long spout. File a short section of the end of the spout to increase the amount delivered. Apply a stream of oil over the neck, shoulders, and along the back. The heat of the body will cause the application to spread over the body. A large number of hogs can be treated conveniently and quickly by such means.
- Repeat the application after ten days to destroy the lice or nits.
- If pigs are seen to be badly infested, a thorough clean-up of the premises would be indicated, using a strong creolin spray over all.

INTESTINAL PARASITES
Of intestinal parasites the round worm is much the more common. In most cases examination of the smaller intestine of slaughtered pigs will reveal the presence of a few large white worms. In small numbers they appear to cause little inconvenience to the animal; a considerable infestation will cause a marked falling off in general condition. Young pigs so affected are thin, stunted, and lacking in vigor and thrift. Severe infestation will frequently cause intestinal inflammation or stoppage, resulting in death.

CAUSE
Where pigs are kept reasonably clean, and supplied with fresh water, the danger of infestation is small. Filthy surroundings together with stagnant or foul water usually predispose to such parasitic infestation.

TREATMENT
Prevent by cleanly methods and the use of any good mineral corrective mixture. There are a number of these on the market. A good home-made substitute is a mixture of charcoal, woodashes, and salt; or of sulphur, salt, and iron sulphate mixed in equal parts.—take one part with 8 parts charcoal and 8 parts ashes, mix well and allow the animals free access to it.

Where pigs are infested, turpentine is the best remedy. Give 1 teaspoonful to every 100 pounds weight, after fasting the animal for twelve hours. This may be mixed in the feed and given for three successive days. Follow this with a good purging of Epsom Salts.

25c. Buys a Thrift Stamp.

ADVICE ON PLANT DISEASES

(Experimental Farms Note)
In view of the present vital need for increased production the Central Experimental Farm urges every farmer to look well into the question of crop diseases, for the losses which these diseases cause each year in orchard, field, and garden are, in the aggregate, simply appalling.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates that the smutted wheat grown in that country in 1917 would fill a line of freight cars reaching from New York to Cleveland (600 miles). In 1916 in Canada the loss from rust on grain amounted to \$50,000,000, while the Canadian potato crop in 1915 was almost cut in two by the ravages of Blight and Rot. Each year about one-quarter of the Ontario apple crop is lost from Apple Scab, and the loss in the plum crop from Brown Rot is at least as high.

These are only a few common examples of the numerous diseases which yearly take heavy toll of our crops everywhere. Indeed it has been said that the dollars annually lost from crop diseases on the average farm would pay the hired man's wages.

A great number of these diseases can be prevented by well-tried and simple measures; and since we are now in the midst of the greatest food crisis the world has ever seen, every bit of food saved from the wastage of disease be-

PARTNERS OF THE TIDE

(Continued from page 3.)

"How'd you do, Clara?" said Miss Tempy, trying hard not to be patronizing. "I s'pose you're takin' a walk. You look real nice. Where are you goin'?"

Miss Hopkins replied that she didn't know just where she should go.

"Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant afternoon wherever you go," gushed Miss Tempy. "The cap'n is takin' me for a little drive. Isn't this a beautiful horse?"

Here the captain made his first remark since the carriage stopped. It was to the effect that he was taking Miss Tempy down to the Methodist chapel. She had been going that way, and it was a long walk.

"Oh," said Miss Hopkins sweetly, "is that all? I thought perhaps you were going to take her over to Harniss. It seems as if I remembered you saying you expected to go there today. Good-by, I hope you'll have a nice time."

On that evening Captain Titcomb made the first of the short calls which were to continue during the week. Miss Tempy welcomed him enthusiastically, and her sister did her best not to appear jealous. Clara did not come into the sitting room at all, nor did she do so during the following four evenings.

Bradley did not mention the trouble aboard the Diving Belle when he reached home Friday night. He was even more silent than usual at the supper table. When the meal was over he suddenly exclaimed: "By George, Clara, I must beg your pardon! There was a letter for you in our box this morning, and I left it aboard the schooner. I'll bring it home tomorrow."

Captain Titcomb came about 8. He seemed really cheerful when he first arrived, but soon relapsed into the moody silence that had characterized his visits that week.

"Clara out in the kitchen?" he asked after a while. "I noticed the light was burnin'."

"No," replied Miss Tempy; "she's up in her room. She's left some bread to rise, and I guess she's comin' down to see it by and by. That's why she left the lamp, I s'pose likely."

As the big clock in the dining room struck 9 the captain rose, announced that he must be going and went.

Bradley retired soon after, and the sisters followed his example. The old house grew still. Miss Prissy was dropping into a comfortable doze when she felt herself clutched violently by the back hair.

"Ow!" she exclaimed, half awake. "Let go! What on earth?"

"S-s-sh-h!" Miss Tempy breathed it frantically into her ear. "Don't speak!"

"I won't if you let go of my hair. What's the matter—nightmare? I told you there was a limit, even to pepper tea."

"Oh, do be still! There's robbers downstairs. I heard 'em."

Miss Prissy groaningly sat up and listened. "It's Clara seein' to her bread," she said after a moment.

"It ain't. Clara's in her room readin'. I saw her through the crack in the door. And Bradley's in his room. I heard him breathin'. Please git up."

Miss Prissy said no more. She donned a wrapper and put on her slippers. Her sister was already similarly garbed. Then, Miss Prissy bearing the lamp, they tiptoed into the hall and on to the door of Bradley's room.

"Bradley," cautiously whispered Miss Prissy, "Bradley, will you git up, please? Tempy thinks there's somebody downstairs."

They heard Bradley chuckle sleepily. In a few moments he came out, dressed in jacket and trousers and blinking at the lamp. Clara, who had not gone to bed, had already joined them.

The procession moved—Bradley first, then Miss Prissy with the lamp, then Miss Tempy, who, as she said afterward, was "too scared to go ahead and wasn't goin' last." Clara brought up the rear. They peered cautiously into the dining room. It was empty.

"There," exclaimed Miss Prissy, "I guess 'twas nothin' but Tempy's imagination, as usual. She—"

The words died on her lips. There came a sound from the kitchen—they all heard it—a rattling sound and the faint squeak of a door.

Bradley sprang to the coal hod and picked up the poker. It was the only apology for a weapon in sight. He started for the kitchen, but Miss Prissy seized him by the jacket and Miss Tempy threw both arms around his neck.

"Don't you stir, Bradley Nickerson," whispered the older sister. "Don't you stir a step! S'pose he had a revolver."

Bradley tried to free himself, but it was hard work. He unclasped Miss Tempy's arms from his neck, but she immediately seized him around the waist. It was a ridiculous situation, and suddenly he became aware of a cold wind blowing from the direction of the front hall.

"Is that front door open?" he whispered.

The horrified sisters turned to stare at the black tunnel of the hall, and then footfalls were heard on the walk, coming up the steps. Clara's voice became audible. She was speaking in agonized whispers.

"Who?" began Bradley.

Clara appeared, clinging to the arm of Captain Eri Hedge. Captain Eri looked puzzled, but he grinned when

FITTING COWS FOR LACTATION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

All mammals, when in proper environment and under normal conditions, naturally take on flesh during pregnancy, the reserve being used in milk production when the young is born. As we expect a dairy cow to give much more milk than her calf requires, it is only reasonable that she should be in extra good condition of flesh at calving time. A further consideration is the procuring of strong, well-nourished calves, which cannot be expected from poorly-nourished cows. Grain fed during the dry period has been found to give greater returns than the same amount of grain fed after calving, these returns being in the form of a more vigorous calf and increased milk production.

To have the cows in proper condition of flesh, one of the first requisites is to give them sufficient rest between lactation periods. The cow that is milked up to within two or three weeks of calving may pile up quite a record for that year, but she will surely fall off in the next lactation period. Each cow should have from six to eight weeks of rest period.

The feeding of the cow during this period will depend upon her condition when dried off. If she is in good condition of flesh then very little more than a maintenance ration is necessary, but the feeder should watch that she does not lose her thrifty condition. If she has become thin and run-down, then a liberal ration should be allowed. The character of the ration need not differ materially from that fed to the milk cows. Pasture, supplemented by silage and legume hay in winter, should be sufficient for the cow in good condition. Those in poorer condition should receive grain in addition up to six or seven pounds per day if necessary. It is important at all times that dairy cows receive a laxative ration, but particularly so just at calving time. To this end the grain ration should consist of such laxative feeds as wheat bran and oil cake, together with either ground oats, barley, or corn, preferably the former, in equal parts.

For every 100 pounds of the above grain mixture there should be added 1 pound each of ground rock phosphate, charcoal, and common salt. The salt is a necessity in the ration, while the other ingredients act as a tonic. Cows not receiving the grain should be fed some of this tonic mixture separately, or the last day or two before calving the regular ration should be replaced by bran alone, which should be fed up to calving time for a few days afterwards.

To ensure the best results from the above method of fitting the cow for her lactation period she should be allowed plenty of exercise. Running with the milk cows in summer and being turned out in the barnyard for an hour or two daily in winter will meet requirement in this regard. This exercise will be found to do away with cows highly fed on heat-producing foods just previous to calving.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS PROMOTE THRIFT.

Make a "Saving" Resolution.

CHEAP HOUSING AND LABOR-SAVING IN THE WINTER-FATTENING OF SWINE

(Experimental Farm Note)

One of the most common losses in connexion with winter swine management is due to crippling or rheumatism. That this malady, easy to contract and difficult to cure, may be practically eliminated, or rather, prevented, in breeding stock, wintered out-of-doors with open shelters, has been demonstrated beyond doubt. No ill effect has cropped up to offset this advantage. With several individuals in a small, well-bedded cabin, there is no apparent discomfort to the inmates, even during the most rigorous months of the Canadian winter.

The fattening hog, heavily fed, required to make maximum gains in minimum time, would seem to require warm quarters. The energy required to offset cold would thereby be utilized for growth and fat production. Less feed would be required. While the latter premise proves true, the fact of the matter is that the swine feeder is confronted with the choice of two apparent evils,—a comparatively cold house, that because of its nature, is practically like outdoors and therefore dry, or a more expensive, tightly-built, warmer structure, that, even if ventilated, usually proves more or less damp. Crippling in hogs will appear to a greater or lesser degree under bad or good management. Damp quarters undoubtedly predispose to it. Add to this, heavy feeding, with occasional over-feeding, and the result is frequently that of several more or less crippled pigs, the whole or partial losses from which will seriously affect the winter's profits. On the other hand, it has now been pretty well proved at several points in the Experimental Farm System that such losses from outdoor-fattened hogs are practically negligible, and that the evidence of thrift and quality resultant very greatly over-balances the extra cost of outdoor feeding. Cold air should in itself have no virtue. Nevertheless, the open-air hog is more vigorous and healthy than the one fed in warm, dry quarters. Constantly pure air and a certain amount of exercise would seem to be responsible.

Very little capital then need be tied up in winter swine feeding quarters. A low sleeping berth made of old boards and covered with straw within or near a shed for feeding purposes, is necessary. While a straw stack is frequently used for shelter, the above arrangement is better. Access to a pile of horse manure in the

WISDOM WHISPERS

"A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION, FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS"

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
(Internal as well as External use)

This wonderful old family medicine quickly conquers Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills. Soothes, heals, and

Stops Suffering

Early on Christmas man, passing 888 Queen's Road, was surprised to find a burglar. Entering the house, he found a man in a tunnel. The man had a set of cash tills in a tunnel. The man had a set of cash tills in a tunnel. The man had a set of cash tills in a tunnel.

McLAUGHLIN

McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS

Economy Power Durability

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

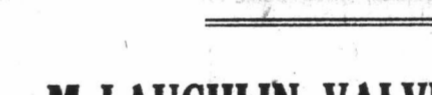
J. L. STRANGE

Agent for Charlotte County

Border Garage ST. STEPHEN

Twenty-six citizens diaphragms with bottle Mas Day and faced with more or less for man stood up with a mouth, and while waiting station magistrate to a stage of his procedure, officer and was heard get over with it." As the conventional query edly, just as if he r "Could you have expected on Christmas Day?" the situation with pray accepted the presents of a visible sign of inward stude.—Police Court News Telegram, Toronto, Dec

Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



October is a good month in which to paint. All the pests of summer, such as flies, spiders, and dust have gone, and the mild heat of the sun in the autumn gives the paint time to properly cure on the sides of your house. Besides it's the natural thing to put on a protecting coat to turn the winter weather. But to paint right you must use the right paint.

G. V. PAINT

is what its name stands for—Good Value. It is a good quality paint at a reasonable price, and is used with satisfaction on all classes of buildings. It is the paint to use on your buildings.

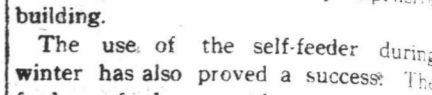
Regular Colors \$3.00 per Gallon
White \$3.30 per Gallon

T. McAvity & Sons LIMITED

St. John, N. B.

BEAUTIFULLY CONDUCTED

Beautifully Conducted



W. H. THORNTON

CHRISTMAS DAY

Early on Christmas man, passing 888 Queen's Road, was surprised to find a burglar. Entering the house, he found a man in a tunnel. The man had a set of cash tills in a tunnel. The man had a set of cash tills in a tunnel.

"Before he went to breaking habit, but there has wiped the Crown.

"If he is suffering said the magistrate, at the Jail Farm will have to go there for the

CELEBRATE

Twenty-six citizens diaphragms with bottle Mas Day and faced with more or less for man stood up with a mouth, and while waiting station magistrate to a stage of his procedure, officer and was heard get over with it." As the conventional query edly, just as if he r "Could you have expected on Christmas Day?" the situation with pray accepted the presents of a visible sign of inward stude.—Police Court News Telegram, Toronto, Dec

BREAD

"MORE BREAD"

Western

"Purity"

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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

THE ROYAL HOTEL

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

**EDISON'S SUBLIME
GIFT TO MANKIND**

As if by a miracle, that master inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has given mankind Music's Re-Creation—not a flimsy imitation, but music re-born, by means of

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"
which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them.
HEAR THE NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.

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

CHRISTMAS DAY BURGLARY

Early on Christmas morning, a policeman, passing 888 Queen west, heard a noise which he suspected was made by a burglar. Entering the premises of Fred Perrin, he found William Hyland secreted in a tunnel of boxes. Several cash tills had been a great deal more upset than a lot of people were this a. m., and the place was as confused as the mind of an evangelist after a sermon by a higher critic. Seeing a pair of legs sticking out of the "tunnel," like a pair of trousered calipers, the constable grabbed hold and began to haul out Hyland, who this morning appeared before Magistrate Denison charged with shopbreaking and the theft of 30 cents.

T. O'Connor pleaded that his client didn't know what he had been doing. "He fought in France and was shell-shocked," said counsel. Crown Attorney Corley named five prior convictions. "Before he went to war he had a shop-breaking habit, but the service 'over there' has wiped that out," said the Crown. "If he is suffering from shell-shock," said the magistrate, "the rest and quiet at the Jail Farm will do him good. He'll have to go there for three months."

CELEBRATIONS

Twenty-six citizens overcharged their diaphragms with bottled cheer on Christmas Day and faced the grim aftermath with more or less fortitude. One tall man stood up with his hand over his mouth, and while waiting for the deliberation magistrate to enter upon the next stage of his procedure, turned to the dock officer and was heard to say, "Wish he'd get over with it." A second, in reply to the conventional query, said, "Undoubtedly," just as if he might have added, "Could you have expected anything else on Christmas Day?" The rest held on to the situation with prayerful fortitude and accepted the presents from the magisterial Christmas tree without outward or visible sign of inward and spiritual gratitude.—Police Court News in the *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, Dec. 26.

MOTOR VEHICLES

The Motor Vehicle Branch of the Public Works Department, Fredericton, has everything now in readiness for the distribution of the number plates, or auto markers for 1919.

Owing to the change in the Audit Act, all remittances of Public moneys must now be made direct to the Provincial Treasurer, Fredericton.

The Motor Vehicle Law provides for re-registration every third year, and the license numbers for 1919, 1920, and 1921 will be different from those of the past three seasons. The necessary forms for re-registration have been forwarded to the different auto owners and the officials interested are looking forward to an exceptionally busy time beginning with the New Year. Many motorists are inclined to be dilatory in taking out their licenses until the snow begins to disappear, and as a result, the Department becomes overwhelmed with work, which necessarily means some delay in having the markers delivered.

To avoid any dissatisfaction the Department has issued a circular calling attention to this important feature and asking the co-operation of all those interested, as experience has shown that many owners appear to be unreasonable in demanding the number plates by return mail, and it is next to impossible to meet their wishes where the work must be disposed of according to the dates on which the remittances are received.

Save by the W. S. S. plan

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
For the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that comes through tears.

DER TAG

NELSON AND BEATTY

NO doubt 'twas a truly Christian sight When the German ships came out of the Bight,
But it can't be said it was much of a fight That gray November morning;
That wonderful day, the great Der Tag,
Which Prussians had vow'd with unmanly brag
Should see Old England lower her flag
Some gray November morning.
The spirit of Nelson, that haunts the Fleet,
Had come whereabouts the ships must meet,
But he fear'd there was some decoy or cheat

That gray November morning,
When the enemy led by a British scout
Stole 'twixt our lines, and never a shout,
Or a signal, and never a gun spoke out
That gray November morning.
So he shaped his course to the Admiral's ship,
Where Beatty stood with hand on hip,
Impassive, nor ever moved his lip
That gray November morning;
And touching his shoulder he said: "My mate,
Am I come too soon or am I too late?
Is it friendly manoeuvres or pageant of state
This gray November morning?"

Then Beatty said: "As Admiral here
In the name of the King I bid you good cheer;
It's not my fault that it looks so queer
This gray November morning;
But there come the enemy all in queues;
They can fight well enough if only they choose;
Small blame to me if the fools refuse
This gray November morning.
"That's Admiral Reuter, surrendering nine
Great dreadnoughts, all first-rates of the line;
Beyond, in the haze that veils the brine
This gray November morning
Loom five heavy cruisers, and light ones four,
With a tail of destroyers, fifty or more,
Each squadron under its commodore,
This gray November morning;
The least of all those captive queens
Could have knock'd your whole navy to smithereens,
And nothing said of the other machines,
On a gray November morning,
The aeroplanes and the submarines,
Bombs, torpedoes, and Zeppelins,
Their floating mines and their smoky screens,
Of a gray November morning.

"They'll rage like bulls sans reason or rhyme,
And next day, as if 'twere a pantomime,
They walk in like cows at milking-time,
On a gray November morning.
We're four years sick of the pestilent mob
—You've heard of our biblical *Battle in Gog?*
At times it was hardly a gentleman's job
Of a gray November morning."

Then Nelson said: "God bless my soul!
How things are changed in this age of coal!
For the spittle it isn't with you I'd condole
This gray November morning.
By George, you've netted a monstrous catch;
You'll be able to pen the best dispatch
That ever an Admiral wrote under hatch
On a gray November morning.

"I like your looks, and I like your name;
My heart goes out to the old fleet's fame,
And I'm pleased to find you so spry at the game
This gray November morning.
Your ships, though I don't half understand
Their build, are stouter and better man-
n'd
Than anything I ever had in command
Of a gray November morning.

Then Beatty spoke: "Sir! none of my crew,
All bravest of brave and truest of true,
Is thinking of me so much as of you
This gray November morning."
And Nelson replied: "Well, thanks 'f your chat,
Forgive my intrusion! I take off my hat
And make you my bow . . . we'll leave it at that,
This gray November morning."
UNION JACK,
in *The Times*, London.

BIG WAGES

Everybody likes big wages, but has anyone fooled himself into thinking that it really means anything?
Men who earned two dollars a day ten years ago are getting five to seven dollars a day, but what does it get them?
They wear cotton goods and pay woolen prices. Their footwear costs two dol-

lars or more for one. They do not have half the luxuries they had at two dollars a day, nor do they eat any turkeys at Christmas.

A majority of the houses built in Lubec during the past twenty years by workmen, were built out of earnings less than half those of to-day. But who would undertake to build a house to-day?
The truth of the matter is, that the only benefit of higher wages in nine cases out of ten is the satisfaction of handling more money. It buys less than half what it used to, and a dollar is simply an insult to anybody with anything to sell. Besides this, the quality of everything is so much poorer than it was formerly, that really a dollar does about the work that a quarter used to do. Outside a few cases the average man is not as well off as he used to be, when he earned less and got more for it.—*Lubec Herald*.

**TEMPERAMENT NEEDED
FOR VICTORY
IN GOLF**

IT has been claimed by many golfers who have made a study of the psychology of the game that temperament is as necessary as knowledge in a match, for it is of little use to know how to play the shots correctly if at a critical moment one's nerve fails and what looks like a match already won is lost. Players are often seen who, at the ninth hole, are so many down that something desperate must be done to avoid defeat. Such an instance was brought to light at the women's championship in England in 1913, when Miss Gladys Ravenscroft was five down at the turn to Miss Bramwell. The former then proceeded to play magnificent golf and won hole after hole, eventually winning the match at the nineteenth. Miss Ravenscroft, however, was in turn defeated, but that same year she captured the national championship title of this country at Wilmington.

On the other hand, there was the final of the French amateur championship at La Boulie in 1913, when Lord Charles Hope was five up at the end of the first eighteen holes. He lost this lead in the afternoon and the match became all square with four holes to play. Amid great excitement these were halved, but Hope succeeded in winning the thirty-seventh hole and the championship, which showed him to be possessed of the real golf temperament.

To lose hole after hole through his opponent's brilliancy, and still be able to keep his head and eventually win a match, is an indication that such a player can go far in open competition. He has nothing to fear, as he has solved the secret of progress and can keep cool, not losing heart because he has lost a few holes. If a worried player lets his nerves get out of control, he will never have the true golf temperament. To win a match a man must be able to think calmly, to make up his mind quickly but not hurriedly, and not be overanxious or troubled by spectators.

There is a great difference between playing a shot quickly and hurrying over it, for to hurry is fatal. There are many players who can turn in an excellent score on their own course, but directly they enter a championship or a tournament they play wildly and do not do themselves justice. To those who have experienced the ordeal of facing a crowd for the first time, it is a thing never to be forgotten, no matter how much the golfer has progressed and improved in after years, nor how well seasoned in championship encounters. It is these strenuous times, when the players are struggling to win prominent places, that help to form the "temperament" for the game.

Happy is the player who can enter a championship with a mind untroubled by the actions of spectators and any unlucky incidents, determined thoroughly to enjoy it, no matter what the issue may be. There is no use in being dismayed because a topped shot has found a bunker, which has been specially placed there to attract such an effort. James Braid counsels players to forget a bad shot when it is once made, and to concentrate thoughts on playing the next one. To be able to do this successfully stamps a golfer as the possessor of the true temperament, without which it is practically impossible to progress far in the tournament game.

Every one knows that if ill-luck continually follows a player, say for five or six holes (and by ill-luck is meant such things as finding bad lies from good shots while the opponent has a good lie after a bad shot), it needs all the self-control of the golfer is capable to keep up his spirits. If he can recover well and keep steady until such time as his luck changes, his opponent, if not an experienced golfer, may feel the strain and fail to take advantage of his better position.
It has been truly said that it is not brilliancy which wins matches, though it may win holes. Steadiness is the keynote of success, and if a player can keep steady and do a brilliant hole occasionally victory will be with him. There is nothing like steadiness for wearying even a good opponent, and any golfer who, after visiting a bunker guarding a green, can play his careful place his ball on the green and, not much worse off, show how well armed he is to keep cool under difficulties. Sometimes what looks like a lost position has been reversed by a good recovery

that has so startled the opponent that he has made a mistake, and so lost a hole which he was sure of winning.

To acquire the temperament to play golf is of the same importance to the medium player as "keeping the eye on the ball" is to the man who has just begun to wrestle with the game.
The season's crop of caddies at many a golf club has been infected with a germ similar to that which started the epidemic of eight-hour days among wage earners, and Ring Lardner writes entertainingly on the rules conducive to neutrality between golfer and bag-toter during these troublous times as follows:
Do not ask him to carry more clubs than are necessary on the course you are playing or attempting to play. For example, on one circuit everything may be discarded but a driver, a niblick, and a casting rod, while on another they can all be carried but the putter.

Play as much as possible with one club, as it bothers the young man to make changes.
Stay on the fairway and in the shade, or if that is not feasible at least aim always to have your ball stop in the shade, so if you must have another club for the next shot, the caddie can be comfortable while you are selecting it.
If your ball goes off the course, watch it carefully and mark its location with reference to stationary objects, so the lad will not have to be pestered with questions.

Do not shoot while the caddie is lying down, for if he is a light sleeper, the sound of the contact between club-head and ball will frequently disturb him.
On a hot day, occasionally take the caddie's handkerchief from his pocket and wipe the perspiration from his forehead, as one unaccustomed to it is annoyed by having it drip into the eyes.
Do not make a shot while two or more caddies are engaged in conversation, as it may throw them off their stride.
While playing a hole that is parallel to the next subsequent one or one to be played some time in the future, suggest that the child remain on the tee, if it be comfortable there, until you came back that way.

If the caddie, while in the rough looking for a four-leaf clover or a place to lie down, happens to find your ball and is gracious enough to hint where it is, thank him with a few simple words or a quarter, as a dime is apt to roll out of his pocket during a siesta and get lost.
When your ball lands within reasonable approaching distance, pick it up and estimate the remaining shots, as playing it may necessitate the kid's removing the flag.
Carry extra balls in your pocket so you need never annoy the poor fellow by asking for one from your bag.
When your ball lands in an impossible lie or splashes into the middle of a body of water, do not proceed until the caddie is on hand to watch you, as nothing so roils them as missing a chance to giggle.
—*The New York Evening Post*

BASIS OF SOUND FINANCE

War finance has a tendency to make a people lose sight of the fact that saving is the basis of wealth and enduring prosperity.
If nations, corporations, or individuals can borrow huge sums of money it is because large numbers of persons have accumulated these funds through saving. Heavy commitments are made for the future in the certain expectation that thousands of people will save.
There is nothing magical about saving. It consists merely in this—that a person spends less than he earns. Nations become wealthy in proportion as this is done by their people.

Canadians as a people must do this, and, fortunately, the Government has devised a War Saving Plan that makes saving easy. The chief feature of it is buying War Savings Stamps. For every \$4.00 invested in these stamps now the Government will pay \$5.00 in January, 1924. What could be easier; besides, it pays well—over 4 1/2 per cent compounded half-yearly.

Keep W. S. S. in mind.

INCREASE OF FISH LANDED AT BOSTON

Boston, Dec. 31.—An increase of 37,000,000 pounds in the amount of fish pier in 1917 over the figures for 1913 was shown in statistics introduced by the government to-day at the Federal Court trial of dealers charged with violation of the anti-trust laws. In 1913, counsel said, 132,000,000 pounds were landed by the forty defendants and this jumped to 169,000,000 pounds in 1917.
He estimated that the total for 1918 would reach 175,000,000 pounds.

DR. TANNER DEAD

San Diego, Cal., 30.—Dr. Harry Tanner, who believed in fasting for longevity, 91 years old, died Saturday at the County Hospital after an illness of nearly a year, it was announced to-day. Dr. Tanner's practical application of the theory that health and long life depended on long periods of fasting, attracted attention a number of years ago. Dr. Tanner was born in England, Feb. 7, 1831.

**COFFEE BARS CLOSE UP
TO WARM FIGHTING MEN
IN LONG NIGHT VIGIL**

FRESH from the battle line, one of the Salvation Army's fighting Chaplains, Captain A. Steel, is home on a few weeks' furlough, after an absence of three and a half years with the troops. Captain Steele has been highly commended by the Director and Assistant Director of Chaplain Services for his keen, resourceful, and courageous work especially in the matter of opening and operating coffee stalls close up to the front line to supply the wants of the battle-scarred heroes coming out to rest, or the boys coming up to the line after a period of comparative quiet.

Captain Steele's account of the operations of the Army contains much material of absorbing interest. After working at the base the Captain went to Mont St. Elio, and was attached to the 3rd Canadian Entrenching Battalion, where he conducted meetings and operated a canteen five miles beyond the front line. At the battle of Hill 70, in 1917, he met the wounded men coming from the battle-field and rendered very effective services. In October of that year he was transferred to the Chaplains' Social Service Work, with headquarters at Neuville St. Vaast. He had eighteen canteens to supervise, as well as many coffee stalls. It was his endeavor to have the coffee stalls as far forward as possible, so a dug-out close to the front line was selected; and at night, when the smoke would not betray the position, coffee was made and sent to the front trench. At Passchendaele there were nine coffee stalls working, and it was a sight, he says, to see the long lines of mud-caked men waiting to receive their cups of steaming hot coffee. He estimates that 10,000 men were served every 24 hours. All the coffee stalls were in the sheltered area.

The captain tells a story of a narrow escape he had whilst building another coffee stall in an advanced position. The working party had to run down a plank road alongside of which men were lying dead, and wounded horses were still kicking in their agonies. Shells were coming dangerously near as they worked, and finally one of the men said, "Isn't it getting a bit too hot, Captain?" "Oh, no; let's stay and finish the job," was the reply. The shells were bursting nearer and nearer, however, all the time, and at length the Captain decided that the party had better make a dash for safety. As soon as he gave the order the men dropped their tools and dashed down the plank road as fast as they could. He stayed behind to examine the work done, and hearing the whine of an approaching shell, crouched down behind some sandbags. Crash! bang! right on the very spot where the men had been working only a few seconds before, a shell struck and exploded. The party would certainly all have been killed had they not gone when they did. The Captain had a narrow escape, but was protected by the sandbags from shell splinters. He came to the conclusion that that was not a desirable spot to establish a coffee stall, and so transferred it to a dressing station a bit farther down the line.

Next day he went in an auto to try and recover some of the material, but the car stalled in a mud hole, and the enemy started shelling it. He and his companions got out and hid behind a "pill box." They were just in time, for a moment later a shell hit the car and fragments of glass and iron were flying in all directions.

For hours the Captain and his party crouched behind that pill box in the pitchy darkness. The enemy had put on a terrific barrage, so that it seemed certain death to try and escape. Some of the men attempted it, but they had not gone far before a loud cry for help rang through the darkness. The Captain rushed out in the direction of the cry and found two wounded men. Four others lay dead on the ground. He attended to the wounded as best as he was able under the circumstances, and after a while the whole party decided to try and dash through the barrage. "Talk about running," says the Captain. "We did a record sprint that night, and managed to get through all right."

Next day he went back for the car, and finding it not so very badly damaged, got it out of the mud and drove it to a safer area.
Captain Steele expresses admiration for the way the various Home Leagues supplied the wants of the men with comforts. "The parcels that were sent to me were most welcome. The socks were a positive blessing to the men, especially during the rainy weather, when they would get their boots soaked through with the wet mud. I arranged for the socks to be distributed from the most forward coffee stall for the use of the men in the front line. To let them know that socks had arrived I put up a big sign, worded as follows: Canadians, if you need socks, ask for them. Donated by the Salvation Army Home League."

When the Canadians moved forward and large areas in France were liberated from the enemy, the Captain had the novel and pleasant duty of escorting numbers of civilians who had been hiding in cellars, back into a safe place behind the lines. The emotion of these poor folks when they got their first sight of Arras the Captain will never forget. They threw their hands in the air and kept exclaiming, "Arras! Arras!" while tears of joy rained down their faces. There was another affecting scene when the women of Arras came out to meet the refugees. Similar scenes were witnessed at Denain, Valenciennes, and other places the Captain visited.

**FOR YOUR
Bread, Cakes and Pies
you will find**

**PURITY
FLOUR**

(Government Standard)
thoroughly dependable

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD AND BETTER PASTRY"

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, ONTARIO

Canada Food Board License No.
Cereal 2-009—Shelf 15, 16, 17, 18

"Purity Oats makes Better Porridge"



TO AGE

WELCOME, old friend! These many years Have we lived door by door: The fates have laid aside their shears Perhaps for some few more.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864)

THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES

I HAD begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books with ease.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

January 5.—Catiine, Roman conspirator, slain, 63 B. C.; Edward the Confessor King of England, died, 1066; Cardinal Wolsey, English prelate and statesman, born, 1471; Catherine of Aragon, first wife of King Henry VIII of England, died, 1536; Catherine de Medici, Queen of France, died, 1589; Thomas Pringle, Scotch poet and traveller, born, 1789; Scot Peter Mitchell, New Brunswick statesman, born, 1824; Canadian insurgents attacked Toronto, 1838; Joseph Gillott, English steel pen manufacturer, died, 1872; Hon. Edgar N. Rhodes, Speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa, born, 1877; Rt. Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes resigned Premiership of Cape Colony, 1896; Gordon College, Khartoum, founded, 1899.

January 6.—Egyptian. Khyber Pass, 1842; King Richard II of England born, 1366; Joan of Arc, French heroine, born, 1402; Benjamin Franklin, the greatest citizen of the United States, born, 1706; John Dennis, English critic, poet, and dramatist, born, 1734; David Dale, Scottish philanthropist, born, 1738; General George Washington married Mrs. Martha Curtis, 1759; Charles Sumner, American statesman, born, 1811; Madame d'Arbly (Fran-

ces Burney), English novelist, died, 1840; Clarence King, first Director of the U. S. Geological Survey, born, 1842; General Sir Leslie Rundle, British military commander, born, 1856; Henry E. Dixey, American actor, born, 1859; James Fisk, American financier, shot by Edward S. Stokes, 1872; Adeline Genée, dancer, born, 1878.

January 7.—Calais retaken by the French, 1558; Fénelon de la Mothe, French philosopher and author, died, 1715; Allan Ramsay, Scottish poet, died, 1758; Robert Nicoll, Scottish poet, born, 1814; Greeks proclaimed their independence, 1822; Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, London, died, 1830; J. H. Freyre, English poet, died, 1846; Laval University, Quebec, opened, 1852; Rt. Hon. Viscount Gladstone, English statesman and administrator, born, 1854; Korea proclaimed its independence of China, 1895.

January 8.—St. Lucien, Galileo Galilei, Italian astronomer and physicist, died, 1642; Treaty of Warsaw signed, 1745; British took Cape of Good Hope, 1806; Wilkie Collins, English novelist, born, 1824; Eli Whitney, American inventor of the cotton gin, died, 1825; Duke of Wellington became British Prime Minister, 1828; Major-General Sir Sam Hughes, former Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, born, 1853; Sir Frank W. Dyson, English Astronomer Royal, born, 1868; Queen Helena of Italy born, 1873.

January 9.—Sir Francis Drake, English naval commander, died, 1596; Admiral Lord St. Vincent, English naval commander, born, 1734; Lord Buckmaster, British Lord Chancellor, born, 1861; Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, died, 1873; King Victor Emanuel II of Italy died, 1878.

January 10.—Archbishop Laud, English prelate, beheaded, 1645; Admiral Boscawen, English naval commander, died, 1761; British penny postage instituted, 1840; Samuel Kerr, Principal of St. John Business College, born, 1843; Mary Russell Mitford, English novelist and dramatist, died, 1855; Charles G. D. Roberts, New Brunswick author and poet, born, 1860.

CHRISTMAS OUTDOORS

THE Southern woods hang their Christmas trimmings high. Laurel and rhododendron, mistletoe and holly, reach up against the walls of tinted bark.

Our Northern forests trail greens along the floor, and roped groundpine, pricking through dry leaves or a thin snow, appears as a procession of tiny palm-trees, come North for the holiday, sadly lost, but determined to keep together.

December feels that anything may happen. It is not the fireside month, softly white outdoors and candle-lit within. Time of miracles, it stands expectant. Its brilliant stars look restless. The rutted ground grinds undertoot. Delayed snow is a menace in the air, but lands beyond the cities would be glad if it should come, bringing safety to the soil and winter peace.

December feels that anything may happen. It is not the fireside month, softly white outdoors and candle-lit within. Time of miracles, it stands expectant. Its brilliant stars look restless. The rutted ground grinds undertoot. Delayed snow is a menace in the air, but lands beyond the cities would be glad if it should come, bringing safety to the soil and winter peace.

Snow for Christmas on our cards and decorations we must have, but except out of compliment to Santa Claus, who cannot work unless there is snow all about him and who must feel very languid as he drives through Florida skies, city people would be quite willing to manage with alum. Early in school life, however, the young artist learns that nothing is so easy to draw as Christmas Eve: a white hillside (requiring no coloring), a path of one eternal curve, a steeple or a chimney, a fir-tree or a star, and the landscape is done.

The first snowstorms of the year should be sent from Labrador on Christmas Eve and distributed equally over the entire country, for the sake of Yule atmosphere. After that it should go only to rural districts until the next December, for on city streets the hoar frost is indeed like ashes. And why, save for the comfort of the midnight reindeer, should the South pretend to holiday snow? This season, perhaps for the first, there were displayed Christmas cards showing live oaks, lagoons, alligators, and other beauties of the Everglade scene, a notable escape from tradition and sentiment. Kris Kringle comes from the Pole, but his antlered steeds prance also above the orange

groves. Yet it must seem dull to hang stockings by a fireplace that needs fire-brook for an ornament, and never to have wanted a sleigh! Traditional Christmas is of the North.

Unhappily left out, an occasional shock of corn stands patient sentinel in the fields, looking disconsolate. But could you suddenly tip one over you would be surprised. These are the choice winter residences of field-mice, cottontails, weasels, and meadow-moles—not of course together in harmony, but in their separate establishments. Let the blizzard come: it only makes warmer a house of corn-stalks properly built. There are in it, nevertheless, the dangers attached to a gingerbread dwelling: passing cows may feel tempted. Vermillion globes of the wild rose still hang upon the bush. The witch-hazel, an entrancing yellow, look upon the vanquished shrubs about her with a smile. Why she will not even sow her seed till February. There is plenty of time. Massed against the stern horizon, the forest is an unresponsive gray; entered, the twigs become sleek brown, dark red, and a fawn soft as an orchid. In towns December shows the iron mood. In open places it is a water-color month, dressed in no gorgeous velvets of autumn, but in blending veils, so that a December dawn rises in flushed, drifting mists, like daybreak in early April, and when the sun comes, pale, we wonder that there is no summons in his light.

Whilinger—"On what charge did the Government arrest Yamlet?" Philansor—"On the charge of not conserving paper. He is accused of using it for the soles of army shoes."—Life.

"Didn't your husband promise you not to bet on horses?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Turkins. "I mentioned it to him, and Charlie solemnly assures me he has been betting on nothing but dogs."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Is your husband a good golfer?" Mrs. Bensonhurst—"Well, he doesn't swear, if that's what you mean."—Yonkers Statesman.

He—"I put all my brains into that last poem of mine." She—"Four-liner, wasn't it?"—Boston Transcript.

FOR SALE—1 heavy draft horse; also new milch cows. J. D. GRIMMER.

FOR Weir Stakes apply early to—OSCAR WILKINS Canterbury Station, N. B.

FOR SALE—Desirable property, known as the Bradford property, situated on the harbour side of Water St., St. Andrews, consisting of house, ell, and barn. House attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply to THOS. R. WREN, St. Andrews, N. B.

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

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

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

Address, ANDREW DEPOW, Canterbury, N. B.

The Winter Term of the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE opens on MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919

Descriptive literature of our courses of study will be sent to any address on request.

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE, Fredericton, N. B. The only school in N. B. affiliated with the Business Educators' Association of Canada.

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS Thursday, January 2nd Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

Adv. in the Beacon

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 Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

Beacon Press Co. SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE Stevenson Block Next Door to Custom House

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME

PHASES OF THE MOON

Table with columns for phase of moon and time. January: New Moon, 2nd 4h. 24m., a.m.; First Quarter, 9th 6h. 55m., a.m.; Full Moon, 16th 4h. 44m., a.m.; Last Quarter, 24th 0h. 22m., a.m.; New Moon, 31st 7h. 7m., p.m.

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

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

Table with columns for location and time. Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min.; Seal Cove, 30 min.; Fish Head, 11 min.; Welshpool, Campobello, 6 min. 8 min.; Eastport, Me., 8 min. 10 min.; L'Etang Harbor, 7 min. 13 min.; Lepreau Bay, 9 min. 15 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, CUSTOMS

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

Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 1

OUTPOSTS

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

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

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

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte: Circuit Court: Second Tuesday in May and October.

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

CAMPOBELLO

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

TO WEIR OWNERS

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

The Winter Term of the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

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

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS

Thursday, January 2nd Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

Adv. in the Beacon

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p. m.; returning Wed., 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport.

Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews.

Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1.30 p. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove.

Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

TIME TABLE

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

Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, 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 Warehouse Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors.

CHURCH SERVICES

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

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

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

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 9.00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

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

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

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

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

Arrives: 1.30 p.m. Closes: 4.50 p.m.

Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily. Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1.30 p.m.

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

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



VOL. XX DECEMBER

THE Eagle spread Traditions by And o'er Atlantic sea To Isle where Lion

The Lion roared with He bowed and crown, At Charing Cross, T When Eagle reach

The Lion waded the Day ne'er was born The Eagle flapped In London Town,

The Eagle cried: "Star-Spangled Queen, Bobbie, Wac ed, And all of Britain's

That vale of memory Fleet Street and O Which spread from dreams Unto the sphere of

Big Ben awoke West The House of P Great Organ pealed O Amalgamation stirred

"O welcome, brother So all the Seven S "By Shakespeare's shade,

"I drink full cup to h To last peace, j To all Old Glory's ga Through many a year."

The Lion waded the Day ne'er was born The Eagle flapped In London Town, O

—The New York Evening

THE HEAD

BY KENNETH (Concluded from III

JEANNE passed a night after her cousin, waking depressed. Though she had with so high a hand, distinctly all around, agitated than she had. She liked Enguerrand ally did she like his and that chance allus tained possibilities t In embracing a profes had never thought fo could militate agains admiration to which, justly entitled; and seemed this morning and inexcusable. Sh and as soon as she w little note to the May had a nervous heada sorts, and begging to attendance on that da reached the Mayor jus his usual place at the

"Dear, dear!" said the man, as soon as he had his fellow-councilmen. Poor girl! Here, one the run round and tell the be any business to-day. It's put off till to-m gentlemen, the agenda "Really, your w Robinet, "this is simply "Upon my word, Mayor, "I don't know with you. Here's a and a more hardworki town,—and instead of her, and saying you're ridiculous! Suppose yourself! You wouldn't "But it is ridiculous tanner, stoutly. "Who executioner having a n There's no precedent sorts, too! Suppose they were out of sorts, to being executed?" "Well, suppose they Mayor, "we'd try and n I daresay. They'd ha some time or other, yo earth are you so capt The prisoners won't mind: nobody's inc everybody's happy!" "You're right there, M another councilman. business used to give trouble and bother; now kiss your hand. Instea they used to do, and wa point and kick up a row told off for executi along in the morning, I