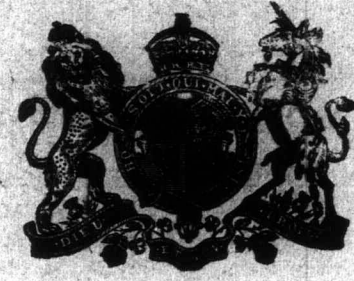




The Beacon



VOL. XXIX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1918

NO. 40

SPEAK!

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant.
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(Born April 7, 1770; died April 23, 1850.)

"WHO GOES THERE?"

A SENTRY IN MACEDONIA

WHOSO by night keeps watch in
Macedonia may gaze from his post
at evening, at mountains behind mountains,
at hills covered with a dense and
and seemingly impenetrable bush, across
a plain that divides the mountain systems
with league upon league of fertile land,
broken by ravines, straggling villages, and
minarets. The starlight strikes down
upon the twisted strands of wire before
him, the remote whiteness of the empty
cottages, and a shallow stream that
meanders beneath its trellised roof of
branches. All else is hidden.

The accumulated gunfire of the entire
war, reinforced by the toy-moonshine of
Verrey lights, the splutter of machine-gun
and rifle fire, and any other noise devised
by civilized man, would produce upon
nature in a Macedonian night little more
than a mild sense of inconvenience.
What else can one expect in a land of
tortoise?

The going down of the sun is the signal,
alike for the falling asleep of one half
and the awakening of the other half of
the inhabitants of hill, bush, and thicket.
No sooner has the last light gone from
the West than millions of crickets and grass-
hoppers begin a mighty concert, repeated
over and over again. It is a song of one
note. In the cricket it is moderately
musical, but the grasshopper sound never
rises above a whistling whirr. So monotonous
does it become that one falls at
last to be conscious of it until it diminishes
or ceases, or unless one is straining
one's ears to analyse another sound that
comes from just beyond the wire. This
new sound the Sentry, if he be lately out
from England, will swear to be made by
an enemy patrol moving among the
bushes. It suggests a slow and deliberate
movement as of somebody moving with
difficulty and care. Suddenly it is broken
into by a frenzied scraping noise and a
bump. Hearing these, your suspicions, if
you are not a newcomer, are justified at
once. It is the tortoise again.

Now the tortoise has but one aim in
life—to discover suitable winter quarters.
All day and all night he looks for them.
That is why he walks slowly, with frequent
glances right and left. His anxiety
that the winter quarters will not be found
before the end of autumn has wrinkled
his brow. He blunders through the horn-
beams. He cannot squeeze through
narrow spaces; he fits up one side to get
through. He makes a noise out of all
proportion to his size. Unaccustomed to
leaping, he rarely looks before. He does
not see the ft. precipice beyond, presses
forward in a fever of slowness, and falls
headlong over the side, his shell and
claws scraping the rock as he descends.
A dull bump marks his arrival at the
bottom of the ditch, where he sprawls on
his back until he finds a stone against
which to lever himself over.

In the dark tree above him shines a
reddish light. His noises have produced
no flicker in it. It might be a glow worm,
or an illuminated watch dial. A pair of
field-mice can see better. They see a
pair of lights, and remain silent and
motionless. But the owl cannot descend
upon them from his tree, and pretends
not to be hungry. That is why he is so
still and unblinking; that is why his eyes
might almost be a pair of sleeping glow-
worms. He is assuming disdain, and
there on the branch he remains like a
statue until a grass snake disturbs the
noise, and he flies hooting away.

As the owl wheels low over the bushes
a wild cat creeps with belly pressed
against the ground towards a covey of
sleeping partridges. No real wild cat this,
but a descendant of the outlaw cats who
once purred before the hearth in those
empty cottages. The life of the bush, and
its tradition of independence, received
through three or four generations, have
made of it a free lance. It creeps on
nearer and nearer to the covey. But the
outlaw Bulgar dog who steals our ration
meat, though no hunter, is coming from
the opposite direction. Suddenly he
plunges into the midst of the covey; the
terrified birds flutter and squawk; the cat

creeps off again; and half a colony of
green lizards scuttle away among the
dried leaves. A cockchafer dashes past
on clumsy wings like a ricocheting bullet.

All night long the sounds continue.
Nature lives and moves and has her being
about the very shell craters as if there
were no war. A hedgehog, lost in the
gloom, falls over the parapet, and perfor-
ates a rat, which squeaks loudly and
darts into the dug-out. Hour after hour
the crickets and grasshoppers maintain
their iteration. At last a jackdaw chuck-
les hard by, a hoodcrow flaps a sinister
wing, and a magpie shakes out the black
and white of his plumage. Almost imper-
ceptibly the other sounds and movements
have died out. The first streak has
touched the sky behind the eastern peaks.
—A Correspondent, in *The Times Weekly*
Edition.

PRINCE BLAMES GERMANY

London, March 28.—The personal memo-
randum of Prince Lichnowsky, revealing
the inner workings of German diplomacy,
and which has caused much feeling in
Germany against the former Ambassador
to Great Britain, leaked out last summer
through the German general staff after
the fall of Chancellor von Bethmann-
Hollweg. This statement is made by the
Socialist Vorwaerts of Berlin, and is pub-
lished by the *Times*, which also reprints
from the Vorwaerts the most important
points of the memorandum.

The leading feature of the Prince's
statement are:

Sir Edward Grey said no agreement
existed between France and Britain regard-
ing the Baghdad Railway.

Britain was uncomfortable over the in-
crease of German sea power, because of
the warlike German attitude, and there-
fore joined with France and Russia by
treaty. She would not have drawn the
sword, however.

Churchill proposed a naval building
holiday, and an agreement was in sight
when war broke out.

There was no British ill-feeling toward
Germany's economic advance.

He praised the King and Sir Edward
Grey.

"We deliberately destroyed the possibi-
lity of peaceful settlement," is the former
Ambassador's considered judgement. He
cannot feel surprised that "the whole
civilized world outside Germany attributes
to us sole guilt for the world war."

The whole story which he records
corroborates this judgement, and cannot
be reconciled with any other.

The first thing of coming trouble which
reached him seems to have been von
Bethmann-Hollweg's refusal to share his
optimism when he visited Wilhelmstrasse
early in July, 1914.

The Chancellor and the Under Sec-
retary for Foreign Affairs complained of
Russian armament, and the latter declared
that Russia was everywhere in Germany's
way. At the same time he learned that
von Thirskir, the German Ambassador at
Vienna, had been rebuked because he had
counseled moderation towards Serbia.


But these were mere straws showing the
direction of the current.

Meanwhile the attitude of England was
absolutely pacific and the English press
protest against the political exploitation
of the Sarajevo murders, but it sternly
reproved the crime. It at once under-
stood that the unprecedented ultimatum
which under stimulation from Berlin
Count Berchtold had launched at Serbia,
meant war. Still Sir Edward Grey, as he
then was, did not despair and the former
German Ambassador bears the strongest
testimony to the sincerity of his unwear-
ing efforts to avert this war which the
Germans calumniously assert he provoked.

"The Prince declares that 'it would
have been easy to find an acceptable
solution' for the two relatively small
points left in dispute between Vienna and
Belgrade and that, given good will every-
thing could have been settled in one or
two sittings' of the body proposed by Sir
Edward.

"A hint from Berlin, would have been
enough to make Count Berchtold less
satisfied with a diplomatic success and to
cause his acquiescence in the Serbian
reply.

"This hint was not given, on the con-



Military Service Act

Important Announcement to All

EXEMPTED MEN

and to the Public Generally

IN dealing with the very large number of claims for exemption brought forward for consideration in connection with Class 1 under the Military Service Act, it has occurred, as was inevitable, that as a result of false statements and difficulties put in the way of investigation, some individuals have secured exemption whose proper place is in the Army.

It is not the intention of the Government to allow these men to evade permanently their obligation to bear their part in the military defence of the Country and of the ideals for which we are fighting. To do so would defeat the purpose of the Act, and cause grave injustice to men in the second class necessarily called out to fill their places.

Exemptions Granted on False Grounds

It is, therefore, proposed to scrutinize carefully all exemptions granted to date in order to separate those which have been granted on false or insufficient grounds from those that are well founded.

With this object in view the various Registrars under the Military Service Act have been instructed to issue a series of questionnaires to exempted men. These questionnaires must be filled up correctly and returned promptly under penalty of forfeiture of exemption for failure to do so.

Exempted Men Who Have Changed Address

It is therefore important in their own interest that all exempted men who have changed their address since their exemption was granted and who have not already notified the Registrar of such change should notify him at once. Under the Regulations it is the duty of exempted men to keep the Registrar advised of any change of address, and failure to receive the questionnaire by reason of neglect of this duty must be treated as equivalent to failure to return the questionnaire after receipt.

Citizens Urged to Assist

In many instances information has been furnished by members of the public which has led to the cancellation of exemptions obtained by false or misleading statements. Further co-operation of this character is invited. The Government regard it as the Duty of all loyal citizens, not only to the Country, but to the men at the front, to assist in this way in securing reinforcements on a just and legal basis. Correspondence of this character will be treated as strictly confidential and will receive the fullest investigation.

CHARLES J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.

Correspondence should be directed to **W. A. Ewing, K.C., Registrar**
under the Military Service Act, St. John, N.B. 401F

NEWS OF THE SEA

—New York, March 28.—The American tank steamer *O. B. Jennings*, a vessel of 10,209 gross tons, owned by the Standard Oil Company, is beached on the British coast as a result of a collision and fire at sea, according to a brief cable information received by the Standard Oil Company here to-day. The cable added that one member of the crew, a seaman named Shea, is missing and is believed to have been drowned. The vessel carried a crew of 49 men.

—London, April 1.—The British armed boarding steamer *Tithonus* was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine on March 28, according to an official statement issued by the Admiralty. One mercantile officer and three naval ratings were lost.

—New York, April 1.—The steamship *Celtic*, one of the big White Star liners was attacked and torpedoed by a German submarine according to reliable information received to-day in marine circles here, during a voyage from England to America. Efforts are being made to save the vessel, which, it is believed, carried no passengers.

The *Celtic* has a gross tonnage of 20,904 tons, and has for many years been one of the largest ships in trans-Atlantic service. She was built at Belfast in 1901, and flies the British flag.

—New York, April 2.—The Italian steamer *Alessandra*, a vessel of 2,432 tons, gross register, has been sunk by a German submarine off the island of Madeira, according to advices received in marine circles here to-day. The crew was landed last Saturday at Funchal. The *Alessandra* was last reported leaving Gibraltar for New York.

—Boston, April 2.—Sinking of the British steamer *Carlisle Castle*, presumably by a German submarine while on a voyage from this country for a foreign port, was reported in shipping circles here to-day.

Boston reporters notified marine underwriters that they had been advised of the loss of the vessel, but had no information regarding the fate of the crew. The ship was under charter to the Cunard Line. The *Carlisle Castle*, a vessel of 4,325 gross tonnage, was owned by the Union-Castle Line, and was built at Newcastle, England, in 1913.

London, April 3.—There was a sudden and marked decrease in the losses of British shipping through mine or submarine during the past week. The Admiralty reports that only six British merchantmen of 1,500 tons or over and seven under that tonnage were sunk in the week ending March 30th. Five fishing vessels also were sent to the bottom.

The Admiralty statement continues: "Fifteen British merchant vessels were unsuccessfully attacked by submarines. The large vessels reported sunk include one sunk during the week ending March 16, and the smaller vessels reported sunk included one during the week ending March 23."

The arrivals during the week ending March 30 were 2,410, and the sailings, 2,379.

The losses to British merchantmen through submarines and mines, in the past week are less than one half the losses in the previous week, when twenty-eight merchantmen were sunk, sixteen of the vessels over 1,600 tons.

The Admiralty report for the preceding week showed the loss of seventeen vessels while for several weeks prior to that the weekly loss was eighteen. The loss in larger ships is the smallest on record for the last year.

—Rome, April 3.—In the week ending March 30, Teutonic submarines sank three Italian steamers of more than 1,500 tons and destroyed one sailing vessel of more than 100 tons and nine sailing vessels of a tonnage under that figure.

—London, April 3.—A British torpedo boat destroyer was sunk April 1 as a result of a collision, according to an official statement issued by the Admiralty to-night. All on board were saved.

—London, April 3.—The steamer *Conargo* was torpedoed in the Irish Sea on Sunday morning, according to the *Evening News* to-day. This vessel is a British steamer of 4,312 tons gross, and owned by the Commonwealth of Australia. At about the same time, the newspaper states, the Greek steamer *Salaminia* of 3,112 tons, was sunk by gunfire. About fifty men are reported missing from the two vessels.

The *Conargo's* crew of 50 men got away in the boats, the account states, but two of the boats were sunk by the gunfire. The third boat, containing fifteen men, was picked up. It is feared the others are lost. From the *Salaminia*, fifteen members of the crew are missing.

FIRE AT EASTPORT

A fire of mysterious origin caused about \$50,000 damage to the wharf, warehouse and office of the Eastern Steamship Lines in Eastport, on Friday. The freight steamer *Massasoit* had just finished loading when flames were seen in the office of the warehouse. They spread rapidly to the freight in the building and immense quantities of canned goods, meal, and other food stuffs were destroyed. The building itself and wharf were badly damaged.—*St. John Globe*, March 30.

MORE WRECKAGE FROM "BATISCAN"

Yarmouth, March 27.—Steamers arriving this afternoon from shore ports and points in the Tusket Islands report that small quantities of wreckage are being picked up at several points from the ill-fated *Batiscan*.

Two life belts were picked up at Ellenwoods Island, and a portion of a ship's boat near Flat Mud Island. A portion of a bridge with stanchions, etc., attached, was found floating about three miles south of outer Bald Tusket Island, and nearby was found a large ice-box about six feet long, and a bundle of charts.

Yesterday a fisherman from Deep Cove Island picked up the body of another Chinaman floating in Gannet Southwest Shoal. This body, with the one picked up on Monday, was brought to Yarmouth to-day. In his clothes was found a letter in Chinese, addressed to Sam Lee.

E. M. Phillips, former chief engineer of the ship, arrived here from Sydney this afternoon and identified the body of the officer picked up off Sandford on Monday as that of Daniel Evans, of Poulton Wollosey, Cheshire, England, where he leaves his parents. This was the first time away from home. The funeral will take place on Friday afternoon, when the body will be interred in the lot set aside in Mountain Cemetery for ships' officers who unfortunately lose their lives by shipwreck on our shores. Mr. Phillips will remain in Yarmouth for the funeral. The funeral of the two Chinese firemen will take place at the same time.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Steamer *Governor Cobb*, one of the Eastern Steamship fleet, has been taken over for Government service at Boston, having been chartered by the United States Shipping Board as the fourth of a fleet of steamers making their base at Boston for the training of young men as seamen and firemen for the merchant marine, the other three being the *Calvin*

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SEALING FLEET

St. John's, Nfld., Mar. 29.—Landing of catches by three steamers of the Newfoundland sealing fleet which have arrived here was delayed to-day by difference between the crews and the owners over the price to be paid. The crews demanded \$240 a ton, while the owners refused to pay them more than \$200. The disagreement tied up not only the steamer *Fogata*, with 14,000 pelts and the *Eagle* with 26,000, which arrived yesterday, but also the *Sable*, the first of the fleet to return, which put in Tuesday with 16,000.

Mar. 30.—The steamer *Erik* arrived here last evening with twenty-four thousand seals. An agreement will likely be made to-day between the crews and owners of all the sealing steamers for the purchase of seals at \$12 per hundred-weight for young and \$9 for old seals.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SEALING FLEET

April 2.—Owners of Newfoundland sealing steamers to-day virtually abandoned plans for sending them on a second voyage to the hunting grounds as a result of reports of stormy weather brought in by the latest arrivals. Wharf laborers landing the cargoes returned to work to-day after striking yesterday for higher wages. The laborers demanded a forty per cent increase, but accepted an offer of twenty-five per cent. The recent arrivals were the steamers *Thetic*, with 22,000 young seals, *Ternavova*, 26,000, and *Diana*, 20,000.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

A MILLION ACRES OF POTATOES

THE PRIME MINISTER'S APPEAL

The Prime Minister has issued the following appeal to farmers and other to grow more potatoes:-

I desire to impress upon all farmers and small growers the vital importance of increasing to the utmost extent possible the supply of potatoes this year.

There is no crop under existing war conditions which can compare with it in importance as a food for either man or beast, and it would be quite impossible to plant too many potatoes this spring.

Last year I appealed to the farmer to grow more potatoes, and he responded by beating all records. This year I appeal again, and with even greater earnestness, because the need is twice as great.

If we can get a million acres under potatoes in Great Britain this year, the food situation will be safe and farmers will have rendered an immense service to their country.

The potato-grower is in the front line of the fight against the submarine. He can defeat it if he chooses, but victory depends on his action and exertions during the next few weeks.

D. LLOYD GEORGE

The Times, London, Mar. 18.

PROTECTION OF FISHERIES

Washington, April 1-The American-Canadian fisheries conference will meet April 24th at Seattle, the Department of Commerce announced to-day. Plans will be discussed to protect Pacific coast halibut and salmon in Puget Sound and Fraser River. Use of American and Canadian ports by fishing vessels of both countries will be considered, together with questions relating to the whale industry and Canadian rules concerning the purchase of bait and landing of fish by foreign vessels at ports in British Columbia.

Hearings also will be held at Vancouver and Prince Rupert, B. C., and Ketchikan, Alaska. The conference will be concluded at Ottawa.

"How can he afford to give his services to the Government for a dollar a year?" "That isn't what's worrying me." "What is?" "I'd like to know how the Government can pay him a dollar a year for his services without getting the worst of the bargain."-Detroit Free Press.

BANQUET GIVEN PTE. MILTON CHAFFEY

Cummings' Cove, April 2.

Perhaps one of the grandest affairs ever given in Moss Rose Hall, was that which took place on Saturday evening, March 20, in the form of a banquet and reception, given in honor of the return from overseas of Pte. Milton Chaffey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chaffey, of Cummings' Cove, Deer Island, Milton, who was the guest of honor, was one of the heroes who were in the famous battle of Vimy Ridge, and being wounded was sent to Canada on furlough. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and the National colors, by the ladies, while the gentlemen spared no pains to make the evening one of thorough enjoyment for all. The Deer Island Band which needs no comment, certainly excelled themselves on this occasion, and throughout the evening played some beautiful selections. Mr. Fremont McNeill acted as chairman for the evening and gave one of his very interesting speeches, after which a very appropriate programme was carried out, consisting of speeches by Rev. L. J. Tingley, M. A., B. D., and Rev. Mr. Bell, who also sang several Scotch songs, after which several recitations and choruses completed the entertainment. At the close of the programme Mr. McNeill presented our soldier boy with a beautiful case containing one dozen sterling silver spoons, with engraved monogram and the number of his battalion, the gift of his friends of Cummings' and Chocolate Coves, for which he in a few well chosen remarks expressed his thanks and appreciation. Following this a treat of ice cream and cake was served to the crowded hall. We wish especially to thank the Band boys, who so willingly gave their services and were the means of making the entertainment a decided success.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

April 2.

The Ladies of St. George's Church held a whist social in Drageorgian Hall on Monday evening. Whist was followed by a dance. The affair was liberally patronized, over one hundred dollars being realized. Everybody had a good time and dancing extended into the 'wee sma' hours.

Mrs. T. R. Kent entertained at her home on Monday evening. A number of friends attended and enjoyed the evening with bridge and music.

Wagons are rapidly taking the place of sleds about town; many of the hills are entirely bare.

A flock of wild geese heading North on April 1, and the first robin heard in the town, would almost make us believe we have reached the end of the worst winter in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Yet some of the pessimists look for another big snow before the air clears.

Mindard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Mr. Peter McVicar, the oldest man in St. George, is seriously ill at his home here. His daughter, Miss Nellie, trained nurse, arrived from Chicago on Saturday.

Dan Gillmor is home from Montreal on a business trip. He left on Tuesday for Fredericton. Capt. Dan, who went overseas with the 148th Battalion, has recovered somewhat from a severe attack of rheumatism, which he contracted in the army.

The remains of Oattie Steen, who died in St. John, were brought here on Monday, and the funeral services were held from St. Marks Church. The young man who was a victim of tuberculosis could not stand the rigors of a soldier's life and contracting pneumonia died quickly. He was a son of Robert Steen, and about twenty-three years of age. The casket was draped in the folds of the flag and the funeral was attended by the returned soldiers in town. Interment was in the Rural Cemetery.

C. H. Lynott, of H. M. Customs, spent Easter at home.

Mrs. McCabe, of St. Stephen, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Donabue.

Mrs. Wallace has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Arnold, in Nova Scotia.

Miss Helen Taylor left this week for Florenceville, where she will take charge of the Western Union Office.

George E. Frauley is about again after a severe illness.

Miss Evelyn Clinch was a visitor to the Border Towns last week.

BOCABEC COVE, N. B.

April 2.

Miss Lillian Butt, of Second Falls, has been a guest of Mrs. Albert Brownrigg for the past week.

Miss Luella Holt is in Upper Bocabec, at Mrs. Harold Mitchell's.

Angus Holt has been in Elmville for the past week hauling weir material.

Jas. Crichton accompanied Stanley McCullough, of Upper Bocabec, on a trip to St. Stephen last week.

Mrs. Clara E. Forsberg, of Dorchester, Mass., arrived here last week to be with Mr. Daniel Cameron during his last moments. Mr. Cameron passed peacefully away at his home here on Monday afternoon, April 1st.

A number of the young folks from this place attended the concert and box social in the Hall at Upper Bocabec on Thursday last, and enjoyed both very much.

Miss Helen Young is spending the Easter holidays at her home in St. Andrews.

Miss Annie Holt arrived home on Thursday for the Easter holidays.

Mrs. George Holt and children, Kenneth and Dorothy, are spending a few days with Mrs. Holt's parents in Indian Island.

A number, both of young and old, gathered at Mr. William Thompson's on Friday evening and spent a very sociable evening in games and music, after which refreshments were served and the party dispersed. The gathering was in honor of Pte. L. Handy, lately returned from the trenches, and a hero of Vimy Ridge. Pte. Handy left on Saturday to resume his journey to his home in Vancouver, B. C.

Isaac Lowery, of Upper Bocabec, called on friends here one day last week.

Mr. Harold Mitchell and Master Arnold Mitchell, of Upper Bocabec, spent Sunday with Mrs. Jas. Holt.

Albert Hanson and Miss Inez Holt spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herb Maxwell, at Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGregor spent Sunday in Upper Bocabec, guests of Mrs. M. P. Mitchell.

Misses Luella and Rachel Holt spent Sunday at their home here.

Mrs. Martha Taggart and Miss Agnes Orr called on friends in Upper Bocabec on Sunday.

Miss Jessie Campbell returned to her home in Bonny River on Saturday last.

Leonard Lowery, of Upper Bocabec called on friends here on Sunday.

Hawthorne Greenlaw, of Bayside, was a guest of friends here on Sunday.

Miles Foster and Miss Annie Campbell spent the week-end at Bonny River.

H. Campbell, of Bonny River, is a guest of Mrs. Jennie Foster this week.

BOCABEC, N. B.

April 2

The Pie Social and entertainment held at the Bocabec Hall on March 28th was a grand success in every way. The sum of sixty-nine dollars was made, and a good time enjoyed by all.

Miss Margaret Brooks, teacher at Bocabec, spent her Easter holidays at her home in St. John.

Miss Annie Gunter, who spent the winter with her sister, Mrs. James McMillan, has returned to her home for the summer at Bellisle Station, Kings Co.

Miss Madeline McCullough, Miss Martha Groom, and Miss Myrtle Groom spent their Easter holidays at their homes here.

Mrs. Harold Mitchell and daughter, Bernice, went to Boston on Tuesday last for treatment for Bernice, who has been in poor health for some time.

THE ROAD TO OONOSWARE

(A Song of the March—with apologies to the Author of "Mandalay.")

THERE'S a village in the distance, well be getting there to-night, And per'aps we'll 'ave an easy or per'aps we'll 'ave a fight;

We don't know what we're doing and we ain't supposed to care, We only know we're always on the road to Oonoesware—

On the road to Oonoesware, and there may be billets there, Or there mayn't, and if there isn't there'll be 'eaps of open air,

'Eaps of jolly open air; We can bivvy in the Square, But our Cooker's ditched be'ind us and it's very 'ard to bear.

We walks along and wonders what on earth it's all about; We 'ope that someone savvies, but at time we 'as our doubt,

When the Adjutant looks worried and the Colonel seems in pain, And we whispers in our sorrow, "Ah, 'e's lost 'isself again";

Oh, 'e's lost us all again; can't we take the blooming train? The estaminays is shutting and it's coming out to rain—

On the road to Oonoesware, 'Course it isn't our affair,

But I wish some gent would tell 'em 'ow to get to Oonoesware. 'E 'alts at level-crossings and 'as a lovely view

Of 'igh-class trains a-shunting, but they ain't for me and you; We only go on railways when there's dirty work ahead,

And when we ride in motors it means we're nearly dead— Yes, it means you're nearly dead, with your body full of lead,

And a ticket on your tummy says, "This man must not be fed"— But the Colonel sits 'is mare,

And it don't seem 'ardly fair That we 'aven't all got 'orses on the road to Oonoesware.

And when our backs is breaking and death seems very near We marches at attention and inspects the Brigadier;

'E sees our tin 'ats polished and our 'ipes got up to please, But if 'e saw our blisters we should all be O. B. E.'s,

'Bloomin' blistered O. B. E.'s, all a-wobbling at the knees, And first we sweat like rivers and then we sit and freeze,

On the road to Oonoesware, Ah, 'er 'oolay, 'c'est la gair,

Only this 'ere step they're setting is enough to make you swear. But the old sun comes out sometimes and the poplars climb the 'ill

Like a lot of silly soldiers at extended order drill; And there's bits of woods and scen'ry, and the 'Uns don't seem so near

When the band plays through the village and the kids come out to cheer— All the kids come out to cheer and a man feels kind of queer,

And the girls they blow you kisses and the mothers bring you beer, On the road to Oonoesware,

Ah, it ain't all skittles there, But I'm some'ow glad I'm always on the road to Oonoesware.

-A. P. HERBERT, in Punch.

ELMSVILLE, N. B.

April 2.

Reginald Maguire and Henry Johnston went to St. John on Tuesday, March 26, having been called to the colors by the M. S. A.

Millidge Dyer, who is employed at the Bank of British North America in St. Stephen, spent his Easter holidays at his home.

The Pie Supper and Dance which took place on Monday last at Mr. Hansel-packer's Hall was largely attended, but the pies were not numerous.

Norval Stuart, of St. George, spent the week-end with his friend Millidge Dyer, returning to St. Stephen with him on Monday.

Miss Irene Dyer and James Monahan, visited St. Stephen the first of the week.

Miss Mabel Libby visited her mother at St. Stephen on Monday.

The Misses Ruth and Ethel Louder, of St. Stephen, spent the Easter holidays with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong.

Miss Earnestine Graham, of St. Andrews, has been visiting relatives on Johnson Ridge.

Miss Eva Ludgate is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Ludgate.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

April 3.

Rev. Mr. Tingley closed his special work with the U. B. Churches at Fairhaven and Chocolate Cove on Easter Sunday, and returned to his home at Apohaqui, Kings Co., on Monday.

Mrs. W. Hatheway Fountain spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Hurley, at Leonardville.

Pte Milton Chaffey and wife, of Eastport, spent a part of last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chaffey, at Cummings' Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie McPhail and little daughter, Lena, of North Lubec, Me., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Haskins, of Lubec, Me., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harland Haney.

Mrs. John Johnson and daughter, Florence, spent a few days of last week with her sister, Mrs. Harland Gillis, at Eastport.

John Johnson, of St. John, has been visiting his family here for a few days.

Miss Geneva Fountain, who is teaching at Chamcook, is spending the Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Fountain.

Miss Nina Field is spending the Easter Holidays at her home in St. Andrews.

Albion Cummings returned recently from a pleasant visit with his sister, Mrs. Herman Creamer, at Calais, Me.

Mrs. Susan Ward was a guest of Mrs. Edgar Cummings on Saturday.

FAIRHAVEN, D. I.

April 3.

Miss Alma Calder has returned from Eastport where she has been visiting friends.

Miss Eva Mosley, of Eastport, is at present the guest of Miss Alice Stover. Mr. Walter Calder is the guest of his brother, Mr. Frank W. Calder of Eastport.

were last week the guests of Mrs. Crocker Boston, Mass., where the lad underwent a successful surgical operation.

Miss Virginia Williams, of the Provincial Normal School, Fredericton, spent the Easter vacation with her parents here.

Miss Sadie North is visiting friends at Grand Manan.

Miss Edith Lank spent Sunday at St. Andrews; Miss Olive Mitchell at St. George; and Miss Marguerite Calder with friends at St. Andrews.

Mr. Emerson Brown, and Mr. John Calder, Jr., and his daughter Madge, were

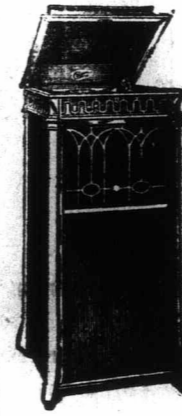
the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Calder.

A junior branch of the Sewing Circle consisting of the young ladies of the village meets weekly at the home of Mrs. J. J. Alexander, where a goodly bit of sewing is being carried out.

Arthur Calder, Jr., was home for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitchell were the Easter guests of Capt. Shepherd Mitchell and wife.

Mr. Alex. Calder made a business trip to St. Andrews on Saturday.



Unless you have heard the NEW EDISON, "The Phonograph with a Soul," you do not realize that the great inventor has actually evolved a new art.

Even more vividly and convincingly than the motion picture reproduces the drama this marvellous instrument re-creates music. In fact, as the famous tone tests have effectively proved, no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the rendition of the living artist and that of "the phonograph with a soul."

W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

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The Ba... Reman... Battle... and...

IT was... battle... steam... wait... cover... the... officers... of... abilities... of... place... of... menace... of... the... balloon... fine... with... its... The... discuss... down... to... a... highest... and... sioned... officer... e... tive... only... in... the... y... But... Mrs... tive... officer... have... a... little... you... see... that... the... battle... has... almost... size... and... dev... ship... and... the... infancy... "But... Mrs... clear... of... the... s... the... line... a... backbone...? admiral?" "Up... in... the... things..." "And... be... se... "Felton... a... travel... faster... craft... ever... hit... a... destr... can... we... hit... a... gun... sights... a... tions... even... pointed..." "All... a... man... sign... new... one..." "And... sup... down... on... de... What...? happ... "Armor... the... funnels... W... combustion..." "And... for... the... bottom... will... cease... that... weight... carry... the... cruiser's... spe... "But... she... battle..." "Until... she... she... would... ly... she... wou... armor... side... unnecessary... above... and... seal... up... and... fly..." "Oh... Mr... wearily... "re... cratic... The... fected... light..." "But... she... while... the... marine... have... three... types... would... be... ch..." "It... would... experience... choppers... his... chest...-... ship..." "Because... goes... eight... to... sleep... &... off..." "And... the... as... torpedo... hit... in... his... d... officers... the... watch... or... when... the... s... again... bring..." "It... was... Pe... to... be... bert... tossing... an... gins... with... wait... the... and... finally... and... was... a... star... stroke... bars..." "Old..." "Only... f... sinking... to... sleep... By... sch... m... topped... at..." "Going..." "You... were... had... wake... tions... etc..." "Felton... s... the... en... rad...? o... on... the... b... he... reb..."

Stirring Stories of the Sea by Morgan Robertson

The Last Battleship

Remarkable Tale of a Battleship, an Airship and a Submarine

From Success Magazine, New York

It was nearly midnight, and the battleship Argyle, stripped to bare steel, was drifting with banked fires, but a full head of steam, waiting for daybreak to discover the enemy.

Aft on the superstructure a group of officers of duty discussed the possibilities of future warfare and the coming place of the battleship under the menace of the bomb dropping dirigible balloons and the invisible submarine with its deadly torpedo.

The discussion finally had narrowed down to a worthy combat between the highest and the lowest of the commissioned officers, Mr. Clarkson, the executive officer, and young Mr. Felton, temporarily the torpedo lieutenant.

Mr. Felton had become dominant in his assertions, which is excusable at sea only in the young.

"But, Mr. Felton," said the executive officer slowly and earnestly, "have a little common sense. Can't you see that conditions must change; that the battleship, like the steamship, has almost reached the limit of its size and development, while the airship and the submarine are in their infancy?"

"But there must be a center, a nucleus of the fleet. How can you preserve the line of battle without such a backbone? Where will you put the admiral?"

"Up in the air, where he can see things."

"And be seen too and shot at?"

"Felton, an ordinary gas bag can travel faster than the speediest water craft ever constructed. We cannot hit a destroyer at full speed. How can we hit an airship high above us? Gun sights are useless at such elevations, even though guns could be pointed."

"All a matter of mathematics. Design new ones."

"And suppose a few bombs come down on deck or down the funnels. What'll happen to the boilers?"

"Armor the deck and do away with funnels. We will soon have internal combustion engines, anyhow."

"And for submarine attack? Armor the bottom too? Felton, a battleship will cease to be a battleship. With that weight of armor she could only carry the guns of a cruiser without a cruiser's speed."

"But she would still hold the line of battle."

"But she would be further reduced. Then she would not be even a cruiser. Finally she would sacrifice some of her armor—side armor, we'll say, because unnecessary—then, with enemies only above and below, she would lose it all, seal up and dive or take wings and fly."

"Oh, Mr. Clarkson," said Felton wearily, "you are a visionary and the orator. The battleship is here, a perfected fighting machine."

through the steel walls of the big ship the faint sound of distant firing, and when he had bounded up the forward companion steps to the main deck he could hear the singing of shells. A crash and a jar of the whole huge fabric told him that one ship of the enemy had the range.

There was no time for sightseeing. The bridge was above him, and the quickest road to it was the way of the turret, from the top of which he could swing himself up. He mounted the iron ladder bolted to the turret, but slipped on the hard steel roof and, with a force that deprived him of breath, was pressed sprawling on his face. But a deafening roar of sound from within the turret told him that the force came from below from the



He Was Clinging to the Stanchion of an Airship.

explosion of a shell and one or more twelve inch charges, perhaps the whole magazine in the depths.

Hardly had his dazed faculties grasped this fact than another was borne in upon him. Gripping tightly the handhold of the turret hatch and choked with gas fumes, he felt that he was whirling through the air with the turret roof.

As it turned in air he could see for a moment the dim, bulky outline of the ship below; then it faded into darkness, and he was clinging for dear life to that slowly rotating disk of armored steel, until, as it assumed a perpendicular, he was holding his weight with one hand, very curiously, as he then thought, weighing very little.

Something hard and rigid brushed him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was torn from his support to find himself clutching a smooth, round rod of what seemed to be steel or iron. It was perpendicular, and soon he made out another and beyond another. Looking down, he saw a long platform, to the edge of which the rods led. He was clinging to the stanchion of an airship!

He slid down the stanchion to the deck and faced a man in the darkness.

"How'd you get aboard?"

"I hardly know myself. I hardly know my name. My name is Felton, torpedo officer of the battleship Argyle. There was an explosion in the forward turret, and I was on top. I went up with the roof."

"Was that a turret top? I wondered what they were shooting at us."

"Which side are you on in this mix?"

"The side of the Lord."

The man whistled shrilly, and immediately half a dozen dark forms materialized out of the dark. They threw themselves upon Felton, choked, pinioned and bore him down, and before he could speak his protest he found himself bound hand and foot.

Felton cautiously, for he did not yet understand the temper of these men, "that you can dodge anything?"

"We can dodge or outrun a shell or anything else big enough to see. But it was dark, and we didn't see that turret coming. It almost hit us."

"What is your lifting power, captain?"

"The centrifugal force of the earth—partly, inconvenient in one respect, for we rise at a tangent. We descend by its opposite and balancing force, gravitation, which is more direct."

"How do you tap this centrifugal force?" asked the amazed Felton.

"Gravitation is only one phase of magnetism. In magnetism repulsion equals attraction. By reversing our polarity we are repelled from the earth at the speed of a falling body, but, of course, at a tangent."

"It's beyond me," said Felton. "Of course that tangent would take you westward at the speed of the sun."

"In a succession of jumps, yes."

"But how do you change your polarity?" asked Felton, becoming interested.

"There is your ship down there, nearly beneath us." And the interest was crushed.

"The engine now accelerated its speed, increasing its volume of noise, and this noise must have been heard on the battleship. A sudden illumination was seen—like a flash of heat lightning—then came the singing of a projectile.

"Oh, fudge!" said the captain gently and pityingly. "Go ahead, boys."

It was now light enough for Felton to lift his face to those of these men. To his surprise, they were young, almost boyish. They were not in uniform. Their dress and faces were as commonplace as could be found in a factory, only the tall, thin young captain showing in voice and expression the signs of study and thought. He twirled the wheel, manipulated levers and valves within reach and watched, downward through the slits, the big craft beneath.

The sun was rising in the east, and Felton could make out the details of the ship below, his own ship, with its familiar bridge, turrets and superstructure, and an enormous, gaping hole forward where once had been the twelve inch turret.

They lifted a pointed shell, banded like a dynamite projectile, held it poised until the captain gave the word and dropped it. It went down true as a plummet and went out of sight. But its effects were soon seen in an up-lifting of the quarterdeck close to the stern and the rising of a cloud of yellow smoke.

A six inch gun on the superstructure was barking away, and shells still screamed upward, but none came near the airship.

"We'll silence that gun," the commander said, taking out his watch and slightly changing the course and speed. "Stand by."

They poised another shell, and at the word "drop" down it went. The commander pocketed his watch and said: "Now for the rest of her. After turret next."

"Loose him!" called the captain unconcernedly. "Give him his way!"

The man stooped and unfastened the cord which held Felton's wrists, then even as he scrambled to his feet, he released his ankles.

"Now, you dog, take it!" he growled, launching his fist at the man's face. It landed squarely, and the man went down, bleeding.

He arose, but instead of resisting or making any attempt to strike back stood placidly in his tracks while the angry man struck him again.

Once more he went down, to rise again and tranquilly face his assailant. Felton hesitated, while his anger cooled a little. This kind of fighting was new to him. But the kick in his ribs flashed into his mind, and the anger came back. "Fight! Fight!" he growled and again knocked the fellow down.

"Any one else here who wants to kick me?" Felton said.

No one answered. They were all looking down, and even the victim joined in the scrutiny.

"Do you think," asked the captain, raising a troubled face, "that there are any submarine craft around?"

"How do I know?" answered Felton. "I don't feel easy at all."

"How the devil," exclaimed Felton, "can a submarine hurt you?"

The airship had descended to less than a hundred yards from the sea and hung poised, not over the floating scrap heap that had once been a battleship, but to starboard. One look was enough for Felton. He saw men writhing among the wreckage, unable to crawl to the rail and end their agony. Smoke was coming from every aperture, and here and there a small tongue of flame shot up and fell back into the smoke. Nauseated with horror, he closed his eyes, changed his position and opened them on the placid sea on the other side, away from the Argyle.

Far over a movement on the surface caught his eye. It was a triangular arrangement of ripples such as is made by the cutwater of a boat moving slowly. The apex of the triangle pointed toward the Argyle, and it was coming toward her. As it drew near Felton made out the cause, a short length of pole extending about three feet out of water.

"There's a submarine for you, captain!" he called grimly. "See the periscope tube?"

"Where?" yelled the captain excitedly. "Where is it?"

"He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, God help us!" cried the captain mournfully as he saw the tube and the shape beneath. "Jump—jump for your lives! Jump, you!"

He pointed at Felton and sprang toward him.

"Why should I jump?" asked Felton wonderingly and prepared for defense. The others came at him, each shouting his loudest: "Jump, jump for your life! Overboard with you! Quick, you fool!"

Then one sprang to the rail, poised a moment and threw himself out into space. Another followed and another. "Jump, will you?" yelled the captain, gesticulating earnestly. "I'm in command. I must be last to go. Over with you! Over with you all!"

They were crowding to the rail, where one after another the rest of the crew took the leap. With no further thought about the matter, Felton reached the rail and, without looking down, drew a deep breath and leaped, a victim of suggestion.

Three hundred feet is a long jump. He turned over twice in that terrible descent, and once, looking upward, he saw the sprawling form of the captain and above it the quiescent airship.

With consciousness nearly gone he struck the water feet first and was almost split in two by the impact, but the cold shock brought back his lapsing senses, and he found himself feebly swimming in, (which direction he could not tell, for it was pitch dark. Suddenly a light appeared. It was not a dim glow like diffused sunlight, but a spark, a point of yellow, that grew larger and became a disk. It was approaching, and now another appeared beside it, fainter and crescent shaped.

On the other side appeared a third, and gazed with physical agony that reached from lungs to brain, he recognized the dead lights of a submarine's conning tower. He looked for the hull beneath and saw it, a dark blur that was growing in size.

It came swiftly at him, and just as he was reaching out to ward himself from the pointed nose there was a coughing thud, and something brushed by him in a blast of bubbles and went on. Then, with many sharp knocks on head, ribs and knuckles, he was sucked with the inrush of water squarely into the open tube that had just discharged its torpedo. He heard a clang behind him, the shutting of the forward tube door, then a whistling sound.

The pressure had nearly burst his ear drums before the tube was emptied of water, and the inner door was opened. With a gasping call for help he crawled and hunched along the tube, and men, reached in to him. They pulled him out into the lighted handling room, where, too weak to stand, he fell to the floor, breathing in deep, convulsive gasps.

A man brought a bottle, lifted his head and poured a generous portion of some stimulant down his throat. Felton had just strength to swallow, and it warmed and aroused him. He sat up and, being a torpedo expert, had little difficulty in assimilating his first impressions.

The craft resembled the conventional submarine that he knew. But there was this difference that he noted when able to turn his head: The boat was stiffened with upright stanchions of about the size and length of the stanchions in the airship and placed in about the same position along the

sides. Another similarity struck him at his first glance around, and he wondered why he had not remarked it in the airship—the air flasks, trimming tanks and spare torpedoes arranged along the sides occupied the same relative positions as did the steel cylinders in the other, while the steering gear of both was amidships and the motive power aft.

"What have you caught this time of night?" called a voice from the wheel a strangely familiar voice.

"Dunno," answered the man with the flask. "It's a sheep, I think, or maybe a dog, but it looks something like a horse. Have another drink and tell us what you are."

Felton did not refuse a second draft. It brought him to his feet.

"I'm a man," he answered, with spirit. "Are you geying me in this emergency? I'm near dead."

"He says he's a man, sir," called the man.

"All right. Send him aft."

Felton was pushed rather than led to the man amidships.

"How do you do?" he said kindly. "So you thought you'd visit us. We catch all our fish this way."

"They are just right to turn his two magnetic poles into one, and away he goes."

"I don't understand. Yes, I understand that you might reverse his polarity or combine it, as you say, by some wireless method. But which side are you on?"

"The side of the Lord."

"Look here, captain," said Felton angrily, "that is the answer your double gave me when I asked him the same question last night. It means nothing. I am either a prisoner of war or a guest entitled to consideration. Why do you treat me like a fool?"

"Because you are a fool. You believe in the invulnerability of the battleship. Well, there is one of the best. Look at her."

"I see. Destroyed, but not by you; by an enemy of yours, one who feared you."

"Yes, as mediocrity fears intelligence, as the child fears the dark, the savage the gun of the civilized soldier, humanity as a whole the unseen, the unexpected, the invisible. The airship is potential, but not final; she can be seen."

"And shot," said Felton doggedly.

"Did that battleship hit your airship? You know that she could not. The airship's limitations are contained in her visibility. She cannot be hit by shot or shell, but she can be seen and projected into space."

"Granted, but suppose she dropped a bomb on to your back before you saw her?"

"She could not, except in the dark; then she would have to strike a knife edge, and it would be an accident, one chance in millions. We are constructed like a razorback hog to deflect falling bombs."

"But you cannot deflect horizontal torpedoes," said Felton, looking up at the dome of the submarine. It looked curiously like the dome-shaped roof of the airship. "I know well," he went on, talking as was his wont among his fellow officers, "that if I could see your periscope tube with a telescope I could hit you with one of my torpedoes."

"Your torpedoes?"

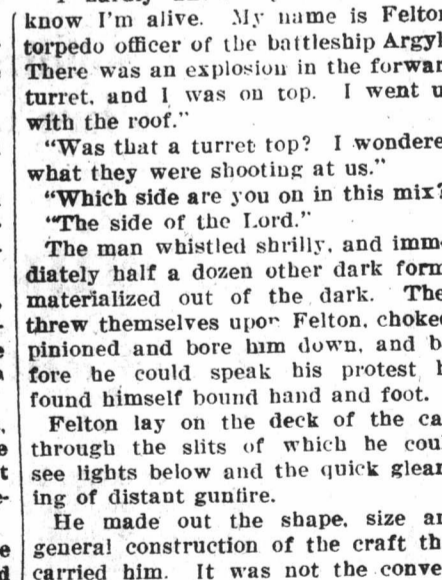
"I am a torpedo officer of that battleship. I was on the turret top when you blew it up last night and went up with it. I landed on the airship."

"You are a member of that battleship's crew?"

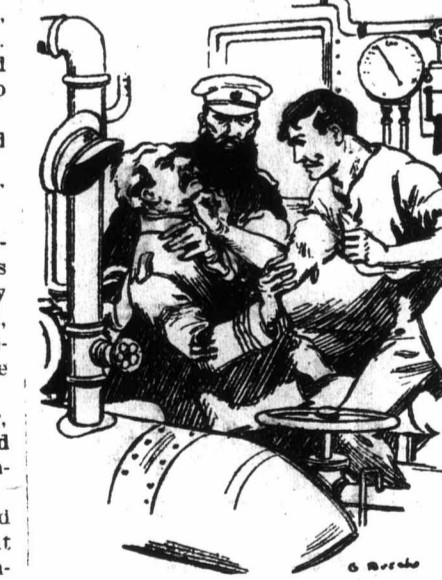
"I am," Felton dropped his eyes at the menace in the captain's voice. On the way his glance took in the curving walls of the submarine. They had become semitransparent, and even as he looked they vanished, leaving a clear view of the sky and horizon with its string of flying ships, pursued and pursuing. He was again in the airship, and the upright stanchions that he had first observed as anomalies in a submarine now served their legitimate purpose of supports to the roof.

"The drink," he murmured, while his brain swam and his soundings disappeared in a mist. "They've drugged me."

"You belong to that battleship?" roared the captain, but Felton had sunk to the floor, incapable of voluntary action. The captain blew a whistle, and his crew answered.



Powerless to Resist, He Was Jammed Head First Into the Tube.



Powerless to Resist, He Was Jammed Head First Into the Tube.



Pictured on the Lens Was the Dismantled Wreck of the Argyle.

line, feature for feature, was the face of the captain of the airship, whom last he had seen sprawling above him in midair. Had he beaten him down and been picked up first? It seemed impossible.

"How—what—how?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "How did you get here, captain? You jumped after me."

"I jumped after you? You are wandering. I saw you all jump through the periscope, but I was here."

"Then it's the closest resemblance I ever saw. You're the living image of the airship's commander, or else it's the liquor. My head feels queer."

"No doubt, but it's not the liquor. You've had a terrible experience. It's a wonder the jump didn't kill you as well as affect your mind."

Felton was not satisfied with the explanation. It was a strange and striking resemblance, nothing more, and he was about to say as much when a man came forward from the engine with an oil can. He was the duplicate in face and form of the man he had pummeled, but without the contusions. Felton blinked in amazement, then looked at the others, whom in the agitation of his entrance he had not closely observed. Man for man, nine in all, they duplicated the crew of the airship.

"My God," he stuttered, "am I mad or drunk? You've drugged me, he yelled insanely. 'Every man here is a double of another.'

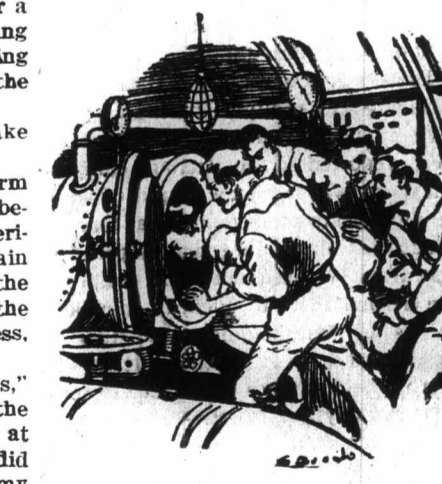
"Steady—steady, now," said the captain. "You're not drugged. You're a little off your balance, and the drink was too heavy. Every drunken man sees double. Isn't that so?"

This seemed logical, and Felton stammered assent. It was a terrible jump—300 feet. He had escaped death by a miracle. Men had gone insane under less pressure, and he had taken two drinks of a powerful stimulant. He would be all right in time—after a little sleep. The captain was peering into the periscope, the nonmagnifying telescope which gives a view of the seascape.

"Come up here," he said, "and take a look."

Felton climbed to the small platform on which the captain stood. Just before him was the eyepiece of the periscope, and at a sign from the captain he peeped into it. Pictured on the lens was the dismantled wreck of the Argyle, down by the head, a helpless, sinking wreck.

"She's floating on five compartments," said the captain. "I just filled the sixth, and I think we'll fill two at once this time. By the way, what did you fellows butt in for? It was my fight. I hit her last night and blew up the forward magazine. Then I lost her in the dark."



Powerless to Resist, He Was Jammed Head First Into the Tube.

he felt the impact of cold water. Then, faintly as the voice of a telephone, came the voice of a man:

"The forward door's jammed; it won't open."

"Hammer it," came the captain's voice. "Get a two pound maul."

An age or two went by while Felton lay imprisoned in the tube, holding his breath and immersed in water. Then, faintly as the voices, came the sound of a heavy hammer on the walls of the tube:

"Clang clang, clang clang." Felton awoke in his berth as wet with perspiration as though still immersed in that tube. The gunroom orderly tapped at his door.

"Eight bells, sir," he said.

"All right," he answered. "Eight bells," he murmured to himself. "I heard the first four of them—let's see—about twelve hours ago. Twelve hours of experience between the fourth and fifth strokes. How long does a dream take? Darn a dream, anyhow!"

Millard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

The Beacon
A Weekly Newspaper. Established 1869.
Published every Saturday by
BEACON PRESS COMPANY
WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

IN the week under review the chief interest in the hostilities again centered in the Western campaign, where the great German drive in Picardy was continued with diminishing force and success till it was completely arrested, for the present at least.

episode of the week was the placing of 100,000 American troops at the disposal of General Foch; and more men will be sent forward as rapidly as transport facilities can be provided.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

April 6.—Badajos, 1812. King Richard I of England died, 1199; Albert Dürer, German artist, died, 1529; Sir Francis Walsingham, English statesman, died, 1590; Daniel Defoe, English prose-writer, author of Robinson Crusoe, died, 1731; William Wordsworth, English poet, appointed Poet Laureate, 1843; H. A. Powell, K. C., New Brunswick jurist, born, 1855; John Francis, publisher of the Athenaeum, London, died, 1882.

Mr. Mabel Irving received a cablegram last week containing the sad news that her son, Fred, had been wounded in the face while on active service in France.

LETITE, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour MacLean and family recently sold their home in St. George and spent a few days with Mr. MacLean's brother, Mr. H. H. MacLean, in Letite, after which they left for Prince Rupert, B. C., where Mr. MacLean's brother, Andrew, has been located for past ten years, and where they will make their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Holland, of L'Etang, were visitors with friends in Stuart Town, over Sunday.

LORDS COVE, D. I.

Dr. Miner, of Calais, made a professional call to the Island on Tuesday.

A mock minstrel entertainment on March 23rd and a drama on March 30th were well patronized. Proceeds from both, amounting to something over a hundred dollars, will be used for the benefit of Maple Leaf Hall.

SEAL COVE, G. M.

April 3. Miss Clyde Cook has returned home from St. John with her spring hats.

John W. W. Lank, who is attending school in Fredericton, was home for the Easter holidays.

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE

131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.
SINGER SEWING MACHINES
Can now be purchased at my Store for I have taken the Exclusive Agency for Eastport—Lubec—and this vicinity, and no matter how old—or out of repair your machine is, I will make you a liberal allowance for it on a New Singer.

SPRING BARGAINS
Men's Suits, Hats, Caps, Shoes, and Furnishings
Shoes for Boys, Youths, and Little Gents at prices below present cost of manufacturing.
All High Grade Goods
R. A. STUART & SON
ST. ANDREWS, April 6th, 1918.

FLASHLIGHTS
We are well stocked with Bulbs and Batteries.
Shingles
We have just received a large and well assorted stock of shingles.
J. A. SHIRLEY
Hardware, Paints and Glass

Remember this! Paint insurance on your buildings is just as important as fire insurance.
Sherwin-Williams
Paints and Varnishes
Fire may never come, but the deteriorating effect of the weather on buildings of every kind is certain, unless protected by paint.
G. K. GREENLAW
SAINT ANDREWS
Advertising Pays--- Try a Beacon Adv.

SPRING
New
Coats
We are showing a very exclusive line of the latest in Women's Coats. Those who pick first always get the best. Our assortment this season is the best yet. Being Coat Specialists, Customers are finding out it pays them to select from us.
C. C. GRANT
ST. STEPHEN

Social
Mr. Douglas his friend, N. Fredericton, spent his home here.
Pte. Levi Han his uncle, Mr. J. his home in Va
The Misses Cummings and have been in St. Kenneth C. station.
Miss Edith L. the Easter ho Misses Rigby.
Miss Bessie M. teaching staff, vacation with Wheeler Mallo Miss Laura H. the Easter holi and Mrs. Josep
Miss Mabel I. for a visit.
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Miss Alice Wilson's Beach her parents, M. son.
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Pte. Vincent from St. John.
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Dr. Worrell residence and
Mr. Alexander was in St. And
Mr. and N. family were in their way fro Tormentine.
Mr. Arthur from Boston, time undergo of the eyes.
Mrs. Thos. has returned.
Sgt. Kenne Battalion, St. home here.
Mr. and J. Brownville J. congratulations d 15.
Mrs. Peter spent the we John Ross.
The Misses Bartlett spent Wm. Hennigan.
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CH
Caspar N. fro beyond week. The splash of pr inhabitants the busy litt discharging
Mr. C. H. Wilson cam Tuesday las
Mr. E. F. to take up Fisheries.
Mrs. Mu Stephen: to St. John
Mr. G. N. filled Mr. N. the Booth
Miss Gla

Social and Personal

Mr. Douglas Everett, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Allen Thompson, of Fredericton, spent the Easter holidays at his home here.

Pte. Levi Handy, who has been visiting his uncle, Mr. Joseph Handy, has left for his home in Vancouver.

The Misses Ethel and Christine Cummings and Mr. James Cummings have been in St. John to say good-bye to St. Kenneth Cummings, of the Depot Battalion.

Miss Edith Lank, of Welshpool, spent the Easter holidays the guest of the Misses Rigby.

Miss Bessie Malloch, of the Moncton teaching staff, is spending the Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch.

Miss Laura Handy, of St. John, spent the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Handy.

Miss Mabel Elliot has gone to Boston for a visit.

Miss Marjorie Pendlebury, student at the St. John Business College, spent the vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pendlebury.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn and Mrs. E. A. Cockburn left on Saturday night for Montreal and Toronto.

Pte. Joseph Gaynor left on Friday night to rejoin his battalion at St. John.

Pte. Everett McKay visited friends in town on Friday.

Word has been received that Corp. Horace Gove and Pte. Fred Treadwell are with the 23rd Reserve Battalion at Bramshot Camp, England.

Miss Alma Glew is spending her vacation with her parents.

Miss Alice Anderson, teacher at Wilson's Beach, spent her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Anderson.

Mr. Fraser Keay, who is attending the St. John Business College, spent the Easter vacation with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Richard Keay.

Miss Hellen Young, the teacher at Bocabec, was at her home for Easter.

The Pythian Sisters held a most successful card party and dance in Paul's Hall on Easter Monday evening. The prizes were won by Mrs. Joseph Handy, Miss Gladys MacFarlane, Miss Marguerite Graham, and Messrs. Alexander MacFarlane, Carl Stinson and Cadmon Norris.

Miss Carrie Rigby spent a few days of this week in Campbell.

Pte. Vincent McQuoid has returned from St. John.

Mrs. Cox and her daughter, Mrs. Doherty, who were called here by the illness of Mrs. Cammick, have returned to their homes in the States.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Mitchell spent the holidays in Campbell.

Dr. Worrell is again occupying his residence and office on Montague Street.

Mr. Alexander Calder, of Campbell, was in St. Andrews on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cossaboom and family were in St. Andrews last week, on their way from Grand Manan to Cape Tormentine.

Mr. Arthur McFarlane has returned from Boston, where he had been for some time undergoing an operation for cataract of the eyes. He has completely lost the sight of one eye, but fortunately has saved that of the other.

Mrs. Thos. Odell and Miss Emma Odell have returned from Boston.

Sgt. Kenneth Cummings, of the Depot Battalion, St. John, spent a furlough at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Robinson, of Brownville Jct., Me., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, March 15.

Mrs. Peter McCallum, of Digdeguash, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John Ross.

The Misses Mary Hannigan and Dorothy Bartlett spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hannigan.

Miss Salome Townsend has returned from Fredericton.

Mrs. Edward Davis is ill at her home here.

Miss Annie Richardson has returned from St. Stephen.

Miss Hazel McCurdy entertained her friends on Tuesday.

The Evening Bridge Club met with Mrs. Warren Stinson on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Ralph Goodchild made the highest score.

CHAMCOOK, N. B.

Casario No 11 has been running to and fro between here and Eastport during the week. The throbbing of her engines and the splash of her propeller are a reminder to the inhabitants of Chamcook that once again the busy little fishing fleet will be at work discharging fish.

Mr. C. Haycock, Mr. Bachman, and Mr. Wilson came to Chamcook on business on Tuesday last.

Mr. E. F. Murray has gone to St. John, to take up his new duties with the Booth Fisheries.

Mrs. Murray is visiting friends in St. Stephen. She will continue her journey to St. John on Monday.

Mr. G. Newton, from Red Beach, has filed Mr. Murray's former position with the Booth Fisheries in Chamcook.

Miss Gladys Greenlaw is home again.

Local and General

A special service of Prayer and Intercession was held in Greenock Church Good Friday evening.

The Y. W. P. A. will make a collection of rubbers the first of May. Don't forget to save your rubbers for the Society.

Easter was observed in most of the churches by special music.

In the Church of St. Andrew there was a special rendering of the Regina Caeli by the choir, and the Benedictus was sung as a solo by Mrs. Louis Hivon.

In the Presbyterian Church the choir sang as an anthem "Jesus Christ is Risen To-day."

In All Saints' Church, in addition to the regular Easter music, Mr. Sydney Anning sang "Gates of Mercy."

In the Baptist Church there were just the regular Easter Hymns.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH VESTRY

On Easter Monday evening the annual meeting of All Saints Vestry was held. The officers for the following year were elected.

Church Wardens:—Elmer Anderson, H. J. Burton. Vestrymen:—G. H. Stickney, T. T. Odell, J. D. Grimmer, Robert Maloney, G. W. Babbitt, Harry Maloney, E. A. Cockburn, H. O. Rigby, R. A. Stuart, F. H. Grimmer, T. R. Wren, Albert Thompson.

Auditors:—E. A. Cockburn, G. H. Stickney. Vestry Clerk:—T. T. Odell.

CUSTOMS RETURNS

FOR THE PORT OF ST. ANDREWS FOR MARCH, 1918

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Duty collected for March 1918, Increase over corresponding month 1917, Total Duty collected Fiscal year 1917-1918, Increase over previous year, Free goods imported March 1918, Dutiable goods imported March 1918.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIENDS

Seventy-five of the Prince Arthur School boys enrolled themselves on Wednesday in the newly formed organization known as the "Soldiers' Friends." Each member is pledged to earn at least ten cents each week and to give the money to their Treasurer, George MacLaren, who will hand it over to the Khaki Club to buy chocolate and gum for our soldiers overseas.

The "Soldiers' Friends" have very severe methods. One failure to fulfil his week's obligations entails the court martial of any member.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The Red Cross Society has much pleasure in acknowledging with grateful thanks the receipt of \$5, the gift of Mrs. G. D. Grimmer.

Miss Annie Odell recently presented to the Society a handsome quilt which she had made. Ten-cent lottery tickets for the quilt to the value of \$27, were sold; and it was drawn for on Monday evening in Mr. Hazen Burton's store. Miss Nellie Stuart was the lucky holder of the winning number. The Society wishes to convey its sincere thanks to Miss Odell for her kindness in making and donating the quilt.

RESCUED FROM CHINESE BANDITS

Peking, April 1.—E. J. Pursell, one of the American engineers captured by bandits in northern Honan province early last month, and held for ransom, has been rescued by soldiers who intercepted the band as they were attempting to retreat further into the mountains. (Mr. Pursell's home was formerly in St. Paul, Minn.)

The bandits succeeded in carrying off their other captive, George A. Kyle, of Portland, Ore., who, however, is reported in good health and being fairly well treated.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, the 16th day of April next I will hold a poll for the election of a Mayor and Eight Aldermen for the Town of St. Andrews.

The place of said polling shall be at the Town Hall, and the polling will open at 10 o'clock in the morning and close at 4 p. m.

Nominations for Mayor and Aldermen will be received by me up to Friday, the 12th day of April, next, at 6 o'clock, p. m. No person who is not regularly nominated as the Law directs shall be a Candidate.

Polling will only take place in the event of more than one Candidate being duly nominated for Mayor, or more than eight for Aldermen.

E. S. POLLEYS, Town Clerk. St. Andrews, N. B. March 20th, 1918.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

PLEASURE NOT PATRIOTISM

St. Andrews, N. B., April 3rd 1918 To the Editor of the BEACON, Sir,

I notice, in your last number, an advertisement for men to work on the Golf course during this spring and summer. Now is it possible, or right, that a number of men should be thus employed in this fourth year of the war when they are wanted in the firing line, and in the production of food, to keep the world from starvation? Surely in a time of national calamity like the present, men who want to spend their lives in pleasure should keep their own grounds in order. We are called on by everybody to work harder and produce more food. At the same time labour of every kind is taken from us. Therefore I beg to protest against any more men being called away from the land, to be employed for sport, or for large pleasure grounds, unless they are going to turn them over for the production of food.

Yours Faithfully A. FARMER

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

The following letter from a soldier in France, who is a native of St. Andrews, and will be remembered by some of the older people, as the son of the late John C. Conley, has been forwarded by Pte. Conley's mother to M. N. Cockburn, K. C., of this Town, and by his request the same is published.

Private Conley's father was a great admirer and supporter of the late Sir Charles Tupper, and for him this young hero was named Charles Tupper Conley.

Private Conley first went Overseas with the 115th Battalion, on February 15th, 1916. Shortly after going to France he was offered his stripes as Lance Corporal, but declined the honor, and was transferred to the Signalling Corps, in which he won distinction. He was then transferred to the Canadian Engineers, instructing French warfare, but elected to go in the trenches in order to be with his companions.

France Feb. 20th

Dear Mother:— Well here we are, again, still well and able to sit up and take notice.

Things out here are about the same with me. I guess the army must agree with me, for since I left Canada I haven't even had a cold. Sometimes I wish I would get a cold so I could get down the line for a rest, but I suppose I should be thankful that I have got along so well.

I have got a good conduct stripe now. You get it for being two years in the army without a crime or anything against your character. Just think I had been in the service two years the 15th of this month. Quite a while to hold down one job isn't it? And when old Fritz is beat I think I will be entitled to a vacation, don't you? You were asking about Ken in your letter. We are not together much now, he is on Brigade and I am on Headquarters Staff, still we try to see each other as often as possible and share our parcels with each other. He and I are the only two left excepting Marnie Bradford and Bobbie Maxwell from Black's. When Ken and I get together we speak of the boys at home. They want come out or even write to us, still feel that when we are called upon by our dear old Canada for a show-down that we have acted the part of a man come what may. Ken is a good old scout, just like his mother, he'd give you his head if he thought you needed it. Well, you have been asking me in your letters if I got you parcels, in that respect I seem to be lucky. I don't think I have lost a parcel you have sent me. I suppose you will be wondering if I got the writing paper you sent. I did, but as I was passing the Y. M. C. A. to-night I thought I would drop in and write you a letter. So that is the reason I am not writing it on the paper you sent me. But I know you don't mind that as long as you hear from me and know I am well.

We are having a bit colder weather here now, still the farmers are working away getting in their crops. Sounds funny doesn't it? and you are having zero weather.

So Claude has become the champion trapper of the district. He wouldn't find anything to trap out here only rats. You can see them running over the top of the parapet in the front line every night, still they don't bother us any only now and again when they get at our rations. Well, I guess I had better draw this letter to a close, with love to all.

From your loving son Charlie

She—"Oh, Jack, dear, I'm glad you've come. Father is so excited and disturbed. Do go in and calm him." He—"Very well. But what's the matter with him?" She—"Well—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me."—Boston Transcript.

TOWN COUNCIL

Town Hall, Tuesday April 2, 1918. A meeting of the Town Council was this day held in Chambers at 8 o'clock p. m.

Present the Mayor, G. K. Greenlaw, and Aldermen, Caughey, Douglas, Denley, Finigan, Gillman, Malpas, McFarlane, McLaren.

Minutes of meeting of March 15th read and confirmed.

In reply to inquiry, the Mayor advised in re purchase of team etc, that the committee had secured a suitable wagon on that other matter, in connexion with out fit, etc., were being attended to.

Ald. Caughey, Chairman, Fish Committee, submitted a communication from the office of the Food Controller, Ottawa, in reply to a communication forwarded the Fish Committee, Ottawa, in March, as follows.

Ottawa, March 22nd, 1918. Dear Sir:—

RE FISHING IN CHAMCOOK LAKE.

The Deputy Minister of the Naval Service says concerning your request for stocking Wheaton Lake with black bass; "This has been carefully considered by the Department, but in view of their predaceous nature it was not considered advisable to introduce bass into the strictly trout areas of New Brunswick." Concerning Chamcook Lake and your suggestion that fishing through the ice or land locked salmon and trout be allowed with a view to increasing food supply. The Department says: "These lakes are all highly regarded from a sporting standpoint, and would be of little value from a commercial fishing standpoint. This Department is somewhat surprised that a request of this kind should be made from local residents particularly as sea fish are so available in that district."

Yours very truly, CANADA FOOD BOARD, E. O. SAWYER Jr.

Fish Section. BILLS PASSED

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes G. B. Finigan, supplies Poor, Mrs. Pat'k Parker, board, J. D. Grimmer, supplies, Reid, Poor, Quoddy Coal Co. Fuel, do, do, B. Cross labor, Streets, W. J. McQuoid & Son, teams, Martin Greenlaw, labor, Frank Henderson, Edw. Somers, Jas. R. McConvey, Carl Stinson, Wm McCarroll, team, W. H. Sinnet, Salary, Quoddy Coal Co. Fuel, N. B. Telephone Co. for Board of Health, F. H. Grimmer, Salary, Con, E. S. Polleys, Beacon Press Co, printing, Herbert Greenlaw, Bell, James Stoop, Rent, Police.

E. S. POLLEY Town Clerks

BORN

Born, at Campbellello March 25, to the wife of Philip Calder, a son.

Born, at Campbellello, March 26, to the wife of Robert Calder, Jr., a son.

DIED

McQuoid—At Oakland, Calif., on March 19, Mary A., widow of the late Robert J. McQuoid, aged 67 years.

OBITUARY

PETER MCVICAR St. George, April 2.—Peter McVicar, ninety-two years of age, died at his home here to-day. He was the oldest man in the community. Two daughters, Mrs. Edward Milliken, of Vancouver, and Miss Nellie McVicar, trained nurse, of Chicago, survive. Mr. McVicar always enjoyed good health up to his last illness which began with a cold contracted about two weeks ago. He was born at Mascarene.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B. A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS. Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats. Closed for the winter. Will reopen in June. 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.

A Full Line of PROVISIONS and GROCERIES

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

H. G. Browning Plumber and Tinsmith

Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

MAKE A PUMPKIN PIE WITH CANNED PUMPKIN

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE

H. J. BURTON & CO.

H. O'NEILL UP-TO-DATE MARKET



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

BREAK UP A COLD WITH NATIONAL BROMIDE QUININE TABLETS CURES A COLD IN A FEW HOURS 25 CTS.

WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

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

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS Water St. ST. ANDREWS

Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE ICE CREAM

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

IRA STINSON ST. ANDREWS

Try a Beacon Adv.

PASTURE FOR HOGS

(Experimental Farms Note)

The feed situation confronting the swine grower during the coming summer is not altogether a bright one. Standard hog feeds are not likely to be plentiful, with high prices ruling. Silage and middlings, while fixed as to price show no likelihood of a surplus. Corn, for some months practically unobtainable and in any case too high in price to be considered, may be available, but whether in reliably constant quantities remains to be seen. Barley will be high priced also and difficultly available in many localities. Oats, under ruling and probable future prices, should be used only for the milking sow and for weaned and growing pigs. Only in small quantities should this feed enter into the fattening ration. It has been shown that with breeding stock, whether during winter or summer maintenance, cheap home-grown feeds may be largely utilized as an economy and that from such feeding practice best results may be obtained in health and production. It has been, further, clearly demonstrated that home grown feeds for summer feeding may economically replace a considerable percentage of meal even at pre-war prices.

At the Experimental Farm, Brandon, it was shown by experiment during the summer of 1916 that oats, barley and wheat all stood pasturing well. These were sown on May 17 and pastured from July 5th until early in August. Rape which was slightly injured by pasturing too early, supplied much needed pasturage when the cereal seedlings had been eaten off. Vetches although slow of growth were readily eaten and stood pasturing well. Sweet clover was also late in maturing and eaten only when no other feed was available.

It might be stated that beyond a comparison of these crops from the standpoint of palatability, recuperative power, and ability to withstand trampling and pasturing generally, no data was available to show the cost of production one crop against the other.

With these pasture crops a self-feeder was used to supply a supplemental grain ration. Such practice indicated that no more than where hand-feeding was employed and that economical gains were made at a cost of 5 cents per pound for grain and pasture, employing feed prices then current. The method in general reduced the labor of feeding to the minimum.

At the Experimental Station, Lacombe, where swine feeding enters largely into live stock operations, rape and alfalfa have proved most desirable crops. As a result of the average of three tests, rape has shown a slight superiority over alfalfa requiring 3.8 pounds meal fed supplementally as against 3.83 pounds in the case of alfalfa. Rape carried 1786.1 pounds of pork per acre as against 1518.9 pounds with alfalfa.

The findings at Lacombe would warrant the recommendation of alfalfa for early pasture with a block of rape to supply green food for hogs when they attain considerable size. Where alfalfa may be successfully grown, the swine grower would be well advised in retaining a small block for swine-feeding purposes. Failing alfalfa, clover will give almost equally good results. With neither of the legumes available, results at Lacombe indicate that a cereal pasture second only to the legumes, is to be obtained by the use of a heavy seeding (3 bushels per acre) of oats and barley, or wheat, oats and barley.

Any one of the pastures above mentioned should be followed by rape seeded early in June, preferably in drills 27 inches apart.

At Lacombe the results of the use of self-feeders versus hand-feeding on pasture, while not sufficiently verified by repeated experiment, would indicate that where hogs are fed to a finish the self-feeding method shows most economical gains. It has been proved where corn is the principal grain used, self-feeding is more economical than hand-feeding. That this is also the case where mixed grains, wheat by-products and feeding concentrates are used, is indicated by the results at Ottawa, Lacombe, Brandon and elsewhere on the Experimental Farms System.

At the Experimental Station at Lethbridge excellent results have been obtained from alfalfa and peas, the hogs being allowed access to both crops at the same time. Here of course alfalfa is one of the most dependable crops grown, conditions being in all respects suited to its culture. While much evidence is, therefore, at hand, to show that alfalfa possibly holds first place as a hog pasture, it must be remembered that in many sections of Canada this crop cannot be grown at all, in many others that it is unreliable in the extreme, and that even under more or less favorable soil and climatic conditions for one reason or another it cannot always be relied upon. For reliability and wide cultural possibilities and from the standpoint of palatability power and resistance to pasturing, red clover should receive emphasis equal to, if not greater than that given alfalfa.

THE ADVANTAGE OF TILE DRAINAGE

(Experimental Farms Note)

At the Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que., an experiment on drainage has been conducted, the results of which should be of great interest to farmers, as they teach an eloquent lesson in favor of good soil drainage, a practice which should be encouraged as much as possible in these days when maximum production is the duty of every farmer.

A certain area of level land was taken for the experiment and divided into two fields, A and B, absolutely similar in every way. Field A was under-drained by means of three-inch tile placed at a depth of four feet and thirty feet apart. Field B was not tile drained but had perfect surface drainage. These two fields were cultivated and treated exactly alike rotation, cultural methods, manure, choice and quality of seed, etc., being the same in each case.

Close observation has shows that larger yields were obtained on the tile drained area each year than on that which was only surface drained. The difference was rather small the year following the laying of the tile, was larger the following year, and became quite marked the third year. It was most marked amongst crops like corn which require more warmth. In 1917 the crop of corn on the tile-drained area was more than twice as great as that on the undrained field, the exact difference being 108 per cent, wheat yielding 72 per cent more and hay 20 per cent. It might, however, be noted that the fact that the season of 1917 was exceptionally late and damp gave a special advantage to the drained area, and the results might not be so marked in a normal year.

The difference in crop yields, however, is not the only point in favor of tile drainage, there are other good effects also, drained areas has become much more porous and more mellow, than the soil which was only surface drained. It can be cultivated more easily and can be worked and sown earlier in the spring. It will be readily seen that this is of great importance in Eastern Quebec where the springs are often late and the growing season relatively short. Besides this, while the soil on the undrained area dried and cracked, allowing the crops to make hardly any growth during the dry weather in July, the drained land did not show the least cracking, and the plants continued their development uninterrupted. This difference is easily explained; the drained soil was less permeable to air and moisture, the air circulated freely and the moisture rose by capillary action without difficulty through the subsoil to the roots, while the undrained soil hardened and split, and the roots withered for lack of air and moisture.

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PACKING AND SHIPPING APPLES

When labor is as scarce as it is at present, the employment of the inexperienced is unavoidable. Hence "Notes to Beginners," given in Bulletin No. 2 of the Fruit Commissioners Series entitled "Modern Methods of Packing Apples," become of prime importance. These notes run:

1. Learn to size your fruit accurately and the placing in the box is a simple matter.

2. All apples are placed in the box in the same relative position. It cannot be impressed too strongly upon beginners that all sizes and shapes of apples can be properly and conveniently packed in the standard Canadian apple box.

3. Successful packing can only be done with apples of a uniform size in each box. There is no possibility of using an apple larger than the size being packed, and then attempting to straighten the row by using a small apple next to it.

4. Cleanliness cannot be too strongly insisted upon in every feature of box packing. Fingermarks upon boxes, or careless rubbing in of moisture and dust, are all too common. The most scrupulous attention should be given to the fruit, and all specimens rejected that are not absolutely free from contamination of any sort.

5. Should there be any dust or spray material upon the apples when picked, it is much easier to take it off at that time. If the apples are allowed to stand, they acquire a certain gumminess that renders it difficult to make them look clean.

6. Packers should keep their nails well trimmed, otherwise injury is frequently caused by puncturing the fruit handled, resulting in decay. In the Western States packers are required to wear white canvas gloves.

7. Fruit should be uniform in color as in size.

These notes are a small part of a bulletin comprising 62 pages, with many illustrations, that is designed to profit the packer and shipper, help the dealer, and please the consumer, and that can be had free for the mere act of writing to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

"He married the first time for love, and the second time for money!" "And the third?" "I cannot imagine. A chap never marries over once for either money or love!"—Life.

"Is that your college diploma you have framed there?" "Well, it's a sort of diploma. It's a worthless stock certificate showing that I've been through the school of experience."—Boston Transcript.

PEAS—THE STOCKMAN'S CROP

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The high price at which peas have sold on the market for the last two years has given a decided impetus to their production. Canadian production in 1917 exceeded the previous year by nearly a million bushels. This is as it should be. The production of peas is lower than that of any of the cereals. Insects pests, diseases, and the low price decreased the production of this important legume previous to the war, but since then, due to the rapidly rising price of the last three years, the acreage has been greatly increased, especially in the provinces of Quebec, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. When we consider the numerous ways in which one can utilize this crop either in the seed or on the vine it is surprising that pea growing has not received an even greater impetus than it did last season.

Split peas and whole peas, especially in Canada, occupy a prominent place in human diet in that delectable food pea soup. Pea meal is a very proteinaceous food, excellent for use in a balanced ration for stockfeeding purposes, furnishing as it does a low priced concentrate. Considering the high price of concentrates the farmer who has a crop of peas, that he can convert into pea meal, is doing much to free himself from danger of exploitation at the hands of feed dealers. Unthreshed peas are of great value for sheep feeding purposes, being an ideal winter roughage for breeding ewes, while they are likewise an excellent feed for young cattle. They can also be successfully grown with oats and ensiled, furnishing, where corn cannot be grown, one of the most valuable silage; foods or again the same mixture can be cured as hay and fed with profit throughout the winter. As a summer pasture for hogs, they return profitable gains; an acre of peas forming a most valuable adjunct to the summer ration, coming in at a time when the young shoats are able to make the best use of this kind of feed.

The successful culture of peas is largely a matter of climate. Being a legume instead of a cereal, they are classed among those crops known as soil improvers. While they do not do their best on light soils, particularly during a period of dry weather, yet almost any heavy well-drained soil that has not been robbed of its virgin fertility will produce a good crop. The best results are obtained by putting them on soil land which has been ploughed the previous autumn and thoroughly top-worked before seeding.

Peas cannot be sown as early as wheat or oats, owing to the tenderness of the young vines which a late spring frost is apt to damage seriously, also the cold and dampness of the seed bed may cause a rotting of the seed. It is impossible to give an exact date when it is desirable to start pea seeding, but this is a general rule that may be followed: If you have sown your wheat on the earliest date possible, the seeding of peas may be commenced from ten to fourteen days afterward. This rule might be modified in certain localities, depending entirely on the local weather conditions.

We would recommend farmers who are in extreme northern districts, and who are desirous of trying out peas, to start in a small way. As peas are subject to severe injury from frost both in the late spring and early autumn, it would be poor advice to recommend any farmer who is situated north of the 50th parallel in the prairie provinces, to sow acreage until he is certain that they will escape late spring and early fall frosts. The many ways in which one can utilize a few acres of peas with profit, should tend to make this one of our most popular crops instead of occupying, as it does, a lower place than any of the Canadian cereals. There are no cultural difficulties to discourage the farmer; while the chief insect pest, the weevil, can always be successfully controlled by the sulphide treatment.

There is a large place for peas in our farming and stock-feeding practices, much larger than has been thought by most of our practical agriculturists.

"Who breaks, pays," "That shows you don't know anything about being broke."—Baltimore American.

"How do you propose to support my daughter, young man?" "But I'm only proposing to marry her, sir."—Baltimore American.

"Too bad about Tom and the girl he's engaged to. Neither one of them is good enough for the other." "Where did you get that idea?" "I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Boston Transcript.

"Bix—" "It said that 'we shall pass away as a tale that is told.'" "Dix—" "But tales that are told don't pass away; they are forever being told over again."—Boston Transcript.

"Sir, I came to ask you to give me your daughter's hand." "All right, young man; if you're looking for it, you can generally find it in my pocket."—Baltimore American.

"We must learn to pay no attention to life's annoyances." "That's what I'm doing; I've got so that the alarm clock can ring every morning without my noticing it."—Washington Star.

"Poverty," said Uncle Eben, "ain't no disgrace, 'ceptin' when a man would rather put up wif it dan work."—Washington Star.

The New Maid—"In my last place I always took things fairly easy." The Cook—"Ye won't do that here. They keep everything locked up."—Boston Transcript.

DIFFICULT FOR GOLFER TO MASTER THE CLEEK

If it may be said that a golf club has a gender, the cleek must belong to the feminine portion of the golf weapon family. There are no halfway measures where this Scottish creation is concerned; it masters or is mastered, as the case may be, and golfers find it either the most docile of servants or a hard task-master. To the average player, this club is just about the most useless ever invented. Unlike the other instruments, which he becomes sufficiently well acquainted with to play the proper stroke once in a while, the cleek remains a mystery and it is foolish for such a golfer to carry it in his bag.

On the other hand, all the great golfers of the world swear by it. Chick Evans, James Braid, Harry Vardon, and Edward Bay have great confidence in the cleek and use it every time the occasion offers and in their cases they are well repaid for the confidence which they repose in it. A 200-yard cleek shot to the green was the turning point in Evans' match with Ned Sawyer during the western amateur championship at the Kent Country Club a few years ago, and this weapon has figured thousands of times in tournaments which have made golfing history.

A club possessed of such striking individual characteristics is certainly worth considering. In the first place, the cleek should be used for a long shot, and more distance can be secured with it than with any other iron club. There are three styles of weapons used for this purpose—namely, the driving mashie, the driving iron, and the cleek. Some golfers swear by one and some by another but it fact remains that many yards more can be got from the proper manipulation of the cleek than from either of the contemporaries.

SHAPE OF THE BLADES

There is cause for everything in the world, and the reason for this greater distance is to be found in the shape of the blade. A clubhead must not exceed a certain weight, or it becomes too clumsy for a player to handle, and consequently the factor lies in how this weight is distributed. The driving mashie has a short, deep blade; some weight has been saved by shortening the blade, but this is not sufficient to make up for its depth, and thickness of the blade where the ball is struck has to be reduced. The driving iron is really a midiron with less loft on the face. The blade is long and fairly wide, and to secure this width it is again necessary to reduce the thickness of the blade. The cleek blade is about the length of the driving iron, or in some

instances it is a wee bit shorter and much narrower; this enables the maker to concentrate his weight back of the hitting face of the club.

This concentration of the weight back of the point of contact gives a solidity to the stroke not found in the other clubs. The greater distance is due partly to this fact and partly to the fact that by concentrating the weight the maker has been able to make the head slightly lighter. The player can swing the lighter club faster, and as a golf stroke is a speed, not a pound, hit, a longer ball is bound to result.

Although it is practically the aim of every golfer one day to be placed at scratch, it is by no means the man who attains this ambition who receives the most pleasure from the game. It's the player of average ability who is popular with his club members. There is, of course, no thrill equal to that which creeps over the class man when he has finished a round in better than par figures. But as the scratch man is the odd one, it behooves the dub to make up for this brilliant ability by arriving at a handicap that will give him an equal chance to win.

Possibly one of the enjoyable things about golf is the sport the members have in arranging regular week-end matches, either twosome or four-ball matches, with opponents so handicapped as to make the result of the round uncertain until the last putt. Many men, after arriving at success and prosperity, turn to golf for recreation. Being out for health and a good time, they pick up a rough knowledge of the game, buy elaborate outfits, a plentiful supply of clubs, and they sally forth to conquer.

THE "DUBS" IN GOLF

Do they enjoy themselves? Of course they do. And right here it might be stated that they are the backbone of club life. There are a million golfers in this country, and only about a hundred and fifty can enter the amateur championship! But to return to the dubs, while they worship at the shrine of the club champion and greater lights, they realize the futility of aspiring to such heights and proceed to plan their golf, both from a personal and tournament standpoint, in a way that will cause the most genuine enjoyment.

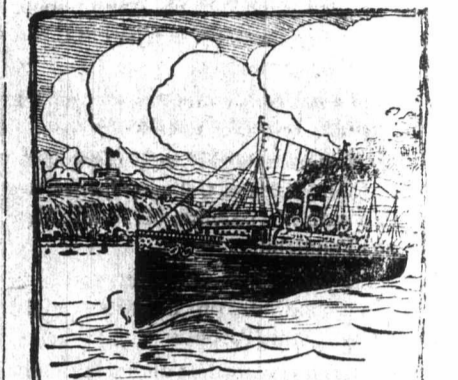
Comparing the star golfers' value to the club and that of the dub is almost as ticklish a question as the amateur problem. But thought out carefully, it would appear that both are quite necessary to the success of the club. The latest record, style of play, state of health of the local champion is an endless subject for conversation. Every man in the club has a secret hope that some day he will step into his shoes.

Then again the comparative ability of the champion of this and that club tends

to keep up interest. As to the dub, he rarely outnumbers the crack player and is therefore much more in evidence. But aside from this, the poor player goes in for golf with a mild hope that his game will improve, but determined at all times to get the maximum of health and pleasure out of the game for himself and his associates. As an asset to the professional he is invaluable, for he loses, beats out of shape, and gashes more golf balls in a month than the class player loses in a year. Clubs he is ever buying and changing, lessons he also takes with feverish haste to get back into real action. His appetite is good and he is a particular friend of the steward, ordering lavish and eating rapidly.

Caddies detest looking for his ball in all of the out-of-the-way places on the course, but love him for his bigness of heart and for the regularity with which he comes out to play. So take it all in all, when it comes to public spiritedness, fellowship, generosity, and general usefulness, it is hard to beat the fellow who, is burdened down with a handicap allowance of two figures.

—New York Evening Post.



Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS SUCCEEDED

Where Travel and Change of Climate Failed to Restore Health

Hamilton, Ont., Apr. 10th, 1917. "About four years ago I wrote you of my condition from Muscular and Kidney trouble and my efforts through travel and change of climate to rid myself of these unwelcome guests, and how I only found relief in Gin Pills after spending a lot of time and money in foreign lands."

"Since then Gin Pills have been my sheet anchor. I find in advanced years a little more of the kidneys to get out of order more than formerly but a few doses of Gin Pills keep them right and ward off other and more serious trouble. When I remember what I endured through Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism and the freedom from these which I now enjoy, I feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to recommend Gin Pills to my friends and Bladder Troubles to my thousands of personal friends throughout Canada to whom I am well known as a commercial traveler of over forty years' active service."

(Signed) W. G. REID.

Gin Pills sell for 50c a box or 6 boxes for \$2.75 at all good dealers. Sample free if you write to National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto; or to United States address, N. D. Dr. Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Advertisement for T. McAvity & Sons Limited, featuring the text 'We Carry in Stock THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF Light and Heavy HARDWARE Paints and Varnishes Mill, Plumbers' and Contractors' Supplies in the Maritime Provinces—Some Say in Canada.' It includes a list of various hardware items like corn-meal, cups, and spoons.

Advertisement for 'CORN' products, listing various items like corn-meal, cups, and spoons, and providing instructions for their use.



BOVRIL
Take it as Soup
before Meals

THE OPEN BOAT

"WHEN this here War is done," says Dan, "and all the fightin' 's through There's some 'll pal with Fritz again as they was used to do; But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*," says he; "Lord knows it's nippy in an open boat on winter nights at sea.

"When the last battle's lost an' won, an' won or lost the game, There's some 'll think no 'arm to drink with squareheads just the same; But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "an' if you ask me why— Lord knows it's thirsty in an open boat when the water-breaker's dry.

"When all the bloomin' mines is sweep' an' ships are sunk no more, There's some 'll set them down to eat with Germans as before; But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, for one— Lord knows it's hungry in an open boat when the last biscuit's done.

"When peace is signed and treaties made an' trade begins again, There's some 'll shake a German's 'and an' never see the stain; But *not me*," says Dan the sailor-man, "*not me*, as God's on high— Lord knows it's bitter in an open boat to see your shipmates die."

CICELY FOX-SMITH, in *Punch*.

CORN MEALS

In spite of the high price of corn-meal it is an economy to buy it because it contains more nourishment than almost any other staple food. At its present price, fifty-cents' worth of corn-meal will give as much nourishment as a dollar's worth of wheat bread.

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS

- 1 egg
- 2 cups milk
- 3 teaspoons salt
- 3 cups corn-meal
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 4 tablespoons fat

Add the milk and salt to the beaten egg. Mix the baking-powder with the corn-meal, and add this to the first mixture. Beat for one minute and then add the melted fat. Bake in a hot oven.

CORN-MEAL PANCAKES

- 2 cups corn-meal
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup flour
- 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk
- 4 tablespoons fat
- 1 egg

Mix together the corn-meal, soda, salt, and flour, and stir into it the beaten egg, the milk, and the melted fat. Fry on a hot greased griddle.

CORN-MEAL WITH DATES

- 1 cup corn-meal
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 5 cups milk
- 1 cup dates

Cook the milk, corn-meal, and salt for six hours in a double-boiler. Add the dates and serve with milk.

POLENTA

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon fat
- 1/4 cup grated cheese

Mix the corn-meal, milk, water, and salt, and cook together in a double-boiler for five hours. Beat the egg and add to it the melted fat and the cheese. Add this mixture to the cooked corn-meal. Pour into a shallow pan and cool. Cut into cubes and reheat. Serve with grated cheese or tomato sauce.

APPLE CORN-MEAL ROLYPOLY

- 2 cups corn-meal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 6 apples
- Boiling water

Pour enough boiling water over the corn-meal and salt to make a thick paste. Flatten to one inch in thickness. Wrap the paste round the apples which have been pared, cored and quartered. Roll in a pudding cloth and cook in boiling salted water. Cut open and serve with hard sauce.

OLD-FASHIONED BROWN BREAD

- 1 cup corn-meal
- 1 cup graham or rye flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup raisins

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, and if desired add a cup of nuts. Steam for three hours and set in the oven to dry for fifteen minutes. This will fill two one-half pound cans.

CORN-MEAL AND CHEESE

- 3 cups corn-meal
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 quarts water
- 1 cup grated cheese

Cook the corn-meal, salt, and water in a double boiler until the corn-meal is thoroughly cooked. Add one cup of grated cheese and stir until the cheese is all melted. Pour into a damp, cold mould. When cold cut into slices and fry in hot fat. Serve with tomato sauce or ketchup.

—The Modern Priscilla.

THE LAY OF THE GOVERNMENT LADY

Anna Maria Sophia Jones
Was just a bundle of skin and bones—
The sort of woman you often meet
With knobbedy fingers and large flat feet—
Her hair was dragged behind in a bunch,
And she had dinner when you have lunch
The Government Lady came to the door—
With printed leaflets—dozens and more—
She spoke to Maria firmly and long—
And all that Maria did was wrong.
She oughtn't to peel potatoes and boil them,
To peel potatoes was only to spoil them;
She oughtn't to waste the pods of the pea;
She oughtn't to stew and stew her tea;
She oughtn't to feed her baby on bread
Before it had ever a tooth in its head—
(Anna Sophia, mother of five,
Three were dead but two were alive.
Always had given her baby bread
Before it had ever a tooth in its head.)
She oughtn't to stuff up the drain of the sink;
She oughtn't to shut out air and light;
She oughtn't to close her window at night—
(Anna Maria Sophia Jones
Always fastened her window-click,
Air in a bedroom made her sick.)
She oughtn't to buy herself ready-made clothes—
She oughtn't—she oughtn't—Oh, goodness knows.
Before the Government Lady had ended
Anna Sophia was highly offended.
Anna Maria Sophia Jones
Was just a bundle of skin and bones—
The sort of woman you often meet
With knobbedy fingers and large flat feet—
Her hair was dragged behind in a bunch,
And she had dinner when you have lunch.
But Anna Maria had spirit within her—
The spirit that makes a saint of a sinner—
When she saw what was right she went
and did it.
And then, if need was, afterward hid it.
Anna Maria Sophia Jones
Asked in dull and colorless tones
The Government Lady to walk inside,
Opened the door of the passage wide,
Took a chopper and hit her hard,
And buried the body in the yard.
Tragic, too, though—isn't it?—leaving
out the chopper and yard bit.

E. C.
—Farmers Advocate and Home Magazine.

PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

The annual report of Hon. P. J. Veniot, Minister of public works for the province, shows a total expenditure of \$1,365,352.36 in 1917. There remained on hand at the end of the year unexpended balances being in the accounts for permanent roads and permanent bridges. The only account showing an over-expenditure was that of motor vehicles, which ran \$293.32 over the appropriations.

The summary of the expenditures is as follows:

Service	Appropriation	Expended
Ordinary		
Bridges	\$407,125.29	\$217,145.38
Ordinary		
Roads		189,488.95
Roads—		
Special Improvements		82,787.15
Roads Permanent	500,000.00	334,066.65
Legislative		
Building and Offices	29,296.78	29,296.78
Normal		
School	10,033.36	10,033.36
Provincial		
Hospital	28,000.00	25,898.62
Steam Navigation	25,467.00	25,467.00
Wharves	7,000.00	4,252.07
Miscellaneous	11,973.42	11,973.42
Motor		
Vehicles	6,000.00	6,263.32
Permanent		
Bridges	735,030.65	428,679.66
	\$1,759,926.80	\$1,365,352.36

WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO PUBLISH THE PRICE OF OUR CEDAR CHESTS

for they are well worth the price we ask, which is **FIFTEEN DOLLARS**

If you pay more than fifteen dollars for a Cedar Chest you have money to burn. If you pay less than fifteen dollars you have money to burn just the same, as you will be getting an inferior article and worthless for what you buy it.

Your Furs and Woollens should be packed away carefully every spring in one of Haley's Cedar Chests. That is all there is about it. We would like to hear from folks who are interested.

Haley & Son
St. Stephen, N. B.

CANADA FOOD BOARD SPEAKS

CANADIANS have for perhaps a generation been a young nation of wasters. The natural resources of this country have been so bountiful that our people have been inclined to consider them inexhaustible. In the matter of food particularly, millions of dollars are wasted every year. Wheat for example, is wasted on the farm; wasted on the road to the mill in some cases; wasted at the elevator; wasted throughout the course of its transportation, wasted at the flour mill by reason of the over-refinement of flour to which we have become accustomed; wasted in the homes. Of foodstuffs in general, it is calculated that \$50,000,000 per annum is a conservative estimate of waste that has gone on in Canada in recent years.

Canada is now involved in the greatest war of all time. She is fighting a nation who has organized her resources, men and materials, on a most thorough, modern, systematic basis. The wastefulness which goes on in Germany in times of peace is small in comparison to that which characterizes this Continent, including Canada. In time of war, Germany still more strictly conserves and organizes, otherwise she could not withstand practically all the rest of the civilized world in this struggle. In the four years of war the lessons of organization and avoiding waste have been brought home to the British people and to the dominions overseas. "Waste in war time is a crime" said the Canadian Food Controller, and his words have been paralleled by the Food Controllers of Great Britain and the United States.

In Canada this statement has now become literally true. By reason of an Order-in-Council now in effect as the law of Canada, the Governor General-in-Council, on the recommendation of the Minister of Agriculture, and pursuant to the advice of the Canada Food Board, acting on the power conferred upon them by the War Measures Act, has penalized wilful waste of food, due to careless or faulty storage. It is now the duty of each municipality in Canada to enforce this regulation within its municipal limits. Where conviction is obtained, in a case of waste of food or food products, resulting from carelessness or from the manner of storage or any other avoidable cause, a fine not exceeding \$1,000 and not less than \$100, or a period of imprisonment not exceeding three months, or both fine and imprisonment, will be imposed. This fine shall accrue to the municipality or the province, depending upon the authority of the officer conducting the prosecution. The Canada Food Board is empowered to seize food which is in danger of deterioration from improper storage or other causes, and have it sold. This new law should make it possible to prevent cases of food which has been stored too long having to be thrown out or destroyed.

CHEAP FISH FOR UPPER PROVINCES

Montreal, March 29.—The food control bureau at Ottawa is preparing to supply cheap fish in Montreal and other centres in Canada by opening retail stores and selling fish at a low price, on the "cash and carry" system—that is, customers paying cash and carrying their own parcels, according to an announcement made by G. W. Jones, of the food control bureau, here to-day, in an address to the Kiwan's Club.

"Marriage is a lottery, quoted the ostentatious cynic. "Well," replied Mr. Meekton, "I guess Henrietta is right. She is constantly saying I never had any business to gamble."—Washington Star.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "regards givin' good advice as a form of amusement, same as tellin' funny stories."—Washington Star.



The Morning Cup
well begins the day.

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE The "Extra" in Choice Tea



PRICE-FIXING FOR HERRING

P. L. Smithers, of the Booth Fisheries Company, gave his friends in the Sardine Section some intimate facts about price fixing by the government that ought to be useful in the future. Quite incidentally, he "fathered" a resolution that aims to set a standard weight and price for raw fish—the most vital matter that came before the section.—Fishing Gazette.

It is common knowledge throughout the sardine, fishing and packing industries that an attempt is to be made, as indicated by the above clipping, to have the government set the price of sardine herring at the weirs for the coming season. In this connexion it should be remembered by the packers that they are asking the government to guarantee their own profits by fixing both their cost and their selling prices, whereas no one has asked for such guarantees for the weirmen, who must take their own chances, with the possibility of an absolute failure on the one hand, unbalanced by an opportunity to secure high competitive prices, on the other.

There has never been a time in the sardine industry when extra effort on the part of the weirmen would be more advantageous to the packers than it is this year, and it would be good policy all around, if the price is to be fixed, that it be fixed only after an opportunity has been given to the weirmen to present their side of the question; that the price be made high enough to induce them to make the heavy expenditures required in rebuilding their weirs; and that it be set as a minimum as well as a maximum price, in order that they may be protected against the packer when fish are plentiful, as the packer is to be protected against them when fish are scarce.

We believe that the packers, from motives not only of fairness but of regard for their own ultimate best interests, should see that the weirmen have no cause to complain about the price to be fixed by the Canadian and American Governments.—Eastport Sentinel.

"What's the use of profanity? You don't really dislike the mule, you know?" "Of course, not. An' the mule knows it. But ordinary conversation ain't goin' to appeal to him. You got to act agitated an' make him feel that he's of some importance."—Washington Star.

"Unlucky Fisherman—"Boy, will you sell that big string of fish you are carrying?" "The Boy—"No, but I'll take yer pitcher holdin' it fer fifty cents."—Judge.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

QUESTIONS FOR EXEMPTED MEN

CASE OF EACH WILL BE REVIEWED IN ORDER TO ENSURE EVEN ADMINISTRATION OF SERVICE ACT

One of the most significant of the many evidences of that comradeship in arms, now existing between the great democracy to the south and ourselves is the freedom with which each is borrowing from the notebook of the other. The United States, as a later entrant into the struggle for the maintenance of the free institutions of the Earth, necessarily began as a debtor, in the matter of experience, to the neighbour which had been in the fight from the beginning. But in a certain sense it may be said that the American Republic has already liquidated this indebtedness. Certainly when the final balance is struck, it will be found that the United States will have paid back with interest, all the military short-cuts acquired in the early days of the Alliance. One of the many ideas for which we are already indebted to the United States is the questionnaire, designed to make for a uniform application of the Military Service Act. These questionnaires,

Rheumatic Pains

Are relieved in a few days by taking 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup after meals and on retiring. It dissolves the lime and acid accumulation in the muscles and joints so these deposits can be expelled, thus relieving pain and soreness. Seigel's Syrup, also known as "Extract of Roots," contains no dope nor other strong drugs to kill or mask the pain of rheumatism or lumbago, it removes the cause. 50c. a bottle at druggists.

following the practice employed in the United States, will be mailed to all exempted men, who must return them properly filled in, without delay, or forfeit their certificates of exemption. Any change in address should be at once communicated to the District Registrar, as failure to receive questionnaire will be regarded as of the same effect as failure to return it properly filled in. The general public are invited to assist the Government, to the fullest possible extent, in the even administration of the Act.

Silicosis—We never hear the best things that are said about us. Cynicism—No; we are dead then.—Judge.

THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST PURITY OATS

SOLD IN GERM PROOF TUBES

MANUFACTURED BY Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited



TELL them I AM, Jehovah said. To Moses, while earth heard in dread. And smitten to the heart. At once above, beneath, around, All Nature, without voice or sound, Replied—'O Lord, THOU ART' CHRISTOPHER SMART. (Born April 11, 1722; died May 12, 1771.)

ON NICKNAMES

Elae nugas in seria ducunt

THIS is a more important subject than it seems at first sight. It is as serious in its results as it is contemptible in the means by which these results are brought about. Nicknames, for the most part, govern the world. The history of politics, of religion, of literature, of morals, and of private life, is too often little less than the history of nicknames. What are one-half the convulsions of the civilized world—the frequent overthrow of states and kingdoms—the shock and hostile encounters of mighty continents—the battles by sea and land—the intestine commotions—the feuds of the Vitelli and Orsini, of the Guelphs and Ghibellines—the civil wars in England and the League in France—the jealousies and heart-burnings of cabinets and councils—the uncharitable proscriptions of creeds and sects, Turk, Jew, Fagan, Papist, and Puritan, Quaker, and Methodist—the persecutions and massacres—the burnings, tortures, imprisonments, and lingering deaths, inflicted for a different profession of faith—but so many illustrations of the power of this principle? Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and Neale's History of the Puritans, are comments on the same text. The fires in Smithfield were fanned by nicknames, and a nickname set its seal on the unopened dungeons of the Holy Inquisition. Nicknames are the talismans and spells that collect and set in motion all the combustible part of men's passions and prejudices, which have hitherto played so much more successful a game, and done their work so much more effectually than reason, in all the grand concerns and petty details of human life, and do not yet seem tired of the task assigned them. Nicknames are the convenient, portable tools by which they simplify the process of mischief, and get through their job with the least time and trouble. These worthless, unmeaning, irritating, venomous words of reproach are the established signs by which the different compartments of society are ticketed, labelled, and marked out for each other's hatred and contempt. They are to be had, ready cut and dry, of all sorts and sizes, wholesale and retail, for foreign exportation or for home consumption, and for all occasions in life. 'The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, the lawyer behaves the divine.' The Frenchman hates the Englishman because he is an Englishman; and the Englishman hates the Frenchman for as good a reason. The Whig hates the Tory, and the Tory the Whig. The Dissenter hates the Church of England man, and the Church of England man hates the Dissenter, as if they were of a different species, because they have a different designation. The Mussulman calls the worshipper of the Cross 'Christian dog,' spits in his face, and kicks him from the pavement, by virtue of a nickname; and the Christian retorts the indignity upon the Infidel and the Jew by the same inflexible rule of right. In France they damn Shakespeare in the lump, by calling him a barbare; and we talk of Racine's verbiage with inexpressible contempt and self-complacency. Among ourselves, an anti-Jacobin critic denounces a Jacobin poet and his friends, at a venture, 'as infidels and fugitives, who have left their wives destitute, and their children fatherless'—whether they have wives and children or not. The unenlightened savage makes a meal of his enemy's flesh, after reproaching him with the name of his tribe, because he is differently tattooed; and the literary cannibal cuts up the character of his opponent by the help of a nickname. The jest of all this is, that a party nickname is always a relative term, and has its counter-sign, which has just the same force and meaning, so that both must be perfectly ridiculous and insignificant. A Whig implies a Tory; there must be 'Malcontents' as well as 'Malignants'; Jacobins and anti-Jacobins; English and French. These sorts of noms-de-guerre derive all their force from their contraries. Take away the meaning of the one, and you take the sting out of the other. They could not exist but upon the strength of mutual and irreconcilable antipathies; there must be no love lost between them. What is there in the names themselves to give them a preference over each other? 'Sound them, they do become the mouth as well; weigh them, they are as heavy; conjure with them, one will raise a spirit as soon as the other.' If there were not fools and madmen who hated both, there could not be fools and madmen bigoted to either. I have heard an eminent character boast that he had done more to produce the late war by nicknaming Buonaparte 'the Corsican,' than all the state papers and

documents on the subject put together. And yet Mr. Southey asks triumphantly, 'Is it to be supposed that it is England, our England, to whom that war was owing?' As if, in a dispute between two countries, the conclusive argument, which lies in the pronoun *our*, belonged only to one of them. I like Shakespeare's version of the matter better:—

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night, Are they not but in Britain? 'Tis the world's volume Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't; In a great pool a swan's nest, prithee, think There's livers out of Britain.

In all national disputes, it is common to appeal to the numbers on your side as decisive on the point. If everybody in England thought the late war right, everybody in France thought it wrong. There were ten millions on one side of the question (or rather of the water), and thirty millions on the other side—that's all. I remember some one arguing, in justification of our Ministers interfering without occasion, 'That governments would not go to war for nothing'; to which I answered: 'Then they could not go to war at all; for, at that rate, neither of them could be in the wrong, and yet both of them must be in the right, which was absurd.' The only meaning of these vulgar nicknames and party distinctions, where they are urged most violently and confidently, is that others differ from you in some particular or other (whether it be opinion, dress, clime, or complexion), which you highly disapprove of, forgetting that, by the same rule, they have the very same right to be offended at you because you differ from them. Those who have reason on their side do not make the most obstinate and grievous appeals to prejudice and abusive language. I know but of one exception to this general rule, and that is where the things that excite disgust are of such a kind that they cannot well be gone into without offence to decency and good manners; but it is equally certain in this case, that those who are most shocked at the things are not those who are most forward to apply the names. A person will not be fond of repeating a charge, or adverting to a subject, that inflicts a wound on his own feelings, even for the sake of wounding the feelings of another. A man should be very sure that he himself is not what he has always in his mouth. The greatest prudes have been often accounted the greatest hypocrites, and a satirist is at best but a suspicious character. The loudest and most unblushing invectives against vice and debauchery will as often proceed from a desire to inflame and pamper the passions of the writer, by raking into a nauseous subject, as from a wish to excite virtuous indignation against it in the public mind, or to reform the individual. To familiarize the mind to gross ideas is not the way to increase your own or the general repugnance to them. But to return to the subject of nicknames.

The use of this figure of speech is, that it excites a strong idea without requiring any proof. It is a shorthand, compendious mode of getting at a conclusion, and never troubling yourself or anybody else with the formalities of reasoning or the dictates of common sense. It is superior to all evidence, for it does not rest upon any, and operates with the greatest force and certainty in proportion to the utter want of probability. Belief is only a stray impression, and the malignity or extravagance of the accusation passes for a proof of the crime. 'Brevity is the soul of wit'; and of all eloquence a nickname is the most concise, of all arguments the most unanswerable. It gives carte-blanche to the imagination, throws the reins on the neck of the passions, and suspends the use of the understanding altogether. It does not stand upon ceremony, on the nice distinctions of right and wrong. It does not wait the slow processes of reason, or stop to unravel the wit of sophistry. It takes everything for granted that serves for nourishment for the spleen. It is instantaneous in its operations. There is nothing to interpose between the effect and it. It is passion without proof, and action without thought—the unthought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations.' It does not, as Mr. Burke expresses it, 'leave the will puzzled, undecided, and sceptical in the moment of action.' It is a word and a blow. The 'No Popery' cry raised a little while ago let loose all the lurking spite and prejudice which had lain rankling in the proper receptacles for them for above a century, without any knowledge of the past history of the country which had given rise to them, or any reference to their connexion with present circumstances; for the knowledge of the one would have prevented the possibility of their application to the other. Facts present a tangible and definite idea to the mind, a train of causes and consequences, accounting for each other, and leading to a positive conclusion—but no farther. But a nickname is tied down to no such limited service; it is a disposable force, that is almost always perverted to mischief. It clothes itself with all the terrors of uncertain abstraction, and there is no end of the abuse to which it is liable but the cunning of those who employ, or the credulity of those who are gulled by it. It is a reserve of the ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance of weak and vulgar minds, brought up where reason fails, and always ready, at a moment's warning, to be applied to any, the most absurd purposes. If you bring specific charges

against a man, you thereby enable him to meet and repel them, if he thinks it worth his while; but a nickname baffles reply, by the very vagueness of the inferences from it, and gives increased activity to the confused, dim, and imperfect notions of dislike connected with it, from their having no settled ground to rest upon. The mind naturally irritates itself against an unknown object of fear or jealousy, and makes up for the blindness of its zeal by an excess of it. We are eager to indulge our hasty feelings to the utmost, lest, by stopping to examine, we should find that there is no excuse for them. The very consciousness of the injustice we may be doing another makes us only the more loud and bitter in our invectives against him. We keep down the admonitions of returning reason, by calling up a double portion of gratuitous and vulgar spite. The will may be said to act with most force *in vacuo*; the passions are the most ungovernable when they are blindfolded. That malignity is always the most implacable which is accompanied with a sense of weakness, because it is never satisfied of its own success or safety. A nickname carries the weight of the ignorance, and the ill nature of mankind on its side. It acts by mechanical sympathy on the nerves of society. Any one who is without character himself may make himself master of the reputation of another by the application of a nickname, as, if you do not mind soiling your fingers, you may always throw dirt on another. No matter how unreserved the imputation, it will stick; for, though it is sport to the bystanders to see you despatched, they will not stop to see you wipe out the stains. You are not heard in your own defence; it has no effect, it does not tell, excites no sensation, or it is only felt as a disappointment of their triumph over you. Their passions and prejudices are inflamed by the charge, 'As rage with rage doth sympathize'; by vindicating yourself, you merely bring them back to common sense, which is a very sober, mawkish state. Give a dog an ill name and hang him, is a proverb. 'A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can throw at a man.' It is a bugbear to the imagination, and, though we do not believe in it, it still haunts our apprehensions. Let a nickname be industriously applied to our dearest friend, and let us know that it is ever so false and malicious, yet it will answer its end; it connects the person's name and idea with an ugly association, you think of them with pain together, or it requires an effort of indignation or magnanimity on your part to disconnect them; it becomes an uneasy desert, a sore point, and you will sooner desert your friend, or join in the conspiracy against him, than be constantly forced to repel charges without truth or meaning, and have your penetration or character called in question by a rascal. Nay, such is the unaccountable construction of language and of the human mind, that the affixing the most innocent or praiseworthy appellation to any individual, or set of individuals, as a nickname, has all the effect of the most opprobrious epithets. Thus the cant name, 'the Talents,' was successfully applied as a stigma to the Whigs at one time; it held them up to ridicule, and made them obnoxious to public feeling, though it was notorious to everybody that the Whig leaders were 'the Talents,' and that their adversaries nicknamed them so from real hatred and pretended derision. Call a man short by his Christian name, as Tom or Dick such-a-one, or by his profession (however respectable), as Canfield peffed a noble lord with his left-off title of Doctor, and you undo him for ever, if he has a reputation to lose. Such is the tenaciousness of spite and ill nature, or the jealousy of public opinion, even this will be peg enough to hang doubtful innuendoes, weighty dilemmas upon. 'With so small a web as this will I catch so great a fly as Cassia.' The public do not like to see their favorites treated with impertinent familiarity; it lowers the tone of admiration very speedily. It implies that some one stands in no great awe of their idol, and he perhaps may know as much about the matter as they do. It seems as if a man whose name, with some contemptuous abbreviation, is always dinned in the public ear, was distinguished for nothing else. By repeating a man's name in this manner you may soon make him sick of it, and of his life, fast, and seaworthy. Good trade.

ROSCOB C. EMBRY, 39-2wp, 42 Water St., Eastport, Me.

WANTED—Male Teacher for Principal of Charlotte County Grammar School, St. Andrews, N. B. Salary \$1000 per annum exclusive of Government grant. Address D. C. ROLLINS, Secretary of Trustees.

WANTED—Several good men to work on Golf Links. Regular employment for seven months—good wages to right men. Apply to D. B. McCUBREY 39-4w.

WANTED, three pure bred Barred Rock Cockerles. Apply E. SHARP, Minister's Island, 38-4f.

FOR SALE—Property known as Turner Homestead at Bocabec, nine miles from St. Andrews, five miles from Chamcook Station on C. P. Railway. House has nine rooms and finished attic. An excellent summer or permanent home. Apply to A. L. FOSTER, P. O. Box, 1113, St. John, N. B.

effect of proper names combined with circumstances. A young student had come up to London from Cambridge, and went in the evening and planted himself in the pit of the play-house. He had not been seated long, when in one of the front boxes near him he discovered one of his college tutors, with whom he felt an immediate and strong desire to claim acquaintance, and accordingly called out, in a low and respectful voice, 'Dr. Topping!' The appeal was, however, ineffectual. He then repeated in a louder tone, but still in an under key, so as not to excite the attention of any one but his friend, 'Dr. Topping!' The Doctor took no notice. He then grew more impatient, and repeated 'Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping!' two or three times pretty loud, to see whether the Doctor did not or would not hear him. Still the Doctor remained immovable. The joke began at length to get round, and one or two persons, as he continued his invocation of the Doctor's name, joined in with him; these were reinforced by others calling out, 'Dr. Topping, Dr. Topping!' on all sides, so that he could no longer avoid perceiving it, and at length the whole pit rose and roared, 'Dr. Topping!' with loud and repeated cries, and the Doctor was forced to retire precipitately, frightened at the sound of his own name.

The calling people by their Christian or surname is a proof of affection, as well as of hatred. They are generally the best of good fellows with whom their friends take this sort of liberty. *Diminutives* are titles of endearment. Dr. Johnson's calling Goldsmith 'Goldie' did equal honor to both. It showed the regard he had for him. This familiarity may perhaps imply a certain want of formal respect; but formal respect is not necessary to, if it is consistent with, cordial friendship. Titles of honor are the reverse of nicknames; they convey the idea of respect, as the others do of contempt, but they equally mean little or nothing. Junius's motto, *Stat nominis umbra*, if a very significant one, it might be extended farther. A striking instance of the force of names, standing by themselves, is in the respect felt towards Michael Angelo in this country. We know nothing of him but his name. It is an abstraction of fame and greatness. Our admiration of him supports itself, and our idea of his superiority seems self-evident, because it is attached to his name only.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. (Born April 10, 1778; died September 18, 1830.)

FOR SALE—A decked boat in good condition, with sails, anchors, etc. 7 1/2 h.p. Mianus engine in good shape, capacity 15 hogsheads, with good living accommodation. Will sell cheap. ALONZO CONLEY, Leonardville, N. B.

FOR SALE—Eggs for hatching, White Wyandottes and Buff Orpingtons, \$1.00 per fifteen. WALTER THOMAS, St. Andrews, N. B. 40-4f.

FOR SALE—26 foot motor boat, equipped with 10 horse-power jump spark engine, and all other gear, is well built, fast, and seaworthy. Good trade. ROSCOB C. EMBRY, 39-2wp, 42 Water St., Eastport, Me.

WANTED—Male Teacher for Principal of Charlotte County Grammar School, St. Andrews, N. B. Salary \$1000 per annum exclusive of Government grant. Address D. C. ROLLINS, Secretary of Trustees.

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON April Last Quarter, 4th..... 9h. 33m. a.m. New Moon, 11th..... 0h. 34m. a.m. First Quarter, 18th..... 0h. 58m. a.m. Full Moon, 26th..... 4h. 5m. a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for April 6 Sat to 12 Fri.

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

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W. Rows: Grand Harbor, G. M., Fish Head, Welspool, Campo, Eastport, Me., L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B. R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:— CIRCUIT COURT: Tuesday, May 8, 1917, Chief Justice K. B. D. McKeown Tuesday, October 3, 1918. COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Judge Carleton.

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

BUSINESS MEN Are just as anxious to discover and employ well trained and talented help as young people are to secure good positions. No better time for beginning preparation than just now. Catalogues containing Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address. S. Kerr, Principa



Fall and Winter Time Table Of The Grand Manan S. S. Company Grand Manan Route Season 1917-18 After October 1st, 1917, and until further notice, a steamer of this line will run as follows: Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campobello and Wilson's Beach. Returning, leave Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, Wednesdays at 7.30 a. m. for Grand Manan, via Wilson's Beach, Campobello and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursdays at 7 a. m. for St. Stephen, via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings' Cove and St. Andrews. Returning, leave St. Stephen Fridays at 7.30 a. m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrews, Cummings' Cove, Eastport and Campobello (tides and ice conditions permitting). Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7.30 a. m. for St. Andrews. Returning same day, leaving St. Andrews at 1 p. m., calling at Campobello, Cummings' Cove and Eastport both ways. Atlantic Standard Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. Until further notice the S. S. Connors Bros. will run as follows: Leave St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Company, Ltd., on Saturday, 7.30 a. m., daylight time, for St. Andrews, N. B., calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbor, Back Bay or Letite, Deer Island, Red Store or St. George. Returning leave St. Andrews, N. B., Tuesday for St. John, N. B., calling at Letite or Back Bay, Black's Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor. Weather and tide and ice permitting. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent 'War Tax' stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for 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: 12.30 p.m. Closes: 4.55 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrive: 11 a.m. Closes: 12.30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be posted at least previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail. Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.

VOL. CHILD W THE child's dyed vines His army cap over one eye, thrust into the apron, his lips cherries, he ga and his eyes Brusque apparition of this Lorraine sort of little rus war, smeared with fluff repeating d so long blended Me saluted I picked a flower light came down sea, that surrou from the slate-c from us by a le resting where a loaded cherry tree smoke dissolving the thick green sky. On the right nonades rolled one note; on the crash of slow-goi of swift machine sky rose the first by the yet power sun. "Don't stretch flowers," the child the wood-loose creatures that liv red and have to s be able to sleep. "How old are y "Five years." "You're not aft there?" He seemed sur looked me straight were not making moment "It's always th "Do you remem were little, three when the soldiers camping in the co no cannon to be I never flew over th "M-m," he se his memory. "N like this. First, then they went pointed to the fi came back and th because they were away in the big w cows in the stable for the rabbits and went to a village; gous"; there was a big as our church to Paris; it was lo back for the beast some were dead, a we all went back, chism began again "And over there you went away, di "Why "You're not af meant?" "We have a cell "And when you going to be?" Sergeant of m sieur. "Why machine- "Oh la-la—my jam. Only the mu the sergeant doesn the mules." "And when you miscalculat?" "Oh, that won't there are some sc children." "Older than that? Then... sell it to soldiers, li "And when peac will be no more sol "Peace? "Yes, ... w fighting. "Oh, yes, ... rest. Then they'l coffee!" "But the soldiers own homes. Ther nonades, nor avioe or for pleasure; no ing, no more mu military concerts, will work in the vines, that's all." The child looked air; a gleam of ga he stood with hi breathless. Then, his nose, he began "And th they be?" "At home." "Where?" "In Germany." He reflected, M