

The Beacon

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NO. 18

PRAYER

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer.
Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"
The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY
(Born November 4, 1771; died April 30, 1854.)

'OLD BENBOW'

BENBOW occupies a place in the naval literature of England which is likely to be permanent. Not because he was a better admiral than many who have lived in later days, but because he had much of that personal daring which is so dear to popular notions. A coarse rough man he was, anything but a gentleman in external demeanor; and, as we shall see, this roughness had something to do with the disaster which cost him his life. Sea story-tellers and sea song-writers, however, are never frightened by such characteristics. Benbow's last fight figures in the *Deeds of Naval Daring*. Dibdin, in his song of *Jervis for Ever*, begins—

'You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pococke, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going.'

The immediate object of the song is to praise Jervis, whose great victory in Dibdin's day earned for him the earldom of St. Vincent; but the name of Benbow occurs in this and many other sea-songs as that of an unquestioned hero of old times. Born in 1650, he entered the naval service so early that almost his whole life was spent on ship-board; and he was known generally as a rough and ready officer to whom nothing came amiss. On one occasion, when a naval service of some peril was suggested for an aristocratic officer, whose friends expressed apprehension of the result, the king (William III) laughingly replied: 'send for honest Benbow.'

The enterprise which is especially associated with Benbow's name was the following. During the war with France in 1702, Admiral Ducaze, with a French squadron of five large ships, threatened one of our West India Islands. Benbow sailed after him with seven ships, and overtook him on the 19th of August. On giving the signal for his ships to engage there was soon evidence that something was wrong; the ships held back, and Benbow was unable to commence his fight with the enemy. It afterwards appeared that Benbow's offensive manners had led to a rupture between him and most of his captains; and that those officers took the indefensible course of showing their hostility just when the honor of the country demanded their prompt obedience to orders. Next morning the admiral again put forth the signal to advance; but five out of the seven ships were three or four miles astern of him, as if the captains had agreed that they could not assist him. Vexed and irritated, but undaunted as usual, Benbow went into action, two ships against five, and maintained the contest during the whole day. His one coadjutor, the *Ruby*, becoming disabled, he sent that ship to Jamaica to refit. Again he signalled to the five captains, and received some equivocal excuse that the enemy were too strong, and that he had better not attack them. Left still more to his own resources, he renewed the fight on the 21st with one ship, the *Breda*, against five. Three different times did Benbow in person board the French admiral's ship, and three times he driven back. He received a severe wound in the face, another in the arm, and his right leg was shattered by a chain-shot. Still the heroic man would not give in. He caused his cot to be brought up

upon deck; and there he lay, giving orders while his shattered limbs were bleeding. When one of his lieutenants expressed regret at the leg being broken, Benbow replied: 'I am sorry for it too; but I had rather have lost them both than have seen the dishonor brought upon the English nation. But—do you hear?—if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out.' At this time, all the other English ships being inactive and at a distance, most of the French ships concentrated their fire on the *Breda*; and Benbow was only just able to extricate her, and sail to Jamaica. Admiral Ducaze knew very well that his squadron had been saved through the disgraceful conduct of Benbow's captains, and he was too true a sailor to regard it in any other but the proper light. He sent the following letter to Benbow:

'Sir—I had little hope on Monday last but to have supped in your cabin; but it pleased God to order it otherwise, and I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up; for, by God, they deserve it! Yours, &c.

DUCASSE'

When Benbow reached Jamaica, he ordered the captains into arrest, and caused a court-martial to be held on them, under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Whetstone. Captain Hudson, of the *Pendennis*, died before the trial; Captains Kirby and Wade were convicted and shot; Captain Constable was cashiered and imprisoned. Two others had signed a paper engaging not to fight under the admiral; but there were extenuating circumstances which led to their acquittal. One of these two was Captain Walton of the *Ruby*; he had signed the paper when drunk (naval captains were often drunk in those days); but he repented when sober, and rendered good service to the admiral. He was the officer who, sixteen years afterwards, wrote a dispatch that is regarded as the shortest and most fitting in which a naval victory was ever announced:

'Canterbury, off Syracuse,
16th August 1718
Sir—We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast; the number as per margin. Yours, &c.,
G. WALTON.

To Sir George Byng,
Commander-in-chief.

Poor Benbow sank under his mortification. The evidence elicited at the court-martial was sufficient to show that he was not to blame for the escape of the French squadron; but the rough sailor could not bear it; the disgrace to the nation fretted him and increased the malignancy of his wounds; he dragged on a few weeks, and died on November 4. No monument, we believe, records the fame of 'Old Benbow'; his deeds are left to the writers of naval song and story.—*Chambers' Book of Days*.

IN THE HABITAT OF THE WILD CAT DIVISION

FOR some time past there have been references in the dispatches from the Western fighting front to the great work that General Edward R. Lewis's Southern mountaineers have been doing "over there," or "over yonder," as that hard, rugged fellow of his "Wild-cat" Division would more likely say. Frequent mention has lately been made in the cable news of their resolute onslaught in battle. These lites, they "Wildcat" men, immobile of countenance, taciturn in manner, with the impetuous mould of D'Artagnan, the fiery Gascon, come from the Great Smoky Mountains—which form the colossal wall separating Tennessee and North Carolina—the neighbouring ranges. Their training as hunters qualifies nearly all as sharpshooters. They are "Blue Devils."

Near Fighting Creek Gap, in the Smokies, while walking to the Line Spring railroad station one afternoon summer before last, the writer overtook a man ahead in the road who was lame, walked with a stick, and carried a lunch-basket. The man was on the way home from "the Academy," that being the familiar designation of Wear's Valley Academy, a small school-house accommodating perhaps a hundred pupils, which was established in Wear's Valley, Tennessee, a few years ago by some Presbyterians of a Northern State and is the only place of education within seventeen miles or so. He said he was twenty-eight years old; that up to two years before he had been employed in the lumber camps; that an injury had incapacitated him for further work of that kind, and that he had started to school for the first time in his life, at "the Academy," beginning with his A B C's, leaving home early in the morning, walking a distance of five miles to his studies, and returning in the late afternoon. Asked what he intended to do when he got

NOTICE TO SOLDIERS ON HARVEST LEAVE.

Attention is directed to a recent announcement published in the Press by the Military Service Branch, Department of Justice, regarding extensions to be granted to men EXEMPTED AS FARMERS.

It is pointed out that this DOES NOT IN ANY WAY AFFECT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THE REGISTRAR TO REPORT TO DEPOT BATTALIONS and who have thereafter received leave of absence from the Military Authorities.

Once a man has been ordered to report for duty by the Registrar he leaves the jurisdiction of the Registrar and comes under that of the Department of Militia and Defence, and is to be considered as a soldier. This applies to men of the 20 to 22 Class who have been ordered to report by the Registrar in virtue of the cancellation of exemptions by Order-in-Council of the 20th April last, as well as to those ordered to report in the usual way on refusal of claim for exemption, or on expiration of exemption granted.

All men, accordingly, who have been ordered to report, and are therefore SOLDIERS, and who have subsequently been granted harvest leave by the military authorities, MUST, NOTWITHSTANDING THE NOTICE ABOVE REFERRED TO, REPORT ON THE EXPIRATION OF THAT LEAVE, unless they are notified to the contrary by their Commanding Officer or by general notice published by the Department of Militia and Defence.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

through his course, he replied:

"I reckon on goin' down h-yer to Maryville an' teachin' school."

He has not carried out his purpose yet, however, for the army found out what a good cook he was, and he is now preparing grub for our boys "somewhere in France."

One of the women teachers in "the Academy" told of a youth eighteen years old applying for admission who said he had gone to school some at Smokeheat, over in North Carolina. She asked him a question or two with the view of putting him in the right grade. This was one:

"Tell me where New Orleans is."

He studied a while, and answered, "New Orleans is in Chicago."

Being rather accustomed to such things, she was not altogether taken off her feet, and after setting him right said:

"Now, John I want you to make me a sentence."

He seemed mentally to flounder a bit, and finally asked:

"What'll I make it out of?"

John was put in the first grade. On a little rise back some distance from one of the roads running through Wear's Valley, stands a small house surrounded by a few acres of land, mostly corn. In the rear is an orchard. There are two log barns and a well of excellent water. The man who lives here is seventy-three years of age, hale and hearty. He talks intelligently, and he is in possession of all his faculties. He has grown children, with two smaller ones, the youngest a year old—a fat, sturdy youngster—by his second wife. This man has seen a railroad train—Line Spring station is only four or five miles away; he has seen automobiles, which not infrequently pass his place. But paradoxically, he has never seen a brick building, a street-car, a steamboat, or a ship; he has never seen a gas-light or electric-light, a typewriter, or a moving-picture. He has never heard a band play. His only conception of the appearance of a city, even the smallest class, is imaginative and from hearsay.

"Have you ever been in Knoxville?" he was asked in a relevant connexion. Knoxville, sixty miles or so away, is the nearest city.

"No, sir; I never have."

"You folks up here in the mountains don't travel often, I suppose?"

"No, we don't. My daughter Sally she went down to the exposition to Knoxville some year ago an' come back an' tole me all about the strange things she seen an' all. She an' my other gal that wanted to go, too, they offered to pay my railroad fare an' everything if I'd go an' take 'em on. They was crazy for me to go, an' I sorter wanted to, too, but somehow or other I never did."

He paused for a moment as if unwilling to admit it, then said:

"I'm ashamed to tell ye, mister, but I never ben out o' this h-yer valley in my life, an' I'm seventy-three years ole—that is 'ceptin' fer a few mile. I ain't never ben to Sevierville; hit's only seventeen mile from h-yer."

Stranger to most of the every-day, familiar things which to the generality of humans are commonplace, having heard of the wonderful engineering of modern existence, but beheld with his own eyes only two of its factors—the railroad train and the automobile—the scope of this man's peculiar life has been but little wider than Adam's was in the Garden of Eden. Were he suddenly transported to a city, his impressions would be almost as novel,



even going to the cabin in quest of his quarry, who was nowhere to be found, however, evidently having thought better of his washbucklery.

One often hears of the "magnificent distances of New York" or of Washington. The distances in the Great Smoky Mountains are truly magnificent. Besides the long way some of the pupils have to fare going to and from school, many mountain folk will walk three miles on a moonless night, the way lit only by the lanterns they carry, to attend "meet'n"—and, sad to say, return home, most of the time, without having heard anything in any considerable degree spiritually enlightening, due either to the speaker's innate poor mentality or to his lack of education and inability properly to express himself. At "service" all the men—for the most part, except when it is cold, wearing neither coat nor vest—sit on one side, all the women and children on the other. The men who are called upon by the preacher to pray do so fervently, with ardor almost excessive. The thought and expression both are crude, but generally no more so than those of the preacher himself.

In a certain mountain meeting-house last summer the preacher—a farmer by vocation—talked for about two hours with the inflections common to the country parson, his voice now low, now high-pitched, and at stages lapsing into a sort of haunting, dismal singsong or chant as he walked back and forth measuredly from one side of the platform to the other as an animal will do in a cage. All that time he uttered hardly a single sentence of any force, and often his remarks, the way expressed, had no meaning. Now and then a baby in arms would begin to cry and work some disturbance, and here and there a child walked about the aisles munching a hunk of corn-pone or eating an apple. During the sermon the preacher "chewed," and at intervals spat tobacco-juice on the bare floor in front of the pulpit. Once he misjudged the distance and the discharge landed on the platform, whereupon, pausing in his discourse for a moment or two, he took the pitcher of water on the pulpit-stand and dashed some of the contents on the spot, washing it off.

The simple trust of these people in strangers, whose honesty they gauge by their own, is remarkable. A visitor coming up on the morning train and getting off at Line Spring station to go over to the hotel for a few hours, intending to travel farther up the road by the afternoon train, had in the meantime left his bag at the store at the station. When about half-way back to the station in the afternoon he saw coming towards him down the mountain road a two-horse wagon containing five or six men and one woman, all standing up. 'Shortly before they met he recognized the woman as the one who kept the store, and inquired if it were open. The driver stopped.

"No, hit ain't mister," the woman said. "We uns air goin' down in the valley fer to see a sick man, an' I reckon I won't be back tell after night. H-yer's the key, though," she said, reaching into the pocket of her dress for it and handing it to him. "You jest go in the store, an' git y'r satchel, an' then lock the door an' give the key to Mis' Sartin. She lives in that cabin, that jest back o' the store a little piece."

There are no spots in the world more lonesome than the graveyards of the Great Smoky Mountains. Not only are they inherently lonely, after the manner of graveyards, but the attribute is accentuated by reason of the location being always, it seems, in the loneliest place that could have been found. Whispering Wind Burying-ground is on the dome of a hill overlooking Wear's Valley. Underneath a great hickory tree are several rows of thick, unplanned boards, weathered to a drab color, resting on stumps or stones gathered in the neighbourhood, and in front a platform constructed of similar materials. Here the preacher and the relatives and friends foregather to pay the last tributes to the dead.

From among the wandering rose vines and tall grasses rise up a few tombstones such as we see in the familiar cemetery—fashioned and lettered by skilled hands—but the rest are mostly either wooden headstones of oak or hickory, with cut or burnt inscriptions, brief and of grotesque spelling, or crude slate slabs. One of the last has been there for long years: on its face, after the dates of birth and death, are scratched deeply, in scrawling, uncouth characters, seemingly with a small drill or something of the kind, these words:

Weep not, my friends: all is well.
In the stillness a crow caws now and then as he flies over "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap," or you hear the faint echo of a distant rooster crowing. These and the birds furnish the only sounds.

The names on the headstones speak the Anglo-Saxon origin of the race people these mountains. You will find the surnames of Trentham and Huskey and Partin; of Autrey, Cotter, Waycaster, Cla-

bought, and their kind. And the same with place-names, which savor also of the simple, the homely, and the domestic, with something of the vanished red man. There are Tuckaleechee Cove, Bird Creek, Hominy, Pigeon Forge, Rough Creek, Bunion, Sandy Bottom, Siler's Bald, Big Cataloochee, Maggie, Huckleberry, Hornet, English Mountain, Cherokee, Big Bald, Cade's Cove, Turkey, Dumpling Creek, Chucky, Bone Valley, No-time Jake's Creek, Bear Wallow. Research has failed to disclose a native-born person in all the Smokies whose name denotes that his antecedents were other than English, Scotch, or Irish.

Much over a hundred years ago men and women of pure Anglo-Saxon blood settled this wild and isolated domain. It is their descendants who are now fighting so gloriously as the "Wildcat" Division. The great Smokies have been the home of these people generation after generation, and probably will continue such till the end of time.—R. C. Roberts, in *The New York Evening Post*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Washington, Oct. 18—The Spanish steamer *Chattara*, bound from Cuba for New York, was sunk last night off the New Jersey coast. Her master and crew were landed in two boats. Reports to the Navy Department to-day indicate that the ship struck a mine or was sunk by an internal explosion.

—Manahawakon, N. J., Oct. 28—A Spanish steamship loaded with sugar was torpedoed ten miles off Barnegat, N. J., at 10 o'clock last night, and twenty-three men of the crew of twenty-nine reached the shore early to-day, according to information received here by coast guards.

Eleven of the survivors were picked up near the lighthouse at Barnegat and twelve others at Forked River. They were scantily clad and had suffered from exposure throughout the night. It was said the vessel went down within five minutes. Persons on shore said they heard an explosion at 10 p. m.

—Monmouth Beach, Oct. 28—Reports received here over the telephone wires from the coast guard service say that the survivors of the crews of two steamships sunk off the coast have been landed, one boatload at Barnegat and one at Egg Harbor. The reports were that the ships had been torpedoed, although the information in this regard was indefinite.

—Eureka, Calif., Oct. 28—The steamer *Mandalay* is ashore off Fourtaylor Rock, sixteen miles southwest of Crescent City. One boatload of survivors has been landed. The *Mandalay*, 438 tons gross, was built in 1900, at North Bend, Calif., her home port is San Francisco. She is owned by the Crescent City Transportation Company.

—Washington, Oct. 28—All except four of the crew of the American steamer *Lucia*, torpedoed and sunk 1,200 miles from the American coast, October 19, are reported to have been rescued, the Navy Department announced to-night. Four men were killed by the explosion of the torpedo.

GOOD NEWS FROM U. S. COAL FIELDS

New York, October 29.—A dispatch from Washington to the *New York Sun* quotes Fuel Administrator Garfield as saying that production of coal in record-breaking quantities has virtually eliminated the possibility of a coal famine this winter.

Mr. Garfield says that Canada's allotment of coal for household purposes for one year ending April, is 3,602,000 tons, of which 1,963,700 tons have already been delivered.

"I have arranged things for our watermelon festival. Mr. Flubdub will make a speech. Mr. Fudge will sing. Mr. Wombat has consented to give us a chalk talk." "What are the chances for getting somebody to contribute a few watermelons?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

"Is Mr. Flubdub busy?" asked the diffident customer. "Mr. Flubdub is always busy," replied the pompous attendant. "Well, let him stay busy." And that's how Mr. Flubdub lost a big order.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Friend—"Why do you maintain such a large office force?" Financier—"To prevent outsiders from bothering me." "But I thought that was what your executive secretary was for." "Oh, no. He is here to prevent the office force from bothering me.—*Life*.

"I understand he's working for the Government." "Yes." "What's he doing?" "I don't know exactly, but he's got an office job in Washington that requires him to wear spurs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Victory Loan

Should be loyally supported by every citizen.

This Bank gladly furnishes full information, and is pleased to cooperate with intending subscribers.

—THE—
Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,500,000
Reserve Fund 12,000,000
Resources 150,000,000

G. W. BARBITT
Manager
St. Andrews Branch

SEAL COVE, G. M.

Oct. 28. The schooner *Dornfontein*, which was set on fire by a German submarine, Aug. 2, and towed in here two days later by fishermen, has been lately sold to parties at Dennyville, Me., and was taken away by them on Tuesday last.

Miss Priscilla Shepherd, who has been on the sick-list for the last few days, is recovering rapidly.

Miss Irma Joy is visiting friends and relatives on Wood Island.

The lifeboat of Little Wood Island Life Saving Station, which has been to St. John for repairs, has returned to the Station.

Miss Sara McLaughlin has spent the last two weeks with friends at North Head.

Mrs. Ottawa McLaughlin and Mrs. Frederick Russell, of Deep Cove, attended the Red Cross on Wednesday last.

Mr. Samuel Harvey, who has been employed as assistant light keeper at Seal Island, Machias, is spending his vacation at Seal Cove.

Mrs. Albert E. Cook and her children spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Russell.

Mr. Donald Wilson, who has been employed at Gannet Rock for three weeks, has returned home, accompanied by his aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Denton expect soon to move into their new dwelling on High Street.

Miss Vivian Maker and Mrs. Wm. Joy spent Tuesday with Mrs. Herbert Wilson at Mark Hill.

CAMPOBELLO

Oct. 28. Mr. and Mrs. Eleazar Patch received a telegram from Boiestown, N. B., on Friday, announcing the death of Mrs. Cora Allen, of influenza, aged 40 years. Deceased was the only daughter, and leaves besides her husband, three small children ranging in age from two to ten years. The funeral, which was held on Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, was attended by Edward Patch, of the Island, and a brother of the deceased. The sympathy of all is extended to the parents and brother in their sorrow, and to the members of the family residing at Boiestown.

Capt. Meade Malloch, of Lubec, spent Sunday at his old home here.

Capt. H. M. Merriman, U. S. N., of Block Island, was a recent guest here; he was accompanied back by Mrs. H. M. Merriman, their daughter to return later.

A few more cases of influenza this week, but nothing very serious.

Messrs. Thos. Cameron and Harvey Johnston recently returned from a hunting trip, bringing back two deer and a moose.

Mrs. Milton Batson and two children were passengers to Lewiston, Me., last week.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

Oct. 28. Mrs. Howard Wallace, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent, we are glad to report.

Miss Alma Chaffey, of Eastport, paid a brief visit to her home here recently.

Mrs. James Hurley and little son, Harold, of Leonardville, are guests of Mrs. W. Hatheway Fountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simpson and little daughter, Gertrude, visited relatives here on Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza Simpson, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Haney, has returned to her home at Lord's Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Cummings, of Eastport, were here on Wednesday to at-

OAK BAY N. B.

Oct. 26th. Mr. W. W. Cameron, of St. Stephen, spent the week-end with friends here.

Mrs. Mallock and her daughters, Marion and Mildred, have returned to their home in Lubec, after spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Jas. Murray.

Mr. Chester McFarlane has returned to his home in St. Stephen, after spending a few weeks with his cousins, Frank and Howard Hill.

Mr. Chas. Gilman is making extensive improvements on his house.

Miss Margaret Gilman, of St. Andrews, spent a few days with her cousin, Katherine Gilman.

The many friends of Harry Ashley are sorry to hear of his illness, and hope for a speedy recovery.

The people of this place are pulling up their weirs as fish are scarce.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 29. There have been several cases of Spanish influenza in the village, but we are pleased to report that all are now getting better, and no new cases developing.

Misses Agusta and Amelia Dakin were called from Boston because of the serious illness of their sister, Mrs. Archie Harvie.

Mr. J. Perkins has returned to his home in St. John, after a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Eldridge.

Miss Margaret Cotter has gone to her home in Sussex while her school is closed.

Miss Mary Eldridge is home from the Normal school.

Miss Violet and Geneva Hawkins, teachers at Deer Island, have been home since the schools were closed.

Mrs. John F. Paul has returned home from Argyle, N. S., where she has spent the summer.

Miss Leora Jamison and Mr. Albert Wright, of this place, were married at St. Stephen on the 21st inst., by Dr. W. C. Goucher, of the Baptist Church. They returned home on Wednesday and will reside here. Both are very popular, and a host of friends wish them much happiness.

Mrs. Charles Trynor, of Pennfield, is visiting her niece, Mrs. Benj. Bates.

Mrs. Otty Kennedy, of St. George, was the guest of Mrs. Medley Kennedy for a few days recently.

Mrs. Margaret Hawkins has gone to Bath, N. B., with her three small grandchildren, Helen, Earle, and Margaret Crane.

Private Milford Eldridge has just returned from overseas and is being welcomed by his friends.

Mrs. Blanchard Outhouse and daughter, Ena, have gone to their home in Tiverton, N. S.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Oct. 30. St. George has been fortunate so far in escaping the flu, but three cases have been under treatment in the town. On the outskirts the disease has, in a number of places, been epidemic, and a number of deaths have occurred. The doctors have been kept busy, but when we consider they serve the people of St. Patrick, Pennfield, and Lepreau, besides the Parish and Town of St. George, it will be readily seen that the territory covered is a large one.

Word has been received from Private Joseph Meating of the Princess Pats, re-

cently wounded in France, saying that he was coming on nicely.

Mr. Oram Smith, aged seventy-seven, a veteran of the civil war and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, died on Wednesday last and was buried on Friday. Mr. Smith was a member of a famous marine regiment in the civil war and saw much stern fighting. He was a well-known mill man and resided for many years in Calais, moving here about a year ago. A widow, three daughters, and one son survive.

Miss Blanche Soley and Mrs. Kent, of Toronto, are visiting here, and are guests of Mrs. James Watt.

Mrs. Wm. Newman, of St. John, is the guest of her niece, Mrs. E. J. O'Neill.

Miss Belle Armstrong has returned from a visit in St. John.

Mrs. Chas. McGrattan and children are home after a visit with relatives in St. John.

Douglas Plude, who spent several months here, has returned to New York.

Miss Beatrice Murphy, of O'Neill's military department, visited her home in St. John last week.

Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, Nona, are visiting relatives in Boston.

Miss Jennie Dodds, nurse-in-training in Providence, R. I., is expected home for a visit.

Mayor McGrattan and Geo. F. Meating were on a hunting trip the first of the week.

Thomas O'Brien, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. O'Brien, has been transferred to the East Florenceville branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Many friends in St. George heard with regret of the death of Hugh Sullivan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Sullivan, of Bonney River. The young man suffered a relapse after seemingly recovering from an attack of influenza, and died on Wednesday last.

James McGarrigle, employed in the pulp mill, had his hand severely jammed in the grinders while working in the mill one night last week.

YOUR 5-HUNDRED DOLLAR VICTORY BOND WILL:

Buy 63 blankets, or, 500 overseas caps, or, Steel helmets for a company of infantry, or, 3 cases of surgical instruments, or, 100 gas masks, or, 1,000 lbs. of T. N. T.

BIG CATCH OF SARDINES

That the sardine business for the season is by no means done is evidenced by the fact that Mr. Hanson, of Little Lepreau, landed 80 hogheads in one haul during the latter part of last week, and Pearl Lemax another creditable catch of 40 hogheads. A citizen of Charlotte Co. said that the sardines have struck heavy along the shore at Seelye's Basin and at Deer Island. About 30 hogheads from local weirs arrived at the Booth Fisheries Co., on Monday.—*St. John Globe*, Oct. 29.

PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE BRITISH

London, Oct. 28.—It was announced in the House of Commons to-day that since the commencement of the war British troops have taken 327,416 enemy combatant prisoners, including 264,242 Germans. There were, it was also stated, 97,000 German combatant prisoners in the United Kingdom at the present time.

FINANCING BRITAIN'S NEED

"Unless requirements of the year are to be lessened by a material reduction in expenditure," says a London financial writer in discussing the weekly quota of National War Bonds which the Treasury hopes to sell, "something more than £25,000,000 per week will be required if the floating debt is not to be further increased."

Newspaper Waits

"Have you got a lawyer looking after your interest?" "Nominally; but I rather think he has his eye on my principal."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What did papa say when you told him you were going to take me away from him?" "He seemed to feel his loss keenly at first, but I squared things with a good cigar."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"Which one of those girls is it you dislike so, Stella?" "Sh! She'll hear you, I'll kiss her first."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Mr. Mugg (relating his adventures)—"And starvation stared me in the face." Miss Bright—"Unpleasant for both of you, I should think."—*Boston Transcript*.

She—"Alice and I can hardly understand each other over the phone." He—"Well, talk one at a time."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you think it is right for a wife to go through her husband's pockets?" "I don't know about its being right, but I know from my own experience that it is often unavailing."—*Baltimore American*.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Agriculture Aided By Victory Loan

Wonderful Trade Expansion Due to Success of Canada's Loan Issues

Since the war started Canadian agriculture has grown in importance as a national industry. More than ever it is a source of strength to the country. The demand by Great Britain for food, not only for her soldiers but for her civilian population, has opened a market of tremendous possibilities. In 1915 our total agricultural exports amounted to \$299,000,000. At the end of the fiscal year of 1917-18, the total had jumped to \$740,000,000.

This wonderful addition to the National wealth was, to a large extent, due to the Victory Loan of 1917. It was so in this way: Great Britain found that, owing to her vast expenditures on her army and navy, and the necessity of giving monetary aid to some of her stricken Allies, she was no longer able to pay for her purchases of food with ready cash. Rather than see our products lose a sure market, the Dominion Government decided to advance such sums out of the proceeds of the Loan issues to pay for a good part of the food that was sent to Great Britain. The farmers had been asked to "produce more food and they had responded with a will; it was of course, for the Government to see that the increased production was marketed.

In this way Canada's entire exportable surplus of wheat, cheese, bacon and other commodities was financed. This year there will be for export possibly 100,000,000 bushels of wheat valued at \$225,000,000. If the proceeds of the Victory Loan meet the expectations of the Finance Minister a great part of this wheat will be financed by the Government. The export of cheese will be over \$40,000,000, and of butter, eggs and condensed milk another \$10,000,000. Bacon runs into millions. In the past few months the Government has advanced nearly \$100,000,000 to finance exports of live stock products.

VICTORY LOAN AND CANADIAN INDUSTRIES

Last Year's Subscription of Great Benefit and Bigger Work Will Follow This Year.

The Imperial Munitions Board receives advances of nearly \$25,000,000 a month from the Dominion Government.

It has received over \$650,000,000 in advances from the Dominion Government and the Canadian banks. It has placed \$1,200,000,000 worth of war orders in Canada for the British and other Allied Governments.

An advance of \$10,000,000 enabled it to give orders to Canadian shipyards for 44 wooden ships. To this program 48 steel ships were added. Total value over \$60,000,000.

An advance of \$1,000,000 enabled the Board to begin the manufacture of airplanes in Canada; 3,000 have been built to date of a value of \$30,000,000.

Between 250,000 and 300,000 people are working in Canada on war orders obtained through the Board.

It has \$500,000,000 of war orders in sight for 1919.

To carry out this program will require millions in advance which must come from the Victory Loan.

BE A SOLDIER AT HOME.

Canada's 1918 Victory Loan is asking for \$500,000,000. These dollars are needed to win the war. You must do your share in providing them by buying as many Victory Bonds as ever you can. Invest every dollar you have in them. Borrow to buy more.

Your money will be absolutely safe. The security is the finest in the world. It is all Canada. In addition, you will be paid 5 1/2 per cent. on your money—the money you will be lending to your country to protect your home, your safety, your freedom, your family and yourself. Did you ever hear of a safer investment plan—or one so supremely advantageous to the investor? Never, on your life. Never in your life.

Then do your share. Sacrifice something—anything—everything—to buy Victory Bonds. Be a soldier at home. Act at once, BUY!

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS.

In Flanders' fields, the poppies grow between the crosses, row on row, that mark our place; and in the sky the larks, still bravely singing fly, scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved; and now we lie

In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe, To you, from falling hands we throw The torch. Be yours to lift it high. If ye break faith with us who die, We shall not sleep, though poppies blow

In Flanders' fields.—Buy Victory Bonds.

Your Thousand Dollar Victory Bond Will:

Buy 200 gas masks, or 200 pairs of soldiers' boots, or 450 bushels of wheat, or 500 steel helmets, or 1,000 pairs of soldiers' socks, or 2,000 lbs. of high explosives, or 4,200 lbs. of cheese, or 25,000 rifle cartridges, or 56,000 revolver cartridges.

Everything Canada has depends on the success of the Victory Loan. The \$500,000,000 wanted must be subscribed. The responsibility rests upon all to see that the money is raised.

TERRIBLE MARINE DISASTER C. P. R. STEAMER LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 26.—The worst marine tragedy in the history of the Pacific coast occurred last night when the Canadian Pacific steamer *Princess Sophia*, which Thursday morning crashed on Vanderbilt Reef, Lynn Canals, was hammered by a terrific gale and driven across the jagged reef and lost with all hands.

Two hundred and sixty-eight passengers aboard the steamer when she piled up were dashed to almost instant death. The first news of the disaster was received here late this afternoon, having been flashed out from the United States wireless station at Juneau, Alaska, and was picked up by the Canadian Government wireless service here.

There were no survivors, the wireless message stated. Everything possible was done to aid the passengers, who on the vessel breaking up were hurled into the water whipped up by the Alaskan gale. Vessels which were standing by were powerless to render aid.

The ship apparently was hurried right across the reef. The text of the wireless message reads: "*Princess Sophia* driven across reef last night. No survivors—seventy-five in crew, 268 passengers; everything possible was done. Terrible weather prevailed."

Later wireless advices from the U. S. S. *Cedar*, standing by the scene of the stranding *Princess Sophia*, read: "U. S. S. *Cedar*, via steamer *Burnside*—*Cedar* standing by at 7 p. m., 24th, impossible to get near vessel on account of northerly gales and heavy sea. Two hundred and seventy passengers lost. *Cedar* got within 400 yards yesterday morning, but anchors would not hold and sea drove her away. Last night, messages from the *Princess Sophia* told us they were sinking. *Cedar* made full speed to her through the blinding snowstorm, but could not find her. Last heard from the *Sophia* was at 5 o'clock. No survivors so far as known. *Cedar* returned to the scene of wreck early this morning, forced to anchor till daylight. At 8.30 the *Burnside* reported only foremast showing. No sign of wreckage or life. *Cedar* found body of one woman and four boats overturned on Lincoln Island. No sign of life. *Cedar* still a scene of wreck. The *King and Wing*, a gasoline boat, is still in the vicinity, also, U. S. S. *Peterson*."

Juneau, Alaska, Oct. 27.—Officers of the Canadian Pacific steamer *Amy*, which returned from the scene of the wreck of the *Princess Sophia* said last night that two feet of snow fell in forty hours and a blizzard northeast wind developed into the blizzard which was responsible for the *Sophia's* heavy loss of life.

When the *Amy* left the *Sophia*, that vessel was resting for about two-thirds of her length on the rocks of the reef, which is four miles west of Sentinel Island and half way between Juneau and Skagway. The *Sophia* was then taking water. She was surrounded by deep water on both sides, but with only her stern over deep water, it was thought there was no danger of the steamer sliding off the rocks. The reef was covered, however, at half tide and the heavy seas had prevented attempts to take off the passengers. The *Sophia's* only freight cargo is said to have consisted of forty horses.

Shagway, Alaska, Oct. 27.—Many women

Doctor's Formula

OVER 100 YEARS OF SUCCESS

JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

(Internal as well as External use)

A soothing, healing Anodyne that speedily stops suffering. Wonderfully effective for Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills.

For more than a century humanity's best "Friend in Need"

and children were aboard the steamer *Princess Sophia*, when she left here Wednesday. Among the passengers were Mrs. Marks and children, Captain James Alexander and wife, and William A. Malong and wife.

Mrs. Marks was the wife of a Fairbanks, Alaska, dredge operator, and Captain Alexander and Mr. Malong were mine operators from interior Alaska.

White Horse, Y. T., Oct. 27.—A dispatch received from the Dominion Telegraph office from Juneau late this evening, says that 150 bodies of victims of the *Princess Sophia* had been recovered by nightfall.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 29.—Captain J. W. Troup, manager of the C. P. R. coast steamships, was informed in a message from the C. P. R. agent at Juneau, this morning, that a shore patrol had been organized, and Governor Riggs, of Alaska was giving every assistance, having taken personal charge of the work of locating the bodies from the *Princess Sophia*. Over 25 craft are reported to be searching for victims.

"While no explanation has been given us for the cause of the stranding," said Captain Troup, in a statement on the disaster, "we can only conclude that the *Sophia* got slightly off her course in a snowstorm, winter weather having set in much earlier than usual this year.

"Instructions have been sent to have careful search made of the beaches for possible survivors. The *Princess Alice* will be here to-day, and everything will be done that is possible under the distressing circumstances."


Many of the bodies picked up were on life rafts, according to word received here, which indicates that a desperate attempt was made by many to get away from the sinking ship. Those who left the vessel on the rafts doubtless succumbed to exhaustion and exposure.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 29.—A Canadian Pacific official revised list of the number of persons on the steamer *Princess Sophia* issued to-day says that there were 268 passengers and sixty-eight in the crew, making a total of 336 persons aboard the ill-fated vessel.

"Do you think a dollar goes as far as it used to go?" "Farther—now-a-days it never gets back."—*Judge*.

"There doesn't seem to be so much gun play in Crimzon Gulch since prohibition struck." "No," answered Broncho Bob. "The boys shoot straighter, but not so often."—*Washington Star*.

Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



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

G. V. PAINT

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

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

T. McAvity & Sons LIMITED

St. John, N. B.

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Partners of the Tide

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

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CHAPTER I

WAS you callin' to buy one of them turnovers, bub?" casually inquired Mr. Clark, ceasing to gaze at his steaming boots, which were planted against the bulging center of the station stove, and turning toward the boy at the lunch counter.

"Yes, sir," said the boy. He had taken off one worsted mitten and held a five cent piece clutched tightly in his fist.

The station agent wrapped the pastry in a piece of newspaper and handed it to his customer.

The boy, a youngster of about twelve years of age, with a freckled face and a pair of bright gray eyes, took his turnover to the settee in the corner of the waiting room and began to eat. He had on a worn cloth cap with an attachment that could be pulled down to cover the ears and a shabby overcoat of man's size, very much too large for him. As he munched the greasy crust and the thin layer of "evaporated" apple he looked around him with interest.

The station itself was like the average railway building on Cape Cod. Except for the sign "Harniss" that hung outside it might have been the station at Wellmouth, which he had seen so often. Battered settees

around the walls; lithographs of steamers, time tables and year old announcements of excursions and county fairs hung above them; big stores set in a box of sawdust—all these were the regulation fixtures. Regulation also were the "refreshments" on the counter at the side—"turnovers" arranged in a glass case under a glass cover, with a dingy "Washington" pie under another cover and jars of striped stick candy, with boxes of "jaw-breakers" and similar sweets between.

It was snowing hard, and in the dusk of the winter evening the flakes rustled against the windows as if unseen old ladies in starched summer gowns were shivering in the storm and crowding to get a peep within. The air in the shut waiting room smelled of hot stove, sawdust, wet clothing and Mr. Clark's cigar. To this collection of perfumes was presently added the odor of kerosene as the station agent lit the big lamps in their brackets on the wall.

From outside came the sounds of creaking wheels and stamping horses, the stamping muffled by the snow which covered the ground.

The door opened, and a big man with a face of which gray whiskers and red nose were the most prominent features came stamping and puffing into the room. He jerked off a pair of leather gloves, playfully shook the congealed moisture from them down Mr. Clark's neck inside his collar, tossed a long whip into the corner and, holding his spread fingers over the stove, began to sing "Whoo, Einmal" with enthusiasm.

Mr. Clark, being too busy clawing the melting snow from his neck to open a conversation, Mr. Bodkin observed: "Hello, Barney Small! How's the trav'l-in'?" "Have a rough time drivin' over?" "Oh, middlin', middlin'," replied the driver of the Orham stage, unbuttoning his overcoat and reaching for his pipe, "but this earth's a veld of tears anyhow, so what's the odds so long as you're happy. Hello, Dan!" The last a shouted greeting to the station agent in the little room, whose answer was a wave of the hand and a sidelong nod across the telegraph instrument.

"What's doin' over in Orham, Barney?" inquired Mr. Clark.

"Prissy and Tempy's adopted a boy."

"The old maids?"

"Yep, the old maids. I s'pose they come to realize that they needed a man 'round the house, but as there wa'n't no bids in that line they sort of compromised on a boy."

"You don't mean the Allen old maids that live down on the 'lower road,' do you?" asked Mr. Bodkin.

"Sartin'. I said the old maids, didn't I? There's plenty of single women in Orham, but when you say the old maids in our town everybody knows you mean Prissy and Tempy."

"What about the boy, Barney?" said the station agent, coming into the waiting room.

"Why," said Mr. Small, "it's this way: Seems that Prissy and Tempy's father, old Cap'n Deius Allen—her's been dead six years, or more now—had a niece named Sophia, that married Cap'n Ben Nickerson over to Wellmouth. Cap'n Ben and his wife had one son. I think the boy's name's Bradley. Anyhow Cap'n Ben and his wife was drowned off the Portuguese coast two years ago when Ben's bark was lost. Maybe you remember? Well, the boy was left at home that voyage with Ben's half brother, Solon Nickerson, so's the youngster could go to school. When his folks was drowned that way the boy kept on livin' with Solon till 'bout three weeks ago Solon was took with pneumonia and up and died. Prissy and Tempy's the only relations there was, you see, so it was left to them to say what should be done with the boy. I cal'late there must have been some high old pow'woin' in the old house, but the old

maids are pretty conscientious spite of their bein' so everlastin' old maids, and they finally decided 'twas their duty to take the little feller to bring up. That's the way I heard the yarn. They kept it a secret until yesterday, but now the whole town's talkin' 'bout it. You see, it's such a good joke for them two to have a boy in the house. Why, Prissy's been used to shooin' every stray boy off the place as if he was a hen."

Mr. Small laughed so heartily at this that the others joined in. When the hilarity had subsided the station agent asked:

"When's the Nickerson boy comin' over from Wellmouth?"

"Why, today, come to think of it. He was to come up on the afternoon train from Wellmouth and go to Orham with me tonight. You ain't seen nothin'?"

The station agent interrupted him with a sidelong movement of the head. "Huh?" queried Mr. Small. Then he in company with Mr. Clark and Mr. Bodkin, turned toward the corner of the waiting room.

The boy who had bought the apple "turnover" having finished the last crumb of that viand, had turned to the window and was looking out through a hole he had scraped in the frost on the pane. He had shaded his face with his hands to shut out the lamplight, and though he must have heard the conversation, his manner betrayed no interest in it.

Mr. Small interrogated the station agent by raising his eyebrows. The agent whispered, "Shouldn't wonder," and added, "He came on the up train this afternoon."

"Hey, boy," said Mr. Clark, who never let consideration for other people interfere with his own curiosity, "what's your name?"

The boy turned from the window and, blinking a little as the light struck his eyes, faced the group by the stove. His freckled cheeks glistened as the light shone upon them; but, as if he knew this, he pulled the big sleeve of the overcoat across his face and rubbed them dry.

"What's your name, sonny?" said the stage driver kindly.

"Nickerson," said the boy in a low tone.

"I want to know, your fust name ain't Bradley, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sho, well, there now! Guess you're goin' to ride over with me then. I drive the Orham coach. Hum, well, I declare!" And Mr. Small pulled his beard in an embarrassed fashion.

"Come over to the stove and get warm, won't you?" asked the station agent.

"I ain't cold," was the reply.

But in spite of this cheerful prophecy a full fifteen minutes passed before the train, which had been started from

Boston with the vague idea that some time or other it might get to Provincetown, came coughing and panting round the curve and drew up at the station platform. Only one passenger got out at the Harniss station, and he, stopping for a moment to hand his trunk check to the station agent, walked briskly into the waiting room and slammed the door behind him.

"Hello," he hailed, pulling off a buckskin glove and holding out a big hand to the stage driver. "Barney, how's she headin'?"

Mr. Small grinned and took the proffered hand.

"Well, for the land's sake, Ez Titcomb!" he exclaimed, "where'd you drop from? Thought you was somewhere off the coast between New York and Portland jest 'bout now."

"Got shore leave for fortnit' or so," said the newcomer, unbuttoning his overcoat with a smart jerk and throwing it wide open. "Schooner sprung a leak off Gay bee's last trip, and she's

hailed up at East Boston for repairs. Low weather, ain't it? Hello, Lon! How are you, Ike?"

Mr. Clark and his friend grinned and responded. "How are you, Cap'n Ez?"

The arrival was a short, thickest man with a sunburned face, sharp eyes, hair that was a reddish brown sprinkled with gray and a close clipped mustache of the same color. He wore a blue overcoat over a blue suit and held a cigar firmly in one corner of his mouth. His movements were quick and sharp and he slipped out his sentences with vigor.

"Full cargo tonight?" he asked of Mr. Small, who was buttoning his overcoat and pulling on his gloves.

"Pretty nigh an empty hold," was the reply. "Only 'bout one and a half goin' over. You're the one, and the boy here's the half. All aboard! Come on, Brad. You and the cap'n git inside, while me and Dan git the dunnage on the rack."

The boy picked up the carpet bag and followed Mr. Small out to the rear platform of the station, where the coach, an old fashioned, dingy vehicle, drawn by four sleepy horses, stood waiting.

Captain Titcomb followed, his overcoat flapping in the wind.

"Here, Barney," he observed, "have a cigar to smoke on the road. Have one, Dan? Here, Lon; here's a couple for you and Ike. Who's the little feller?" he added in a whisper to the station agent.

"Ben Nickerson's boy from Wellmouth. He's comin' down to Orham to live with the old maids. They've adopted him."

"The old maids? Not the old maids? Not Prissy and Tempy?"

"Yep. All right, Barney; I'm comin'."

The station agent hurried away to help the driver with the captain's sea chest, and his owner, apparently overcome with astonishment, climbed mule-like into the coach, where his fellow passenger had preceded him.

The old vehicle rocked and groaned as the heavy chest was strapped on the racks behind. Then it tipped again as Mr. Small climbed clumsily to the driver's seat.

"All ashore that's goin' shore!" shouted Mr. Small. "So long, Dan. Git dap, two-forty!"

The whip cracked, the coach reeled on its springs, and the whole equipage disappeared in the snow and blackness.

The boy, Bradley Nickerson, had never ridden in a stagecoach before, and after ten or fifteen minutes of jolt and roll he decided that he never wanted to ride in one again.

Suddenly Captain Titcomb, who had been silent so far, spoke.

"Heavy sea on tonight," he observed. "Pears to be Barney'd better take a reef. She's rollin' consider'ble."

The boy laughed and said, "Yes, sir."

"Goin' all the way to Orham?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir."

"Got folks over there, I presume likely. Friends or nothin' but jest relations?"

"Relations, I—I guess."

"So! Well, I've got a good many relations over there myself. Fact is, I've got relations seems to me, 'most everywheres. Father used to have so many of 'em that when he went visitin' he used to call it 'goin' cousinin'." My name's Titcomb. What do they call you when your back ain't turned?"

The boy laughed again in a puzzled way—he scarcely knew what to make of his questioner—and said that his name was Bradley Nickerson.

"Nickerson, hey? That settles it; you're a Cape Coddier. Minute I meet anybody named Nickerson I always know they've got the same kind of sand in their boots that I have. Is it Obed Nickerson's folks you're goin' to see?"

"No, sir. I'm goin' to live with Miss Priscilla Allen. Her and her sister. They was some of mother's people."

"Sho, well I swan!" muttered the captain. "Prissy and Tempy, hey? Then Dan wa'n't foolin'. And you're goin' to live with 'em?"

"Yes, sir. Do you know 'em?"

"Who—me? Oh, yes! I know 'em. I'm a partic'lar friend of theirs—that is," he added cautiously, "I call on 'em once in awhile jest to say 'How are you?' Why? You didn't hear any of them fellers at the depot say anything 'bout me and them did you? Nol Well, all right, I jest thought—Oh, yes! I know 'em. Nice folks as ever was, but what you might call a little mite 'rot in their ways. Do you always wipe your feet when you come into the house?"

"Why—why—yes, sir, if I don't forget it."

"All right. It's a good habit to git into, especially if you're goin' to walk on Prissy's floors. Sometimes I've wished I could manage to put my feet in my pocket when I've been there. I wonder if I knew your father? What was his name?"

Bradley told his father's name and in response to the captain's tactful questioning a good deal more besides. In fact, before long Captain Titcomb knew all about the boy, where he came from, how he happened to come and all the rest. And Bradley for his part learned that his companion commanded the coasting schooner Thomas Doane, that he had been a sailor ever since he was fourteen, that he had a marvelous fund of sea yarns and knew how to spin them and that he (Bradley) liked him.

By and by the captain noticed that the boy's replies to his cheerful observations were growing rather incoherent, and, suspecting the reason, he ceased to talk. A few minutes later he leaned forward and smiled to find his

fellow traveler, who had slipped down upon the cushion, fast asleep.

When Bradley awoke Captain Titcomb was standing on the ground by the open door of the coach.

"Good night, Brad," he said. "Here's where I'm bound for. You've got a five minute ride or so more 'fore you git to the old maids—that is, to Prissy and Tempy's. I'll see you tomorrow. You had me's goin' to be chums, you know."

The door was shut. Mr. Small struck up "Camptown Races," and the stage bumped on again. This time the boy did not sleep, but, holding on to the strap, tried to peer through the snow-crusted window. He saw a light here and there, but little else. After a short interval the coach turned a sharp corner, rolled on for perhaps twice its length and then stopped.

Mr. Small opened the door, and Bradley, looking past him, saw the side of a large house and a lighted doorway, with two female figures, one plump and the other slender, standing in it. From behind them the lamplight streamed warm and bright and sent their shadows almost to his feet.

"Come on, bub," said the stage driver. "Here's where you git out. Prissy!" he shouted, "here's your new boarder."

Wellmouth—gave me a sandwich at the depot 'fore I started, ma'am, and I bought a turnover at Harniss."

"My sakes! Prissy!" to her sister, who came rustling in—"he hasn't et a thing but a sandwich and a turnover since morning. Now, come right over to the table, Bradley, and set down."

As the boy ate he looked about the room. It was a big room, with a low ceiling, spottedly whitewashed. The olecloth on the floor was partially covered with braided rug mats with carpet centers. On the window shades were wonderful tatted pictures of castles and mountains. There were five rusted chairs, each in its place against the wall and looking as if it were glued there. The sixth of the set he occupied. Then there was the chintz covered rocker and another rocker painted black with a worn picture of a ship at sea on the back. There was another slip over the face of the tall wooden clock in the corner. This craft was evidently the Flying Dutchman, for every time the clock ticked it rolled heavily behind a fence of tin waves, but didn't advance an inch. On the walls were several works of art, including a spatter work motto, a wreath made of seashells under a glass and an engraving showing a boat filled with men, women and children rowed by a solemn individual in his shirt sleeves, moving over a placid sheet of water toward an unseen port.

"Cap'n Titcomb," remarked Bradley, whose bashfulness was wearing off, "came over in the coach with me tonight."

The effect of this announcement was remarkable. Miss Prissy looked at

Bradley shook the extended hands. Miss Tempy, and the latter returned the look. Strange to say, both colored.

"Cap'n Titcomb?" faltered Miss Prissy. "Cap'n Ezra Titcomb?"

"Yes, ma'am. He talked to me 'most all the way. I liked him first rate."

"Why—why, I do declare! I didn't know the cap'n was expected, did you, Tempy?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't!" exclaimed the flustered younger sister. "Did he tell you why he was comin', Bradley?"

"No, ma'am, but I heard him tell the man that drove the coach that he had shore leave for a week 'cause his schooner was laid up for repairs. He said he knew you, though, and that he was comin' round to see me tomorrow."

This remark caused quite as much embarrassment and agitation as that concerning the captain's presence in the coach. The two ladies again glanced hurriedly at each other.

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Miss Tempy seemed a little disappointed and made no comment. Her sister, too, was silent. Presently Bradley yawned. He tried to hide it, but Miss Prissy, coming out of her trance, saw him.

"My sakes," she exclaimed, "what are we thinkin' of, keepin' you up this way? It's after 9 o'clock. Let me get the lamp. Tempy, you do up that soapstone for his feet."

Bradley was up early the next morning, and his dressing was a sort of jig, for it was freezing cold. When he went downstairs it was evident that things had been going on. Miss Prissy came out of the sitting room, bearing a broom and with her "alpaca" gown covered with an apron. Miss Tempy, her curls done up in papers, was busy with the "tidy" for the sofa. Each of the sisters was nervous and excited.

"Miss Prissy said a stiff little grace at the breakfast table. Miss Tempy had a large cup of 'pepper tea' for herself and urged Bradley to partake, but the elder sister came to the rescue and gave him hot milk and water instead. After the meal was over and the dishes washed Miss Prissy went out to feed the hens, and Bradley went with her. The house, seen by day, was a big, square building, badly in need of paint. The roof was four sided and sloped upward to a cupola in the center. From its closely shut front door snow covered box hedges in parallel lines defined the path to the front gate, also locked and fastened and, like the front door, only used on occasions. There was a large tumbledown barn, with an empty pippen back of the

house and a henhouse and yard in the rear of the barn.

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Just as the dozen hens and lonesome looking rooster were fed—Miss Prissy informed him that by and by looking after the poultry would be one of his duties—Miss Tempy's voice was heard calling excitedly from the kitchen door.

"Prissy!" she screamed—"Prissy, come in the house quick! He's comin'! The cap'n's comin'!"

"My land!" exclaimed the elder sister wildly, and her dignity forgotten, she almost ran to the house, followed by Bradley, who didn't understand the cause of the excitement.

"Oh, my sakes," ejaculated Miss Tempy as they entered the kitchen, "what made him come so early? You'll have to see him first, Prissy. I've got to fix my hair."

Miss Prissy rushed into the sitting room, wheeled a chair into place, set a tidy straight, laid the photograph of a bum exactly in the center of the table instead of two inches from the edge and patted her own hair with her hands, dodging in front of the bright framed mirror as she did so. Then, as a smart knock sounded at the dining room door, she assumed her "company" smile and marched sedately to receive the visitor.

It was Captain Titcomb who had knocked, and after cleaning the snow from his boots on the "scraper" he entered the house, bearing two packages wrapped in brown paper.

"Well, Prissy," said the captain, laying down the packages to shake hands, "how'd you do? Didn't expect to see me in this port jest now, did you?"

"No, indeed, Cap'n Titcomb," was the reply. "But we're real glad to see you all the same. Come right in. Take your things off. Bradley said he rode down with you in the coach last night. Dreadful storm we had, wasn't it? How's your health nowadays? Walk right into the sittin' room. You must excuse the looks of things. I've begun sweepin'."

There was a good deal more, but when Miss Prissy stopped for breath the captain, who had thrown his cap and overcoat on a chair, replied that the storm was bad, that his health was good and that the room looked "first rate," so far as he could see. Then he held out his hand to the boy, who had seated himself on a chair close to the door, and said cheerily:

"Mornin', Brad. Well, how are you after your shake up last night? Wan' sea sick after I got out, was you?"

Bradley grinned bashfully and stammered that he was "all right."

"Good! We had a rugged trip comin' over, Prissy. The old coach rolled so I felt like goin' on deck and shortenin' sail. Your new boy here's goin' to make a good sailor, I can see that. Where's Tempy?"

"Oh, she's upstairs for a minute. She'll be right down," answered Miss Prissy carelessly. "Tell me what brought you home so unexpected."

"Sprung a leak and had to lay the old hooker up for repairs. That's a specialty of my owners—repair. They'd rather patch up for a hundred years than build new vessels. I—I—Brad, fetch me them bundles out of the dinin' room."

Bradley obediently brought the brown paper parcels, and the captain handed one of them to Miss Prissy, saying: "Here's a little somethin' I picked up over to New York, Prissy. I thought you might like it. I ain't got much use for such things myself."

The lady took the package and began to untie the string in a nervous manner, blushing a little as she did so.

"I know it's somethin' nice, Cap'n Ezra. You do buy the nicest things. It's real kind of you to remember me this way. Oh, ain't that pretty?"

The package contained a Japanese silk fan, with ivory sticks and a red tassel. Miss Prissy opened it and spread it out in her lap, exclaiming over its beauty, her face the color of the tassel.

"Oh, it ain't nothin'," said the captain. "I did a favor for a friend of mine that's skipper of a barkentine jest home from Hongkong, and he gave it to me. He had some stuff he'd brought for his daughter, and the duty on it would have been pretty expensive, so I fixed—but never mind that. I thought maybe you'd like it to carry to church in the summer time or somethin'. Why, hello, Tempy! How'd you do?"

The younger sister entered the room, her poplin rustling and every curl in place. She gushingly shook the captain's hand and said she was so glad to see him.

"Oh, Tempy," cried Miss Prissy, "jest look at this lovely fan Cap'n Titcomb brought me! Did you ever see anything so pretty?"

Miss Tempy exclaimed over the fan, but somehow her enthusiasm seemed a little forced. It may be the captain noticed this; at any rate, he picked up the second parcel and handed it to her, saying:

"Here's a little somethin' I brought for you, Tempy. I don't know you'll like it, bub."

Miss Tempy's present also was a fan, precisely like the other except that the tassel was pink. Miss Prissy's interest in her sister's gift was intense, but when it was discovered that in no important point were the fans dissimilar and that neither was better than the mate both of the ladies appeared to be a trifle disappointed, although they tried not to show it.

Bradley shook the extended hands. Miss Tempy, and the latter returned the look. Strange to say, both colored.

"Cap'n Titcomb?" faltered Miss Prissy. "Cap'n Ezra Titcomb?"

"Yes, ma'am. He talked to me 'most all the way. I liked him first rate."

"Why—why, I do declare! I didn't know the cap'n was expected, did you, Tempy?"

"No, I'm sure I didn't!" exclaimed the flustered younger sister. "Did he tell you why he was comin', Bradley?"

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WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

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If payment is made strictly in advance a
discount of 50 cents will be allowed in
the rate of annual subscription.

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County. Rates furnished on applica-
tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 2nd November, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[October 24 to October 30]

ANOTHER most satisfactory week for the success of the arms of the Entente Allies on all fronts where hostilities were in progress, was the period under review.

On the Western front the Allies did not make as great advances as in the preceding week, though steady gains were made all the way from the Scheldt to the Meuse, and that, too, against the stubborn resistance of the Teuton enemy. Scant details were given out concerning the fighting and its results, the censorate being more rigid than for some time previously; but all reports from the Western front spoke of hard fighting, attacks and counter-attacks, the advantage resting ultimately with the Allies. The reported withdrawal of the Germans from France and Belgium had not, apparently, been extended much beyond the coastal region of Belgium, though what is happening in the rear of the battle lines has not been made public.

The week was memorable for the renewal of a forward movement of the Allies in the Italian campaign, the activity extending from the Brenta eastward to the Piave and thence southeastward along the latter river almost to the Adriatic. The river was crossed in several places between Valdobbiadene and Follina, and an advance was made as far as Castellano, to the river Monticano beyond Vazzola, and almost to the town of Oderzo. Nearly 40,000 Austrian prisoners were taken, and enormous quantities of military supplies, many heavy guns, and great numbers of machine guns. At the week's closing the Austrian resistance was being pretty steadily maintained in the northern sector of the battle area, but they were apparently retreating or preparing for a further retreat between the Piave and the Livinza rivers.

The Balkan campaign yielded most satisfactory results to the arms of the Entente Allies. In Albania the Italians succeeded in almost clearing the whole country of Austrian troops, who were retiring across the frontier into Montenegro. The Italians occupied Alessio and San Giovanni di Medua on the Adriatic coast close to Montenegro. In Serbia the Allies had nearly completed the occupation of the country, the Austrians and Germans withdrawing as rapidly as possible. The Allies practically held the entire south bank of the Danube from Samandria (30 miles east of Belgrade) to Vidin, which is in Bulgaria. It was apparent that the Serbians and Allies would soon force the Teutons to withdraw from the extreme northwestern corner of Serbia which they still occupied at the week's close.

Very little news was received during the week concerning the course of military activities in Russia.

The British forces in Mesopotamia made great progress in the direction of Mosul, on both sides of the Tigris, and at last reports were within sixty miles of that town. In the course of the week's hostilities the British took over 1500 Turkish prisoners and very considerable quantities of military stores. Mosul has a population of 90,000, and is situated close to the site of ancient Nineveh. It is still a very important trading centre. General Allenby's forces in the Holy Land continued their advance northward and took the town of Aleppo, a most important objective. Aleppo, or rather Killis, the railway junction to the north of it, is about 375 miles west of Mosul; and if the forces of General Allenby on the west and those of General Marshall on the east are able to maintain the progress of the past month at the same rate of speed, in less than a month they should be able to join hands.

The week was practically without news of the activities of German submarines, though they may not have gone out of business altogether. So long as they confine their attention to naval vessels and transports we are not likely to be informed of any success they may have until sometime after this event.

While the week was remarkable for the military successes of the Entente Allies, it was also memorable for the political changes in rapid progress of development in Central Europe, upon which we cannot offer much comment in this place. The cause of it all is the terrible war, which those who provoked it are now finding out that they are likely to be its worst victims if it cannot be stopped at once. Austria (it does not now seem to be correct to write Austria-Hungary) has sent

another note to President Wilson; and Dr. Solf, the German Foreign Secretary has also sent another note, this time addressed to the American Government. Turkey also is said to have dispatched a note to President Wilson, asking for peace. But representatives of all the Allies who are in conflict with the Central European Powers are now holding a military council at Versailles, and this council will decide (may have decided before this is in press) what terms are to be demanded before an armistice can be granted to enable the belligerents to enter into negotiations for peace. The discussions of the Council are known only to the members thereof, and the censorate does not permit the transmission even of speculations as to the trend of the deliberations. We can only hope that all the wrong that has been done will be righted; all the outrages that have been perpetrated will meet their condign punishment; that the power and possibility to embroil the world again in such a bloody contest will be destroyed forever; that a league of nations will be constituted on those principles for which the British race has contended for centuries; that men shall learn the art of war no more; that swords shall be beaten into plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks; that justice and liberty shall prevail throughout the earth; that the strong shall protect the weak; that commerce and the arts of peace shall henceforward constitute the chief activities of the human race; that learning and religion shall hold the highest place in all lands; that the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall be the guiding principles of humanity henceforward the world over. If these things come to pass, if the millennium is to begin on this fair earth, then the fearful price which this war has cost already and which must be greatly increased in the immediate future, will not have been paid in vain.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

THE supreme question in Canada at this time is the successful negotiation of the Victory loan, and we have given much space in this issue to present it to our readers in an effective way. Canada has done its part in the great world war nobly up to the present, and in the initial success which the loan has already met, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no doubt whatever that she will continue to do all that is expected of her, and something over. The success of the loan must be assured, just as much as the success of our men in the battlefields. The sinews of war are money, and we have the money and it must be forthcoming when it is asked for. The Government of the day is not asking for alms or for a gift, but simply for a loan from those who have money—much or little—to lend. The security is the whole resources of our great Dominion; the interest is much better than can ordinarily be obtained for Government loans. Patriotism and prudence combine to make the loan one that should be participated in to the extent of every available dollar by every Canadian.

THE FUEL SITUATION

We have been informed by the Manager of the Quoddy Coal Co., Ltd., that they now have a carload of anthracite stove coal on the way, and they expect to have other two carloads of anthracite shipped as soon as the American coal company can secure the cars. The Manager informs us that consumers need not be unduly anxious in regard to their winter's supply of coal, as the Quoddy Co. is doing everything possible to obtain all that will be needed in the Town this winter.

OCTOBER CHARLOTTE COUNTY COURT

Tuesday, October 29, was the day for the meeting of the October Charlotte County Court, which was duly opened by the Sheriff, and the Clerk, but as there was no business to transact, and Judge Carleton was not in attendance, the Court was immediately closed. This was in accordance with legal requirements.

CUSTOM RETURNS FOR THE PORT OF ST. ANDREWS FOR MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1918

Duty Collected	\$4659.70
Dutiable Goods imported	\$39426.20
Duty-free Goods imported	\$3408.92
Value of Goods exported	\$226425.60

"Mr. Biggins speaks four or five languages," remarked Miss Cayenne. "Valuable accomplishment." "It would be if he could think up something worth saying in any one of them."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Does your husband enjoy good health?" Mrs. Bensonhurst—"He doesn't seem to. He's never really happy unless he thinks there's something the matter with him."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"The professor is absent-minded. Why don't you tell him that he is walking around in a revolving door?" "Let him walk around for a half-hour. He needs exercise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 30
It was expected that the Calais Opera House which has been beautifully renovated and redecored, would open its doors again on Saturday last, but the Calais City fathers decided otherwise and the Opera House still remains closed and probably will until all danger of the influenza is past.

Mr. Bert Nesbitt is a sufferer from the prevailing epidemic.

Mrs. D. A. Brumund has returned from Chicago, where she has been for some time a trained nurse in a Chicago Hospital.

Lieut. Howe Grant, of the Royal Flying Corps, is at his home in St. Stephen for a furlough, and to recruit after a recent accident.

Mr. Leverett Russell has recovered from an attack of influenza, and is able to resume his duties in the store of F. E. Rose.

Mrs. Albert Faloon, of Milltown, has been visiting Mrs. Edward Chase, in Baring.

Miss Esther McFarlane has returned from Campbellton.

Miss Edith Newnham is still at Camp Devens, attending the young soldiers who are ill with gripe.

Mrs. A. B. Russell and daughter, Maude, of Somerville, Mass., have been recent guests of Mrs. Samuel McCurdy, Princess Street.

It was heard with much regret here that Lieut. R. A. Maxwell had been gassed in a recent battle in France and was now in a hospital in England.

Rev. Percy Cotton arrived in St. Stephen on Thursday evening with his wife and children, and they are occupying their new home, Trinity Rectory.

Mr. C. N. Vroom is in charge of the town clerk's office and duties while the esteemed clerk, Mr. James Vroom, is resting and recruiting his health after an attack of gripe.

Miss Minnie Brehant, (R. N.), who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Brehant in Calais has returned to Boston to resume her nursing duties in that City.

Mr. W. L. Algar, who made a motor trip to Fredericton last week, is again at home.

Miss Noe Clarke, of Boston, has been spending a few days with her friend, Mrs. B. Y. Curran, in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Scovil are now residing with Mr. and Mrs. John McGibbin, closing their own home during the winter months.

Mr. William E. Clarke, Junior member of the firm of Clarke Bros. Ltd., has enlisted in the 7th Artillery and will soon leave for Partridge Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McVay are both suffering from the prevailing influenza.

Mr. James Brown, the Junior partner of McAleenan and Brown, is suffering from a severe cold.

Miss Emma Robinson has returned from a visit to Woodstock.

Mrs. E. Atherton Smith, Mrs. George Babbitt, and Mrs. Scott were in St. Stephen for a short visit last week, returning to St. Andrews the same day.

Dr. Douglas Dyas, who has been overseas for the past two years, has arrived home, and is most cordially welcomed. He has been in hospitals in France attending wounded soldiers, and once received a slight wound on the hand. He was an established physician in St. Stephen before going overseas, and his friends and those who are his patrons hope he has returned to remain.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

Miss Sorghum—"Isn't Mrs. Roxton pretty? She seems to be growing younger every day." Mrs. Oldmynx—"Yes, indeed; she is one of our most successful camoufleurs."—*Life*.

"The fair defendant will be acquitted of course?" "I expect so," replied the prosecuting attorney. "As soon as she mounted the witness-stand and smiled at the jury, nine out of the twelve began to fumble with their neckties and slick down their hair."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Wife (reading letter)—"Well, I declare, here's Jim Brown that I used to know

STOP -- LOOK -- LISTEN

I absolutely must—if a possible thing—sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Rubber Boots, on or before December 31st, and in order to do so, I am making my prices as low as possible.

Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies' Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button and Lace, \$2.50 while they last.

Ladies Extra High Tops, latest style and colors, in high heels and medium low heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels \$1.

Men's Hip Boots \$7, Hip \$6, Boys' Boots \$5, Youths' Boots \$4, Children's \$2.

Men's Rubbers \$1.25 up, Boys' \$1.75 and \$1.00, Youths' \$1.75, Girls' \$1.75 and \$1.00, Child's \$1.75.

Men's Canvas Oxfords, Rubber Soles and Heels, \$1.25, Ladies' \$1.25.

Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisible Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5. Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes, New Tony Red Color, Fibre Soles and Heels, \$6.50 per pair.

I am the only agent and collector for Singer Sewing Machines for Eastport, Lubec, and vicinity, and machines have advanced in price, so if you want a Sewing Machine, just get my prices before you buy a machine from anyone else for my price may be just quite a little bit lower. I have a Drop Head Singer Sewing Machine, in good running order. The Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine will work as good as any, and the price for cash is only \$22. Another one with better looking Cabinet, this is a Singer also, in first class condition, for cash \$30. A few Bix Top Machines, different makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10. I keep Shuttlers, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Slides, Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, everything for the Singer right on hand. Needles, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing machine, including New Williams and Raymond.

I keep a good assortment of New Singer Sewing Machines on hand, and I can make you special cash prices on any I have.

Telephone 42-3. 3 ply Roofing \$3.

EDGAR HOLMES, SHOE STORE

Beyond Post Office
131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

St. John, N. B., Oct. 29, 1918

Dear Madam President:

Owing to the outbreak of the Spanish influenza in the Province the need for help in many cases is very urgent. All Branches of the Red Cross Society are therefore asked to do what they can to assist in every possible way those who are working in their districts, to care and provide for the sick who are afflicted with the disease.

All supplies of the Red Cross are placed at the disposal of the Provincial Health Authorities, and it is the wish of the executive of the New Brunswick Provincial Branch of the Red Cross, that its various branches should provide the Health Officer and those in authority in their district with any supplies which may be needed. If such supplies are not in stock when required, Branches are requested to notify the Provincial Branch at once, and they will then be sent from our Provincial stores in St. John without delay.

As general meetings are prohibited, it will not be in order to call a meeting of all your members to notify them of this matter, but the Executive of your Branch may be called together, or in some way notified of the steps being taken in this emergency.

This is a wonderful opportunity for the Red Cross to be of great assistance, and we therefore ask for your most earnest co-operation in this time of need.

Yours very truly,
ALICE TILLY
Organizing President.
N. B. Provincial Bch. C. R. C. S.
The above notice has just been received

from St. John by the president of the Red Cross Society of this town, and she wishes to notify the doctors and Board of Health. Wife—"Waiting for what?" Hub—"For that if the Red Cross Society can be of any assistance to them in helping those suffering from Spanish influenza, they will be very glad to assist in any way."

MINNIE STICKNEY
President of the R. C. S.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

come back from the West with a fortune." Hub—"Well, go on! I'm waiting." Wife—"Waiting for what?" Hub—"For that if the Red Cross Society can be of any assistance to them in helping those suffering from Spanish influenza, they will be very glad to assist in any way."

MINNIE STICKNEY
President of the R. C. S.

Caller—"I sent you a poem about three weeks ago. What have you done with it?" Editor—"I'm holding it. Every little while lately I get to thinking that we are not getting out as good a paper as we ought, and then I take that poem and see how much worse the sheet might be, and that makes me cheerful again. Say, how much'll you take for it?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Bacon—"They say Crimsoenbeak does everything well?" Egbert—"How about his lying?" "That's the best thing he does."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Flatbush—"Did you know the blonde widow next door is to be married again?" Bensonhurst—"No. I thought by her former husband's will she was to forfeit

WE HAVE A STORE FULL OF GOODS OF ALL KINDS

And can supply you with everything that is useful or ornamental. We have just received some Doulton Salad Sets which are suitable for Wedding Presents, also a large stock of Jardinieres, all sizes and prices.

We have some splendid values in Dinner Sets bought before the last advance, and we are selling them at the old price. Prices are not likely to drop, so now is the time to secure a bargain.

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

SPRING GOODS

PAINTS—Now is the time to do your painting. Paint beautifies and preserves the home, enhances the beauty of the town we dwell in. We have a good stock of Ramsay's Mixed Paints, Varnishes, Brushes, Oils, etc. Ask for Color Cards.

WALL PAPERS—We have a splendid stock of the latest goods in this line; prices are reasonable too. New stock 13c. per roll, up. We also have an assortment of other wall papers which we are selling at 8c. up. Call early before the best is sold out.

You will soon be needing some **GARDEN TOOLS** to help increase the Food Production. Better get your Rakes, Hoes, Spading Forks and other utensils now. We sell Steele Briggs' **GARDEN SEEDS**.

Buy a **BICYCLE** and enjoy good health. It saves you many a step and a lot of time. Call and see the "CLEVELAND." We will be pleased to quote you on Accessories or any repair work you may contemplate.

Columbia Batteries, Rope, Spikes, Nails, etc. for Weir building, and a full line of general household Hardware.

J. A. SHIRLEY

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)

OPENING THIS WEEK ALL OUR FALL DRESSES

in WOOL, SERGE, and SILK

Many new and pretty styles.—Shades, Navy, Tampe, Nigger, Green, and Burgundy.

Marked as low as cash can buy them.

C. C. GRANT
St. Stephen, N. B.

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social

Mr. Wm. M. their bungalow and left for W. and Mrs. George at home to celebrate Tuesday and

Miss Elsie friends at a evening.

Mrs. Angus family dinner on Saturday evening

Mr. and Mrs. ed on Saturday Grimmer.

Miss Amelia sorry to hear of Chipman Hospital

Miss Kathleen town to nurse is one of the in

Miss Nellie M. a visit to Camp

Mr. Orlo H. again after his

Mrs. A. Rigby recent attack of

Mrs. T. A. Ha influenza.

Miss Corona Bridgewater, owing to the death

Miss Ethel C. few of her friends Tuesday evening

Miss Etta H. Mr. W. J. H. Mr. R. Slater New York.

Mrs. F. P. Bar with bronchitis.

Miss Norine been visiting her hus Kennedy, in Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Henry D. the guest of Mrs.

Mrs. Angus K. winter at the Col W. F. Kennedy.

Mr. Fraser Ke Capt. and Mrs. Business College

Mrs. Frank W. is visiting her Florence O'Hallo

Mr. Warren St. again after his

Mr. and Mrs. receiving congrat a son, on Oct. 29

Mr. George By and family have and are occupying Queen Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaw have the winter.

Mrs. Sydney I was in town this

The friends of pleased to hear of captaincy. Capt. C. with the 14th Eng.

Misses Bertha have recovered fr

Mr. and Mrs. H. occupying their n

Miss Julia Powe from St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. with friends at Ba

Mr. and Mrs. F. ter, Louise spent Mrs. A. Mears, at

Freemen Buy

Social and Personal

Mr. Wm. McKinney and family closed their bungalow on Thursday, Oct. 24th, and left for Woodstock, their winter home.

Mrs. George F. McRoberts will be at home to callers from five to six on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Miss Elsie Finigan entertained her friends at a sewing party on Monday evening.

Mrs. Angus Kennedy entertained at a family dinner party at Kennedy's Hotel on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray returned on Saturday and are visiting Mrs. G. D. Grimmer.

Miss Amelia Kennedy's friends are sorry to hear that she is a patient at the Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen.

Miss Kathleen O'Neill has gone to Milltown to nurse the Rev. Dr. Meahan, who is one of the influenza victims.

Miss Nellie Mowat has returned from a visit to Campobello.

Mr. Orlo Hawthorne is able to be out again after his recent illness.

Mrs. A. Rigby has recovered from her recent attack of influenza.

Mrs. T. A. Hartt is quite ill with the influenza.

Miss Corona Wile left on Monday for Bridgewater, N. S., being called there owing to the death of her father.

Miss Ethel Cummings entertained a few of her friends at a card party on Tuesday evening.

Miss Etta Halliday, of St. John, is visiting Mr. W. J. Halliday.

Mr. R. Slater has returned home from New York.

Mrs. F. P. Barnard has been quite ill with bronchitis.

Miss Norine Cunningham, who has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Angus Kennedy, has returned to her home in Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Henry Dyer, of Elmsville, has been the guest of Mrs. Howard Rigby.

Mrs. Angus Kennedy is spending the winter at the Cottage with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kennedy.

Mr. Fraser Keay is visiting his parents, Capt. and Mrs. Richard Keay, while the Business College in St. John is closed.

Mrs. Frank Wentworth, of Deer Island, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Florence O'Halloran.

Mr. Warren Stinson is able to be out again after his attack of influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Mitchell are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, on Oct. 29th.

Mr. George Byron, Judge of Probate, and family have moved from Campobello and are occupying the De Wolfe house on Queen Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn and Mrs. Harry Shaw have gone to St. Stephen for the winter.

Mrs. Sydney Harvey, of Campobello, was in town this week.

The friends of Archie Cunningham are pleased to hear that he has received his captaincy. Capt. Cunningham is in France with the 14th Engineers, A. E. F.

Misses Bertha and Florence McQuoid have recovered from an attack of grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen McDowell are now occupying their new home on Queen St.

Miss Julia Powers has returned home from St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Slater spent Sunday with friends at Bayside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gillman and daughter, Louise spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Mears, at Bayside.

Freemen Buy Bonds.
Slaves Wear Them!

Local and General

Mr. Durell Pendleton has purchased the house on Montague Street owned by Mr. R. E. Armstrong.

Mr. Chas. Homan has purchased Mr. Frank Kennedy's house on Douglas Street.

Y. W. P. A.

Last week we printed under the heading "Honor Roll" a list of names handed in to us on behalf of the Y. W. P. A., but the list as received contained no intimation that it referred to the soldiers overseas to whom Christmas boxes had been sent. The omission was not our fault, but was an oversight on the part of the person who supplied the list. Two names were added to the list by someone in our office, and these names should not have been so added. The Y. W. P. A. has received the following additional names of soldiers overseas to whom Christmas boxes have been sent:

- John McClure
- Allen MacDonald
- Walter Stuart
- Charles Worrell

THE VICTORY LOAN

The official canvassers for the sale of Victory Bonds in this section of Charlotte County report excellent initial success. Bonds to the amount of \$34,000 having been subscribed for up to noon on Friday. This amount represents one-third of the total amount this section is expected to raise, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the people here will, as usual, not only do what is expected of them in all patriotic work but will greatly exceed it. The previous loan was taken up to the extent of \$165,000 in this section, and there is reason to hope and believe that a similar result will be obtained on the present occasion.

MGR. O'NEILL FOUND DEAD

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 28.—Shortly after he had returned from responding to a sick call in the city jail, the Right Rev. Mgr. Francis O'Neill, V. F., pastor of St. Mary's Church, was found dead in his office chair last night. He was born seventy-six years ago in St. Andrews, N. B., and his body will be taken there for interment by his nephew, Dr. C. H. F. O'Neill, of 294 West Ninety-second Street, Manhattan.

Mgr. O'Neill celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination on Oct. 14, 1915, and at that time he was raised to the Monsignor. He had been eighteen years in charge of St. Mary's, and he was greatly beloved because of his solicitude and hard work for his parishioners.—*The New York Times*.

The above announcement has caused great grief to the many friends of the distinguished clergyman in his native town, St. Andrews. His remains are to be brought here to-day, and the funeral services will be held this afternoon. In our next issue we shall give an account of the funeral and a more extended notice of the deceased priest's eminent career of piety and usefulness.

Lady Shaughnessy, the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, and Miss May Wilson have returned from spending a few days at St. Agathe des Monts.

Sir Thomas and Lady Tait and Miss Winifred Tait expects to occupy their new home on Sherbrooke street, some time next week.—*Montreal Herald*, Oct. 26.

She—"How do I know you are not marrying me for my money?" He—"If it comes to that, how do I know that you are not marrying me to reform me?"—*Boston Transcript*.

BORN

Mitchell, St. Andrews, N. B., on Oct. 29th, to the wife of Cleveland Mitchell, a son.

MARRIED

McROBERTS-ROBERTS. Married at the residence of Mrs. Chas. Chapman, St. Andrews, N.B., on Wednesday, Oct. 16, by Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Geo. F. McRoberts, of St. Andrews, to Sarah Roberts, of Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

OBITUARY

ALLAN MOSHER
Cummings' Cove, Deer Island, Oct. 28. It is with deep regret that we record the death of Allan Mosher, of Cummings' Cove, Deer Island, aged forty years, which occurred at the Calais Hospital on Monday, Oct. 21, from the prevailing epidemic, Spanish influenza. Mr. Mosher had been employed at Bocabec during the summer months, and was summoned to his home on account of illness in his family; and while administering to their wants he himself contracted the disease, and was removed to the Calais Hospital hoping that his life might be spared, but the disease had developed into acute pneumonia, and was beyond medical control, and he only lived a short time. Mr. Mosher was a man who was highly respected in his own community as well as elsewhere; a kind neighbour, who had many friends and no enemies, and his death so early in life is a deplorable event to all. The remains were conveyed to the Island on Tuesday and a short burial service was held by the pastor of the U. B. Church of Chocolate Cove, Rev. Mr. Egan, at the grave. He leaves a wife and one daughter, Mrs. Willis Doughty, of Leonardville, and one sister, Mrs. Arthur Flagg, of Eastport, Me. Interment was in the family lot at Cummings' Cove.

JACK CARTON
A telegram was received announcing the death of Mr. Jack Carton, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Carton, Shore street, who passed away at a New York hospital last evening, following a sickness with pneumonia.

He left here about ten years ago for the States, and since then he fought his way through life and made a success. At the time of his death he was superintendent of the McLean Woollen Mills at Garfield, New Jersey, and filled this position admirably. Last fall he made a short visit here with his parents and was warmly welcomed by all his old friends. The deceased was thirty-six years of age, and is survived by his wife, parents, five sisters, Mrs. Daniel Toomey, Dover, New Hampshire, Mrs. Fred McCurdy, St. Andrews, Tilley, of Wentworth Hospital, Dover, Mabel, and Helena, of this city; three brothers, William J. R., Louis A., of Halifax, and Gnr. Douglas, Gravenhurst, Ont. The remains will be brought to his wife's home at Burden, York Co., and interment will be made there. His sister was with him when he died.—*Fredericton Gleaner*.

DORIS JOHNSON
Early Wednesday morning Doris Johnson passed away from pneumonia, at the age of eighteen years. She had been seriously ill, but as it was thought she was improving, her death came as a shock to her friends. She is survived by her father, Mr. Peter Johnson, and one sister, Phyllis. The funeral services were held on Friday by Rev. G. H. Elliot, Rector of All Saints Church.

LOTTIE MACCALLUM
St. George, N. B., Oct. 30.—Miss Lottie MacCallum, who was for many years matron of the Fredericton Hospital, died on Wednesday last at her home in the Johnson Settlement, Didgeguash. She was a woman of strong character and had many friends throughout the province.

JAMES FRASER
St. George, N. B., Oct. 30.—James Fraser

a well-known truckman, died on Tuesday evening of tuberculosis. He had been ill for several months, and was confined to the house for the past few weeks. Mr. Fraser was popular throughout the community. In his younger days he followed the stone business and was for many years a granite cutter in the mills here. He was a member of the Independent Order of Forsters, also a member of the C. of F. The funeral will be held on Friday.

PTE. WILLIAM ANNING

Word was received this week by Mrs. Adelaide Anning that her fourth son, Pte. William Anning, had died of pneumonia on Oct. 26th, in the military Hospital at Etaples, France, where he had been admitted on Oct. 22nd. He was 27 years of age. He enlisted in the "Fighting 26th" in 1914, and was wounded in 1915. He is survived by his mother; three sisters, Mrs. Thos. Elkerton, of Rossland, B. C., and Misses Flossie and Gertrude, of St. Andrews; and three brothers, Sydney, of St. Andrews, Percy of Boston, Mass., and Donald, now in France.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved family in their great loss. Another name has been added to the long list of our gallant young men who have sacrificed their lives in the cause of freedom and justice. Though Private Anning is claimed as a Canadian from St. Andrews, he was born in England, whence he and his family came here in 1910.

SUMNER S. HARTFORD

Lord's Cove, Oct. 29.—A gloom was cast over this place when it was learned that Sumner Stuart Hartford had passed away. He was the only child of Liscomb and Julia Hartford and was born May 7th 1895. Dr. Alex. Murray was called to see him on October 15th, and for four days he appeared to be improving but on Sunday, October 20th, it was found that pneumonia was doing its deadly work. Dr. E. H. Bennett, of Lubec, was in attendance, also Miss Helen S. Lambert, a skillful nurse, but all help failed and he died after an illness of five days.

He was loved and respected by all who had the privilege of knowing him, and the sympathy of the community is extended to his wife, who is ill at home, and to his father and mother who survive him.

Beautiful floral decorations were forwarded by the Seacoast Canning Co. by boatmen, and others.

Services were held at the home of his father, and the body was interred at Mount Hope cemetery, Richardson, D. I., Tuesday, October 22.

Many friends will sympathize with the families in their great bereavement.—*Courier*.

THEODORE WRIGHT

Beaver Harbor, N. B., Oct. 29.—The death of Theodore Wright occurred at his home here on Thursday, 24th inst., from pneumonia, following an attack of Spanish influenza. Deceased, who was 38 years of age, was not very strong having before had congestion of the lungs, and so was not able to stand the dreaded disease.

Mr. Wright was a quiet, good, and up-

right citizen, who will be much missed in the community.

He leaves to mourn, his wife and two small children, his mother, and three brothers. His mother, wife, and children are ill at present.

The funeral, which was private, was conducted by Rev. H. E. DeWolfe, of St. George. Deceased was a member of Court Seaside, C. O. F., and several Foresters attended the service in the cemetery.

Freemen Buy Bonds.
Slaves Wear Them!

Serve Tapioca

Whole 20c. per lb.
Minute and Quick
14c. per package.

H. J. BURTON & CO.
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

HAVE YOU
Got these Articles on Hand?

Do you keep one or more in your home now?

- Aspirin Tablets
- Quinine Pills
- Camphor Gum
- Camphorated Oil
- Oil Eucalyptus
- Sweet Spirits Nitre
- Cough Syrups
- Hive Syrup for Whooping Cough and Croup
- Antiphlogistine
- Linseed Meal, etc.

You may possibly need them in a hurry.

THE WREN DRUG STORE

A Timely Word

Cold weather will soon be here. Better let us look over that **FURNACE or HEATER**. Perhaps it may need some repairs.

Stove Pipe, Elbows, Dampers, Collars, Stove Boards, and Sheet Iron Heaters for wood, always on hand.

Book orders for repair work now and have it done early.

Roy A. Gillman
Market Sq. Phone 16-61

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-18231)

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

WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE
COCKBURN BROS., Props.
Cor. Water and King Streets

A. E. O'NEILL'S
FOR
MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS

Water St. ST. ANDREWS

Stinson's Cafe
AND
Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE
ICE CREAM

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

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

DOMINION OF CANADA VICTORY BONDS
Yielding 5 1-2 p. c. Interest

Will be on sale from the Atlantic to the Pacific from
OCTOBER 28th to NOVEMBER 16th, 1918

Turn your "Savings Accounts" into Bonds to help end the war. By doing so you will also secure a good investment

The official canvassers for the district of St. Andrews are:—

FRANK L. MALLORY and W. FRANK KENNEDY
Phone 40 Phone 39-21


G. KING GREENLAW, Mayor
Chairman of Local Committee

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.

A FULL STOCK OF
GROCERIES
—AND—
PROVISIONS

Always on Hand
J. D. GRIMMER
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.
(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-5739)

Try a Beacon Adv For Results

WINTER APPLES AND THEIR CARE

(Experimental Farms Note)

As winter apples are expensive it is important that the buyer and consumer should, when laying in the winter's supply, obtain varieties that will be in best condition successfully through the winter.

If the apples are in good condition, they may be left in the barrel or box. If, however, they show signs of rotting they should be sorted and the unaffected specimens wrapped in tissue or newspaper, which lessens the danger of any rot spreading.

Among the best varieties of apples in good condition early in the winter are Fameuse or Snow, Ribston Pippin, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Tomkins King, Jonathan, Grimes Golden, and McIntosh Red.

The Fameuse and McIntosh Red are two of the most popular dessert varieties. These are both in good condition in November, but while the Fameuse does not keep well, as a rule, much after the New Year, the McIntosh grown in some districts will keep in good condition until March.

Ribston Pippin, Hubbardston, and Tomkins King are three more apples of high flavor for November and December or later.

Jonathan, while not grown to any extent in Canada outside British Columbia, is shipped East in boxes. It also comes from the Western States and can be depended upon until about the New Year.

It is a handsome apple of good quality. After the New Year the Northern Spy is, perhaps, the most popular apple in Canada, but as the supply is limited and they can be kept until late in the winter or spring, some of the sorts which do not keep well much after mid-winter may be used first.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN FROM THE DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMS

1918-19

By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, a free distribution of superior sorts of grain will be made during the coming winter and spring to Canadian farmers.

The samples for distribution will consist of spring wheat (about 5 lb.), white oats (about 4 lb.), barley (about 5 lb.), and field peas (about 5 lb.). These will be sent out, free by mail, from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, by the Dominion Cerealists, who will furnish the necessary application forms.

Only one sample can be sent to each applicant. As the supply of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply very early.

J. H. GRISDALE, Director, Dominion Experimental Farms.

MARITIME PROVINCES IN VICTORY LOAN DRIVE

Reports From Provincial Leaders Show Things to Be in Good Shape

The Maritime Provinces are right in line for the Victory Loan drive. They are, of course, somewhat handicapped by the prevailing epidemic, but the following reports issued by the Provincial Chairmen are evidence that the results will, in every respect, be satisfactory.

G. S. Campbell, Chairman of the Nova Scotia Committee says: "Our only drawback is the influenza epidemic which is seriously affecting some districts. We have been entirely prohibited from holding meetings and, with our churches, schools, and theatres closed, have been deprived of many of the usual channels of publicity. We are endeavoring to offset these disadvantages by other agencies, and in spite of these drawbacks we are looking forward to a highly successful campaign. Our entire official staff of committeemen and canvassers are determined to do their utmost to make the loan a triumphant success."

T. H. Estabrooks, New Brunswick:

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

"Prospects for the coming Victory Loan campaign could scarcely be better. Crops are good and business of all kinds, save lumbering, is excellent. New Brunswick will raise and exceed her quota, without a doubt."

WEED LITERATURE

(Experimental Farms Note)

Every farmer should endeavor to familiarize himself with the habits of the various weeds occurring on his farm. When he understands clearly their nature and the methods by which they spread he can then set about their control in a rational and scientific manner. It is only in the winter months that the average farmer has sufficient leisure to devote time to the study of weeds, and with this object in view, the following Dominion and Provincial Publications are quoted in the hope that they may be of service to him.

DOMINION PUBLICATIONS Bulletin 28 Weeds by James Fletcher. Bulletin S-8 Weeds & Weed Seeds, by Geo. H. Clark. Exhibition Circular No. 45. Do you know your Weeds? by Miss F. Fyles. Seed Branch. Pamphlet No. 1. Cleaning Seed.

SEED BRANCH. THE SEEP CONTROL ACT. PROVINCIAL PUBLICATIONS Quebec. The Weeds of the Province of Quebec.

Ontario. Bulletin No. 188. Weeds of Ontario. Bulletin No. 2. Twelve Noxious Weeds.

Extension Bulletin No. 4. Control of the Sow Thistle in Manitoba. Extension Bulletin No. 19. Autumn Cultivation for Weed Control.

Manitoba. Circular No. 12. Extension Service. Poison Ivy and other Poisonous Plants. Poison Ivy (Colored Poster).

Saskatchewan. Bulletin No. 31. Farm Weeds and How to Control them. Alberta. Bulletin No. 1. Weeds of Alberta.

Brit. Columbia. Circular Bulletin No. 16. Noxious Weeds, their Identification and Eradication. Wild Oat (Leaflet).

The book entitled "Farm Weeds of Canada" with coloured illustrations and costing one dollar, is no longer obtainable. Bulletin S-8 takes its place to a large extent.

Those who wish a more complete book dealing with weeds should purchase "A Manual of Weeds" by Miss Ada E. Georgia, published in the year 1914. It costs \$2.00 and is issued by Macmillan & Co. of New York and Toronto.

The War is not yet over—Buy Victory Bonds. BANKS WILL HELP SMALL INVESTORS

It is announced that, in order to encourage investors to participate in the 1918 Victory Loan, the Banks will lend subscribers, on the probable certainty of repayment within a year, up to 90 per cent of the amount of the investment in the Loan. The rate of interest charged by the banks is 5 1/2 per cent.

This should have the effect of greatly stimulating the flow of money when the big Drive opens. Many people who were anxious to do their bit towards supporting the boys at the front were unfortunately restricted as to the amount they had available for investment, having immediate or future obligations which called for their ready capital. It is such as these that the Banks are ready to help.

On reasonable security these intending investors may receive the cash from the Bank at the same rate of interest as the Dominion Government pays for the entire 1918 Victory Loan. They may reduce their obligations to the Banks monthly or quarterly.

The Banks will also accept from small investors for safe keeping without charge the interim securities and later the bonds themselves up to a reasonable amount, for the term of one year.

Freemen Buy Bonds. Slaves Wear Them! THE WEEK'S CASUALTIES

London, Oct. 28.—British casualties reported for the week ending to-day numbered 32,246, compared with 37,160 for the previous week. They are divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds: Officers, 436; men, 5,307. Wounded or missing: Officers, 1,141; men, 25,365.

CELTS OF THE INDIAN ARMY

STORY OF THE WOUNDED SHERE ALI

THE Khattak is impulsive, mercurial, easily excited, seldom dispirited, and, if so, only for a short time. His clan is sometimes a positive danger during an attack. At Sheikh Saad on the right bank on January 7, 1917, it was difficult to hold the Khattak company back while the regiment on their left was coming up; they were all for going on ahead and breaking the line; and in the end it was a premature sortie of the Khattaks that precipitated the assault.

Shere Ali, a typical Bhangi Khel, was among these. Instead of enlarging upon the Khattaks in general, it will be better, perhaps, if I tell what I know of this boy and of his father, Shahbaz Khan. From these two one may gather a fair estimate of the breed. Shere Ali I saw wounded on a barge at Sheikh Saad. He was introduced to me by his machine-gun officer, who was wounded at the same time.

Father and son both served in the Khattak double company of the 4th Rifles. Shahbaz Khan, retired Subadar, died after 18 months of the great war without hearing a shot fired. It was very gallant of the old man to be out of it, for his idea of bliss was a kind of glorified Armageddon. He had fought in Tochi and Waziristan, but these frontier scraps were unsatisfying. It was only playing at war.

"Sahib," he said "I should like to be up to my knees in gore with thousands of dead all round me."

Shere Ali was with the regiment in Egypt, left the Canal with them in December, 1915, and was just in time for the advance from Ali Charbi. Shahbaz Khan came down to depot, and dismissed his son with envious blessings. He had dyed his beard a bright red, and he carried himself with a youthful air, hoping that the Colonel might discover some subtlety by which he could re-emerge on the active list. The Colonel would have given 10 of his jiwans (young men) for him, and Shahbaz Khan knew it. But the rules were all against him. So the regiment went off and old Shahbaz Khan was left behind.

BLOOD FEUD IN A FIGHTING RACE. Father and son, as I have explained, were faithful to the type. The Khattak is the Celt of the Indian Army, reckless, generous, imprudent, altogether a friendly and responsive person, but with the queer kink in him you get in all Pathans, that primitive sensitive point of honor or shame which puzzles the psychologist.

It is often his duty to kill a man. On these occasions the agit of the British Government is a positive misfortune. For the Khattaks are mainly a cis-frontier race, and therefore subject to all the injustice and inequalities of our law. Citizenship of the Empire hampers the blood feud. A stalking duel started in British territory generally ends in the Andamans or Paradise. If you lose you lose; and if you win you may be deported for life. Nevertheless the instinct of honor survives this discouragement, and there is a general colony of Khattak outlaws over the border.

Shere Ali, though a mere lad, had killed his man at Kohat before he fought at Sheikh Saad. Zam-Zan-Zar-Land, women and gold, according to the Persian proverb are at the bottom of all outrage; and with Shahbaz Khan and Shere Ali as with nine Khattaks out of 10, it was Zan. And Zan (woman), too, was in Shere Ali's mind when he brooded so dejectedly over his wound at Sheikh Saad. He was hit in the foot and lamed the moment he left the trenches. This meant a 2in. shortage, and, as he believed, permanent crutches.

"I have never seen him so down in the mouth," Anderson, the machine-gun officer, said to me on the barge. "He has lost all his cheery look."

Shere Ali was certainly dispirited. He had his head and chest low, and all the wind taken out of him. He looked like a bird with its crest down and its feathers ruffled.

The Khattak thinks no end of his personal appearance. He dresses to kill, and loves to go and swank in the bazaar in his gala kit. He will spend hours over his toilet, peering at himself in the glass all the while without a trace of self-consciousness, though his neighbours may be almost as interested in the performance as he.

GRIEF OF THE LAMED GALLANT. Every Khattak indeed is a bit of a blood, and Shere Ali was true to type. In his country a showy exterior betokens the gallant in both senses of the word. A woman of parts will not look at a man unless he has served in the Army, or is at least something of a buccaner. Of course, a wound honorably come by is a distinction, and Shere Ali should not have been depressed. He would return a Bahadur. I told him so, but he only smiled sadly. He was crippled; there was no getting over it. He would join in the Khattak dance no more. "As for the dhol (drum) and serina (oboe)—if that intriguing music had broken out just then, I believe we should both have wept."

I heard more of Shere Ali from Anderson when he returned fit three months afterwards. In the depot the lad's expression seemed permanent. He was very anxious to get back to his village,

OFFICIAL PROSPECTUS
The proceeds of this Loan will be used for War purposes only, and will be spent wholly in Canada.
Victory Loan 1918
\$300,000,000. 5 1/2% Gold Bonds
Bearing interest from November 1st, 1918, and offered in two maturities, the choice of which is optional with the subscriber as follows:
5 year Bonds due November 1st, 1923
10 year Bonds due November 1st, 1928
Principal payable without charge at the Office of the Minister of Finance and Receiver General at Ottawa, or at the Office of the Assistant Receiver General at Halifax, St. John, Charlottetown, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Victoria.
Bonds may be registered as to principal and interest, at any of the above-mentioned offices.
Interest payable, without charge, half-yearly, May 1st and November 1st, at any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.
Principal and interest payable in Gold
Denominations: \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000
Issue Price: 100 and Accrued Interest
Income Return 5 1/2% per Annum
Free from taxes—including any income tax—imposed in pursuance of legislation enacted by the Parliament of Canada.
The proceeds of the Loan will be used for war purposes only, including the purchase of grain, foodstuffs, munitions and other supplies, and will be spent wholly in Canada.
Payment to be made as follows:
10% on application; 20% January 6th, 1919; 30% December 6th, 1918; 30% February 6th, 1919; 31.16% March 6th, 1919.
The last payment of 31.16% covers 30% balance of principal and 1.16% representing accrued interest at 5 1/2% from November 1st to the date of the respective instalments.
A full half year's interest will be paid on May 1st, 1919, making the cost of the bonds 100 and interest.
Subscriptions may be paid in full at the time of application at 100 without interest, or on any instalment due date thereafter, together with accrued interest at the rate of 5 1/2% per annum.
This Loan is authorized under Act of the Parliament of Canada, and both principal and interest are chargeable upon the Consolidated Revenue Fund.
The amount of this issue is \$300,000,000, exclusive of the amount (if any) paid for by the surrender of bonds of previous issues. The Minister of Finance, however, reserves the right to allot the whole or any part of the amount subscribed in excess of \$300,000,000.
Conversion Privileges
Bonds of this issue will, in the event of future issues of like maturity, or longer, made by the Government, during the remaining period of the War, other than issues made abroad, be accepted at 100 and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash for the purpose of subscription to such issues.
Payments
All cheques, drafts, etc., covering instalments, are to be made payable to the Credit of the Minister of Finance. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture, and the allotment to cancellation. Subscriptions must be accompanied by a deposit of 10% of the amount subscribed. Official Canvassers will forward subscriptions or any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank will accept subscription and issue receipts.
Subscriptions may be paid in full at time of application at 100 without interest; or on any instalment due date thereafter together with accrued interest to time of making payment in full. Under this provision, payment of subscriptions may be made as follows:
If paid in full on or before Nov. 16th, 1918, par without interest, or 100%
If remaining instalments paid on Dec. 6th, 1918, balance of 90% and interest, (\$20.48 per \$100.)
If remaining instalments paid on Jan. 6th, 1919, balance of 70% and interest, (\$7.93 per \$100.)
If remaining instalments paid on Feb. 6th, 1919, balance of 50% and interest, (\$51.04 per \$100.)
If remaining instalments paid on Mar. 6th, 1919, balance of 30% and interest, (\$31.16 per \$100.)
Denomination and Registration
Bearer bonds, with coupons, will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, and may be registered as to principal. The first coupon attached to these bonds will be due on May 1st, 1919.
Fully registered bonds, the interest on which is paid direct to the owner by Government cheque, will be issued in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000, \$2,000, \$5,000, \$10,000, \$25,000, \$50,000, \$100,000, or any multiple of \$100,000.
Payment of Interest
A full half year's interest at the rate of 5 1/2% per annum will be paid May 1st, 1919.
Form of Bond and Delivery
Subscribers must indicate on their application the form of bond and the denominations required, and the securities as indicated will be delivered by the bank upon payment of the subscription in full.
Bearer bonds of this issue will be available for delivery at the time of application to subscribers desirous of making payment in full. Bonds registered as to principal only, or fully registered as to principal and interest, will be delivered to subscribers making payment in full, as soon as the required registration can be made.
Payment of all instalments must be made at the bank originally named by the subscriber.
Non-assignable receipts will be furnished to all subscribers who desire to pay by instalments. These receipts will be exchangeable at subscriber's bank for bonds on any instalment date when subscription is paid in full.
Form of Bonds Interchangeable
Subject to the payment of 25 cents for each new bond issued, holders of fully registered bonds without coupons, will have the right to convert into bonds with coupons and holders of bonds with coupons will have the right to convert into fully registered bonds without coupons, at any time, on application to the Minister of Finance or any Assistant Receiver General.
Forms of application may be obtained from any Official Canvasser, from any Victory Loan Committee, or member thereof, or from any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.
Subscription Lists will close on or before November 16th, 1918
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA, October 28th, 1918.
Behind the Gun the Man - Behind the Man the Dollar
Make Your Dollars Fight the Hun

LORD BEAVERBROOK RESIGNS
London, Oct. 29.—Lord Beaverbrook, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and head of the propaganda department, Lord Beaverbrook succeeded Sir Edward Carson in the propaganda department.
"I think," says President Wilson to the German, "you are a reformed character. Therefore hand over your loot, give me your brass knuckles and black-jack, your sapsbag and your cocca-nut denter, forsake that low-life who were running around with let Officer Poch put a pair of hand-cuffs on you, and walk ahead of me, so that I can keep an eye on you, to the peace conference. Now that you are a reformed character, I have the most perfect confidence in you. Hands a little higher up please!"—The New York Evening Post.
Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

McLAUGHLIN
McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS
Economy Power Durability
Now is the time to get ready for the 1919 season.
J. L. STRANGE
Agent for Charlotte County
Border Garage ST. STEPHEN

Full in... will... ne...
K...
London St. John, N.B.

Food will win the war; don't waste it.

Left-overs are made palatable and nourishing by the addition of a small quantity of **BOVRIL**

MORE CANADIANS WIN VICTORIA CROSS

London, Oct. 28.—Four new Victoria Crosses have been awarded, three of them to Canadians.

Sergeant Robert Spall, late of an Eastern Ontario regiment, is decorated for the most conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice, when during an enemy counter-attack, his platoon was isolated. Spall took a Lewis gun, standing on the parapet, fired upon the advancing enemy, inflicting very severe casualties. He then came down from the trench and directed the men into a sap 75 yards from the enemy. Picking up another Lewis gun, this gallant non-commissioned officer again climbed the parapet and by his fire held up the enemy. It was while holding the enemy up at this point that he was killed. Spall deliberately gave his life in order to extricate his platoon from a most difficult situation, and it was owing to his bravery that the platoon was saved.

The second Victoria Cross was awarded to Corporal Harry Garnet Bedford Miner, late of a Central Ontario regiment, for the most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in attack when, despite severe wounds, he refused to withdraw. He rushed an enemy machine-gun post single handed killing the entire crew, and turned the gun on the enemy. Later, with two others, he attacked another machine-gun post, succeeding in putting the gun out of action. Miner then rushed

single handed an enemy bombing post, bayonetting two of the garrison and putting the remainder to flight. He was mortally wounded in the performance of this gallant deed.

The third Victoria Cross was awarded to Private Thomas Dinesen, of a Quebec regiment for the most conspicuous bravery displayed during ten hours of hand-to-hand fighting, which resulted in the capture of over a mile of strongly and stubbornly-defended enemy trenches. Five times in succession he rushed forward alone, and single-handed put out of action hostile machine-guns, accounting for twelve of the enemy with bomb and bayonet. His sustained valor and resourcefulness inspired his comrades at a very critical stage of the action and were an example to all.

"Is golf a difficult game to master?" "I guess so. Nobody's ever mastered it yet."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Is that your mule you've got there, Sam?" "Yas, sah." "Well what's he kicking so for?" "Jus' 'cause he's my mule, I reckon, sah."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"There's a lot in Cholly when you come to know him." "Must be a vacant lot."—*Boston Transcript.*

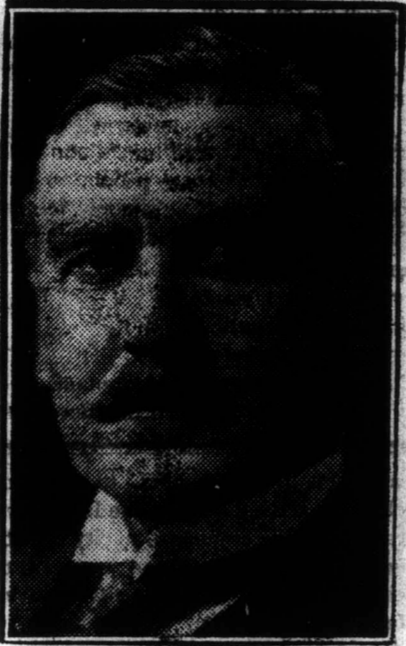
"A New York scissors grinder complains that the authorities won't let him blow his horn." "He'd better put his horn in a jitney car. Then he can blow his horn as much as he likes."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Sir Thomas White's Appeal to Canadians

Points Out Great Need of the Victory Loan to Carry On the War.

On the opening of Canada's great Victory Loan drive the Minister of Finance issued the following message:

To the People of Canada:
The Victory Loan of 1918 is now being offered for public subscription. It is an undertaking of most vital consequence to the nation, and I cannot too earnestly emphasize the duty and responsibility resting upon all citizens of Canada to co-operate to the extent of their available resources in making it an unqualified success.



SIR THOMAS WHITE

Minister of Finance under whose direction the great Victory Loan drive for \$500,000,000 is being made.

The money to be raised is urgently required to enable us to continue the prosecution of the war, now in its fifth and most crucial year, and for the maintenance of the prosperity of the Dominion in all departments of productive activity.

Apart from patriotic considerations which should alone suffice, it is the direct, immediate, personal interest of every individual Canadian citizen that the Loan should not fail of its objective. The bonds afford absolute security and yield a most attractive rate of interest. Undoubtedly, in the period succeeding the war, they will show a substantial appreciation in value.

All citizens are earnestly invited to subscribe. Remember, you are asked not to give but to lend your money to the state. Small subscriptions from those of slender means are as welcome as the large. In the last Victory Loan many weeks of subscriptions of over four hundred million dollars from over eight hundred thousand subscribers. This year we expect five hundred million dollars from more than a million subscribers. Let all subscribe to the extent of their means, be they great or small, and once more demonstrate to the world the strength, unity and determination of the Canadian people in this world struggle. Even if the war should end at an earlier date than has been anticipated, all the money asked for will be required for purposes of demobilization which will extend over many months, and for the continuation of credits for the purchase of Canadian products. The organization and publicity work in connection with the Loan has been completed and will be required of effort. It now remains for the people of Canada to do their share. That they will do so to the fullest degree, I am entirely confident.

W. T. WHITE.

Ottawa, Oct. 28th, 1918.

CANADIAN ARMY AND THE VICTORY LOAN

War Costing Canada Over Million Dollars a Day — \$400,000,000 Will Be This Year's Bill.

Nearly 600,000 have been enrolled in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. About 425,000 have gone overseas. Canada's 1918 war bill will be \$400,000,000.

Canada's 1917 war bill was \$320,000,000. Canada's war expenditure is now \$23,000,000 a month.

It exceeds \$1,000,000 a day. The \$420,000,000 subscribed to the 1917 Victory Loan will not do much more than pay this year's war bill.

\$500,000,000 are needed through the Victory Loan, even though peace should come to-morrow.

BANKS WILL LEND.
In order to help out small subscribers to the Victory Loan the banks will lend subscribers, on the probable certainty of repayment within a year, up to 90 per cent. of the amount of the investment in the Loan. The rate of interest charged by the banks is 5 1/2 per cent. Repayment is to be made monthly and quarterly. These are much better terms than were granted last year.

There are over 425,000 Canadians overseas who will have to be kept for at least a year, even if peace were to come this month.

No one who looks at the casualty lists can do otherwise than subscribe every dollar possible to the Victory Loan.

The Canadians in France have set a high standard for those at home to reach in the Victory Loan campaign.

Canada must put every ounce of effort into the Victory Loan drive. Oversubscribing to the Victory Loan would have a wonderful effect on the Canadian Corps in France. It would be the best thing that Canada could possibly do.

HICKORY SHAFTS FOR GOLF CLUBS GOING

NEW golfers realize that the dawn of a new era for clubs is fast approaching; that is, the hickory shaft must soon be thrown into the discard and the steel-shafted implement—the club of the future—substituted. With many players an iron head is an iron head, while a wooden shaft merely means what the words imply, taken as a matter of course; likewise iron and wood, when fitted together, constitute the usual club with which the owner may slice or pull with impunity.

The slotted steel shaft accomplishes many things the wooden article cannot. It never loses its snap, neither does it break nor warp. There is no such thing as injury by exposure to dampness and rain; no need for renewing, which is a never-ending source of profit to the professional, but a two-fold loss to the amateur, first affecting his pocket, and secondly his game.

Before going further into details concerning the merits of the new invention, a word as to how it was brought about may not be amiss. Several years ago those making a close study of that phase of the trade began to observe that the quality of the wooden shafts was not holding up. As each year went by the texture became more and more disappointing. An investigation showed that hard, second-growth hickory—the only growth that makes good shafts—was rapidly disappearing, and that the ever-increasing demand for this kind of wood was far in excess of the supply.

Even if the steel shaft did not present such distinct advantages, its advent is opportune in any case, considering the increasing scarcity of hickory. There is plenty of wood, but not of the right kind. After receiving a shipment of hickory it is no uncommon thing for the manufacturer to have to reject the greater portion; in fact, less than ten per cent can be used. This meant that sooner or later the necessity for discovering something to take the place of wood must be realized, and naturally steel was turned to.

It was while a well known New York sporting goods concern was conducting a series of experiments that Allan Lard, of Washington, an amateur golfer of considerable ability, was found to have solved the problem. The article he submitted to those searching for the right thing was pronounced a masterpiece: a steel shaft without the jar at the moment of impact—a reproduction of all that is best in the best of the wood.

Before deciding to place the club on the market, the concern gave the steel shaft a thorough try-out. Samples were made and both professionals and amateurs given a chance to test the virtues of the new device. From the outset the experimental weapons proved a success. The mid-iron found practically in every kit, will become a greater friend than ever.

When conditions become more normal, making it possible to secure steel in reasonable quantity, the clubs will all be shafted in the new way. It was feared at first that satisfactorily fitting the steel shaft into the wooden heads would present a problem sufficiently troublesome to practically limit the use of the innovation to the irons, but such apprehension proved groundless, consequently it is now merely a question of obtaining the material. As to that, much the same uncertainty exists that is noticeable in many other directions, due to abnormal demand.

After a series of trials under varying conditions, one "pro" declared the steel-shafted iron enabled him to get several yards farther than he could with the regular club. That is music to any one's ears, be he duffer or scratch man, for the golfer human does not exist who fails to evince interest at the word distance. Alluring as yardage is, there is more than that to a good shaft. Because of the steel's exceptional resiliency, it was found possible to "get at" the ball more readily, especially when in an indifferent lie. The

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

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

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND
As if by a miracle, that master inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has given mankind Music's Re-Creation—not a flimsy imitation, but music re-born, by means of **The NEW EDISON**
"The Phonograph With a Soul"
which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them.
HEAR The NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.

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

Pull and Haul—strain and stretch—it's all the same to Atlantic Underwear.

And men who work hard know that they get their full money's worth of warmth, wear and comfort, when they buy this famous brand.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

is made of tough Nova Scotia wool, knitted into perfect garments—elastic and unshrinkable—in the right weights to keep a man warm.

Look for the Atlantic Underwear, and look for the Atlantic Trademark on every garment, it guarantees long wear.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED
MONCTON, N.B.

Controlled Heat

The oven in the Kootenay Range is surrounded by an envelope of heat which is at every moment under your instantaneous control. With the Kootenay Range the heat control is so easy and accurate you can use all the heat from your fuel without waste.

Full information about the Kootenay Range will be sent FREE upon request to our nearest Branch Office.

McClary's Kootenay Range

London St. John, N.B. Toronto Calgary Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver Saskatoon

If for the past four years you have enjoyed home comfort while others have been fighting on the battlefield, shew now your keen appreciation by buying

VICTORY BONDS TO YOUR LIMIT

CANADA MUST HAVE MONEY TO WIN THE WAR

KING COLE TEA

"YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR"



TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew, And colored with the heaven's own blue. That openest when the quiet light Succeeds the keen and frosty night:

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (Born November 3, 1794; died June 12, 1878.)

NEW CANADIAN NOVEL

THE COW PUNCHER

AN English reviewer recently, in reviewing the poems of Robert J. C. Stead, said that while Canada's troops had done nobly in the war such writers as Stead were doing a no less valuable service in building up a genuine national literature.

CANADIAN POST 25 CTS. EXTRA

In every time of stress and difficulty for over ninety years The Youth's Companion has stood by the family. It has cheered and encouraged and entertained—delighting all, informing all, and making home life and loyal sentiment the ideal of all.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

November 3.—Acre, 1840. Ladysmith, 1899. Lucan, Latin poet, born, 39; American Continental Army disbanded, 1783; William Cullen Bryant, American poet, born, 1794; Dr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, German musical composer, died, 1847; Junius Brutus Booth, Anglo-American tragedian, died, 1852; Walter Wellman, American journalist and explorer, born, 1858; General Ulysses S. Grant elected President of the United States, 1868; Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Canadian Arctic explorer, born, 1879; Crown-Prince Leopold of Belgium born, 1901; William Howard Taft elected President of the United States, 1908; Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, English naval commander and colonial administrator, died, 1910.

November 4.—King William III of England (Prince of Orange), born, 1650; Admiral John Benbow, English naval commander, died, 1702; Rev. Augustus Toplady, English hymn-writer, author of "Rock of Ages," born, 1740; James Montgomery, Scottish poet and hymn-writer, born, 1771; Edmund Kean, English actor, born, 1787; Eden Phillpotts, English novelist, born, 1862; George Peabody, American merchant-banker and philanthropist, died, 1869; Sir John A. Macdonald's government defeated, 1873; Eugene Field, American poet and journalist, died, 1895; The French gave up Fashoda, 1898; General election in Canada, Liberals returned to office, 1904; Dr. Charles W. Eliot, resigned Presidency of Harvard University, 1908.

November 5.—Gunpowder Plot discovered, 1605; Inkerman, 1854. Hans Sachs, German poet, born, 1494; Columbus arrived at Cadiz, 1500; William III of England (Prince of Orange) arrived at Torbay, 1688; Dr. John Brown, Scottish miscellaneous writer, born, 1755; The America, first American battleship, launched at Portsmouth, N. H., 1782; Lewis Galvani, Italian scientist, discoverer of galvanic battery, died, 1788; Maria Angelica Kauffmann, French portrait painter, died, 1807; Gouverneur Morris, American statesman, died, 1816; Earliest recorded closing of the St. John River, 1833; Hon. Sir S. L. Tilley appointed Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, 1873; Triple Alliance established between Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, 1887.

November 6.—St. Leonard. Julian, Roman Emperor, born, 331; Kaliph Omar I, son-in-law and successor of Mohammed, assassinated, 664; Sir John Falstaff, English knight, born, 1460; Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, killed at Battle of Lutzen, 1632; James Gregory, Scottish mathematician, inventor of the reflecting telescope, born, 1638; Colley Cibber, English dramatist and Poet Laureate, born, 1671; Founding of Mount Holyoke College for Women at South Hadley, Mass., 1837; Armand Fallières, former President of the French Republic, born, 1841; John Philip Sousa, American musician and composer, born, 1854; H. P. Timmerman, Eastern Industrial Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway, born, 1856; Grand Duke Nicholas, Russian soldier, born, 1856; Ignace Paderewski, Polish pianist, born, 1860; Abraham Lincoln elected President of the United States, 1860; First Woman Suffrage Society formed in England, 1867; First Canadian Parliament met and organized, 1867; S. Phelps, English actor, died, 1878; General Benjamin Harrison elected President of the United States, 1888; William McKinley elected President of the United States, 1900; Panama recognized as an independent Republic by the United States, 1903; Sir George Williams, London merchant, founder of the Y. M. C. A., died, 1905.

November 7.—Sir Martin Frobisher, English navigator, died, 1549; London Gazette first English newspaper, first published, at Oxford, 1665; First Provincial election in New Brunswick, 1785; Lewis and Clark's party arrived at mouth of Columbia River, 1805; Madame Curie, French chemist, joint discoverer of Radium, born, 1869; Mackenzie government formed at Ottawa, 1873; General elections in Canada, 1900; Li Hung-chang, Chinese general, viceroys, and diplomatist, died, 1901; Trans-Siberian Railway, longest line in the world, completed, 1901.

November 8.—Johannes Duns Scotus, English medieval scholar, died, 1308; Spaniards under Cortez entered City of Mexico, 1519; John Milton, English patriot, poet, and scholar, died, 1674; Madame Roland, French revolutionist, guillotined in Paris, 1793; Thomas Bewick English wood-engraver, died, 1828; Mason and Slidell, Confederate American envoys, captured on steamer Trent, 1861; M. Viviani, former Premier of the French Republic, born, 1864; City of Winnipeg, Manitoba, incorporated, 1873; Fred Archer, English jockey, died, 1886; Grover Cleveland elected President of the United States, 1892; Prof. Röntgen, German physicist, announced the discovery of the X-Rays, 1895; Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, elected again, 1904; W. Clark Russell, English writer of sea-stories, died, 1912.

November 9.—LONDON LORD MAYOR'S DAY. Plymouth Pilgrims discovered land off Cape Cod, Mass., 1620; Mark Akenside, English poet born, 1721; King Edward VII of England born, 1841; First telegraph message between St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., 1849; First set of Western Extension Railway (now part of C. P. R.) turned at St. John, N. B., 1895; Great Fire in Boston, Mass., 1872.

THE LEGIONS OF THE WEST

A GREETING

Written in France, July 4, 1918.

THEY are coming! They are coming! We have waited and they come! The land where flames sunset is loud with life and drum: In shining light, a shining host, unnumbered as the corn, They are besting up behind us to battle for the morn.

The California rancher, the cowboy from the plain, Their bayonets are flashing in the meadows of the slain; The packer and the penman, a thousand thousand strong, They are falling in beside us and fighting with a song. The roads of France are ringing with the old triumphal ring, They are stirring up the echoes of the songs we used to sing; With new and blazing torches they are rousing olden fires They have brought us back the magic of our first tremendous ire.

The warrior who was weary, the man who held the gate, Is strong again for battle, with arm and soul elate; The Rockies by the Highlands, and Broadway by the Strand Waiting to leap together at the lifting of a hand!

Come, come, ye Proud Barbarians! Fling you on this array, But know, before the slaughter, you will not pass this way. Olde England reunited, and France her ancient foe— The pillars of the Western Seas thrice give to meet the blow!

Watching behold the Iron Duke. And Lincoln. And the Maid: Freedom's unvanquished Victors advancing from the shade; Earth's deathless voices lead us, and we shall follow soon To avenge the dead who died at Mons, the sleepers of Verdun.

For many tongues, one silence—our sleep for all the brave; But there shall stand no bondman nor tyrant by their grave. The last loud shell is Freedom's, the Dawn shall sweep the Dark: The Races of the Western Seas will not forsake the Ark.

J. B. NICHOLAS, Second Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borders

AMERICANS JOIN IN BRITAIN'S RALEIGH FESTIVAL

London, Oct. 29.—Further evidence of the close ties binding together the English-speaking peoples was afforded by the Anglo-American festival held in London to-day to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The chief feature was a public meeting held at the Mansion House and attended by many eminent representatives of Great Britain and the United States. The Lord Mayor, presided and among the speakers were Lord Bryce, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Ian Hamilton. Edmund Cossa delivered the oration of the day. As a permanent memorial of the occasion it is proposed to establish in London a Raleigh House, to be used for promoting intellectual co-operation between British and American scholars.

In 1587 Raleigh sent out another expedition. John White was the leader, and he carried instructions to found a city bearing the name of Raleigh. Soon after his arrival he laid the log foundation of the "City of Raleigh."

Governor White returned to England, leaving his family behind, to get more help. He arrived at Roanoke Island three years later, the scene of the city of Raleigh, to find absolutely no trace of the people, save that on the tree was carved the word "Croatoan," the name of an Indian Island.

Raleigh had lost upward of 40,000 pounds in his expeditions, but he swore that he would yet live to see an English nation where he had planted. He lived, indeed, to see a permanent English settlement in Virginia in 1607, and in after years the capital of North Carolina was named after him.

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labelled his own product. This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick, and Harry has tried to introduce. Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

FOUND, Adrift at the south, east of White Head, Grand Manan, a boat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to WEBSTER COSSABOOM.

FOR SALE, three good cows. Apply to W. F. KENNEDY.

FOR SALE—Jersey Cow, 7 years old. Apply to T. J. COUGHEY.

FOR SALE—The Homestead premises of the late Miss Wade. Apply to M. N. COCKBURN, St. Andrews.

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Sledge, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated Top Sledge; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to WM. J. McQUOID, St. Andrews, N. B., Phone 29.

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.

PROBATE COURT County of Charlotte

To the next of kin and creditors of Ellen Donovan, late of the town of St. Stephen, in the County of Charlotte, widow, intestate deceased, and all others whom it may concern. The administratrix of the above deceased intestate having filed her accounts in this Court and asked to have the same passed and allowed and order for distribution made. You are hereby cited to attend, if you so desire, at the passing of same at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the County of Charlotte at the office of M. N. Cockburn, K. C., in the Town of Saint Andrews in the County of Charlotte, on Friday the 22nd day of November, A. D., 1918, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, when the said account will be passed upon. Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D., 1918. GEORGE M. BYRON, Judge of Probate for Charlotte County. N. MARKS MILLS, Registrar of Probate for Charlotte County. M. N. COCKBURN, K. C. Proctor.

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

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

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: H.W., L.W., Grand Harbor, Seal Cove, Fish Head, Welshpool, Eastport, L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, CUSTOMS

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

OUTPOSTS

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. Newman, Prev. Officer.

SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

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

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.

The Fall Term of The FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE WILL OPEN ON Monday, August 26, 1918. There is a greater demand for our graduates than ever. Get particulars regarding our courses of study, tuition rates, etc., and prepare to enter on our opening date. Descriptive pamphlet on request. W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

WATCH THE DAILY PAPERS for announcement of when the Board of Health permits re-opening of schools. Meantime hold yourself in readiness to start promptly.

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

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2:30 p. m.; returning Wed., 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a. m. for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1:30 p. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove. Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

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, 8 a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, P. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday at 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 at 10 a. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7:30. ST. ANDREW'S 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 bedside 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. Subscriptions rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for 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-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 1:30 p.m. Closes: 4:50 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 1:30 p.m. Closes: 1:30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper 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

THE PEOP

THE grass The sword The farmer Then who With vaunt Of the brave Ten thousa The ricks rep The banner The neiging These be but The earth has The cannon The heroes res In peace alo They fought They sleep In the fields forge The trenches Shall we neglect And tear the Sweet mother N And heal her w Lo! peace on e Lo! rich abun And valleys cla O, rise and st For Theseus ro And Janus rest From "The (Born Novembe 17, 1913.)

ONCE upon

Dwarf wen er. They made never forsake adventures. There was with two Sa who was very co the champions a the Saracen but lifting up his swo poor Dwarf's arm full pligh; but th assistance, in a s Saracens dead on cut off the dead n They then travellu ture. This was minded Satyrs, wh a damsel in distre quite so fierce now that struck the fir turned by another eye; but the Giant and had they not all have killed them e all very joyful for damsel who was re the Giant and ma travelled far, and I till they met with 'The Giant, for the most now; but th behind. The battl Whenever the Gian him, but the Dwarf killed more than o declared for the tw Dwarf had lost his arm now lost an arm, the Giant was wit Upon this he cried pation: "My little sport; let us get on then we shall have "No," cries the Dw grown wiser, "no, I no more: for I find you get all the hono the blows fall upon (Born Novembe 4, 1774.)

MISTAKES C

RAPPERLEY had some surprise theref along the towpath, I khaki-clad figure in upon a fallen tree. I rested upon the river float lay peacefully u stream; while Rapper latively across the gre an ancient and very f self beside him, for th ing away a fish was awaited his comments wait. "There's been a lot this war," he said. "There have," he r "Big mistakes," he s sides, mind you; no The Huns have mad The War itself was the And, second, frightfulness. Like a ful they'd like as not now." He shook his h Pacifist blokes might hidding the people tha