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THE Bank of Nova Scotia
G. W. BABBITT, Manager

WHITE HEAD, G. M.
July 12.
Capt. Delbert Guptill, Ser. Wilfred D., has sailed to St. John for merchandise and salt for parties here. John F. Morse accompanied him.
Mrs. Clement Wilson and nephew are here visiting Mrs. Jane Wilson, who, we are pleased to say, is able to be out after being confined to her home all winter by illness.

went on Monday to Alton, Me., where they will visit Mrs. Brown's son Aubrey.
Miss Alda Bradbury, who is training for a nurse in Vermont, is spending her holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Bradbury.
Mrs. Bonafin of Bellevue Cove, N. S., and Miss Bonafin, of Boston, are visiting Mrs. Bonafin's daughter, Mrs. Clarence Gardner.
Kenneth Dalzell, of the Royal Air Force, Toronto, and his sister, Miss Jean Dalzell, and Miss Ferguson, of St. John, arrived by Stmr. Grand Manan on Friday, to spend the week-end with their sister, Mrs. C. A. Newton, returning to St. John again on Monday.
Pte. Harold Ingersoll was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. O'Neil on Sunday.
Miss Florence Callahan, of Roxbury, Mass., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. M. Dakin.
Mrs. Mary Cronk and her daughter, Mrs. Maurice Hannafin, of Somerville, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Cronk.

Harold Mitchell and daughter, Bernice, of Upper Bocabec, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Holt.
Mr. and Mrs. Walter McFarlane and child, of Milltown, Me., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brownrigg.
Dr. Worrell, of St. Andrews was a guest of Mr. Lorne Tompson on Sunday last.
Mrs. Edwa. Wetmore, of St. John, with her daughter, Madeline, and niece, Miss Dorothy Wetmore, are spending a few weeks here with relatives.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.
July 17.
Orangemen and their friends gathered from St. George and surrounding Parishes on Friday last, in St. George to celebrate their annual day. The parade made a tour of the big square, headed by the band and a number of prominent officials in an automobile. Dancing was held in Court's Hall. A baseball game was played on the diamond between the Acadias, of St. John, and a St. George team. The home team winning handily. A large number of visitors were in town and the moving picture houses and different stands did a rushing business.

James Chase lost a valuable cow on Sunday evening, the animal dying after a brief sickness. A large number of cows in this vicinity have died this season from apparently no particular disease. Some experts claim death results from eating too heartily of water-soaked grass. Whatever the cause, the summer has been a disastrous one for many farmers and owners of cows.
Miss Annie McGee, of St. John, and her nephew, Master Winslow McGee, who are spending a vacation with Mr. and Mrs. James McAdam, of Pennfield, were week-end guests of Miss Etta Marshall.

Misses Mildred Todd and Gladys Blair, of St. Stephen, were guests this week of Mrs. Thomas Kent at "Kamp Komfort," Lake Utopia.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Frauley and Miss Bessie Frauley visited St. John last week.
The Misses McFarlane, of St. Stephen, were guests last week of Miss Evelyn Clinch.
Mrs. E. Coughlin, of St. John West, is here this week attending the wedding of her sister, Miss Margaret McLaughlin.
Miss Agnes Crickard is home from Woodstock for the summer.

Mr. Jameson and young daughter are visiting relatives in Fredericton.
Mrs. French Meating and her daughter, Grace, are guests of Mrs. Maloney at Grand Manan.
Horace Stewart is home from Sussex for a few days.
Rev. Fathers Shine and Oliphant, of New York, are guests of Rev. W. J. Holland.
Dr. Ruddick, of St. John, who is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Coburn, spent the week-end at Lake Utopia with ex-Mayor Lawrence.
Miss Arma D. Sullivan, of St. Stephen, who has been the guest of Mrs. Gilmore at "Ben Laures" returned home on Tuesday.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.
July 16.
The line fish and herring are still very scarce.
Mrs. Basil Paul is spending a few days at her home in Harvey, York Co.
Mr. and Mrs. Kinney and children, of Boston, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lorin Kinney, of this place.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morang, Harold and Lily Morang, and Mrs. Edward Leeman motored from Portland, Me., and are visiting relatives here.

MISS MADGE NORTON, of Eastport, Me., is the guest of Mrs. Robert Barry.
A number of people from here attended the celebration of the 12th, in St. George. All report a good time.
The Red Cross Society was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Albert Cross last Wednesday evening.
Schr. Happy Home arrived on Sunday from a trip across the bay.
Edgar Wadlin and E. Lee were passengers from St. John by Connors Bros. on Saturday.

BOCABEC COVE, N. B.
July 16.
Mrs. Richard Hanson, of St. David, and her daughter, Mrs. Wheeler, and little grandson, Albert Wheeler, of Lowell, Mass., spent several days recently with Mrs. Hanson's sister, Mrs. Olive Morse.
Master Howard Crichton is in Upper Bocabec, visiting his sister, Mrs. Stanley McCullough.
Miss Gladys Lowery, of Upper Bocabec, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Matthew McCullough.
Mr. Edgar Leonard and Miss Bessie Leonard, of Calgry, Alta., and Mrs. Jas. Ridyard and little son, Leonard, of Webster, Mass., are guests of Mrs. Ridyard's sister, Mrs. George Holt.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex McGregor were Sunday guests of Mrs. Jas. Crichton.

Master Arnold Mitchell, of Upper Bocabec, is spending a few weeks here with his grandmother, Mrs. Jas. Holt.
Miss Rachel Holt has returned to her home here after a lengthy visit in Upper Bocabec, with her sister, Mrs. Harold Mitchell.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boyd and children, and Mr. Dunbar, of Pennfield, and Mrs.

Up-River Doings
St. Stephen, N. B. July 17.
Mr. Bert L. Todd, who has been in Calais, has gone to New York City. Mr. Todd is secretary of Ocean Association of Marine Engineers.
Mrs. William Berryman has been quite ill during the past week, but is much better at the time of writing.
Mr. N. Marks Mills returned from St. John on Saturday.
Rev. Mr. Marshall, of St. Anne's Church, Calais, conducted the service in Trinity Church on Sunday evening.

Mrs. E. M. Jewett, of Calais, has gone to Marblehead, Mass., to spend the summer.
George Cararra, who has been very ill with meningitis at the Chipman Memorial Hospital, is reported to be improving, and his physician has great hopes of his recovery.
Mrs. F. T. Waite is a guest at the St. Croix Hotel Annex.
Dr. E. J. Haines expects to leave Calais at an early date, and will begin a practice at Cumberland Mills, Me.

Lieut. Louis Dwyer, of the U. S. Aviation Corps, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Dwyer, and has been most heartily welcomed by friends.
Mrs. E. M. Nelson and young son are visiting friends in Calais.
Mrs. N. Marks Mills and daughters are at Deer Island for a few weeks' stay.
Misses Anna Granger and Phoebe Leddy were hostesses at the Tennis Club tea last Tuesday.

Mrs. Benjamin Shorten, who has been confined to her home with a severely sprained ankle, is now able to go out again.
Mrs. Warren Sinclair, of Waltham, Mass., is a guest of Mrs. E. Thornton.
Mrs. Warren Mills has been visiting Bocabec friends.
The many friends of Mrs. Kenneth Gillespie, of Montreal, formerly Miss Fern Grimmer, were greatly pleased to see her in St. Stephen on Monday.

Mrs. Jacob DeWitt and children, of Montreal, are visiting her sister, Miss Kathleen Hill.
Mrs. D. H. Bates has returned from a visit in Chamcook.
Miss Mildred Todd spent the week-end with St. George friends.
Mr. J. H. Stannard has returned to New York City. Mrs. Stannard and her young son have remained with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baskin, for the summer months.

MISS MABEL BROAD, who is a patient at the Chipman Memorial Hospital for surgical treatment, is reported to be doing finely, and will soon have a complete recovery.
Miss Emma Watson, who has been a patient at the Hospital, was able to return to her home last Friday.

HAITI DECLARES WAR AGAINST GERMANY
Port-au-Prince, Haiti, July 15.—The Council of State, acting in accordance with the legislative powers given it under the new Haitian Constitution, has unanimously voted the declaration of war upon Germany demanded by the President of the Republic.
Haiti is the twenty-second nation to declare war on Germany. Seven other countries have broken diplomatic relations with Germany since the outbreak of the war.
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The Safest Matches in the World! Also The Cheapest ARE Eddy's "Silent 500s"
Safest because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.
Cheapest because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.
War Time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

marine warfare, and had demanded compensation for losses to Haitian commerce and life. President d'Artiguenave, in a message to the Haitian Congress, had recommended a declaration of war against Germany in consequence of the deaths of eight Haitians on the French steamship Montreal when that vessel was torpedoed by a German submarine.

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The Government of the Province of New Brunswick will receive applications for the purchase of any portion of \$200,000.00 twenty year six per cent. Road Debentures, price par.
These Debentures will be issued in denominations of \$100.00, \$500.00, and \$1000.00, bearing date 15th August, 1918. The interest payable half yearly on the 15th of February, and 15th August in each year. Exempt from taxation in New Brunswick, except succession duties. Principal and Interest payable at any branch of the Bank of Montreal in New Brunswick, and at the Bank of Montreal in Montreal, Toronto, and New York at the option of the holders thereof.
Investors are invited to apply at once for these Debentures either by letter or wire to THE CONTROLLER GENERAL, Fredericton, N. B.
Applications will be filed in the order received. 3-1f

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"I found together which princess, descending way. My would has to me in pression a firm ho "She gone." "W "Th "W "The "W moment not know never see "I gue hand off "Ho go? "He "O "On I had pl talked to there in the sat outsid ing. Parc cellency y men had "I bel passed, an "Yo "Try to th did you gr "At th me, ran k corner fur tray. He gence, poin the names The A him. "I r tance. "Cont "I read the family brothers. of whom th ney. The o The me open at the "Lord o other and disbelief. "It is i Chetney o evening pap The jav his lips tog "You a London ye body." The you much less of the interrupt "Oh, pl You say you was that of The Am clamations h interrupted. "The ins the screen a his pockets. all the cards and cigarette of his bron convinced n boy who ha brother. "I was s and I was st and saw the "Before himself into after him, sh he had torn fog. I clean just as the g

# IN THE FOG

BY  
Richard Harding Davis.

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"I rose and tried to light another candle with the one I held, but I found that my hand was so unsteady that I could not keep the wicks together. It was my intention to again search for this strange dagger which had been used to kill both the English boy and the beautiful princess, but before I could light the second candle I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and the Russian servant appeared in the doorway.

"My face was in darkness, or I am sure that at the sight of it he would have taken alarm, for at that moment I was not sure but that this man himself was the murderer. His own face was plainly visible to me in the light from the hall, and I could see that it wore an expression of dull bewilderment. I stepped quickly toward him and took a firm hold upon his wrist.

"She is not there," he said. "The Princess has gone. They have all gone."

"Who have gone?" I demanded. "Who else has been here?"

"The two Englishmen," he said.

"What two Englishmen?" I demanded. "What are their names?"

"The man now saw by my manner that some question of great moment hung upon his answer, and he began to protest that he did not know the names of the visitors and that until that evening he had never seen them.

"I guessed that it was my tone which frightened him, so I took my hand off his wrist and spoke less eagerly.

"How long have they been here?" I asked, "and when did they go?"

"He pointed behind him toward the drawing-room.

"One sat there with the Princess," he said; "the other came after I had placed the coffee in the drawing-room. The two Englishmen talked together and the Princess returned here to the table. She sat there in that chair, and I brought her cognac and cigarettes. Then I sat outside upon the bench. It was a feast day, and I had been drinking. Pardon, Excellency, but I fell asleep. When I awoke, your Excellency was standing by me, but the Princess and the two Englishmen had gone. That is all I know."

"I believed that the man was telling me the truth. His fright had passed, and he was now apparently puzzled, but not alarmed.

"You must remember the names of the Englishmen," I urged. "Try to think. When you announced them to the Princess what name did you give?"

"At this question he exclaimed with pleasure, and, beckoning to me, ran hurriedly down the hall and into the drawing-room. In the corner furthest from the screen was the piano, and on it was a silver tray. He picked this up and, smiling with pride at his own intelligence, pointed at two cards that lay upon it. I took them up and read the names engraved upon them."

The American paused abruptly, and glanced at the faces about him. "I read the names," he repeated. He spoke with great reluctance.

"Continue," cried the Baronet, sharply.

"I read the names," said the American with evident distaste, "and the family name of each was the same. They were the names of two brothers. One is well known to you. It is that of the African explorer of whom this gentleman was just speaking. I mean the Earl of Chetney. The other was the name of his brother, Lord Arthur Chetney."

The men at the table fell back as though a trapdoor had fallen open at their feet.

"Lord Chetney?" they exclaimed in chorus. They glanced at each other and back to the American with every expression of concern and disbelief.

"It is impossible!" cried the Baronet. "Why, my dear sir, young Chetney only arrived from Africa yesterday. It was so stated in the evening papers."

The jaw of the American set in a resolute square, and he pressed his lips together.

"You are perfectly right, sir," he said, "Lord Chetney did arrive in London yesterday morning, and yesterday night I found his dead body."

The youngest member present was the first to recover. He seemed much less concerned over the identity of the murdered man than at the interruption of the narrative.

"Oh, please let him go on!" he cried. "What happened then? You say you found two visiting cards. How do you know which card was that of the murdered man?"

The American, before he answered, waited until the chorus of exclamations had ceased. Then he continued as though he had not been interrupted.

"The instant I read the names upon the cards," he said, "I ran to the screen and, kneeling beside the dead man, began a search through his pockets. My hand at once fell upon a card-case, and I found on all the cards it contained the title of the Earl of Chetney. His watch and cigarette-case also bore his name. These evidences, and the fact of his bronzed skin, and that his cheekbones were worn with fever, convinced me that the dead man was the African explorer, and the boy who had fled past me in the night was Arthur, his younger brother.

"I was so intent upon my search that I had forgotten the servant, and I was still on my knees when I heard a cry behind me. I turned, and saw the man gazing down at the body in abject horror.

"Before I could rise, he gave another cry of terror, and, flinging himself into the hall, raced toward the door to the street. I leaped after him, shouting to him to halt, but before I could reach the hall he had torn open the door, and I saw him spring out into the yellow fog. I cleared the steps in a jump and ran down the garden walk just as the gate clicked in front of me. I had it open on the instant,

and, following the sound of the man's footsteps, I raced after him across the open street. He, also, could hear me, and he instantly stopped running, and there was absolute silence. He was so near that I almost fancied I could hear him panting, and I held my own breath to listen. But I could distinguish nothing but the dripping of the mist about us, and from far off the music of the Hungarian band, which I had heard when I first lost myself.

"All I could see was the square of light from the door I had left open behind me, and a lamp in the hall beyond it flickering in the draught. But even as I watched it, the flame of the lamp was blown violently to and fro, and the door, caught in the same current of air, closed slowly. I knew if it shut I could not again enter the house, and I rushed madly toward it. I believe I even shouted out, as though it were something human which I could compel to obey me, and then I caught my foot against the curb and smashed into the sidewalk. When I rose to my feet I was dizzy and half stunned, and though I thought then that I was moving toward the door, I know now that I probably turned directly from it; for, as I groped about in the night, calling frantically for the police, my fingers touched nothing but the dripping fog, and the iron railings for which I sought seemed to have melted away. For many minutes I beat the mist with my arms like one at a blind man's buff, turning sharply in circles, cursing aloud at my stupidity and crying continually for help. At last a voice answered me from the fog, and I found myself held in the circle of a policeman's lantern.

"That is the end of my adventure. What I have to tell you now is what I learned from the police.

"At the station-house to which the man guided me I related what you have just heard. I told them that the house they must at once find was set back from the street within a radius of two hundred yards from the Knightsbridge Barracks, that within fifty yards of it some one was giving a dance to the music of a Hungarian band, and that the railings before it were as high as a man's waist and filed to a point. With that to work upon, twenty men were at once ordered out into the fog to search for the house, and Inspector Lyle himself was dispatched to the home of Lord Edam, Chetney's father, with a warrant for Lord Arthur's arrest. I was thanked and dismissed on my own recognizance.

"This morning Inspector Lyle called on me, and from him I learned the police theory of the scene I have just described.

"Apparently I had wandered very far in the fog, for up to noon to-day the house had not been found, nor had they been able to arrest Lord Arthur. He did not return to his father's house last night, and there is no trace of him; but from what the police knew of the past lives of the people I found in that lost house, they have evolved a theory, and their theory is that the murders were committed by Lord Arthur.

"The infatuation of his elder brother, Lord Chetney, for a Russian princess, so Inspector Lyle tells me, is well known to every one. About two years ago the Princess Zichy, as she calls herself, and he were constantly together, and Chetney informed his friends that they were about to be married. The woman was notorious in two continents, and when Lord Edam heard of his son's infatuation he appealed to the police for her record.

"It is through his having applied to them that they know so much concerning her and her relations with the Chetneys. From the police Lord Edam learned that Madame Zichy had once been a spy in the employ of the Russian Third Section, but that lately she had been repudiated by her own government and was living by her wits, by blackmail, and by her beauty. Lord Edam laid this record before his son,



"IT IS MOST IMPORTANT THAT I PROCEED TO THE HOUSE."

but Chetney either knew it already or the woman persuaded him not to believe in it, and the father and son parted in great anger. Two days later the marquis altered his will, leaving all of his money to the younger brother, Arthur.

"The title and some of the landed property he could not keep from Chetney, but he swore if his son saw the woman again that the will should stand as it was, and he would be left without a penny.

"This was about eighteen months ago, when apparently Chetney tired of the Princess, and suddenly went off to shoot and explore in Central Africa. No word came from him, except that twice he was reported as having died of fever in the jungle, and finally two traders reached the coast who said they had seen his body. This was accepted by all as conclusive, and young Arthur was recognized as the heir to the Edam millions. On the strength of this supposition he at once began to borrow enormous sums from the money lenders. This is of great importance, as the police believe it was these debts which drove him to the murder of his brother. Yesterday, as you know, Lord Chetney suddenly returned from the grave, and it was the fact that for two years he had been considered as dead which lent such importance to his

return and which gave rise to those columns of detail concerning him which appeared in all the afternoon papers. But, obviously, during his absence he had not tired of the Princess Zichy, for we know that a few hours after he reached London he sought her out. His brother, who had also learned of his reappearance through the papers, probably suspected which would be the house he would first visit, and followed him there, arriving, so the Russian servant tells us, while the two were at coffee in the drawing-room. The Princess, then, we also learn from the servant, withdrew to the dining-room, leaving the brothers together. What happened one can only guess.

"Lord Arthur knew now that when it was discovered he was no longer the heir, the money-lenders would come down upon him. The police believe that he at once sought out his brother to beg for money to cover the post obits, but that, considering the sum he needed was several hundreds of thousands of pounds, Chetney refused to give it him. No one knew that Arthur had gone to seek out his brother. They were alone. It is possible, then, that in a passion of disappointment, and crazed with the disgrace which he saw before him, young Arthur made himself the heir beyond further question. The death of his brother would have availed nothing if the woman remained alive. It is then possible that he crossed the hall, and with the same weapon which made him Lord Edam's heir destroyed the solitary witness to the murder. The only other person who could have seen it was sleeping in a drunken stupor, to which fact undoubtedly he owed his life. And yet," concluded the Naval Attache, leaning forward and marking each word with his finger, "Lord Arthur blundered fatally. In his haste he left the door of the house open, so giving access to the first passer-by, and he forgot that when he entered it he had handed his card to the servant. That piece of paper may yet send him to the gallows. In the mean time he has disappeared completely, and somewhere, in one of the millions of streets of this great capital, in a locked and empty house, lies the body of his brother, and of the woman his brother loved, undiscovered, unburied, and with their murder unavenged."

In the discussion which followed the conclusion of the story of the Naval Attache the gentleman with the pearl took no part. Instead, he arose, and, beckoning a servant to a far corner of the room, whispered earnestly to him until a sudden movement on the part of Sir Andrew caused him to return hurriedly to the table.

"There are several points in Mr. Sears's story I want explained," he cried. "Be seated, Sir Andrew," he begged. "Let us have the opinion of an expert. I do not care what the police think, I want to know what you think."

But Sir Henry rose reluctantly from his chair.

"I should like nothing better than to discuss this," he said. "But it is most important that I proceed to the House. I should have been there some time ago." He turned toward the servant and directed him to call a hansom.

The gentleman with the pearl stud looked appealingly at the Naval Attache. "There are surely many details that you have not told us," he urged. "Some you have forgotten."

The Baronet interrupted quickly.

"I trust not," he said, "for I could not possibly stop to hear them."

"The story is finished," declared the Naval Attache; "until Lord Arthur is arrested or the bodies are found there is nothing more to tell of either Chetney or the Princess Zichy."

"Of Lord Chetney perhaps not," interrupted the sporting-looking gentleman with the black tie, "but there'll always be something to tell of the Princess Zichy. I know enough stories about her to fill a book. She was a most remarkable woman." The speaker dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee cup and, taking his case from his pocket, selected a fresh one. As he did so he laughed and held up the case that the others might see it. It was an ordinary cigar-case of well-worn pig-skin, with a silver clasp.

"The only time I ever met her," he said, "she tried to rob me of this."

The Baronet regarded him closely.

"She tried to rob you?" he repeated.

"Tried to rob me of this," continued the gentleman in the black tie, "and of the Czarina's diamonds." His tone was one of mingled admiration and injury.

"The Czarina's diamonds!" exclaimed the Baronet. He glanced quickly and suspiciously at the speaker, and then at the others about the table. But their faces gave evidence of no other emotion than that of ordinary interest.

"Yes, the Czarina's diamonds," repeated the man with the black tie. "It was a necklace of diamonds. I was told to take them to the Russian Ambassador in Paris who was to deliver them at Moscow. I am a Queen's Messenger," he added.

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Sir Andrew in a tone of relief. "And you say that this same Princess Zichy, one of the victims of this double murder, endeavored to rob you of—that cigar-case?"

"And the Czarina's diamonds," answered the Queen's Messenger imperturbably. "It's not much of a story, but it gives you an idea of the woman's character. The robbery took place between Paris and Marseilles."

The Baronet interrupted him with an abrupt movement. "No, no," he cried, shaking his head in protest. "Do not tempt me. I really cannot listen. I must be at the House in ten minutes."

"I am sorry," said the Queen's Messenger. He turned to those seated about him. "I wonder if the other gentlemen"—he inquired tentatively. There was a chorus of polite murmurs, and the Queen's Messenger, bowing his head in acknowledgment, took a preparatory sip from his glass. At the same moment the servant to whom the man with the black pearl had spoken, slipped a piece of paper into his hand. He glanced at it, frowned, and threw it under the table.

The servant bowed to the Baronet.

"Your hansom is waiting, Sir Andrew," he said.

"The necklace was worth twenty thousand pounds," began the Queen's Messenger. "It was a present from the Queen of England to celebrate"—The Baronet gave an exclamation of angry annoyance.

"Upon my word, this is most provoking," he interrupted. "I really ought not to stay. But I certainly mean to hear this." He turned irritably to the servant. "Tell the hansom to wait," he commanded, and, with an air of a boy who is playing truant, slipped guiltily into his chair.

(To be Continued)







# Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.

It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

## OLD MILL THRILLER

An unrehearsed act was put on at the "Old Mill," Hanlan's Point, on Saturday night, and it turned out to be a thriller. The sequel was staged in the early court this morning, when five Russians, Kastontiones Purdokas, Gaspe Korowski, Kastantia Bainor, Tonus Pulus, and Domenic Simutes appeared before Magistrate Ellis on a charge of drunkenness. Like all great thespian performances, this act contained a heroine. Also a baby. Also a trio of heroes. As has been stated, the scene was the "Old Mill," where the silvery water flows through darkened channels, and lovers' arms tighten their hold. Boats glide along the glistening waterway, and bump at every corner. The scene is ever replete with the joyous shout of children and the occasional squeak of a nervous maiden. And it was into this sylvan scene that the boat containing five drunken Russians, a woman, and a baby wobbled. Presently the boat upset, woman and baby plunged into the icy depths of two feet of water. The woman shrieked for help, and clung madly to her helpless babe. The men roared like the bulls of Bashan. Then the heroes appeared, P. C.'s Clark and Cumming, and, taking their lives into

their hands, plunged bravely into the two feet of water and whiskey, splashing and flashing, and tossing and tumbling in the semi-darkness. Everybody struggled and clutched and flopped and spluttered, until everybody was very wet. Then hero No. 3 turned up, Island Sergt. Miles to wit, and seeing his dearly beloved force in danger of going to a watery grave, plunged fearlessly into the troubled surf and, so the story goes, rescued the woman, baby, and two constables with one arm, and the five drunken Russians with the other. What he would have done if he had had a third wing, goodness only knows. Probably carried off the Old Mill.

"Twas the liveliest scene we've had over there for many a long day," said the gallant sergeant this morning as he mopped his brow. Simutes was fined \$15 and costs or 15 days; the rest \$10 and costs.—Police Court News, Toronto Telegram.

## FISH AT MODERATE PRICES

The efforts of the Canada Food Board to make fish from the Atlantic and Pacific oceans available at reasonable prices to consumers at inland points have been so successful that the United States Food Administration is endeavouring to effect a similar arrangement for the people of the United States.

## MORE FISH BEING USED NOW

One year ago, only 5,000 pounds of fish per week were consumed in the Province of Ontario, but due to arrangements made by the Canada Food Board for fish and handling of fish, and due to the demand for fish as a substitute for meat, 55,000 pounds of fish per week are being consumed in that province at the present time.

## A MAN FOR THE TASK

There is an Indian soldier in the army whose name translated is Johnny Chase the Weasel. After looking at a portrait of the Crown Prince, we think that Indian is the man to go after him.—St. Louis Republic.

"Isn't it wonderful how these harvesting machines cut the wheat and tie it into bundles?" "Oh, I don't know. I hear they have a machine now that cuts the wheat, threshes it, grinds it into flour, and raises the price, all in one operation.—Life.

## SAILOR LADS FOR PELHAM LEARN ABOUT TRIP "OVER"

WHAT a sailor thinks it is going to be like and what it really is like are two different things, as the boys at Pelham Bay Naval Training Camp found out from one of them who had been over and come back. His story is given in "The Broadside," a Journal for the Naval Reserve Force, published by the enlisted men of the training camp.

"Going on a transport is like joining some secret society," says he. "All over the ship signs were posted, saying that we mustn't tell anyone when we were going, or where, or how or why. The loading, and rush and excitement and rumors had us pretty well stirred up, and when we finally pulled up the mud hook and slipped out to sea, I looked back at the glow in the sky over New York and the flash of Naversink Light, and the flare of Ambrose Light, and Coney Island, and felt awfully like a hero, and awfully sorry that I should have to die so young.

"Third day out the word went through the crew to write letters. We were due to pick up a mail buoy, anchored on a ledge way out in the Atlantic. We would leave mail there and a returning convoy would take it back to the States. Did we write? I wrote mother, and Larry at Sparteburg, and sixteen letters to girls in Brooklyn. Long about four P. M. the bosun called for two hands from the second division to stand by to pick up the buoy. All of us volunteered, and two stood on the forecastle head with a buoy line and grapple. The mail was collected, and we all went up on the well deck to watch them pick the buoy up. We waited for two hours. 'Buoy Ho' coming from the crow's nest every five minutes. Then the old-timers gave us the grand laugh, chucked our letters back at us and ducked. The ocean isn't much over five miles deep in those parts. And the mail buoy ain't.

## THE WAR ZONE

"Next came the war zone; clothes and life preservers on day and night, and then, about noon—can't say how many days out it was—there was a cirrus haze down on the western horizon, and then the bulk of land, and France. Gee! it's sort of a big—feeling, you know. Then a harbor, and a little town, and queer old houses, and the busiest port I have ever seen. And all along the shore big, fine docks and wharves and engines and bustle and noise. And on the front of each shed 'U. S. Army, No. 1.' That was a big feeling, too.

"We lay in to a dock, and landed the troops, and then the bosun piped. 'All hands on the starboard watch will rate liberty from one to nine P. M.' 'All dressed up in liberty blues, and mustered on the quarter deck, and then ashore in France. Me, ashore in France! and Pelham and the other fellows and mess hall No. 1 just a matter of—days ago. We all scattered and looked around, and—felt sort of lost. Then a M. P., military police, came up and said, 'Hey, Donovan, what're you doing here?' It was Wilson—he was track manager—an '18 man, and had been over two months from a Southern camp. France is just like that.

"That first night I didn't do much. Went up to the Y. M., walked around and looked at people and houses, and finally found a place where it said, 'Old Southern Style Chicken Dinner.' That looked darn good to me. I went in and said 'Chicken' to the little old French woman, and she smiled, and sat me down, and we started the old Southern dinner with a glass of red wine. Then came the chicken—a cold leg, surrounded by a pile of flaked chips of white meat, and all covered over with mayonnaise. Some Southern style. But it was good.

DIRECTED BY GERMAN PRISONER.  
"Coming back to the ship, I got lost. It was raining, and cold, and I walked down endless dark alleys along the waterfront. Under an arc light a group of German prisoners were unloading a box car, guarded by an old French corporal. 'Ship,' I said to him, 'Big ship.' There was no answer. 'Bateau—bateau,' I said, hopefully. 'Oui, matelot de la bateau,' he said and shook hands. But nothing more. The Germans worked glumly on. I stood perplexed. Then a prisoner looked up. 'Say, if you want that American transport, she's two blocks down the street,' he said. He had been a waiter at the Ritz in London before the war.

"Next time I had liberty I decided to see the country a bit. Out through the suburbs and into a rolling farm country, every inch of ground growing vegetables. All just like a picture book, thatched houses, flat barns, and hedgerows. Then there was a little white cottage with a cow tethered on the lawn and a girl digging dandelion greens by the roadside. She was an awfully pretty girl, and her hair was done up in a funny way, and so I stopped before the hedge and said: 'Bonjour, mama!' She looked up and smiled, and said 'Bonjour.'

"I stopped. 'And then I just couldn't think of anything to say. I took French seven years, all through college, and all I could remember was 'Matre corbeau sur une arbre perche.'

"Je suis matelot,' I said, finally. 'Matelot de l'Amerique.' She came over to the hedge. 'Bien, tu es matelot,' said the girl.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. 2-tf.

And then we looked at each other, and didn't say anything. She was awfully pretty. But I was born dumb, anyway." The exact connotation of the word "Liberty" to a Pelham Bay man is given in a poem by that name, done by J. Thorne Smith, B. M. 2, who seems to be Camp Poet. This is the poem:

I've washed me neck  
An' I've cashed me check  
An' I've got me Forty-three.  
An' I'm light an' gay  
As a mule in May  
For I'm bound on liberty.  
An' I've got a date with Mamie an' I got a date with Sue.  
An' I've got a date with Nancy an' wi' Kate  
An' I'm going to be so busy that I won't know what to do,  
An' I'm that confounded anxious I can't wait.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll,  
Roll, roll, roll, along, shove off, blast yer soul!  
Good-bye, Buddy, an' good-bye, Bo,  
Me dogs are itching an' I got to go.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll.

Me tapes are white  
An' me boots are bright  
An' me hat is stiff an' straight.  
An' I've brushed me bean  
An' I've shaved blue clean  
An' the list is at the gate.  
Oh, I'm going to spend me money an' I'm going to spend it right  
Buying sweets for me wild Canarie  
An' some time in the morning or very late at night  
I'm going to a pub and dance some jig.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll,  
Roll on, roll, along, shove off, blast yer soul!

So long, Buddy, and good-bye, Bo.  
Am I happy? Well, I'll tell yer so.  
So, roll, roll, roll along, roll on, sailor, roll.  
—Reprinted from The New York Evening Post.

## KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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## TWENTY SHEEP FOR EVERY SOLDIER

Twenty sheep are required to provide sufficient wool to keep one soldier clothed. In Canada there are less than 5½ sheep per soldier. Wool is at a record price, as is also mutton. The Canada Food Board urges greater production of sheep and municipal co-operation in controlling the menace from dogs.

## EAT FISH AND LENGTHEN LIFE

The less meat people eat, the healthier they are, and the longer they will live. The average age of a great meat eater is 40 years and a man could add 30 years to this if he were content to do without meat.—Professor James Long, Institute of Hygiene, London, England.

"Say, John? 'Well?' 'Did you feed the furnace?' 'You could hardly call it feeding. I did give it a little light lunch, so to speak.'—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## USING THE BUTTERMILK

Previous to this year the Silverwood Creamery at London, Ont., has thrown away about 1,500,000 pounds of buttermilk annually. Being unable to find farmers in the vicinity who would accept the milk as a gift, they allowed it to run down the sewer. Mr. Silverwood, President of the concern, has been worried at this waste and this year determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly, he established a pig farm on his own account, securing 28 acres of land three miles from the Creamery. On this farm, he already has 500 pigs. By combining grains, such as oats, corn, and barley, with the buttermilk, and feeding a percentage of tankage, he has attained an increase on some of the hogs of 2½ pounds per day. Already the farm is self supporting, although Mr. Silverwood charges it at the rate of 30 cents per hundred-weight for the buttermilk used, and by the end of the year he expects to show a considerable gain.

## YOUR CUP OF TEA



Your cup of Tea means much to you. It is more than an item in the daily fare. It is the one thing that "rounds off"—or spoils—an enjoyable repast. Tea is fortunately so cheap in this country that there are few who cannot afford Choice Tea. The cost per pound is only slightly higher than ordinary Tea, while the increased pleasure you get from every cup you make is worth many times the difference. It is true also, that a FLAVOR-FULL Tea like KING COLE Orange Pekoe will actually spend further—that is, make more cups to the pound. KING COLE Orange Pekoe is prepared particularly for lovers of Choice Tea.

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