

The Beacon

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NO. 26

SWEET REMEMBRANCES

LET Fate do her worst; there are
 relics of joy.
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot
 destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow
 and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used
 to wear;
 Long, long be my heart with such mem-
 ories filled;
 Like the vase in which roses have once
 been distilled,
 You may break, you may shatter the vase,
 if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang
 round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.
(1779-1852.)

AT SIXTY-TWO

JUST sixty-two? Then train thy light,
 And get thy jewels all reset;
 'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
 And lacks some hours of sunset yet.
 At sixty-two—
 Be strong and true,
 Scour off thy rust and shine anew.
 'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
 And fight fresh battles for the truth;
 For what is age but youth's full bloom,
 A ripener, more transcendent youth.
 A wedge of gold
 Is never old;
 Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun,
 At seventy-three begin once more;
 Fly swiftly as you near the sun,
 And brighter shine at eighty one.
 At ninety-five
 Should you arrive,
 Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.
 Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
 And freely let thy graces flow;
 For life well spent is ever new,
 And years anointed younger grow.
 So work away,
 Be young for aye,
 From sunset, breaking unto day.

THE MASCOT'S DOWNFALL

"SPEAKIN' about dogs as mascots,"
 said the Corporal-drummer, "we
 had a fair clinker in our battalion at home.
 She belonged till the Sargeant-Major. A
 great big brute she wis, mair like a Shet-
 land pony than a dog, wi' as muckle ill-
 natur' and pride tae the square inch as a
 Prooshian Junk. But for a' that she was
 a bonny beast an' wis a fair ornament tae
 the regiment, especially on Church parades,
 which, bein' a female, she attendit wi' the
 utmost regularity."
 "Noo Maggie—that's the dog—had pecu-
 liar tastes in dress. If ye wore the kilt ye
 were richt as rain; if ye wore trousers ye
 wad pass as long as ye had on the
 glengairry. But Heaven help ye if ye
 wore a flat kep; ye were fair fur it."
 "At this time we had an auld Brigadier,
 a terrible haun' for stalkin' roon' about
 the camp efter lights out, seekin' whin
 he might devour. Oor tent wis awa at the
 fit o' the lines; an' the auld man used tae
 come past oor way, which meant us daein'
 some quick-change acts wi' the candle
 whites."

"Ae nicht we heard him an' his Brigade-
 Major come up an' then stop.
 "'Whit's yon?' said the Brigadier.
 "'A dog,' said the Brigade-Major.
 "'He wis richt. Maggie had gotten aft-
 her chain an' wis on the randan.
 "'Grr,' says she.
 "'Guid dog,' says the Brigadier.
 "'Grr,' says Maggie, no likin' their flat
 keps name.
 "'Weel, matters had got tae whit the
 papers ca' a diplomatic impasse when
 wee Geordie Barr, the drummer, who
 could imitate the Sargeant-Major tae the
 life, whispered, 'See 'em af, Maggie.'
 "'Efter that it wis jist like the pictures.
 Round the tents went the twa o' them, wi'
 Maggie abint them, growlin' tae fair pit
 the wind up ye; then across the parade
 grun' slap bang intae the officers' mess."

"Of course whit happened then we
 couldna see, but yin o' the Mess waiters
 tell us next day that the Brigadier and
 his Brigade-Major had tae stand on the
 Mess table wi' the battalion officers
 haudin' on tae Maggie till the Sargeant-
 Major cam' across tae call her off.
 "Needless tae say Maggie's popularity
 rose tae unprecedented hights, for moon-
 light raids by the Staff wis at a discon-
 t for some time tae come. The band a'
 said that mair than half the glory belongit
 tae wee Geordie Barr for his prompt an'
 soldier-like action; but Geordie himsel'
 didna seem sae anxious tae claim it.
 "A fortnicht efter there wis a Brigade
 Church parade tae be held in the open-
 air. Of course Maggie wis present,

glancin' around an' pullin' at the lead, jist
 bung fu' o' pride an' vanity.

"Efter we were drawn up the Brigadier
 entered wi' the customary flourish o'
 trumpets.
 "'A' at yince he saw Maggie standin' in
 front o' the battalion wi' her tongue out,
 lauchin' like.
 "'The auld man edged roon' abint the
 drums an' took up a strategic poseetion
 aside the Padre.
 "'Kindly have that dog removed,' says
 he tae oor Colonel in his best orderly-room
 manner.
 "'Weel, d'ye ken, as sune's he spoke,
 Maggie stopped lauchin' and looked at
 him pecciously. Then aff the parade-
 grun' she wis led wi' her head down an'
 her tail entre her legs as if she wis
 ashamed o' a' the folk seein' her doonfa'."

"A week efter she wis found deid.
 Some o' the lads blamat the Doctor for
 pisenin' her, him bein' aye in the danger
 zone so tae speak, through wearin' a flat
 kep. But maist o' us is sure tae this day
 that she perished o' a broken heart.
 "'Ay, an' there's a moral tae that story.
 Niver fecht the heid yins in the Army
 yersel'; get someither body tae dae't in-
 stead."—Punch.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL

THE SURGEON-PROBATIONER
 THE Surgeon-Probationer was very
 young indeed, and our trawler was
 his first ship; but if he lacked the sagacity
 of experience he fully made up for it by
 his great enthusiasm. He had an eager
 look.

"I don't like it," said the Second En-
 gineer. "I'd feel ever so much happier if
 that case o' knives and forks be makes
 such a fuss about was washed overboard
 some night. I should sleep easier."
 It so chanced that just at this time there
 was an unprecedented epidemic of good
 health among the trawler crews in our
 area. In the course of a fortnight we had
 only one call for medical assistance—a
 suspected outbreak of measles; but even
 this they had succeeded in checking at its
 source before we arrived on the scene.
 The ship's dog had been getting into bad
 company ashore, but a timely application
 of insecticide prevented any further spread
 of infection. It almost seemed as though
 people refrained from going sick on pur-
 pose.

All this was a bitter disappointment to
 the Surgeon-Probationer. He would scan
 our faces anxiously each morning, but we
 couldn't summon up a symptom between
 us. When the third hand hit his thumb
 with a handspike the Lieutenant and the
 Skipper had to exercise considerable tact
 to prevent the S.P. from amputating it
 on the spot; but Joe was let off finally
 with an antiseptic bandage and a stiff dose
 of quinine.

The real trouble began when old Bill,
 the Mate, refused a third helping of the
 steward's plumduff at Sunday dinner-time.
 I remember seeing the look that came
 over the gunner's face one day when a
 German submarine came to the surface
 within a hundred yards of us. The S.P.'s
 expression reminded me of it somehow.

"Are you feeling unwell, Bill?" he asked
 sharply.
 "Eh, me? Bless you, Sir, I'm champion,"
 replied Bill hastily. "Ere, steward, pass
 me over the rest o' that duff, quick."
 "Wait," commanded the S.P. He re-
 garded Bill earnestly and leaned across
 the table to press down the under-lid of
 his left eye.

"You're looking pale; sure you feel
 quite yourself—no lassitude or disinclina-
 tion to work?"
 Bill, a stalwart seaman wearing well
 over sixteen stones and bearded like a
 pard, passed his hand nervously over his
 anatomy.

"No, Sir, I think I'm all right," he said.
 "Let me look at your tongue," ordered
 the S.P.
 Bill a little shyly exhibited the member
 in request.
 "Oh, wot an' 'orrible sight!" exclaimed
 the Second.

"Very interesting," observed the Sur-
 geon-Probationer critically.
 "Put it away at once, Bill," said the
 Second, "before someone slips on it and
 hurts himself."
 "You 'old yer roon'," snapped Bill savage-
 ly.

But he was obviously disquieted. All
 the afternoon he wore a worried look and
 several times I observed him trying to
 feel his pulse. By reastime he was
 thoroughly ill and refused the steward's
 most tempting delicacies. The S.P. began
 to get quite excited about it.

"I feel mighty queer, Sir," Bill confessed,
 "I seem as though something was a-goin'
 to happen to me."
 "Ah," breathed the S.P. "I feared as
 much. Where does it seem to catch you
 the most?"
 "Can't say exactly, Sir," replied Bill

JIM BOWKER

And a fair show,
 And the least
 He'd filled the
 And climb the
 I dunno;
 So it might be,
 Then a'gin—
 But he had farnal luck—everythin' went ag'in him.
 The arrers ar' scarce they all ar' in him.
 So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.
 Jim Bowker, he said,
 Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
 An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb—
 It may have been so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might be,
 Then a'gin—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—
 Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
 An' give fortune the blame for all our distress,
 As Jim Bowker, he said,
 Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,
 We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
 It might be jist so;
 I dunno;
 Jest so it might be,
 Then a'gin—

—The New York Evening Post.

THEN AGIN

managed. The United States Congress,
 on the 28th of August 1856, passed the
 following resolution: 'Whereas it has be-
 come known to Congress, that the ship
Resolute, late of the navy of Her Majesty
 the Queen of the United Kingdom of
 Great Britain and Ireland, on service in
 the Arctic Seas in search of Sir John
 Franklin and the survivors of the expedi-
 tion under his command, was rescued and
 recovered in those seas by the officers and
 crew of the American whale-ship, the
George Henry, after the *Resolute* had been
 necessarily abandoned in the ice by her
 officers and crew, and after drifting still
 in the ice for more than one thousand
 miles from the place where she abandoned
 —and that the said ship *Resolute*, having
 been brought to the United States by the
 salvors at great risk and peril, had been
 generously relinquished by them to Her
 Majesty's government. Now, in token of
 the deep interest felt in the United States
 for the service in which Her Majesty's
 said ship was engaged when thus neces-
 sarily abandoned, and of the sense enter-
 tained by Congress of the act of Her
 Majesty's government in surrendering
 said ship to the salvors: Be it resolved by
 the Senate and House of Representatives
 of the United States of America in Con-
 gress assembled, That the President of
 the United States be, and he is hereby
 requested to cause the said ship *Resolute*,
 with all her armament, equipment, and
 property on board when she arrived in
 the United States, and which has been
 preserved in good condition, to be pur-
 chased of her present owners, and that
 he send the said ship with everything per-
 taining to her as aforesaid, after being
 fully repaired and equipped at one of the
 navy-yards of the United States, back to
 England under control of the secretary of
 the navy, with a request to Her Majesty's
 government, that the United States may
 be allowed to restore the said ship *Reso-
 lute*, to Her Majesty's service—and for the
 purchase of said ship and appurtenances,
 as aforesaid, the sum of forty thousand
 dollars, or so much thereof as may be re-
 quired, is hereby appropriated, to be paid
 out of any money in the treasury not
 otherwise appropriated.'

PERHAPS the most remarkable voyage
 on record, was that of the Arctic ex-
 ploring ship *Resolute*. Abandoned by her
 officers and crew to anticipated destruc-
 tion, she, as if instinct with life, made a
 voyage of a thousand miles alone, back to
 regions of civilization—as if in indignant
 protest against her abandonment.

In April 1852, Sir Edward Belcher, with
 the ships *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, *Resolute*,
Intrepid, and *North Star*, left England to
 search for Sir John Franklin and his com-
 panions. Captain McClure, in the *Investi-
 gator*, was at that time struggling against
 appalling difficulties in the ice-bound seas
 north of the American continent. On the
 5th of April 1853, Captain McClure and
 Lieutenant Pim had their memorial meet-
 ing on the ice; the former having come
 from the Pacific, the latter from the At-
 lantic. Lieutenant Pim belonged to Cap-
 tain Kellett's ship *Resolute*, part of Bel-
 cher's squadron. The *Investigator*, the
 ship with which McClure had practically
 solved the problem of the North-west
 Passage, was abandoned in the ice, and
 her commander and the remainder of the
 crew were received on board the *Resolute*.
 With the exception of this single fact of
 rescuing McClure, Belcher was singularly
 unfortunate; achieving little or nothing
 in other ways. On the 15th of May 1854,
 at his express command, but sorely against
 their will, Captain Kellett and Commander
 M'Chintock finally abandoned the *Resolute*
 and *Intrepid*, locked in ice off the shores
 of Melville Island. On the 24th of August,
 in the same year, again at the express
 command of Belcher, Commander Sherard
 Osborn abandoned the *Pioneer*, while Bel-
 cher himself abandoned the *Assistance*,
 both ships being ice-bound in Wellington
 Channel. The officers and crews of no
 less than five abandoned ships reached
 England before the close of the year.

THE STORY OF THE "RESOLUTE"

It was one of these five deserted ships
 which we may almost say, came to life
 again many months afterwards; to the
 astonishment of every one conversant
 with the Arctic region. Late in the year
 1855, Captain Buddington, in the Ameri-
 can whaler *George Henry*, was sailing
 about in Davis's Strait, when, on the 17th
 of September, about forty miles from
 Cape Mercy, he described a ship present-
 ing unusual appearances; no signals were
 put out or answered; and, when he
 approached, no crew were visible. It was
 the *Resolute*, as sound and hearty as ever,
 with the exception of a little water which
 had got into the hold, and the spoiling of
 some of the perishable articles inside.
 Anyone with a map of the Arctic regions
 before him, will see what a lengthened
 voyage the good old ship must have made
 from Melville Island, through Barrow
 Straits, Lancaster Sound, and Baffin's Bay,
 during the period of 474 days which inter-
 vened between her abandonment and her
 recovery. The probable track is marked
 in a map attached to Mr. McDougall's
Eventful Voyage of the Resolute. It is sup-
 posed that ice, loosened during the short
 summers of 1854 and 1855, drifted with
 the current into Davis's Strait, and carried
 along with it the ship.

The gift of the adventurous old ship by
 America to England was gracefully

NEWS OF THE SEA

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 22.—With one
 of her crew dead from exposure, and all
 the others badly frost-bitten, the yawl-
 rigged French schooner *Quo Vadis*, from
 Martinique for St. Pierre, Miq., with sail,
 was picked up on Brown's Bank yester-
 day by the Gloucester schooner *Catharine*,
 Captain Arch, McLeod, and towed into
 Liverpool, N. S. For days the schooner
 battled with gales off the coast and the
 crew were rendered helpless by the cold,
 the men having no warm wearing appar-
 el. Charles Luce, aged seventeen years,
 died on December 18, after intense suffer-
 ing.

When the *Catharine* sighted the help-
 less craft all the sails were down, and
 when Captain McLeod boarded her he
 found all the men in their bunks with no
 means of keeping themselves alive. Four
 days ago they had given up all hopes of
 being rescued. The distressed seamen
 are being well cared for.

During the trip to Liverpool, William
 Barnes, one of the crew of the *Catharine*,
 had his leg broken.

The *Quo Vadis* was built three years
 ago at St. Malo, France.

New York, Dec. 30.—The British
 schooner *Pauline Martin*, leaking and
 rudderless, floundered for weeks in ter-
 rific gales in the mid-Atlantic before her
 crew was rescued, according to the story
 of her skipper, Captain Wayne, and his
 six seamen, who arrived here to-day
 aboard the Swedish steamship *Elizabeth*.

The *Pauline Martin* sailed from Cadix,
 Spain, for St. John's, Nfld., Nov. 8, with
 a cargo of salt. Encountering heavy
 weather the ship was soon reduced to
 helplessness and her company was about
 ready to take to the boats when the
Elizabeth hove in sight.

Captain Wayne burned his vessel, a
 craft of 298 tons, to prevent her becoming
 a derelict.

tain Hartstein and his officers on subse-
 quent days: the chief of which, for
 grandeur and importance, was given by
 the mayor and corporation of Portsmouth.
 A deputation from the Shipowners' As-
 sociation of Liverpool came to Port-
 smouth, with an invitation for the Ameri-
 can officers; which, however, their limited
 time prevented them from accepting.

The prime minister entertained Captain
 Hartstein at his seat in Hampshire; the
 government gave a dinner to the Ameri-
 can sailors on Christmas-day; and Lady
 Franklin invited all the officers to an
 entertainment provided by her for them
 at Brighton.

At length, on the 30th of December, the
 formal transfer of the interesting old ship
 took place. Captain George Seymour,
 of the *Victory*, with two subordinate officers,
 and several parties of seamen and marines,
 went on board the *Resolute*. Precisely
 at one o'clock, the *Victory* hoisted the Ameri-
 can flag at her main, and fired a salute of
 twenty-one guns; while Captain Hartstein
 hauled down the American colors from
 the *Resolute*, and substituted the British,
 and the American crew manned the yards
 to give three cheers to the *Victory*. Cap-
 tain Hartstein, with his officers around
 him, then addressed Captain Seymour:

"Sir, the closing scene of my most pleasur-
 and important mission has now to be
 performed. And permit me to hope that,
 long after every timber in her sturdy
 frame shall have perished, the remem-
 brance of the old *Resolute* will be cherished
 by the people of the respective nations.
 I now, with a pride totally at variance with
 our professional ideas, strike my flag, and
 to you, Sir, give up the ship." Captain
 Seymour made a suitable reply; and soon
 afterwards the whole of the American
 officers and seamen were conveyed
 board the United States' mail steam-
 ship *Washington*, in which they return
 their own country. The British gov-
 ernment offered to convey them in the
 steamer *Retribution*, in friendly com-
 ment to the American government; but
 arrangements previously made inter-
 fere with this plan.

The issue of this affair was after all, no
 a pleasant one. The Admiralty, with in-
 decorous haste, ordered the brave old
 ship to be dismantled and reduced to the
 state of an unsightly hulk. This was a
 bit of paltry economy, which asserted ill
 with extravagance in other matters. It
 was injudicious in many ways; for the
 old ship would have formed a memento
 of Arctic expeditions; it would have afford-
 ed testimony concerning the currents and
 drift-ice of those regions; it would have
 been a pleasant object for Englishmen to
 visit, side by side with Nelson's famous
 ship in Portsmouth harbor; and it would
 have been gratifying to Americans visiting
 England, to see that the liberality of their
 government had been appreciated.—
Chambers' Book of Days.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Sensible Men and Women

do not keep surplus money in their homes, or carry it around in their pockets.

They put it in the Savings Bank so that it may earn more money for them.

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

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 8,000,000 Reserve Fund 12,000,000 Resources 180,000,000 G. W. BARBITT Manager St. Andrews Branch

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Mr. Guy Flynn, of Digdeguash, has been a visitor recently with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Stuart.

Capt. G. I. Stuart, who made a business trip to New York and other places, returned home on Monday evening.

Mr. Henry Sirls, of Lubec, Me., spent a few days with his brother, Mr. Will Sirls.

Mr. McWha, of St. Stephen, is visiting the island.

Mrs. John Morgan, of Lubec, Me., is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Mariner Barker.

Capt. Mariner Barker is having the Alma Corners thoroughly painted. Capt. F. C. Lord is doing the interior.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cook, of Machias, Me., are visiting Capt. and Mrs. Thomas Lord.

Mr. James S. Lord, of St. Stephen, is spending Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lord.

Mr. Melvin Matthews, of Letite, is spending Xmas with friends in Lord's Cove.

The men from the logging woods in St. George are spending Xmas at home.

Schools closed here on Friday with a splendid programme, and fine decorations. Much credit is due our teacher, Miss Cora Lord, who spared no pains in making the examination a grand success.

Mrs. Seward Parker entertained a number of her friends on Xmas afternoon.

Mrs. Sumner Hartford and baby, Dunner, spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Liscomb Hartford.

CAMPOBELLO

Word was received on Thursday last from St. Boniface Hospital, by Rev. G. E. Tobin, of the death of his brother, Samuel Tobin, and about nine hours later word was received of the death of Mrs. Samuel Tobin, of influenza. They leave two very small children behind. Mr. Tobin was a civil engineer at Little River, in the West, and was the victim of a railroad accident in which he was badly scalded. He was removed to St. Boniface Hospital where he contracted the influenza, from which his wife was also suffering, and both succumbed to the malady. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, the parents, and Rev. G. E. Tobin, the brother, are residents here. Much sympathy is felt for them in their double bereavement.

Mr. Calvin Lank was the Sunday guest of his daughter, Mrs. Emery Matthews, at Wilson's Beach.

The ferry, which was off on account of pairs being made to the engine, was in on the route on Monday.

A Christmas address was given on Sunday afternoon in the Baptist Church by Rev. J. D. Corey.

The North Road branch of the Red Cross Society gave a supper in the school room on Friday evening, collecting the sum of \$28.75 to carry on relief work during the winter.

The public schools closed on Friday for the Christmas vacation.

Capt. D. Malloch and wife spent Saturday with friends here.

Mrs. Andy Martin and Mr. Edward Lank received word last week of the death in California of their niece, Lavonia Frances, beloved wife of Carl B. Schneider, U. S. A., now in France, and daughter of John D. and Helen Lank, aged 26 years. Four sisters survive, Mrs. L. F. Taylor, Mrs. J. Taylor, and Misses Helen and Edna Lank, of New York.

Sgt. Chas. W. Carson, of the 6th Mount-

ed Rifles, who has been a prisoner of war in the German camps since June 4, 1916, arrived home here on Monday night. An assembly of gentlemen was at the wharf to welcome him. A committee for the reception of returned soldiers had previously been organized, viz., Rev. G. E. Tobin, Hazen Carson, John F. Calder, Everett Parker, and Arthur Mitchell. On Saturday evening a reception for the returned hero took place in the Church hall, time having been allowed him for recuperating from his fatigue from the journey. Mr. Arthur Mitchell was the chairman. An address was delivered by Rev. G. E. Tobin. Mr. John F. Calder, presented him with a watch on which was inscribed "Presented to Sgt. C. W. Carson, C. E. F., by the citizens of Campobello, N. B." Sgt. Carson made a graceful acknowledgement of the present, and interested the audience for a half-hour with his experience in the German camps. During the reception the audience was favored by the singing of several patriotic selections by the young ladies. The proceedings were closed by the singing of the National Anthem.

GRAND HARBOR, G. M.

Mr. Grant L. Dakin was passenger on Steamer Grand Manan on Saturday.

Misses Inez and Mildred Henderson have returned home to spend their Xmas vacation with their parents.

Mrs. Manford Lorimer spend a few days of last week in St. Stephen.

Miss Hilda Gupfill is employed as clerk at L. L. Newton's store during the Xmas holidays.

Misses Madge Gupfill and Hazel Lorimer, of Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S., are home for their Xmas holidays.

Schr. Snow Maiden, Capt. Judson Foster made a quick trip to St. John, returning with a general cargo.

Miss Twilsh Brown, of Normal School, Fredericton, is home for her vacation.

Miss Lucretia Estabrooks, of Chipman Hospital, who has been nursing some of the sick on the island, has returned to her home.

Mr. LeRoy Russell is busy installing and re-pairing the gasoline lights in the Harbor.

The skating was excellent last week; we hope to see Santa Claus this week.

OAK BAY, N. B.

The friends of L. Little are glad to hear of his recovery from his recent illness.

Mrs. M. Malloch, of Lubec, is spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Murray.

Miss Ellison Webber, of this place, has gone to St. Stephen to spend the Christmas holidays with her father, James Webber.

Leander Simpson, who is working for the Brown-tail Moth Survey, is home for the Christmas holidays.

Howard Hill will leave on Thursday, Dec. 26, for St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Hill and family spent Saturday in St. Stephen.

Frank Hill spent Monday at his home here.

Mr. Hugh Hill was calling on friends at Bayside on Sunday.

Ralph Hill spent a few days in St. Stephen recently.

Leander Simpson spent Sunday with friends at Leverville.

A birthday party was held at the home of Mrs. Thos. Hill on Tuesday, Dec. 17, in honor of her oldest son, William. A very

pleasant evening was spent. Refreshments were passed around and many different games were played. At a late hour all returned to their homes, wishing their host many happy returns of the day.

Up-River Doings

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lavin, of Woodland, are spending Christmas with Mrs. Lavin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Black.

Miss Winnifred Smith arrived from Woodstock on Saturday to visit her aunts, the Misses Grimmer.

Mrs. George J. Clarke and Mrs. W. L. Jarvis are spending the Christmas season in Montreal with friends.

Capt. O. W. Gregory, M. C. of the 26th Battalion, has arrived home, and receives a most hearty welcome from all citizens.

Miss Alice DeWolfe has arrived from Fairville to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd leave in a few days for Florida to spend the winter in that Sunny State.

Mr. and Mrs. James Inches have both been quite ill with influenza during the past week.

Mr. Kenneth Murray has arrived from Montreal to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray.

Miss Kathleen Cockburn has arrived from Boston and is most cordially welcomed by her circle of friends in St. Stephen.

Mrs. Frances Lowell has returned to Calais after a pleasant visit in Eastport.

A Christmas Sunday School service is to be held in Christ Church on Sunday next.

Mr. Maynard McKinney has recovered from his illness and was able to attend to business during the past week.

On Saturday evening Lieut. Arnold Budd and Corp. Leo Bonnell arrived home. A band met them at the depot, and a crowd of citizens, who gave them a hearty greeting. They were conveyed to their homes in automobiles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Murray, of St. Andrews, are Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Rose.

Mrs. Forbes Conant, of Boston, was in St. Stephen last week to attend the funeral of her brother, the late Frederic P. MacNichol. Mrs. Conant has returned to her home.

Miss Emma Robinson has gone to Woodstock to spend Christmas with relatives.

Lieut. Howe Grant who was recently made Flight Commander, has returned from Seaside, Ont., to his home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Jordan have gone to Presquele to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Redmond, of Grand Manan, have gone to St. Petersburg, Florida, to spend the winter.

Mr. M. N. Cockburn has recently visited Toronto.

Mr. Frederick W. Andrews was host at a jolly dinner party at the Queen Hotel on Christmas Day.

Mr. Harold Newham, of Moncton, was a guest on Christmas Day, of his parents, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Newham.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McWha and son, Jack, arrived from Barrie, Ont., on Tuesday to spend the Christmas Season with Mrs. McWha's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Laffin.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Grant leave for Clifton Springs, N. Y., at an early date.

Mrs. John Ryder left on Tuesday evening for Sydney, N. S., to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Gower McKay.

Miss Winnifred, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Marks Mills, has been quite ill during the past week and confined to her home.

Christmas Day passed very quietly in the St. Croix towns. There were the usual services held in the Anglican Churches, which were decorated very prettily with evergreen. There were numerous pleasant dinner parties, and everybody enjoyed the happiness of receiving and making gifts. The merchants report a most splendid Christmas trade in spite of the unfavorable weather of the past week.

ARMY LAUNCH BIG DRIVE FOR ONE MILLION

The Salvation Army is about to launch a campaign to raise One Million Dollars for war and demobilization purposes. The money-getting campaign will be from January 19 to 25.

The Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada; Sir Robert Borden, Sir William Hearst, Sir Wilfred Laurier, and many other prominent citizens have endorsed the scheme, and strong committees have been formed for the purpose of boosting the objective.

The Salvation Army intends to use the money for three purposes: (1) To establish hostels for returned soldiers who are discharged and in need until they are absorbed into industrial life.

(2) To provide emergency receiving and maternity homes for soldiers' wives, widows, and dependent children in need.

(3) To continue during demobilization in England and France the equipments and comforts already provided by the Salvation Army for the Canadian soldiers overseas.

A DEAD BOCHE

To you who'd read my Songs of War And only hear of blood and fame. I'll say (you've heard it said before) "War's Hell!" and if you doubt the same,

To-day I found in Mametz Wood A certain cure for lust of blood:

Where, propped against a shattered trunk, In a great mess of things unclean, Sat a dead Boche; he scowled and stunk With clothes and face a sodden green;

Big-bellied, spectacled, crop-haired, Dribbling black blood from nose and beard.

CAPT. ROBERT GRAVES.

ST. ANDREWS SCHOOLS DECEMBER CLOSING

HONOR ROLL GRADE XI

George Meads, 94.6. Wilma Halliday, 89.6. Mabel Elliot, 78.6. Elaine Greenlaw, 78. Alice Wilson, 75.6. Eleonor Stinson, 75.

Perfect Attendance:—George Meads, Wilma Halliday.

GRADE X Gardie Boone, 69.6. Howard Gilman, 64. Perfect Attendance:—Mary Holt.

GRADE IX Emma Odell, 93.3. Margaret Keay, 88.6. Dorothy Hanson, 76.3. John Byron, 72.6. Marjorie Malloch, 70. Perfect Attendance:—Emma Odell, Margaret Keay.

JAMES R. McMONAGLE, Principal.

GRADE VIII Grace McCracken, 90. Marie Ross, 80. Thomas Odell, 78. Earl Coughy, 73. Gerald Babbitt, 69. William O'Neill, 67. Edward Finigan, 67.

GRADE VII Leola Williamson, 81. William Burton, 78. Christine Cummings, 71. Marjorie Hanson, 71. Genevieve Senna, 71. Evelyn McNichol, 70.

Perfect Attendance:—Earl Coughy, Marie Ross, Leola Williamson, Genevieve Senna, Dorothy Thompson.

ANNIE L. RICHARDSON, Teacher.

GRADE VI Ruth Graham, 88. Alice Coughy, 86. Cecil Williamson, 83. Bernard Johnston, 82. John O'Neill, 81. Harold Johnston, 79. Beatrice Stinson, 78. Francis Stinson, 78. Bertha Holmes, 77. Donald Ross, 76.

GRADE V Winifred Snell, 85. Eva Thurber, 83. Kathleen Howard, 83. David Tennant, 80. Marjorie Coakley, 80. Mildred Holmes, 78. Ronald Haughn, 78. Elva Larson, 78. Albert Ryan, 78. Eva Sinnott, 78. Claude McLaren, 77. Pearl Larson, 77. Gerald Stinson, 77. Helen Williamson, 76. Lois Thompson, 76. Horace Hopkins, 75.

Perfect Attendance:—Josephine Glew, Mary Anderson, Ruth Graham, Alice Coughy, Francis Odell, Pearl Larson, Elva Larson, Winifred Snell, Kathleen Howard, Horace Hopkins.

HELLEN M. YOUNG, Teacher.

GRADE IV Hazen Williamson, 90. Horace Hanson, 88. Estella Williamson, 85. Mary O'Neill, 84. Myrtle Holmes, 83. Allan McCracken, 83. Lois Black, 81.

Perfect Attendance:—Estella Williamson.

GRADE III Grace Williamson, 91. Lucy Stinson, 89. Beulah Larson, 89. Joseph Finigan, 87. Mary Coughy, 86. George Higgins, 85. Mildred McNichol, 84. Juliette Senna, 84. Eldon Doon, 84. Edith Greenlaw, 80.

Perfect Attendance:—Grace Williamson, Lucy Stinson, Beulah Larson, George Higgins.

BESSIE L. THOMPSON, Teacher.

GRADE II Mildred Johnston, 91.2. Raymond Johnston, 88.4. Kenneth McLaren, 86.4. Amber Sinnott, 86.4. Eva Dougherty, 84. Floyd Dougherty, 82.5.

Harriet Clarke, 80.2. Mildred Rigby, 79.6. Katherine Byron, 79. Perfect Attendance:—Thomas Williamson, John Haughn.

GRADE I

Melvin Calder, 96.9. Edith Holmes, 91.6. Jennie McNichol, 91.6. Mona McFarlane, 90. Harry Higgins, 88.3. Benjamin Snell, 86.6. Gladys Pendleton, 83.3. James O'Neill, 81.6. Mildred Stinson, 80. James Graham, 78.3. Grover Buckman, 78.3. Alma McLaren, 76.6. Phillip Cummings, 75. Elizabeth Keay, 75.

Perfect Attendance:—Mona McFarlane, Harry Higgins, Benjamin Snell.

The prize for the most stars in arithmetic was won by Mildred Johnston.

ALICE ANDERSON, Teacher.

DECISION OF COURT IN CASE OF "CORINTHIAN"

St. John, N. B., Dec. 20.—That the master and first officer on the ill-fated C. P. O. S. liner Corinthian, which was wrecked on the northwest ledge off Brier Island on Saturday, Dec. 14, had permitted indifferent navigation was the verdict of Capt. L. A. Demers, Dominion wreck commissioner, this morning.

He pointed out that the circumstances freed the Bay of Fundy from any stigma or criticism, and in fixing the blame of the disaster he suspended the certificate of the master, David T. Tannock, for three months, and the first officer, B. B. Simpson, for six months.

In a supplementary statement, Captain Demers said that he had heard rumors about the city that liquor had been responsible for the disaster, but wished to dispel that. He had carefully inquired into this during the proceedings and found that everything had been perfectly satisfactory. He fixed the loss of the vessel as a result of indifferent navigation.

THE FISHERIES

A Canadian whaling company on the Pacific coast reports a catch of 999 whales, or 126 more than in the preceding year. As compared with this, Norwegian whalers caught during the year ending August last 736 whales, the oil from which is valued at \$1,800,000.

As a result of the demand for whale meat a cannery has been established in British Columbia, from which over 1,000 tons have been shipped to Samoa and Fiji, while orders for 1,000 tons from the United States are in course of execution.

In Newfoundland, as a result of the armistice, deliveries of codfish have been heavy. Fishermen, who were holding back for a rise of prices in the spring, in expectation of the war continuing, are selling their stocks as rapidly as the weather will permit. Big shipments of frozen fish are being made to Great Britain.

About three and a half million pounds of flat fish other than halibut from the Pacific coast have been sold in Canada since the Food Board first arranged for the sale of this class of fish in March 1918.

The public has apparently developed an altogether unexpected appetite for such fish, thus providing a market for what was discarded by the fishermen as useless prior to the action of the Food Board.

SUBMARINE "STRAFING" AT 74

Mr. Justice Hill and Mr. Justice Roche, sitting in different Courts for the trial of Admiralty actions last week, had before them as witnesses two master mariners who have won distinction by courageous action against German U-boats.

In the first case the witness was Captain Angus Keith, who was awarded the D.S.C. for ramming a submarine, and the O.B.E. for war services as commanding officer of a transport. The second witness was Captain W. S. Lobb, aged 75,

who on his 74th birthday successfully beat off an enemy submarine and was awarded the D.S.C. He also holds the O.B.E. for other war services.—The Times, London, Dec. 6.

* * * In December 1901 I sailed from Liverpool to the West Coast of Africa, calling at Las Palmas, Grand Canary Islands, in the Elder-Dampster steamer Biafra, commanded by Captain W. S. Lobb, who is referred to in the above item from The Times. The Captain's present age is given as 75, so in 1910 he was 58, but he looked younger. He was a rough old skipper of the kind one meets (or used to meet) in the West African trade, and the voyage I made with him gave me an opportunity of studying a pronounced character of the old sea-dog type. Some day I may tell the story of that voyage and my stay of five months in West Africa which followed it, which constitutes one of the most interesting of my reminiscences. I may mention that of Norton Griffiths, was a fellow-passenger on the voyage, and I then first became acquainted with him, though we had both been in Rhodesia for several years before, but had never happened to meet there. He was, and is a pushful fellow who never hides his light under a bushel. He is now a Knight, a war-honor, I think, lightly earned; but Max Aitken, was made a Baron! Sir John Norton Griffiths is known in St. John where I think the Baron is also remembered.—W. B.

The partners from New Bedford first shipment early when he determined office before of Titcomb was told where he serving that he days off for the private business.

"The expected that mail, and the postoffice heavy hand on ed with a start ed. "Why, hello, ed. "You back The captain of his company through the crowd sidewalk. Brad "Cap'n Ez, w I must."

"Shut up! I'm blue over in a la"; it's a breeze He dragged along the sidewalk to the Traveler the way upstairs room.

"Now, Brad," might well I've tant to say or I you up by the hat never mind tensed enough.

"You know I'm Only do hurry!" The captain le Then he took a h his overcoat pocket card from amon aively. "Brad, w been praisin' for months or more?"

"I don't know," mean a big job?" "I mean someth tools to do a goo I mean a new, up sel." He leane "Brad, my son," got that very cra "You've got the c Bradley picked it tography of a goo schooner—a wroce modera build; so "Look at her!" "Ain't she a drea don't begia to d Brad, that schoo built in New Be and cost eight th shain about her; good seasoned th windlass, nice, lig chass, sails, all c class sixteen hors gine. And, son, raised his fist, "y the whole blesse cash!"

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Bradley turned w Nine o'clock! And at the subscrip "promptly at 8" forward to this e month!

It is doubtful if, well-much about his ain's room to the first most of the w nearly he reproach powerfulness. Gus

A Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have commended the Extract of Roots, known as Mother Selge's Curative Syrup, for the radical cure of constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops three daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

THE NEW RED SHOE STORE IS NOW OPEN

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

Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c. Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25. Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00. Ladies' Extra High Cut Shoes, Brown, Black, and other colors, \$6. Ladies' Extra High Cut Cloth Top Shoes, Browns, and Grays, \$4. Men's Dark Brown Shoes, Fibre or Leather soles, \$5. Men's Heavy Work Shoes, \$2.50 up. Extra High Cut Shoes with Straps and Buckles, for Men and Boys.

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

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

THE RED STORE IS THE STORE.

EDGAR HOLMES

52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, N.B. Open Evenings

Only agent for Singer Sewing Machines. Keep a large supply on hand, and make extra specially low prices for cash. Any make Sewing Machine repaired. Three Ply Roofing, \$3.25. Two Ply, \$3.00. Plenty on hand.

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

THE RED STORE IS THE STORE.

EDGAR HOLMES

52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, N.B. Open Evenings

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

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

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

R. D. Ross & Co.

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

Par th

JOSEF

Copyright.

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Partners of the Tide

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co. There was to be what the posters called "a grand select subscription ball" at the Orham town hall on the evening of Oct. 10. Gus had expressed a desire to go to the ball, and Bradley had subscribed—that is to say, he had paid \$2 for a ticket admitting "gent and two ladies."

He dressed for the affair when the evening came with no very pleasant anticipations. The relations between Gus and himself had not improved since the disagreement over Sam's visit. The partners were expecting a check from New Bedford in payment of the first shipment of tar, and as it was early when Bradley insisted dressing, he determined to go down to the post-office before calling for Gus. Captain Titcomb was out of town. He had not told where he was going, merely observing that he wanted a couple of days off for private business. What the private business was he did not state.

The expected check did not arrive on that night, and as Bradley came down the postoffice steps some one laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned with a start.

"Why, hello, Cap'n Ez!" he exclaimed. "You back again?"

The captain hooked his arm into that of his companion and led the way through the crowd of loungers on the sidewalk. Bradley protested.

"Cap'n Ez, wait till some other time. I must—"

"Shut up! I'm so full of steam I'll be over in a minute. This ain't foolin'; it's business."

He dragged his puzzled partner along the sidewalk and across the road to the Traveler's Rest. Then he led the way upstairs and into his own room.

"Now, Brad," he said, "you know mighty well I've got something important to say or I wouldn't have snaked you up by the coat collar this way. But never mind that. If you ain't interested enough to—"

"You know I'm interested, Cap'n Ez. Only do hurry!"

The captain locked the door again. Then he took a bundle of papers from his overcoat pocket and, selecting a card from among them, said impressively, "Brad, what have you and me been pravin' for the last three months or more?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Do you mean a big job?"

"I mean somethin' that'll give us the tools to do a good many big jobs with. I mean a new, up-to-date wreckin' vessel."

"Brad, my son," he said slowly, "I've got that very craft."

"You've got her?"

He tossed the card on the table, and Bradley picked it up. It was the photograph of a good sized, two-masted schooner—a wrecking schooner, and of modern build; so much was plain.

"Look at her!" cried the captain. "Ain't she a dream? And that tintered don't begin to do her justice. Now, Brad, that schooner's the Diving Belle, built in New Bedford two years ago and cost eight thousand to build. No sham about her; built for wreckin'; good seasoned timber, tackles, patent windlass, nice light, roomy cabin, anchors, sails, all complete—and a first class sixteen horsepower gasoline engine. And, son," Captain Titcomb raised his fist, "you and me can buy the whole blessed outfit for \$5,000 cash."

The fist fell on the table with a bang. Bradley gasped in delighted wonder.

When Captain Titcomb really enthused over a subject he was a wonderful talker. Now, shaking a forefinger in his companion's face, he talked so fast that Bradley forgot everything except to listen. The schooner had been built for one Abijah Foster of Vineyard Haven. She had been engaged in the wrecking business for two seasons along the south Jersey coast, and then her owner died. His widow was the only heir, and she needed money. The vessel had been bought by a Nantucket man, but when it came to paying the price there had been a hitch that resulted in the collapse of the deal.

Bradley was now as wildly jubilant as his partner. He asked innumerable questions, but the captain had an answer ready for each one. He had with him a rough plan of the schooner's rig; a photograph of her cabin, a drawing of her engine. These were laid on the table, and they moved from one to the other, the captain explaining, pointing and arguing. The passing of time was forgotten entirely.

The junior partner awoke from his trance with a start. And just then, in the sitting room below, the cuckoo clock struck 9.

Bradley turned white and then red. Nine o'clock! And the grand march at the subscription hall was to start promptly at 8! And Gus had looked forward to this evening for over a month!

It is doubtful if, even now, he could tell much about his trip from the captain's room to the Baker cottage. He was most of the way. Over and over again he reproached himself for his forgetfulness. Gus had called him

neglectful and selfish once before. What would she say now? He scarcely dared knock on the dining room door.

But whatever he may have expected to hear when that door opened, what he did hear was certainly a distinct surprise. Grandmother Baker, her head enveloped in a shawl, peeped out and said:

"Gus said if you called to say that she didn't wish to interfere with anything so important as your business matters. You see, Sam Hammond stopped here about half past eight and said he'd seen you and Cap'n Ezry go into the Traveler's Rest together. So Gus went to the hall with him."

The subscription ball was nearly half over when Bradley came up the stairs of the town hall. He tossed his ticket in at the window and absently checked his overcoat and hat. Then he stood in the doorway looking at the dancers. For almost an hour he had been walking up and down the sidewalk opposite the hall, remorsefully hating himself one minute and fiercely nursing his injured pride the next. Twice he turned to go home, and each time he turned back again.

The waltz quadrille was the particular dance then going on. Bradley glanced over the crowded floor. He caught sight of Sam Hammond dancing with one of the Rogers girls. Opposite them in the set, he noted vaguely, were Captain Titcomb and Clara Hopkins.

He spoke with Captain Titcomb but once. That was during an interval between dances, when the captain, red-hot but smiling, came strolling toward him.

"Hello, Brad!" he exclaimed. "Got here, didn't you?" Then, glancing at the young man's face, he added: "Havin' a good time? Hope our stoppin' to talk didn't make any difference?"

The answer was noncommittal. The subscription ball, extras and all, came to an end at 3 o'clock. By this time Bradley was once more repentant and humble. When Gus came out of the cloakroom he went to meet her, resolved to abase himself and plead for forgiveness.

"Gus," he stammered, "Gus—I—mayn't I walk home with you? You know I—"

But as Bradley's anger had cooled, his fiancée had arisen.

"Thank you," she answered, and every word was crusted with ice. "Mr. Hammond was gentleman enough to escort me here, and I presume he will see me home."

Bradley accompanied Miss Rogers to the parental gate. It wasn't a hilarious walk. The young lady said to her older sister later on:

"Julia, I honestly believe he didn't speak one word from the time he left the hall till he said good night. I had to talk for two, or I should have gone to sleep on the way. He may be good looking enough, but Gus Baker can have him for all me. I'd as soon come home with a wooden Indian."

And Bradley, in his own chamber, stared out of the window at the light in Gus' room and vowed that he would not get down on his knees to that young lady again; let her have her New York gentleman; let her have her him. Then he thought of that other dance and how happy he had been because she had given him the waltz that Sam asked for. And he went to bed utterly miserable.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning he was more miserable still, having had time to think it over. But he resolved that no one should guess his feelings from his appearance. Therefore he was, at the breakfast table, outwardly calm, although a little more quiet than usual.

Bradley had little appetite. He drank his coffee, and then, with an excuse that he was in a hurry, left the table and, putting on his cap, went out.

He was, to all appearances, in high spirits when he reached the wharf. He dreaded meeting Captain Titcomb and Hammond, but he made up his mind they shouldn't know it. So he chatted with Barney and Peleg, laughed loudly at the funniest jokes and whistled as he stood at the Lizzie's wheel and steered her out of the harbor.

They worked at getting out the tar until 3 o'clock, when, at Captain Titcomb's suggestion, they quit for the day, and the Lizzie came back to her moorings. Then the crew went ashore, and the partners shut themselves in the cabin to once more discuss the project of buying the Diving Belle.

The photographs and sketches were exhibited, the captain argued, and enthused, and Bradley did his best to forget Gus and to be interested. He succeeded partially.

The junior partner agreed that the Vineyard Haven schooner was a wonderful bargain, but he disliked the idea of going in debt for a part of her, as it seemed that they must do.

"You see, Cap'n Ez," he said, "we've got altogether less than \$4,000 between us if we put up every cent we've made. We shall have to borrow at least another thousand, and I hate to. In a year, if things go as well as they have, we ought to be able to build a new vessel and pay for every stick of her. And yet," he added, "it seems a shame to let this chance go by."

The captain glanced at his companion and drummed with his fingers on the table. When he spoke there was a hesitancy in his manner.

"We can't let it go by," he said. "We'd never get another like it. Now, Brad—now, Brad"—He stopped and drummed again. Then he went on without looking up. "I don't know I mentioned this afore, but all my money ain't been put into this wreckin' deal yet. You see, I own some shares in that big cranberry bog of the Ostabek folks. Must be about \$1,500 worth altogether. I callate maybe I ain't spoke of this to you afore, have I?"

"Well, no, you haven't," answered the astonished Bradley dryly.

"No, I presume likely it—er—must have slipped my mind. Well, I'll sell the bog shares and put up what's needed to finish buyin' the Diving Belle. You can pay off your part as we earn it. Is it a go?"

"All right," Bradley said finally. "I agree, of course. If you're willing to risk it, I ought to be."

"Good! We'll take a day off tomorrow and go up to the Haven and look her over."

The partners started for Vineyard Haven in the early morning. The captain talked most of the way, for which Bradley was thankful. He didn't feel like talking. They found the Diving Belle lying at the wharf, and Captain Titcomb watched his companion's face as they stood on the stringpiece looking down at her.

They bought the schooner. It remained only to bring over the check and take away the schooner, and this they did a week later. Meanwhile Captain Titcomb had performed another miracle. He had hunted up a man who had expressed a desire to purchase the Lizzie and after two days of bargaining, during which time the captain had twice pretended to give it up and return to Orham, had sold him the old schooner for \$750; also he sold his shares in the cranberry bog.

There was a good sized crowd of townspeople on the Orham wharf when the Diving Belle slid smoothly past the harbor mouth and up to her moorings. There was a splendid breeze, but they wouldn't have used the sails for any consideration. The sight of the moving pistons in that wonderful sixteen horsepower engine, the enchanting smell of the gasoline, the muffled drumming of the propeller under the stern—these were brand new, unadulterated joys of proprietorship that no mere item like the saving of unnecessary expense could induce them to forfeit.

Captain Ezra put in the most of his spare time "improvin'" the new purchase. Bradley told him it seemed like the Thomas Doane days to smell paint and trim over a bucket of water and a swab every little while.

Orham was just then in the throes of a burglar scare. Two houses in the village had been broken into, and the natives were talking of calling an indignation meeting for the purpose of expressing their opinion of the selectmen. Then a steam yacht belonging to a summer resident, which lay housed over for winter in the harbor, was boarded and ransacked.

It was on the day following this robbery that Captain Titcomb began tinkering with the cabin door. This door and the sliding hatch above it had been fastened with a padlock. The captain's first move was to block the hatch so that it would slide back but a little way. Then he sawed and hammered away at the door.

"There!" he cried in triumph after two hours of hard work. "Brad, come here! S'pose one of them mean sneak thieves tries to bust into that cabin. He can pry the staple off that padlock easy, can't he? Yes, but the way that hatch is now 'twont open fur enough for him to climb down; he's got to open that door. And that door's got on it a three dollar patent lock that can't be opened without the key, and no ten cent whistle down the barrel key either. The key that'll open that has lace edgin' on it. You hear me! And I've took off the knob on the inside of the lock so it can't be worked that way. Now, when we want to go home we haul to the hatch and lock it with the padlock. Then we jest slam the door. Click! There you are! A spring lock. How's that for high? Thunderation! I've left the key inside!"

Luckily the key was lying on the top step of the cabin stairs, and they were able to reach it with a fishhook on the end of a stick.

Getting up the tar with the aid of the patent windlass and the engine was simply fun. They took out all they could bring up through the hatchway and then began blowing out the side of the hull with dynamite. The explosive was stored in the Diving Belle's hold forward behind a bulkhead with only one small manhole in it and was carefully boxed in to prevent accident.

Bradley's whole interest in life now centered in his work. Gus had not spoken with since the night of the dance; had, in fact, only seen her at a distance. Sam, while on board the schooner, was pleasant and, to all appearances, as friendly as Bradley would let him be, but from Captain Jabez and from other considerate and gossip loving souls the junior partner learned that Hammond was now a regular caller at the Baker cottage.

CHAPTER XV.

NOVEMBER had been a month of exceptionally pleasant weather, and in the night of Nov. 1 Bradley woke to feel the old house trembling and to hear the rain thundering on the roof overhead and rattling against the windows.

While he was dressing he heard voices in the road below and, opening the window, saw Jim Rogers, the fish peddler, sitting in his wagon with the rain sluicing from the peak of his sou'wester and carrying on a shouted conversation with Mrs. Baker.

"What did you say 'twas, Mr. Rogers?" screamed the old lady, speaking through the closed blinds of her chamber window.

"The Freedom—big six masted coal barge. She's high and dry on the Razorback. Hawser parted. The tug's tryin' to get her off now, but Cap'n Knowles telephoned Sam Hardy that 'twant to use."

Bradley didn't hear the last part of the conversation. He struggled into his clothes, and then, putting on his oilskins, ran out of the house and down the road.

Bradley's objective point was the postoffice. He wanted to see Hardy and learn the particulars, but Captain Titcomb was there before him. They met at the door. The captain's eyes were shining.

"Come on, Brad!" he said. "I was jest goin' to send for you. I know all about it!"

He told the story as they walked to the wharf in the pouring rain. It was as Rogers had said. The great barge, twin sister of the Liberty, was on her way from Boston to New York under tow. The storm had come up unexpectedly, and the hawser had parted. Now she was fast on the Razorback shoals.

"Crimestee!" exclaimed the captain. "Wont she be a job? Brad, if you and me could only have the chance!"

Alvin Bearse, who boarded nowadays at the house of a relative in Orham, was already on board the Diving Belle when the partners reached her.

"She's hard and fast for sure," muttered Captain Titcomb when they reached the hulk. "Five thousand tons of coal inside of her and this notheater drivin' her farther on every minute. I swan to man, Brad, she's there for awhile. No tug nor three tugs, fur's that goes—can haul her off. Member what I said when the Liberty come so near landin' where she is? It's an anchor and cable job, and we can do that as well as anybody and cheaper than the big fellers. If they'll only let us try! By crimestee, they've got to!"

That evening the train brought representatives of three large wrecking companies to Orham. The younger Mr. Cook came also. The partners saw him, but he would give them no satisfaction. "You must come to Boston tomorrow if you want to bid," he said. "But I tell you frankly, price isn't the only thing—we must be satisfied that the job can be carried through." It was evident that he didn't believe they could handle it.

But Bradley and the captain were certain they could handle it if the chance was given them. Seventy men, at least, would be needed, and to house and feed them was the problem. The Boston Salvage company had lighters and barges for this purpose and they had not. But there was the big shanty at the Point, the one in which the picnic had been held. Thirty men had lived and slept there before. By building new bunks and slinging hammocks twice that number at least could find room. The rest must occupy other shanties or come up to Orham at night. The partners schemed and figured until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning.

One of them must go to Boston that day. The captain said Bradley ought to go because Cook knew him, but the junior partner didn't agree.

"You go, Cap'n Ez," he said, with decision. "You're a better bargainer than I am, and I'll take a good talker and a clever trader to land this job in the face of the competition. Go, and good luck be with you!"

So the captain went on the first train. He promised to telegraph as soon as a decision was reached.

But no telegram came that day. All the next forenoon Bradley hung about the station waiting. The noon train arrived; no captain, and still no word. He determined to wait until the evening train arrived, and then, if the captain didn't come, to telegraph. But the first man off the train was Captain Titcomb.

"Didn't get it, hey?" asked Bradley. "Oh, I got it! Yes, I got it! Now, don't ask any more questions here. Come on down to my room."

He was silent all the way to the Traveler's Rest and, for a man who had just secured the greatest contract of his business life, seemed strangely downcast. When they reached the room he locked the door and threw his overcoat and hat on the sofa.

"Well," he said slowly, "I made Boston all right and stood for Cook & Sons under full canvas. I hailed the young squirt with the hay on his upper lip and asked him if the old man was in. What do you want to see him for?" says he. "So says I, you trot along like a good little boy and tell the old man that the feller that's goin' to git the Freedom off Orham shoals is out here." That kind of fetched him and over with a slam, and he went in and told Cook. In a minute out he comes and pilots me into the skipper's stateroom.

"I callate Cook was expectin' to see another feller. 'Are you from the Salvage company?' says he. 'No,' says I, 'takin' a chair; my name's Titcomb. I'm from Orham. My partner's a young feller name of Nickerson. He's the one you picked out to lift the Liberty's anchor that time.' Well, that way of puttin' it made him laugh, and he told me to go ahead and spin my yarn, only be quick. I spun it, but I ain't sartin that I was quick. I never talked so afore in my life, though I've beat it once sence. When I have another chan'ly he says, 'Cap'n, there's nothin' the matter with your nerve, is there?' I told him no, I hadn't had to take physic for it. 'Well,' says he, 'I'd like to give you the job, but you ain't big enough. This ain't anchor draggin'."

"Then I got after him again, told him about the new schooner, drew a diagram of the shoal and made it plain jest how she'd got to be got off 'twas done at all and that we could do it as well as anybody else in the world and a whole lot cheaper. At last he told me to come in and see him again late that afternoon.

"I was round on time, you bet! The hay lip chap told me the old man had gone for the day, but that he'd left word that 'twas no use; our firm want't big enough for the job. Says I to hay lip, 'Where's the old man live?' He didn't know, bein' a good liar. I asked him in an interested sort of way if he was dead sure where he lived

himself and went out to paw over the directory. Inside of an hour I was on an electric car bound for Brookline and Cook's home.

"Pretty soon down comes Cook in a swallertail coat. He looked mad. 'Is it you?' he says. 'Didn't you git my message?' I told him I'd got it, but that 'twouldn't be fair to him to let that end H. Pretty soon young Cook come in, and he listened too.

"Finally the old man says, 'Well, Titcomb, what's your figger?' I told him what you and me had agreed on. He seemed surprised, I thought. Then he and his son went into the next room and talked. When they come back he says, 'Titcomb, you've got the perseverance of the devil or that partner of yours.' Put you in good company, hey, Brad? 'Your price, I don't mind tellin' you,' he goes on, 'is lower than any one else has given. If you were a bigger concern I guess I'd give the job to you. Anyway, you come in and see me tomorrow.'

"Well, this mornin' I was at his office when the doors opened. And there I set until after 2 this afternoon. A feller from the Salvage company come in while I was there, and so did one from the South Boston tug people. They went into Cook's room and come out again. Finally the old man sent for me. He and his son were there together. 'Titcomb,' says he, 'I'm a fool, and I know it, but I'm goin' to let you try to git the Freedom clear. That want all he said. He went on to

figure there was sugar enough in it to drop a lump in friend Obed's teacup providin' he stirred up their spoon. Well, good night, or good mornin', rather. It's double or quits with us this time, son, for sartin, but if Titcomb & Nickerson do go under it'll be with colors flyin'."

Within the week Sateckit Point, from a lonely, gull haunted sand pit, inhabited only by the life saving crew and the lighthouse keeper and his family, became a small town, the population of which left each morning for the Razorback shoal and returned at night to eat and sleep in the big shanty and those surrounding it.

Captain Titcomb saw the people at the Wellmouth bank and placed a mortgage on the Diving Belle. As the partners owned her free and clear, he was able to get her cost price, \$5,000.

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The Diving Belle carried them down to the Point. There, under Barney Small's supervision, some set to work building extra bunks in the big shanty, slinging hammocks, putting up stoves and abandoned fishing huts inhabitable. The rest worked over the stranded coal barge, getting out the anchors, stripping her of all unnecessary ironwork and rigging and preparing to bring the coal from her hold and dump it overboard.

Seventy men were hired altogether, and to feed them it was necessary to buy large quantities of provisions. Captain Titcomb managed this part of the business, and the bargains he made with Caleb Weeks and other storekeepers were wonderful and in some cases not too profitable for the sellers. As Mr. Weeks said: "Ez Titcomb spent half the forenoon with me today, and afore he got through talkin' he'd tangled me up so with figgers that I don't know whether I sold him salt at a cent a pound or cornmeal at a dollar a barrel. I'll have to put in the rest of the day callatin' and addin' up, so's to know whether I've made money or lost it."

Soon the work on the Freedom was in full swing, and the great hull heaved like a beehive. Men were standing by the hatches and by the derricks. Men were working by the rail transferring ropes and ironwork to the Diving Belle. Down in the hold gangs of men with faces sooty black except where the sweat streaked them with pallid channels were shoveling the coal into the big iron buckets that the creaking derricks lifted and swung over the side. The donkey engines puffed and whistled, the chains rattled, and ton after ton of good hard coal roared from the opening buckets and splashed into the tumbling waves of the channel.

The captain and Bradley, together for a moment, stood in the bows, where the heavy cable led, taut and rigid, from the windlass out to the submerged anchors. The Freedom had moved slightly in the last few days, and the partners were encouraged.

"By crimest, Brad," exclaimed Captain Titcomb, pointing, with a grin on his grimy face, to the stout little Diving Belle just then shooting off to the Point with a load of strippings from the Freedom, "that's the little critter that has made it possible for us to handle this job. I don't know what we'd 'a done if we hadn't had her. See her go, will you? Flies round like a flea in a fryin' pan, don't she? You never put your money into anything better for the size than her, and don't you let that fact slip your mem'ry."

The new schooner had proved her worth twice over. Equipped, as she was, with the engine, she performed the part of a steam launch, a tug and a ferryboat. She had carried out and dropped the anchors in the channel; she took her owners and a few of the hands to and from Orham every night and morning; she was always ready and always useful. In fact, as the captain said, they could scarcely have handled the job without her.

Bradley, dirty and bareheaded, looked at the little vessel.

"I shan't feel easy until we pay off that mortgage," he said. "And, another thing, you mustn't forget to see Obed and close that insurance deal. It worries me to think she is not protected at all."

"That's so. Fact is, I've been so everlastin' busy lately that I'd forgot to eat if I hadn't got in the habit of it. But I must settle that right off. The only thing that's kept it from gainin' through afore is on account of that dynamite in the hold. The papers are ready, Obed won't dicker until we take that stuff off; his company won't insure against explosives."

A little of the dynamite that they had been using in blowing up the hulk containing the tar was still stored in the Diving Belle's hold. Captain Titcomb had promised to see that it was taken ashore, but he always forgot it. Bradley would himself have attended to the matter, but the captain seemed to take the offer as a personal reflection on his own management. It was the same with the insurance. Anything that the captain undertook to do he hated to give up to another.

"What do you want to see him for?" says he.

tell me that in givin' us the job he was riskin' a brand new vessel worth \$50,000. 'Mind,' he says, 'I b'lieve you can do it if anybody can, but I won't risk another cent. I won't pay by the day. I'll give you \$15,000 when she's off the shoal and I'll have to Boston, but I won't pay a red until she is. It's got to be a contract job, payment on delivery of the goods!'"

Bradley's face fell. "Of course that settled it," he said. "You couldn't accept, such an idiotic offer as that."

Captain Ezra took his cigar from his mouth. "Well, Brad," he answered soberly, "that's what I did; I accepted it."

"Now, Cap'n Ez, look here! You and I have put almost our last copper into the new schooner. We've got practically no ready money. We must hire from seventy to a hundred men at \$3 a day and pay them every week. We must feed 'em. We must spend money coming to the shanty to lodge 'em in. I'll take, maybe, a month before we get her clear—if we do clear her. We may have to spend five or six thousand before then. Where's the money comin' from?"

"I know all that. We'll mortgage the Diving Belle and raise the cash."

"Are you out of your head? We've been lucky so far and haven't had a failure. But failures are bound to come. Suppose we work on this barge for a month and then a heavy gale strikes?"

"But, Brad, think of what it means to us if we make good."

"Cap'n Ez, we got that job because nobody else would take it that way. We can do it if anybody can, but nobody else would be fool enough to gamble against the Lord Almighty's weather. We'd be called fools from here to Provincetown."

The captain drew a long breath. "All right," he said gloomily. "Maybe you're right, Brad. It is a crazy game, I s'pose, and I was afraid you'd see it that way. Only you must make up your mind to this—if we give up this chance we must settle back and be nothin' but anchor draggers the rest of our lives. We've flunked once, and no matter how good the reason is, no more big jobs 'll come our way. But if we make good—wheew!"

Now it was Bradley's turn to hesitate. There was some sense in what his partner said, but it was playing against odds and with the last dollar on the table.

"Suddenly Bradley spoke. 'Oh, hang it, what's the odds?' he exclaimed recklessly. 'Go ahead, cap'n! I'll sink or swim with you!'"

Captain Ezra grasped his hand. "I swore you would," he cried. "Son, this job's goin' to make us!"

Bradley's laugh was short and rather bitter.

"Yes," he said, "make—or break."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was close to daybreak when the partners separated. They had planned and figured and estimated, and each now knew what his part in the great fight was to be. As he was leaving Bradley asked the captain how, in his opinion, Obed Nickerson had learned that they had the contract.

"Phoned the Salvage company," replied Captain Ezra decidedly. "I'll bet on it. You see, Brad, this job's a big one, and the salvage folks might have

figured there was sugar enough in it to drop a lump in friend Obed's teacup providin' he stirred up their spoon. Well, good night, or good mornin', rather. It's double or quits with us this time, son, for sartin, but if Titcomb & Nickerson do go under it'll be with colors flyin'."

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.
Saturday, 28th December, 1918.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

PARIS during the past week has been the centre of the negotiations and discussions preliminary to the assembling of the Peace Conference, which it is now stated will not assemble till early in February. Many of the delegates to the Conference are already in Paris, and others are on their way. President Wilson left Paris at midnight on 24th for Chaumont in the Haute Marne district, where he dined with the American soldiers on Christmas Day. On the 26th he arrived in London, where he was met by King George, whose guest he was at Buckingham Palace. This is the first time a President of the United States has ever been in England during his term of office, and the event is being fittingly celebrated.

While the world at large is making every effort to establish peace on a firm footing, fighting is still progressing in unhappy Russia. The Entente Powers and America, it is stated, have decided not to interfere with the internal affairs of Russia, or to send an adequate armed force to attempt to restore order; but their combined fleets will police the various Russian ports in the Baltic and the Black Sea. They will aid, as far as they can, the anti-Russian parties who are striving to suppress the Bolsheviks, but the aid will be only in the form of munitions and supplies, so far as they can be conveniently transported. The earnest hope of the Allies is that matters will eventually get straightened out in Russia; and if that could possibly come to pass, in some degree, before the assembling of the Peace Conference, it would be a cause of universal satisfaction.

Every day, almost, large numbers of returning Canadian soldiers arrive, and transportation facilities are taxed to their utmost capacity to transfer the men to their homes. The problem of providing employment for the returned men is engaging the attention of the authorities, who have the support of the employers of labor throughout the country, and there is likely to be little or no difficulty in placing all the men in at least as good positions as they held before enlisting for overseas service. Canada has need of all the men who will return—has need of men to supply the places of those who have fallen in the great fight for freedom. The coming year will be one of reconstruction and regeneration, not only in the stricken battle grounds of Europe, but in Canada as well. And it will doubtless begin a period of development in the Dominion that will eclipse everything that has preceded it. Peace and progress will go hand-in-hand.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS has come and gone. The local celebration of the day was quiet, and mostly confined to family gatherings. The weather was as un congenial as it could be, a drizzling wet day, the ground denuded of snow, and the streets as muddy as possible. Few people were out of doors for any length of time, and the town had a dismal and deserted appearance. But it was Christmas, and in nearly all homes it was celebrated with more cheer than had been possible in the four preceding Yuletides. Perhaps never before has the real significance of Christmas been more fully recognized than this year. Let Peace and Goodwill prevail in the coming year, and for many years thereafter!

THE RULE OF THE FOOT-PATH

Every person who drives a vehicle knows that the rule-of-the-road requires him to turn out to the left in this Province; but many people, in St. Andrews at least, do not know that the rule-of-the-foot-path, not only in this Province but practically the world over, is to turn out to the right. In our dimly-lighted, or wholly unlighted, streets collisions on the sidewalks not infrequently occur through ignorance of this rule. In walking on the sidewalks pedestrians, in meeting other pedestrians, must turn out to the right.

"Was I drinking too much at the club last night?" "Not at all." "But didn't I get a trifle to the bad?" "A trifle mixed we might say. You were telling about a fish you landed which had large antlers"—Judge.

FREE LIST DISCONTINUED

This is to give notice that we are cancelling all complimentary distribution of the BEACON, which will not be sent in future to those who have been receiving it gratuitously; and if such persons desire to take the paper in future they must subscribe for it in the regular way. This notice applies to those correspondents who do not send communications regularly, or have ceased to send any at all for some time.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY.
St. Andrews, N. B.,
28th December, 1918.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

December 29.—Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered, 1170; Lord Stafford beheaded, 1680; Archibald Alison, English historian, born, 1792; Charles Goodyear, American inventor of vulcanization of rubber, born, 1700; Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, born, 1808; Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, English statesman, born, 1809; Rev. T. R. Malthus, English political economist, died, 1834; Queen Elizabeth of Rumania ("Carmen Sylva") born, 1843; C. E. E. Ussher, Traffic Manager C. P. R., born, 1857; Lord Lisgar appointed Governor General of Canada, 1868; Jess Willard, American champion pugilist, born, 1887; Dr. L. S. Jameson's raid into Transvaal started from Mafeking, 1895.

December 30.—Jesuit Order founded by Ignatius Loyola, 1534; Roger Ascham, English author and scholar, died, 1568; John Phillips, English poet, born, 1676; Paul Whitehead, English poet and satirist, died, 1774; Rudyard Kipling, English novelist and poet, born, 1865; Accession of Alonzo XII King of Spain, 1874; Amelia Bloomer, American dress reformer, died, 1894.

December 31.—St. Silvester. John Wycliffe, English reformer, died, 1384; Charter granted to the East India Company, 1600; Hon. Robert Boyle, Irish physicist and chemist, died, 1691; John Flamsteed, English Astronomer Royal, died, 1719; Charles Edward Stuart, ("Bonnie Prince Charlie") born, 1721; Lord Cornwallis, English military leader and administrator, twice Gov.-General of India, born, 1738; American forces defeated at Quebec, 1775; Emile Loubet, former President of the French Republic, born, 1838; U. S. Ironclad Monitor wrecked off Cape Hatteras, 1862; Leon Gambetta, former Dictator of France died, 1882.

January 1.—Circumcision. NEW YEAR'S DAY. Murillo, Spanish painter, born, 1618; Edmund Burke, British statesman, orator, and author, born, 1739; Maria Edgeworth, English novelist, born, 1767; Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801; Tommaso Salvini, Italian tragedian, born, 1829, (died Jan. 1, 1916); Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India, 1877; King Vajiravudh of Siam born, 1880.

January 2.—Capture of Calcutta, 1757; Livy, Roman historian, died, 18; Ovid Latin poet, died, 18; General Wolfe, hero of Quebec, born, 1727; First session of General Assembly of New Brunswick Legislature in St. John, 1786; Johann Kaspar Lavater, Swiss writer on physiognomy, died, 1803; Dr. Andrew Ure, Scottish chemist, died, 1857; Second Parliament of Canada dissolved, 1874; Comode Cornelius Vanderbilt, American financier, died, 1877; Constitution granted to the Serbians, 1880; Japanese took Port Arthur, Manchuria, from the Russians, 1905; Royal Mint established at Ottawa, 1908.

January 3.—Cicero, Roman orator and author, born, 107 B. C.; Jeremiah Horrocks, English astronomer, first observer of the transit of Venus, died, 1641; Duke of Albemarle, British general and admiral, died, 1679; Josiah Wedgwood, English potter, died, 1795; Douglas Jerrold, English humorous writer and editor of Punch, born, 1803; Parliament House at Toronto burned, 1825; Rachel, French actress, died 1858; United States resumed specie payments, 1879; William Harrison Ainsworth English novelist, died, 1882.

January 4.—Archbishop Ussher, Irish divine, born, 1581; Arrest of the Five Members of the House of Commons, London, 1642; J. L. K. Grimm, German joint author of Fairy Tales, born, 1785; Henry G. Bohn, London publisher, born, 1796; Sir Isaac Pitman, English inventor of a system of shorthand writing, born, 1813; King Ferdinand IV of Naples died, 1825; Hon. A. R. McLellan, former Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, born, 1831; Charles S. Stratton ("Tom Thumb") American dwarf, born, 1838; Joseph John Gurney, English Quaker banker and philanthropist, died, 1847; Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell, American novelist, died, 1914.

"Well, Mrs. Comeup, did your dinner suit you? Did you get quantum sufficient?" "Oh, you couldn't get anything like that in this town. It's local option."—Baltimore American.

MARRIED

ARMSTRONG-STEWART
Mascarene, N. B., Dec. 23.—A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. John Stewart, Mascarene, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 o'clock, when Mrs. Frank Ferris, of Fair Haven; and his daughter, Grace, was united in marriage to Bert Armstrong, of St. George. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. DeWolfe, of St. George.
The bride looked very pretty in a dress of white silk with lace trimmings, and wore a bridal veil with orange blossoms. They were unattended. Luncheon was served to about forty guests, after which the young couple left for the groom's home in St. George. The next day they left on the train for St. John. The bride's going away suit was of navy blue serge with white hat. They received some very, pretty and useful presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a set of tires.

OBITUARY

JOHN MOWAT
John Mowat, one of the oldest and most respected residents and successful farmers of Bayville, passed away on 23rd instant after a short illness, the immediate cause of his death being heart-failure. On Christmas Day his body was laid to rest in the family lot in Sandy Point cemetery. He was born at Bayville in 1838, and was the second son of Captain John and Elizabeth Mowat. As a very young man he made several voyages in large sailing ships, visiting among other places, Australia and New Zealand, as well as the British Isles; but he soon tired of the sea and decided to become a farmer. He first started in Waweig, but a little later he purchased the farm at Bayside formerly owned by his maternal grandfather, Alexander McDouall. Here the remainder of his life was spent; here he and his wife, formerly Augusta Grant, to whom he was married on January 12, 1864, watched their large family of five daughters and six sons grow to womanhood and manhood. But sadly he saw two daughters and one son, and a few months ago, his wife pass out of this life.

Of an exceptionally amiable disposition, he found his chief happiness in seeing the enjoyment of others. The very soul of hospitality, his home was for many years the centre of the social life of the community. Kind and indulgent to his own family, a genial friend, in any time of trouble helpful and sympathetic, he never made an enemy, never said a harsh word or cherished an unkind thought of man, woman, or child of his acquaintance; and he leaves a vacancy that will never be filled.

Though he has passed his eightieth birthday, he was still young in heart; a successful farmer, he loved every stone and tree of "Woodburn," where he had played as a child and labored as a man.

He leaves three daughters, Mrs. Samuel McFarlane, Bayside, Mys. Linus Crawford, Sussex, N. B., and Mrs. Lenley, Oregon; and five sons, Frank, Houlton, Me., Frederick, British Columbia, Russell, State of Washington, Malcolm, British Columbia, and George, at home. One sister, Mrs. John S. Leighton, Wilkesburg, Pa., and two brothers, James, Long Beach, Calif., and George, State of Washington, also survive, as well as twelve grandchildren and a number of nieces and nephews, and a circle of friends only limited by his acquaintance.

Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., of Greenock Church, St. Andrews, conducted the impressive funeral services at the house and at the grave. The members of St. Marks Lodge, F. & A. M., of which the deceased was a member, also attended and assisted in the service at the grave of their deceased brother.

MISS GRACE STEVENS

St. Stephen, N. B., December 24.—On Tuesday Afternoon a telegram was received by Mrs. J. D. Lawson containing the sad news of the sudden and unexpected death of her eldest sister, Miss Grace Stevens, which occurred that morning in Hamilton, Ont., at the home of her sister Mrs. J. J. Morrison, where she had gone to spend part of the winter. Miss Stevens was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Judge Stevens. She was a woman of lovely disposition, and beloved by her family and friends, and her death is a great shock and sorrow to them. The body will arrive in St. Stephen on Thursday and the funeral will be held from her own home on Hawthorne Street, the interment in the Rural Cemetery.

MRS. DARIUS MARTIN

The sympathy of a wide circle of friends of Deer Island and elsewhere, goes out to Mr. Darius Martin and his family in the passing out of his beloved wife, which occurred at her home at Fair Haven on Sunday morning Dec. 15th. A few years ago Mrs. Martin was stricken in health by a severe shock, but by careful nursing and attention she partially regained her health, and has been able to attend in a measure to her household duties; but the strain of the prevailing epidemic in her family proved too much for her weakened constitution, and she sustained another shock, which proved fatal. Mrs. Martin was a lady of fine Christian principle of heart and mind, and her hospitality was known alike to her intimate friends and strangers who entered her pretty home. A loving wife and mother has gone, her memory ever to be cherished as one who lived for the up-building of the community, and the betterment of those around

her. The funeral was conducted from her late home on Tuesday, p.m. She leaves to mourn, of her immediate family, a loving and devoted husband, three sons Marvin, of Lubec, Me., and Will and Edgar, of Deer Island; and one daughter Mrs. Frank Ferris, of Fair Haven; and two sisters, Mrs. Thos. McLaughlin, of Lord's Cove, and Mrs. Adeline Carr, of North West Harbor. Interment was in the family lot in the cemetery at Richard-

PATRICK KEHOE

St. George, Dec. 21.—Patrick Kehoe is dead. He was ninety-five years of age and the survivor of that interesting couple who resided at Red Rock. James McKeivey, the other member and step-father of Mr. Kehoe, died several years ago, at the age of 115. He was undoubtedly the oldest man in New Brunswick, if not in Canada. The two old gentlemen resided on a beautiful farm in Red Rock and were known far and wide. Years ago they guided fishing parties and hunters in that section, and no sportsman visited Red Rock without an interview with the two old men. Mr. Kehoe lived to see all his neighbours in Red Rock join the silent majority or leave the country. He was a typical Irishman, witty and rugged, and his death removes a landmark. The funeral was held on Friday, with services by Rev. Father Holland in the church here. Interment was in the new Catholic cemetery.

E. M. ALLEN

North Head, Dec. 20.—The death of E. M. Allen took place at North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., on the morning of the 13th, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He was a native of Spencer's Island, Cumberland county, N. S. He came here several years ago and married and settled here. His wife was formerly Miss Pearl Whelpley, of North Head. Mr. Allen had been ailing for a year or more and gradually grew worse until the last few months he was confined to his bed. He leaves, besides his sorrowing wife, a young daughter one year old, also two brothers and two sisters.

WALTER HINES PAGE

Pinehurst, N. C., Dec. 23.—Walter Hines Page, former Ambassador to Great Britain, died here Saturday night after an illness of many weeks. Mr. Page's health began to fail nearly a year ago, and he gave up his post as American representative at the court of St. James' late in the summer. Dr. Page returned to the United States on October 12, and he was moved directly from the steamer to a hospital in New York. For a time his condition showed improvement, but late in November he suffered a relapse. Early this month he rallied, and ten days ago was brought to Pinehurst. For a while he seemed to grow stronger, but suffered a second relapse last Thursday. Most of the members of Dr. Page's family were with him when death came. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed, but it was announced that services will be held Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock at the Page Memorial Church, at Aberdeen, North Carolina. Quiet, unassuming, with a dread of publi-

Christmas

Has come and gone again---with us it was the

Biggest and Best we ever had

We thank you all and wish everyone

A Happy New Year

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.

city, Dr. Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James' in the trying and uncertain days immediately before the American entry into the world war, held a post of first importance, and held it through all the complications, many of them thought to be German-inspired, with rare tact and insight. Once referred to as "the President's ear in Europe," he did much to further the cause of Anglo-American friendship, he and Balfour, much alike in taste and trait, becoming almost cronies.

The late Ambassador was a Southerner of the soft-spoken, gracious, tactful school, and all through his life he maintained a close connexion with the South and its problems, especially those relating to social conditions. He was born on August 15, 1855, in the village of Carey, a suburb of Raleigh, North Carolina. He graduated in the spring of 1876, and later pursued post-graduate courses at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. He was one of the first twenty Fellows of the Baltimore Institution, having won a Greek scholarship under the venerable Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve.

Mr. Page was the author of "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths." He was a member of the University and National Arts Club. His home was in Garden City, in New York. In 1880 he married Miss Alice Wilson, daughter of Dr. William Wilson, of Ann Arbor, Mich. They had several children.

RESEARCH COUNCIL ASSISTS MARITIME CANNERS' GUILD

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 23.—The council for scientific and industrial research has taken prompt steps to co-operate with the new guild for research formed by the

Maritime Province Fish Canning Association. The research council has made a grant of \$2,000 to the committee on assisted researches, to be expended on investigation of one of the fish preserving problems to be taken up by the canners' guild. The guild itself has arranged for a first appropriation of \$5,000 for research work.

The research council is also arranging to publish, in co-operation with the department of mines, a concise and handy reference bulletin on Canadian building stone giving information as to their wearing and weathering qualities, comparative economic values, sources of supply, etc. At present there is no easily available or compact reference work for Canadian builders on this fundamental phase of construction.

A further step by the research council towards facilitating the practical application of science to industry has been the appointment of a committee consisting of Dr. R. P. Rutan, of McGill University, Dr. A. S. MacKenzie, of Dalhousie University, and Dr. A. B. MacCullum, administrative chairman of the research council, to devise ways and means of aiding scientific journals in Canada and of securing the publication and dissemination of scientific papers.

For Spanish Influenza

The Liniment that Cures all Ailments—
MINARD'S
THE OLD RELIABLE—Try It
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.
Yarmouth, N. S.

We take this opportunity of wishing you A HAPPY NEW YEAR And hope you will continue to favor us with your patronage during 1919 as in the past.

We Have in Stock A seasonable line of goods such as Perfection Heaters Carriage Heaters Flashlights, Batteries, and Bulbs. AnSCO Cameras, Films, and Supplies. All kinds of building Hardware. Tools, Kitchen Wares, etc. J. A. SHIRLEY St. Andrews, N. B.

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by Getting Your SCREENS On Your DOORS and WINDOWS We have a full stock of Window Screens and Screen Doors in several sizes. Also WIRE NETTING 28 in. Wide 30 " " 32 " " 36 " " GASOLINE and OILS White Rose Gasoline is the best Gasoline on the market, Auto owners claim. It is cleaner and lasts longer. We carry Motor Oil, Machine Oil, and Separator Oil. G. K. GREENLAW SAINT ANDREWS (Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social
Miss Dorothy Lamb entertained party on Christmas
Miss Laura Hing her parents Handy.
Miss Rebecca P. G. Hanson.
Miss Marjorie is spending her Mr. and Mrs. Th
Mr. Donald H on Tuesday to his parents, Mr.
Mr. and Mrs. C at dinner on Chr
Mr. Morris, of daughter, Mrs. A
Mr. and Mrs. John, spent Chr and Mrs. W. Mc
Mr. Teddy Boo tion with his pare Boone.
Miss Bessie M spending her vac Mr. and Mrs. Wh
Mrs. F. Barnard strong entertained mas day.
Mr. Benj. Han with his family he
A number of y dance in Paul's Ha
Pte. and Mrs. Christmas with Thompson.
Mr. and Mrs. visiting up-river.
Mr. and Mrs. Eastport, spent Wentworth's mot
Mrs. R. L. Bre from the West to holidays with her B. Dick.
Miss Lily Dick, Staff, Montreal, re to spend with Mr. and Mrs. D
Mr. and Mrs. M son, Raymond, spe Bartlett's home in
On Christmas Mr. and Mrs. christened in All S G. H. Elliot. The Vernon.
Corp. Swanick, o cal Corps, was the and Mrs. Elmer A
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Mr. James McQ the holiday with Mrs. W. J. McQuoi
Miss Eva Green spent Christmas da side.
Mr. Otto Hahn, o holiday the guest of
Miss Alma Glew, the holidays at her
Mr. and Mrs. Jo tained at a family Day.
A son, George F Mr. and Mrs. Cha monton, on Nov. was Miss Josephine
Mr. Fraser Keay Business College.
Miss Alexia Hors Christmas with her Hare
Mr. McKay, of the St. John, spent the uncle, Mr. D. Will M
Miss Elna Green spending her vacati
Mr. and Mrs. Joh are visiting Mr. and er.
Miss Sara McCa spending the holi
Miss Phyllis Cock at her home here.
Mr. and Mrs. Ne members of the Or
Capt. Richard K Smith, was in port o
Miss Mabel Elliot Corp. Whitman, o visiting friends in T
Mrs. Wm. Hare e dinner party on Chr
Capt. H. P. O'N Hospital, Frederic the holidays with h O'Neill.
Mr. and Mrs. How ed a family party on
The son of Mr. christened in All Sa

Social and Personal

Miss Dorothy Lamb and Mr. Herbert Lamb entertained at a family dinner party on Christmas day. Miss Laura Handy, of St. John, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Handy. Miss Rebecca Morrison is visiting Mrs. P. G. Hanson. Miss Marjorie Pendlebury, of St. John, is spending her vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Pendlebury. Mr. Donald Handy came from Toronto on Tuesday to spend his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Handy. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hibbard entertained at dinner on Christmas evening. Mr. Morris, of Montreal, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Arthur W. Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Orville McQuoid, of St. John, spent Christmas in town with Mr. and Mrs. W. McQuoid. Mr. Teddy Boone is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Boone. Miss Bessie Malloch, of Moncton, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch. Mrs. F. Barnard and Mr. Thos. Armstrong entertained at dinner on Christmas day. Mr. Benj. Hanson spent the holiday with his family here. A number of young people enjoyed a dance in Paul's Hall on Christmas evening. Pre. and Mrs. Jack Thompson spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Hawthorne are visiting up-river. Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Wentworth, of Eastport, spent Christmas with Mrs. Wentworth's mother, Mrs. E. Hewitt. Mrs. R. L. Brewer returned Saturday from the West to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dick. Miss Lily Dick, of the Davis Millinery Staff, Montreal, returned home Saturday to spend the winter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dick. Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Bartlett and little son, Raymond, spent Christmas at Mrs. Bartlett's home in Bayside. On Christmas day the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stinson was christened in All Saints Church by Rev. G. H. Elliot. The name given was Harley Vernon. Corp. Swanick, of the American Medical Corps, was the holiday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Anderson. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitchell was christened on Christmas day in All Saints Church, receiving the name of Woodrow Cleveland. Mrs. Richard Owens is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kennedy. Mrs. Melvin McQuoid, of Halifax, spent Christmas with his family here. Mr. James McQuoid, of Toronto, spent the holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McQuoid. Miss Eva Greenlaw, of the Beacon staff, spent Christmas day at her home in Bayside. Mr. Otto Hahn, of St. John, spent the holiday the guest of Mr. Hugh McQuoid. Miss Alma Glew, of Canterbury, spent the holidays at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. John McCullough entertained at a family dinner on Christmas Day. A son, George Franklin, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacKelvie, of Edmonton, on Nov. 19. Mrs. MacKelvie was Miss Josephine Hibbard. Mr. Fraser Keay is home from St. John Business College. Miss Alexia Horsnell, of St. John, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hare. Mr. McKay, of the 9th. Siege Battery, St. John, spent the holidays with his uncle, Mr. D. Will McKay. Miss Elna Greenlaw, of St. John, is spending her vacation at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, of Montreal are visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner. Miss Sara McCaffrey, of Buctouche, is spending the holiday with her mother. Miss Phyllis Cockburn spent the holiday at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. Newton entertained the members of the Orchestra on Thursday. Capt. Richard Keay, sch. Seth W. Smith, was in port over Christmas. Miss Mabel Elliot is visiting in St. John. Corp. Whitman, of Middleton, has been visiting friends in Town. Mrs. Wm. Hare entertained at a family dinner party on Christmas day. Capt. H. P. O'Neill, of the Military Hospital, Fredericton, is spending the holidays with his sisters, the Misses O'Neill. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby entertained a family party on Christmas. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon was christened in All Saints Church on Christ-

mas day. He was given the name of Albert Durell. Miss Alma Rankine, of Andover, spent the vacation with her parents at Chamcook. Mr. G. Skiffington Grimmer was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray on Thursday. Mrs. Frank Stuart and family left Thursday night for Toronto. The Misses Evie and Myzie Byrne had a Christmas tree for the pleasure of their friends on Christmas. Miss Flora Russell has gone to her home in Moncton. Miss Marjorie Clarke is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. N. M. Clarke. Mrs. Alphonso Cummings and little daughter, Constance, are spending the Christmas season in Boston. The St. Andrews friends of Capt. R. Fraser Armstrong are very pleased to learn that he has won the M. C. Mrs. Emma Hewitt and her daughter Edith, have returned from a pleasant visit in Melrose and Newport. The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hahn was christened on Christmas Day, at the home of Mr. Hugh McQuoid, by Rev. Thomas Hicks, and given the name of Hazen Eldon. Mr. Guy Sutherland, of the Bank of Nova Scotia in St. Stephen, spent the holiday with friends in Town. Miss Helen Rigby entertained a number of her young friends on Thursday evening. Those present were the Misses Hilda Finigan, Gladys Horsnell, Charlotte Newton, Margaret Keay, Emma Odell, Dorothy Hanson, and Dorothy Rankin. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rigby spent Christmas the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby. Mr. R. D. Rigby entertained on Thursday evening for Capt. H. P. O'Neill.

MASCARENE, N. B.

Dec. 23. Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Burges are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son. On Dec. 14th, a son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kinsman Stewart. Miss Bessie Grey has returned to her home in St. George, after spending a few weeks with Mrs. Roscoe Burgess. Mrs. Jane Cameron is spending Xmas with Mrs. Wesley Mitchell in Back Bay. The community was saddened on Thursday last by death of Mrs. Melvin Simpson at her home in Letite. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Simpson and family.

NEW PENSIONS IN EFFECT JANUARY 1

Ottawa, Dec.—New pension regulations come into force on New Year's Day. They will follow, in the main, recommendations made by the special committee of the House of Commons, whose findings were published some months ago. But the recommendations have been supplemented in three important particulars: 1. The coming into force of the regulations is fixed for January 1st, 1919. 2. All existing cases may be reviewed by the board of pension commissioners in the light of the present regulations. 3. Special provision is made for cases of exceptional hardship. "In special cases of hardship," the new regulations read, "which are not covered by the pension regulations and in cases in which special relief should be given, the commissioners shall have exclusive authority to make a recommendation to the governor-in-council, shall have authority upon such recommendations toward a pension or to afford relief. In other words, where a case of exceptional hardship merits it, the board of pension commissioners may recommend that the Cabinet make special provision. The committee or the House made its recommendations after hearing considerable evidence. They were announced in the last days of the session.

SAVING STILL NEEDED

It is a mistake to conclude that, because the war is over, it is no longer necessary to bother much about saving money. Fighting has ceased, but the war has left a legacy of debt and taxation. Our liberties have been preserved but we must pay the price. Before the war Canada made rapid progress in industrial development largely because she borrowed freely abroad. At the outbreak of war \$3,000,000,000 had in this way come into the country. But this flow of money has ceased. For some time to come Canada must finance herself, and this must come very largely out of savings. The War Savings Plan announced by the Dominion Government is timely, being so devised as to promote saving among all classes of people. Four dollars invested now in War Stamps will be repaid by \$6.00 in January, 1924. No limit is placed on the number of stamps that a person may purchase. They may be had at any bank or post office, to say nothing of other agencies appointed by the Minister of Finance.

Local and General

NO RECEIPT NECESSARY

Subscribers in remitting money in payment of subscriptions, often make a request for a receipt. No receipt is necessary, as the payment is acknowledged by changing the date on the address slip. Should a payment be made, and the date not be changed within two weeks after the money was sent, kindly advise the Beacon Press Company by Post Card. The mailing list is now corrected to December 24, 1918.

Rev. Mr. Fraser will conduct the usual services in Greenock Church, Sunday, Dec. 29. Subject of morning Sermon, Water from an old well.

Mr. J. G. Handy is local agent for W. Keys Steam Laundry, St. Stephen.

'Confession' here with Jewel Carmen Big Mystery play in Society Life to be shown at King St. this weekend. A play that is full of clever situations. New Year the little Fox luminaries, Jane and Catherine Lee take the screen in 'We Should Worry' which offers a delightful blending of laughs and drama. The kind of a play to which one can bring the whole family. Matinee 2.30. Prices the same.

On Christmas morning special services were held in All Saints and St. Andrew churches.

In All Saints the services were conducted by Rev. G. H. Elliot, Rev. Hazen F. Rigby, and Lay Reader, John Byron. The sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Elliot from the text "Christ came not to be ministered unto." Besides the Christmas hymns the choir sang a Christmas anthem, "For Unto Us a Child is Born," and Mrs. Percy Odell sang as solo "The Birthday of a King."

In St. Andrew Church the special Christmas music was Leonard's Mass in E. Flat, with the solo parts taken by Mr. Le Roy. Rev. Father O'Keefe preached on the Birth of the Saviour.

VICTORY SOCIAL

The members of the Y. W. P. A., will hold a card party and dance in the Andraeale Hall on New Year's Eve. Good music. Refreshments will be served. Proceeds to be used for a memorial for the soldiers. Tickets fifty cents.

THE WAR SERVICE GRATUITY PASSED

Ottawa, Dec. 22—An order-in-council was passed Saturday by the cabinet council authorizing the payment of a "war service gratuity" to be payable to the naval and land forces of Canada in place of post discharge pay. Under this enactment the amount to be paid is graduated up to six months' pay and allowance, exclusive of subsistence allowances in lieu of rations and quarters, according to the length and nature of service. For the members of the land forces who have served at any time overseas, which means on the strength for pay and allowances of some recognized overseas establishment, and were on the strength of the land forces on active service, on the date of the armistice, 11th November, 1918, the gratuity is graded as follows: For three years' service or over, 133 days' pay and allowances. For two years' service and under three years, 153 days' pay and allowances. For one year's service and under two years, 122 days' pay and allowances. For less than a year, 92 days' pay and allowances.

NEWS OF THE SEA

Beverly, Mass., Dec. 23.—The loss of the Danish schooner Scotia Queen, off Cape Hatteras, on Dec. 19, and the rescue of Captain Richards, of New York, and his crew of six by the steamer Gulfland, became known to-day on the arrival of the steamer.

The crew of the Scotia Queen had been clinging to the rigging of their water-logged craft for eighteen hours. With the exception of the captain, all the men of the Scotia Queen are from Parrsboro, N.S., where she was formerly owned.

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS Water St. ST. ANDREWS

HE QUALIFIED "Tommy Atkins" pleaded exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic. The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest. "Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he mildly asked the bold freethinker. "Not one, sir," was the reply. "What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?" "No sir." "Ah, well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen."—London Tit-Bits.

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

To Everybody We Extend The Season's Greetings With Best Wishes For A Happy and Prosperous New Year The Wren Drug and Book Store

HAPPY NEW YEAR We wish to thank the public for their liberal patronage in the past year, and wish them A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE COCKBURN BROS., Props. Cor. Water and King Streets ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

H. O'NEILL Dealer in Meats, Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Etc. ST. ANDREWS, N. B. (Canada Food Board License No. 8-18231)

Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE ICE CREAM A Fresh Supply of Confectionery, Soft Drinks, Oranges, Grapes, Cigars and Tobacco always on hand IRA STINSON ST. ANDREWS (Canada Food Board License No. 10-1207)



JOB PRINTING TO SUIT YOU

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

Beacon Press Co.

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

Closed on Saturdays Dr. Worrell has opened a BRANCH OFFICE at McADAM, which will necessitate the closing of his St. Andrews office every Saturday. TRUBYTE TEETH GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST OFFICE IN RESIDENCE Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

ANNOUNCEMENT As I intend to retire from business on the 1st day of January next, beginning MONDAY, DEC. 9th, I will give a discount of 10 p. c. off all Groceries, except Flour, Molasses, Sugar, Butter, and Lard; and a discount of 15 p. c. off all other goods in store. As a large part of the stock was bought before the rise in price, this will be found an excellent opportunity to get a winter's supply at a low rate. J. D. GRIMMER ST. ANDREWS, N. B. (Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

POISONOUS PLANTS IN THE HAY

(Experimental Farms Note) Much loss may be avoided by paying a little more attention to the quality of food that is fed to live stock.

Bracken is conspicuous in hay by its coarse foliage and rusty green color. A closer examination will reveal on the under side of the leaves, a narrow band or margin of rusty brown.

MINERAL REQUIREMENTS OF HOGS

(Experimental Farms Note) Anyone familiar with the feeding of hogs knows that much crude or raw mineral matter is consumed by them.

GENERAL RECOMMENDATIONS: For Breeding Stock in Winter: Soda, earth, and ashes are easily supplied.

run about. This, with the milk of a properly fed dam, will usually suffice.

For the Fattening Pig:—Fattening hogs, particularly if pen-fed, should be supplied with a general mixture.

To conclude,—in most localities simple home procured mineral foods, as mentioned, will prove sufficient.

CANADA AND HER EGGS AND BUTTER

Canada has 27 fowls, compared with 100 in Holland, 166 in Denmark, 65 in Germany, 2 in Argentina, and 32 in the United States.

Britain before the war imported 452,795,264 pounds of butter a year. The shortage of butter in Great Britain due to the war was 209,148,784 pounds yearly.

LIVE STOCK SHORTAGE

An enormous deficiency in the stock of food animals in the principal European countries has occurred in the past four years of war.

Table with 2 columns: Animal Type and Quantity. Rows include Cattle (28,080,000), Sheep (54,500,000), Hogs (32,425,000), and Total (115,005,000).

Table with 2 columns: Animal Type and Quantity. Rows include Beef (1,077,154,000 lbs.), Pork (1,261,082,032), Butter (452,795,264), Eggs (190,850,520 doz.), and others.

The demand for Canada's animal products during the re-construction period of Europe will be as great as, or greater than, the demand during the war.

FEED NOW PLENTIFUL

"The feed situation in Canada is now excellent," declared an official of the Feed Division of the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa.

"There seems to be a big supply of flaxseed in the country, for the oil crushers are all busy now.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH FISHERIES

LAST week the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association presented an important Memorandum to Mr. Prothero, proposing that a Ministry of Fisheries should be created.

When we are all considering ways and means for a greater output of food within the United Kingdom, it is ridiculous not to treat the fisheries very seriously indeed.

"Another age shall see the golden ear. Embrown the slope and nod on the parterre, Deep harvest bury all their pride has planned.

"Spanish Flu"

Advertisement for Gin Pills for the Kidneys, featuring a bottle image and text: "will strengthen those debilitated organs and restore them to their former state of health."

twelve million hundredweights.

In 1913 the catch was nearly twenty-five million hundredweights. Quite apart from restoring and expanding the steam fleets of the fisheries, which have suffered both destruction and depreciation from the war.

McLAUGHLIN

Advertisement for Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, featuring a bottle image and text: "A remarkable success for over 100 years."

McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS

Advertisement for J. L. Strange, Agent for Charlotte County, Border Garage, ST. STEPHEN.

Follow Nature's Plan

Paint in the Fall

Advertisement for G. V. Paint, featuring a paint can image and text: "October is a good month in which to paint."

G. V. PAINT

Advertisement for T. McAvity & Sons Limited, St. John, N. B., featuring text: "is what its name stands for—Good Value."

CANADIAN FISHERIES IN NOVEMBER

Ottawa, Dec. 20—Stormy weather on both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans interrupted fishing operations last month.

During the war a very large stock of fish must have accumulated, both bottom fish and surface fish.

Advertisement for Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria, featuring text: "Misard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria."

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Large vertical advertisement on the right edge of the page, partially cut off, containing text like "U...", "S...", "BO...", "Canada Food...", "CONSIST...", "ADV...", "ALTHOU...", "a soul-in...", "man who pays...", "precision exci...", "these is the o...", "Speaking gene...", "another nervo...", "There is not m...", "half of any...", "fought on the...", "knows how of...", "lost on the tr...", "equally to the...", "the run-up on...", "It is this par...", "Charles Evans...", "open champion...", "above the crow...", "from the aesth...", "ting in a golfi...", "termed a fine a...", "the question:", "the putter?" C...", "and fast rules...", "that what the g...", "and that in spi...", "ticular ideal is...", "can play best...", "off with it, so...", "it's the fault of...", "come back to t...", "the market ther...", "choice, and, leav...", "ming merits of...", "guiding principl...", "stated. First...", "weight. Within...", "has standardized...", "the individual...", "strength of his w...", "Then there is...", "More or less it...", "bad workmanshi...", "maker. The sha...", "the head, or vice...", "combination is...", "that what may...", "gravity is in the...", "words, the shaft...", "as being the pri...", "In the perfect w...", "for the fact we...", "man's meat is...", "are also the po...", "model of head...", "standing.", "While it is n...", "bles in dexterity...", "be choke-full of...", "never rise to the...", "Here, as in all o...", "only royal road to..."

Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of



Canada Food Board, Licence No. 12,442

CONSISTENT PUTTER HAS ADVANTAGE IN GOLF

ALTHOUGH the long driver in golf is a soul-inspiring fellow, and the man who pays up to the hole with deadly precision excites admiration, neither of these is the opponent who puts one out. Speaking generally, the man who makes another nervous is the adept at putting. There is not much doubt about it, the big half of any well-contested match is fought on the putting green. Every one knows how often the hole is gained or lost on the tricky last yard, or, what is equally to the point, failure to get dead in the run-up on the green.

It is this part of his game which enables Charles Evans, jr., national amateur and open champion, to get head and shoulders above the crowd. Looking at the subject from the aesthetic point of view—for putting in a golfing sense may not be inaptly termed a fine art—one is tempted to ask the question: "What are the points of the putter?" One might lay down hard and fast rules, but he must not forget that what the golfer wants he will have and that in spite of anything. His particular ideal is the club that he thinks he can play best with. All his shots come off with it, so he says; if they don't, well, it's the fault of some outside agency. To come back to the question, however, in the market there is an endless variety of choice, and, leaving out of view the determining merits of the various patents, the guiding principles of selection may be stated. First in importance comes weight. Within reasonable bounds usage has standardized; the precise weight for the individual is determined by the strength of his wrists.

Then there is the point of balance. More or less it is all a matter of good or bad workmanship on the part of the club-maker. The shaft may be too heavy for the head, or vice versa; or a perfect combination is secured the player feels that what may be called the centre of gravity is in the head alone. In other words, the shaft does not obtrude itself as being the principal part of the club. In the perfect weapon, allowing, of course, for the fact that even in golf what is one man's meat is another's poison—there are also the points of length of shaft, model of head, and lie, to suit style of modeling.

While it is not difficult to theorize about putting in general the crucial point lies in dexterity of execution. One may be choke-full of textbook formula, yet never rise to the occasion when necessary. Here, as in all other sports, the one and only royal road to proficiency is intelli-

gent practice, and the first element is to learn to strike the ball fairly and truly.

What golfer has not known the day when everything was hosed: when his putting was a marvel even to himself, not to speak of an astonishment to his friends? But, unfortunately, there is another side, more frequently met with. Who has not had days when his eye was out; when he was not striking the ball fair in the face of his putter, and when the ball with persistent regularity found this or that side of the hole? A mistake players often fall into is that of taking the ground in the act of striking the ball when making the putt. It must be quite obvious that this interferes with the purpose of hitting the ball truly.

There is also the follow through, but if the player has made up his mind and acts on the principle of striking the ball fairly, he attains follow-through as a matter of course. The next important consideration relates to the functions of the eye. "Keep your eye on the ball," seems simple enough—in theory—but the golfer knows better, specially in the full shots; but even when putting he has his own experience of the times he has found himself looking elsewhere than at the ball when making a stroke.

The pertinent question of "How to put?" (though this does not guarantee the hoping of the ball in a winning number of strokes), is answered thus by an authority: Carefully survey the road to the hole, make up your mind on exactly what is to be attempted, take up your stance, judge your distance, thereafter concentrate your whole attention on the ball and its striking, and especially don't see the hole or anything but the ball until the stroke is made.

Is it possible for a golfer who has learned to play cross-handed to switch and still display the same brand of golf? This question is one which has often been asked, and no one seems to be able to answer with any degree of certainty. But there's an eighteen-year-old anomaly out at Seattle, one Lee Steil, who has proved that it's possible, at least. In a word, he switched from cross-handed playing to the orthodox style, and a short time afterward won his first cup at Jefferson Park, defeating his opponent by 9 up and 8 to play.

It may have been his very youth which helped Steil make the change; for there are those who believe it would be fatal if a player who took up golf in middle life tried to switch, or even change from left-handed to right-handed play. Steil had never been heard of until he turned in a 75 in the caddie championship at the Seattle Golf Club in 1915, and in the final round of that event many of the members followed the match.

The gallery saw him take a cross-handed grip of his driver and hit the ball "a mile" straight down the middle of the course. After that the lad used one club after another, and unless they had seen it the golfers wouldn't have believed that he could get such results with his unorthodox style. Every one agreed it wasn't sound, because there was nothing in golf books or in the scheme of instruction that could extricate him from any faults into which his peculiar style might get him.

His friends pleaded with him to change, but he couldn't see it that way. One day, however, he announced to his opponent that he was going to switch his grip, and quite naturally he lost, his game being like that of a novice. But from that day on he never used a cross-handed grip, despite the fact that he has had some hard times, with heart-breaking experiences. Even at that, his handicap was only changed from 3 to 6, though for many weeks he should have had a rating of 20 or 26. Since he won his last cup the handicappers have placed him at 3 again.

—The New York Evening Post.

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THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER

"GOT any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head
And always answering 'Nein?'
'Ich kann nicht Englisch!' civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE
(1816-1887)

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURE

LECTURE X

ON MR CAUDLE'S SHIRT BUTTONS

HERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle. But it's like you, I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living; now you get quite a fiend.

"Do let you rest?"
"No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it isn't often I open my mouth; goodness knows."

"Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house!"

"You didn't swear?"
"Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion."

"You were not in a passion?"
"Weren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that."

"It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry 'Oh' at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?"

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in."

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through. What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up,—no, not to the best man in the world; I'm sure."

"What would they do, Mr. Caudle?"

"Why, do much better without you, I'm certain."
"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off; that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd."

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back."

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say?"

"Nobody ever knew so much of me?"
"That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that would have talked to you! Then you'd have the difference. But you impose upon me, because like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle. And a pretty example you set as a

father. You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning, too! And you call yourself a Christian. I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it."

"Why wouldn't I hold my tongue?"
"Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!"

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!"

"You're not snoring?"
"Ha! that's what you always say, but that's nothing to do with you. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle; "for here nature relieved me with a sweet deep sleep."

DOUGLAS JERROLD
(Born January 3, 1803; died June 8, 1857.)

WAR SAVING STAMPS AND THRIFT STAMPS

The New Brunswick War Savings Committee has issued a circular dealing with war saving stamps and thrift stamps in which they say:

The sale of War Saving Certificates is a part of the Government's programme of finance. Never in its history has our country been faced with the necessity of providing for the payment of such large sums of money as it is now called upon to meet. On the other hand the nation has never been in a stronger financial condition than it is to-day.

The war is now over, only the details of a peace compact remain to be decided. But Canada has a new job to do. Europe has been devastated; its people are in want. A large portion of material required to rebuild that destroyed must go from this country. Canada must also supply a big share of the food required to keep the late belligerent nations from starving, as well as provide for the Allied forces remaining in the field.

France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, Poland, and Russia are looking to us for assistance in reconstruction. They must not look in vain.

The amount of money required to finance Canada's share of the work, material, and food is colossal. It will be impossible for the nations ruined to pay at sight or on delivery. We must, help to finance these countries. All of them are in debt. We shall for some time to come be obliged to extend credits to them. They have neither goods nor cash with which to pay us, so we must furnish the things they need and the means with which to pay for them. It may also mean that we have to help feed those who were our enemies.

The nation's expenditures will be protected and all will be repaid, but in the meantime if Canada is going to make secure her place in the world we must all do our share to provide the funds for the development of our own resources and industries.

These are problems we have to face. The War Savings Stamp plan will help solve them if the Canadian public are loyal and will save and invest their savings in W. S. S.

A NATIONAL OPPORTUNITY

This offer of War Savings Stamps is a democratic offer of the securities of our Nation and presents an opportunity for every man, woman, and child to help according to his or her ability to save.

Aside from the mere raising of money required by the Government, the War Savings Plan has untold possibilities for promoting the habit of thrift and saving among the people. The boy or girl who saves and by so doing practises some self-denial, is better for it. The man or woman who saves systematically increas-

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PEDIGREED SEED

(Experimental Farms Note.)

When seed grain is advertised as pedigreed seed, it should mean two things: first, that the record of that particular strain is known from its origin; second, that it is rich in the qualities that make it superior to other selections of the same sort.

CONVENIENT PLAN

Much of the success of the War Savings Plan depends upon the ease and convenience with which the public may purchase War Saving Stamps.

Retail stores and shops which come in constant contact with the people should have the stamps for sale and should display posters calling attention to that fact. To this end, patriotic corporations, firms, and individuals controlling such selling facilities may co-operate.

Railroad, steamship, express, telephone, and telegraph companies, public utility companies, treasurers of clubs, lodges, etc., should keep a supply, also.

All banks and accounting post offices carry both War Saving and Thrift Stamps for sale to the individual and to supply the merchant or others reselling stamps.

SUPPORT OF ALL BANKS

The national development of thrift and savings will bring into being financial resources heretofore untouched. While the saving deposits of this country have shown a steady growth during the past years, no Nation-wide movement of this character to encourage savings has been undertaken. This savings campaign, if successful and built upon a sure and lasting foundation, will present a new field for all classes.

The banking institution is a most effective agency for furthering the Government's campaign for thrift and economy. The public unconsciously turns to the banker for advice and information regarding its investments, and the individual will be glad that his particular bank is an agent of the Finance Department. Every banking institution is an agent for the sale of War Saving Stamps and Thrift Stamps.

A GREAT SERVICE TO PERFORM

The leaders of Canadian life can perform no greater service to their country, their employes, their associates, or themselves than by giving their earnest support to further in every way the sale of War Savings Stamps among the men, women, and children with whom they come in daily contact, and the Government is confident that they will do their part to make war savings a success.

FLAVOR-FULL

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE

Undoubtedly there are degrees of flavor. Take Fruit for instance—you select an orange, and on eating it you find it to be flavory, certainly, but sharp—acid; choose another, a riper more matured fruit, and it is luscious, the flavor is mellowed and rounded—it is FLAVOR-FULL. Nature made a better job of the second orange. Exactly the same is true of Tea. Nature is not equally kind to all. It requires expert knowledge and continual care to select and combine FLAVOR-FULL Teas to produce the delicious cup obtained from KING COLE Orange Pekoe. If you love your cup of Tea, unusual pleasure awaits you in KING COLE Orange Pekoe.

Ask your Grocer for it by the full name—
King Cole Orange Pekoe
The Extra in Choice Tea
Sold in Sealed Packages Only



BRANDES'S "CAESAR"

By Julius Moritzsen

FROM the European literary point of view, a book by George Brandes always is an event of no mean importance. The "Gothic" and "Voltaire" by this famous Danish writer, although published while the world was still at war, nevertheless attracted public attention as few volumes issued abroad, apart from those dealing with the gigantic struggle itself. How much more, therefore, might be expected when the announcement comes that Brandes's "Julius Caesar" had been completed, and that the first half of this voluminous work is available to the Scandinavian reading public. Since Plutarch's time some of the world's greatest minds have delved into the character of Caesar, and that the year 1918 should shed any new light on the personality of the Roman Dictator was scarcely to be expected. And while only the first half has been published, the author, with his accustomed regard for the reader's comfort, contributes an introduction so complete that it carries one along as if the whole were placed succinctly before the mind's eye. Here lies the secret of Brandes's craftsmanship: his unquestioned ability to make his canvas complete. Color and close attention to detail never obscure the major theme. The great Caesar stands before us in the full majesty of his office, and if other scholars have endeavored to show that Shakespeare presented a caricature for the benefit of Brutus, Brandes unequivocally pronounces sentence on anything that aims at lowering the standard of him whose services redounded to the advantage of generations to come after. It might suit the purpose of Shakespeare's Marcus Antonius to eulogize Brutus as the "noblest Roman of them all." With Brandes, however, the conspirator is brushed aside as a traitor, because he lost all claims to consideration after he delivered the fatal thrust which robbed the world of Julius Caesar.

"That murder," writes Brandes, "committed during the forenoon of the 15th of March, 44 B.C., by sixty conspirators, with the aid of twenty-three dagger thrusts, is perhaps the most conspicuous monument that the history of the world contains touching human stupidity in the form of so-called idealism: of human meanness, ingratitude, rapacity, and rawness masquerading as the love of liberty. A band of jealous wretches, lusting for power, lacerated with their long knives the most genial man of Roman antiquity. And it is a crowning disgrace that during the following two thousand years, because of mankind's incomprehensible stupidity, Brutus is placed alongside Caesar, yes, is estimated as even greater and more worthy than he."

It is only two years since Brandes published his "Voltaire." It seems as if his ability to work increases as the years pass. To plan a book like his "Julius Caesar" would appear to have necessitated the labor of many years; yet we see orderliness in detail, an immense, complicated, and eventful world-period made living down to the veriest detail. The present reviewer, long familiar with Brandes's career, has never found the Danish author more interesting, more entitled to stand as a model where literary construction and absolute fearlessness in expression are concerned. Like Froude, Brandes must have drawn freely on Appian, Plutarch, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius. Of course, Caesar's own writings, the speeches and letters of Cicero, the "Commentaries," Hirtius's history of the Alexandrian war, must have furnished many important data. As a Latinist, few European scholars equal Brandes.

The fundamental defect in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" Brandes took pains to point out in his monumental work on the English poet. In that book he fore-shadowed what he now presents in so much detail. He explains why Shakespeare characterized Caesar as he did: "Having so arranged his drama that Brutus should be its tragic hero," he "had to concentrate his art on placing him in the foreground, and making him fill the scene." But he had to be the centre and pivot of everything, and therefore Caesar was diminished and belittled to such a degree, unfortunately, that this matchless genius in war and statesmanship has become a miserable caricature." Brandes cleaves close to his earlier conception of Caesar. "Generation after generation," he now writes, "has been educated to see in Caesar the representative of lust of power, in Brutus the hero of liberty. It was not Pompey who through the course of time rivalled Caesar in the admiration of the nations. That honor fell to the weakest head among those who surrounded Caesar. - To the masses Caesar became the tyrant, Brutus the hero of freedom."

In a chapter which is conspicuous for its portraiture Brandes tells with a strain of melancholy about all that Caesar accomplished and what his genius had planned to do. He writes: "He solved a problem that the centuries had failed to solve, the agrarian problem, the greatest question of that time as later. He gave relief to the provinces, staggering

under the burden imposed by Roman money men. He gave independence to entire countries by presenting them with Latin citizenship, sometimes Roman. He decreased the size of the Roman proletariat and fought poverty by creating Roman colonies that became cradles for intelligence and from where civilizing influences could go forth among the barbarians of the period. The conquest of Gaul, as completed by Caesar, is a masterpiece in accomplishment that can never be forgotten. There is not the slightest doubt that Caesar is the creator of the latter-day French nation. Without him the Gauls would perhaps a second time, have thrown themselves over Italy and destroyed the high civilization of the ancient world. It was Caesar's victory that caused the Gauls to embrace Roman culture. These feck-inspiring enemies of the Roman Empire, which three centuries and a half before had conquered Rome and humiliated the people, of their own free will renounced their religion, their customs, their language, yes, even their names, in order to take on the religion, customs, language, names introduced by Caesar. The civilizing influence bestowed by the conqueror is as great as it is beyond measure.

The English-reading world, familiar as it is with Brandes's leading works, including his "William Shakespeare," has yet to know his "Goethe" and "Voltaire" in language that it can understand. It is the one drawback to the fullest possible appreciation of this Danish writer that his original audience is narrowed down to those familiar with the languages of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. It is to be hoped that when the complete "Julius Caesar" appears, this if not all of Brandes's writings during the war will be first available to English readers in America.—The New York Evening Post.

HYMNS IN CANADIAN FICTION

LITERATURE is a transcription of life, a holding of the mirror up to nature, it is no wonder that hymns have been made use of so largely by some of the world's most popular writers of fiction in developing their stories. Hymns have exercised in a beautiful way a sweet and saving influence over home life, and have been from the very beginning one of the great inspirational forces in all the helpful activities of the Christian Church. Our soldiers at the front, while they sing at times with gusto their nonsense songs, love best of all the grand old hymns, endeared to them by all the happiest associations of home, sweet home.

When we remember how sweetly and satisfyingly hymns have entered into the deepest experiences of human life, we need not wonder that novelists have made a generous use of sacred songs in developing their stories. This is true of our most popular Canadian writers of fiction.

At a critical time in the missionary's fight with the saloons, in Ralph Connor's "Black Rock," it was Mrs. Mavor, the miners' guardian angel, and one of the most beautiful characters in the literature of to-day, who saved the situation by the hymns she sang. As she sang "Jesus, Lover of my soul," her face was lifted up as if some vision of the great Lovers of humans had come to her heart which her gloriously appealing voice was interpreting in such a way as to make the saloons, "which care no more for a man's soul than they do for a sour tin can which is cast into the garbage pail or tossed into the back yard," something to be abhorred.

In "The Sky Pilot," the most popular of Ralph Connor's books, we have a scene, painfully dramatic, in which that sweetest little lyric ever sung, the twenty-third psalm, is introduced. As the Sky Pilot and his two companions approached the low log shack in the little poplar bluff of the Canadian foothills, where a young Scotchman who had enjoyed the advantages of a university education and who had loved ones in Scotland who lived for him, lay wounded and wildly delirious from the whiskey he had drunk, they heard a rifle shot and then the sound of the drunken man shouting at the top of his voice: "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie; In pastures green, He leadseth me; The quiet waters by."

Norman Duncan, whose facile pen charms us no longer with his artistic and illuminating interpretations of life, is another Canadian writer who has woven into his stories with deft skill the sweetest sacred songs we sing. When the lad Davy Roth, in that exquisite love-idyll, "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," reaches home after a tempestuous trip in Skipper Tommy's little punt, and is being rocked to sleep in his mother's arms, he asks his mother to sing for him, "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." In long after years Davy said, "The feeling of harbor—of escape and of shelter and brooding peace—was strong upon me while we sat rocking in the falling light. I have never since made harbor—never since come of

a sudden from the toil and the frothy rage of the sea by night or day, but my heart has felt again the peace of that quiet hour, and I have heard my mother sing:

"Unknown waves before me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Chart and compass come from Thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!"

In "The Cruise of the Shining Light," a book in which Norman Duncan let himself go as in none of his other stories, the scene where poor old Nicholas Top, who thinks that he has sinned away his day of grace, but who is so anxious that the boy Dannie, whom he loves more than he loves his own soul, may make a better voyage of life than he himself had done sits on the edge of the boy's bed at night and asks Dannie to repeat his evening prayer:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy little Lamb to-night; Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light,"

is one which for spiritual insight and literary artistry has few equals in literature. Dannie was no longer a child, but he had not outgrown his need of praying the prayer of this beautiful hymn. Tip-lady, in "The Soul of the Soldier," tells how at the close of one of the services at the front he gave out a children's hymn, saying as he did so that it was for the boy within us who never grows up and never dies. It was a touching scene, for as they sang they were all children again and the blessed memories of childhood were fresh upon them.

In the chapter, "The Old Precentor's New Song," in Robert E. Knowles' "St. Cuthbert's," we have a good illustration of how psalms and hymns can be worked up into literature in a most interesting way. The Old Precentor was very ill. He began to realize as he lay dying that he had been "over-hard on human hymns." Perhaps after all they were inspired in some way as well as David's P.salms. He suggested that "Jesus, Lover of my soul," might be sung at his funeral, although he was sure some people would think it strange.

At the funeral of that great lovable man of God, Principal Pollok, of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, a distinguished soloist sang the other day, "The Land of the Living." In the early days of Dr. Pollok's ministry he would probably himself have thought this a strange selection for a funeral, but the old order changeth, giving place to new, lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

In "The Web of Time" Mr. Knowles gives us a tenderly touching scene, which his great sympathetic soul was capable of conceiving in a beautiful way. The old man David and the young man Harvey, both deeply moved by the mingled memories of the past, and by the wonderful love divine which would not let them go, sat side by side and enjoyed the vision of love which came to them as they partook of the precious symbols at the Holy Communion. The closing hymn was, "The sands of time are sinking," from which this book gets its name. It was when they came to the soul's great boast—

"With mercy and with judgment My web of time He wove." that Harvey turned his eyes towards David, and his heart melted as he saw the tears rolling down the withered cheeks. David's head was bowed, for it hurt him more than should see. But there had come about him such a tide of feeling—all his chequered life rising before him—that his soul dissolved in gratitude to the Hand that guided and the Heart that planned through all the labyrinth of years.

In "Duncan Polite" Marion Keith, who enjoys the distinction of having created in the hero of this story one of the most unforgettable characters in Canadian fiction, tells us much about Glenora Presbyterian Church, which was beautiful for situation, but severely plain and unattractive in every other way, where the village blacksmith, who had a powerful voice, used to raise the tunes. After listening to a boisterous anthem in one of the large Toronto churches a gentleman present who has not yet developed a love for church music of this kind said to his companion, "Is God deaf? None but a totally deaf person could fail to hear the blacksmith as he led the praise service of Glenora Church, as he shouted out: "Ye gates lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of glory enter may."

In Marian Keith's "Lisbeth of the Dale" we have a Sunday school scene to which the author has given an innocent touch of humor in the introduction of one of the hymns sung. Noah Clegg, the superintendent, a good little man, with a round, cheery face, and squeaky Sunday boots, and cockney accent, having sent Wally Johnstone's Johnny to look up, and down the road to see if there was anyone coming, and Johnny having returned and reported that there was no one but Silas Pratt's broiled cow, began the service by reading the first two lines of the hymn, "There is a Appy Land, Far, far away."

"Now, boys and girls, an' grown-ups, too," cried the superintendent, "sing up fine and 'earry. This is a lappy land we live in and we're goin' to a appier one; and this is a appy day, and I hope the good Lord'll give us appy 'earts." Then the

school burst into song.

There are few scenes in literature more amusing than that which James DeMille who is the Admirable Crichton of Canadian literature, one of the most versatile geniuses that Canada has produced, gives us in "The Dodge Club," where an American senator who is travelling in Europe teaches an Italian countess a verse from one of Watts' hymns. The countess in the course of their conversation asked the senator the name of his favorite poet. This was a most embarrassing question, for the senator knew little of poetry, but in a happy or rather unhappy moment he thought of Isaac Watts. The countess was amazed that she had never heard of this great English poet, whom the senator assured her was more popular than Shakespeare or Milton or Byron. She asked him to quote some beautiful lines from his favorite author. The only thing he could think of was this verse:

"My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing herself away To everlasting bliss."

"Stop one moment," said the countess. "I wish to learn it from you," and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes. "Ma willina sol wood sta—" "In such a frame as this," prompted the senator. "Een socha frames zees." Wait—Ma willina sol wood sta in socha frames zees." Ah, appropria! but could I hope that you were true to zose lines, my senator? Well?

"And sit and sing herself away," said the senator in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

Before the countess had succeeded in committing these words to memory the senator began to fear that he, with a wife at home, had been somewhat indiscreet in quoting such words to an impressionable Italian countess. The whole scene is inimitable, irresistible, and cannot easily be surpassed for the richness of its humor. No wonder Mrs. Scott-Siddons selected this passage for her recitals during one of her Canadian tours. Some exception may be taken to the use of hymns for humorous effects, but Marian Keith and Professor De Mille have done so without shocking in any way the most sensitive of souls.—Rev. A. Wylie Mahon, in Onward.

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

FOR WEIR STAKES apply early to—OSCAR WILKINS, Canterbury Station, N. B.

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

FARMS FOR SALE

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

TO WEIR OWNERS

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

Address, ANDREW DEPOW, Canterbury, N. B.

CAMPBELLO

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

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

S. Kerr, Principal

MINIATURE ALMANAC

Table with columns for Phases of the Moon (New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon) and times for Atlantic Standard Time.

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

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

Table with columns for Place (Grand Harbor, Seal Cove, Fish Head, Westpool, Eastport, L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay) and times for H.W., L.W.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, CUSTOMS

Table listing Customs Officers: Thos. R. Wren (Collector), D. C. Rollins (Prev. Officer), D. G. Hanson (Prev. Officer), H. D. Chaffey (Sub Collector), W. Hazen Carson (Sub Collector), Charles Dixon (Sub Collector), T. L. Treacott (Sub Collector), D. I. W. McLaughlin (Prev. Officer), J. A. Newbird (Prev. Officer).

SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Table listing shipping arrivals and departures: Dec. 19 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport; 20 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport; 21 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport; 22 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen; 23 Schr. Seth W. Smith, Keay, St. John; 23 Schr. Nellie, Jenks, Parrsboro; 24 Schr. Nellie, Jenks, Parrsboro.

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

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B. R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte: Circuit Court: Second Tuesday in May and October. County Court: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Judge Carleton.

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE, Fredericton, N. B. on NOVEMBER 20, 1918. We trust that all our old students will be able to return on that date. Information regarding our courses of study will be furnished on request.

Adv. in the Beacon For Results

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a.m. for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p.m.; returning Wed. 10 a.m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p.m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campbello, and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a.m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a.m. Both ways via Campbello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a.m., returning 1.30 p.m. Both ways via Campbello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove.

Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a.m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide, for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, a.m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., Ltd., Phone 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. 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 Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 12.00 p.m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30. ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a.m., 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a.m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p.m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30. BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening. The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5-cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One-cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent card do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 1.30 p.m. Closes: 4.50 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campbello—Daily Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1.30 p.m. All Mails for Registration must be Posted half an hour 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. X

SLEEP on, sleep on, Life's ever-be... In dew's greenness, From you hath C... Peace hath with t... Where tears

Sleep on, sleep on, Life's ever-be... Nor scorn that se... And blanch the lo... 'Tis like the bed o... Which waxes

Sleep on, sleep on, Upon your m... Yes, and your pea... Is all with sweet v... And over each ear... The hand of m...

Sleep on, sleep on, At rest within n... The World's false... The arrows it dot... On him whos

(Born January 7,

THE HE

BY KENN

I T was a bland medieval May, the most typical of the little town of assembled, as was in the picturesque Hotel de Ville, for usual municipal date was early members of this possessed considerable those of similar as tenth, eighteenth, twentieth centuries, in any characteristic, ing hopeless insig- room, indeed, seen in the girl who erect, yet at her e in general and Mr a delicate-handed, eighteen summer figure was well set "Well, gentleme ing—quite in order, me to—review aware that the tow misfortune to lo gentleman who, I, duties of his office patch, and gave to all with whom tact. But the Cou vote of condolece, the—strikingq You are doubtless office is hereditary particular family is any one of its mem ing to take it up. me, and appears to It is true that on the might have been c and examine the tit late lamented offic daughter,—she wh you; but I am happ the young lady in am bound to call her part, has saved respect, by forma family post, with al illegals, and emolu- tion appears to be There is therefore stances, nothing let declare the said ap would wish, howe down, to make it q fair petitioner, that save the Council t has led her to a— is quite open to h position. Should s press her claim, the would then appear couns Enguerrand, as a practising adv this town. Though admit up to now success in the profe still there is no reas should not make an and in view of the I even say attachm the cousins, it is po lary may, in due c the solid emolumen out the necessity of some girls) uncong though not the ro still be—er—near