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stand finishing my course at year at the first opportunity. I say that since the first of the have had \$100 per month salary, we no hard feelings toward you or college.

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Principal

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LINES FROM "THE LESSON OF THE WAR (1915)"

USHED in all party clamour: One thought in every heart. One dream in every household. His head tucked under his wing, England has called her children; Long silent—the world came That lit the smouldering ashes Through all the land to fame. Oh you who toil and suffer, You gladly heard the call; But those you sometimes envy Have they not given their all? Oh you who rule the nation, Take note the toll-work hand— Brothers you are in sorrow, In duty to your land. Learn but this noble lesson— Be Peace reform again. And the life-blood of Old England Will not be set in vain.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WAR

N the days when we used to speak under our breath of a great war of the nations, hoping, against hope that Germany would be prevented from bringing about the horror which she plainly seemed to be plotting, we could not foresee what our new standards of emotion, physical endurance, economic capacity, and moral fortitude might be if such a war came about. We had no guidance from any human experience in affairs of such dimensions. And even now that the horror is upon us we are unable to grasp all its significance. It is very true that in Browning's words—a man's reach exceeds his grasp. In reaching towards some goal we involve ourselves—culpably as the German has done—impotently, as mere incompetents have sometimes done—in heartrending problems which they cannot solve or control. Their reach has exceeded their grasp. We read appalling casualty lists, and hear of the destruction of great and formidable armies week after week, and we find ourselves wondering whether our feelings are really attuned to the tremendous nature of these transactions, whether our sense of the moral and intellectual convulsions of the world is adequate, whether our pity and sympathy and resolution are all that we supposed they would be in the days when we tried dimly to imagine what it is now happening. We are not quite sure whether we wake or dream. An illustration of the hugeness of the conflict and the vastness of the theatre of war is that the annihilation, partly by slaughter and partly by capture, of two Turkish army corps—presumably some eighty thousand men—has presented itself to us as a mere side-issue of the war, which, indeed, is almost what it is. For the campaign against the Turks, although its repercussions may be great in the end, cannot compare, in immediate importance, with the struggles in Flanders and Poland of the sea. Yet this destruction of great armies and material which is reported from the Russian headquarters is equal to that of all but the greatest battles of the Franco-German War. It would have staggered the world in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5, or indeed, in the Crimean War. Simply to read the names of the countries and places about which Lord Curzon asked questions in the House of Lords on Wednesday to recognize that the nations have taken the greater part of the globe for their theatre of war, by land and sea. He wanted light on the obscure theatres in East Africa, in the Cameroons, in German South-West Africa, in Mesopotamia. From Basra to Königsberg is a distance as the crow flies of over two thousand miles, and it all lies within the Continental theatre of the war.

Lord Curzon may have spoken too optimistically in saying that the attack upon Egypt was already a fiasco, but it is certain that the disaster to the Turks at Sarikamish must have a very great influence on future Turkish operations. The common Turkish soldier had little respect left for his German training and his German officers after the Balkan War, and what remained must now be in a fair way to evaporate. It seems that the German officers did not accompany the Turkish troops across the frontier of Northern Asia Minor into Russian territory, but never Pasha, whose reckless and imprudent plan is said to have brought the two army corps to their doom, in Germanish to the tip of his jackboots. Last Sunday the Russians attacked the Turks at Ardahan and completely defeated them. But this success, imposing in itself, was to have an astonishing sequel. Toward the end of the battle it was discovered that the 9th and 10th Turkish Army Corps were attacking Sarikamish. These army corps had penetrated into the Caucasus, into a maze of steep ridges where snow lay in deep drifts, with a mere apology for supply convoys and with little artillery. It was not that the Turks were without supplies and equipment. In order not to lose time they left them behind. No doubt they largely trusted to the goodwill of the inhabitants among whom, in the Turkish and German fashion, they had previously sent emissaries to cajole and promise. At a height of ten thousand feet the Russian troops of the Caucasus, fed through the snow to their smothering victory. They enveloped the two army corps, and captured the troops who were not killed. Among the prisoners was the Commander-in-Chief of an army corps, and three Divisional Generals. It is astonishing that the Turks should have dreamed of fighting in the Caucasus in winter. No man can fight there in the winter with the resources of modern military science; but if any people in the world can make a good show of overcoming the natural obstacles, it is surely the Russian Cossacks, who are inured to the mountains, the snow, and the hardships.

THE WILD MAN OF SYRACUSE AND OTHERS

I was in Syracuse, and one very hot night a number of members of the company, myself among them, were sitting on the balcony of the hotel. I got a little apart, being only a boy, leaning forward, through a long straw chimney, and looking better than such a thing, and up to my table stood a long, lean, ferocious-looking stranger who quite exceeded the description of those terrible desperados I had read about in the adventures of Desha's Red Book. "He wore a short beard, and the nappy, curly, yellow hair of a lantern jaw, and eyes sitting well back in the shadow of his brain. His suit was in imitation of bath-room tiling; and if he had been about three feet larger all round, he might have accompanied the entire pattern. This person, then, deposited three squares of his tiling-tweed on the edge of my table, and probed me silently with his stilet gaze. Under that surgical examination I grew more and more alarmed; I wanted increasingly perturbed. "This was undoubtedly one of the 'fellers' I had been warned against—'yanking around his belt' during the performance, but I meant to have it out with me in private! "Then he broke the awful silence. "Little 'un," he said, "you're green!" It was a tremendous relief to me to learn that he thought so, and I thanked him. He became silent again, and his eyes sat back and thought awhile. "Little 'un," said he, "you're the real goods!" With this remark he leant forward and slapped me on the back. He was such a large size in hands, and it was such a special line in slaps, that I thought for the moment I should choke! The pleasant stranger sat and watched me fight with my life against suffocation with a kind smile! "Little 'un," he continued, "you're a hot-hot case from Bu-rye! You're mango-chubby!" Another rib-rattling slap followed this, and I hardly got on my feet, feeling for my life again and wondering if I should ever succeed in resubstituting my vital. "Sit down, little 'un!" said the enthusiastic stranger. "I ain't told you half what I think about you!" I groaned feebly and said it didn't matter. "I ain't got on my feet, feeling for my life again and wondering if I should ever succeed in resubstituting my vital." "Sit down, little 'un!" said the enthusiastic stranger. "I ain't told you half what I think about you!" I groaned feebly and said it didn't matter. "I ain't got on my feet, feeling for my life again and wondering if I should ever succeed in resubstituting my vital."

doubt under German advice, should have imagined that they really would close the hungry edge of appetite without a commissariat. The Germans who have appointed commissaries, should certainly have warned their hosts that such things were understood to be impossible even in Ellisabeth days and in the days of the Caucasus for his warning. But Shakespeare's history has proved that the Russians have only to appear to draw on that empty to wit what they are in their own peculiar haunts. They must now be open, or nearly open, for the Russians, through Asia-Minor, the Constantinople harbor, by approaching safely by ship, and on land, it is a long long way through Hungary, Serbia, and Thrace. The short land route is of course barred by Rumania and Bulgaria. The railway route, the Constantinople-Capitania is a part of the world, full of Russian and British deeds of arms. Every intelligent man knows the story of Fenwick, William, who claimed the Turkish title of Khan during the Crimean War, and who himself became the leader and chief of the defence—a gallant man, caring nothing for the conventionalities of a conventionally trained officer. It is curious that in the same war another Englishman, Charles Nesmyth, should have rendered an almost equally brilliant service to Britain. He had captured the place as a war correspondent, and in operation with Captain J. A. Butler established an ascendancy over the Turks, held the Danish forces of the Russians at arm's length, and, probably, even during the course of the war, the Caucasus Mountains breathe the story of Shamsy, celebrated by poets, and of the resistance which his wild and mystical tribesmen offered to the Russians between 1889 and 1892. The Russian general, General Williams, is familiar to all Englishmen, but we wonder how many men fill the Maritime Provinces know it. Gen. Williams was born in Antwerp, in 1856, and died in 1903. At the outbreak of the Crimean war in 1854 he was appointed British commander to the Turkish army in Asia-Minor, and practically became its commander-in-chief. He was besieged in Kara by the Russians from June 7 till November 28, 1855, when he capitulated with the honors of war. He was made a Baron in 1856, in which year he was presented with a sword of honor by the City of London. The sword was inscribed: "his nephew, the late Captain H. W. Chisholm, for many years acted at St. John of the International S. S. Co. He was a short, beefy, and long-haired man, with a very good head of curly hair, and a very good head of curly hair, and a very good head of curly hair."

The American idea of humour was something I could not understand for a long time. It was so devilish clear, I found the United States to be well stocked with "wits"; in fact, I came to the conclusion that you couldn't throw a stone anywhere within six hundred miles of New York without hitting a "funny man". On one occasion, I remember, in Buffalo (I'm not sure it was Buffalo, but Buffalo I had been out for a long walk in the afternoon, and when it came to the time for returning I found that had lost my way! My first fear was... Indians! (I had not, at this time, overcome my morbid dread of the Redman.) My next, and more real, fear was—that I should miss my show! After some minutes' hesitation (I had fallen in a ditch) I made up my mind that Buffalo lay away to my right. So off I started. I suppose I had walked about three miles when it occurred to me that I might be going in the wrong direction (as it were, instead of West). At that moment I espied a sun-dried specimen of the genus turnip-fancier balancing his person on the top of a five-barred gate by the aid of a long corn-cob pipe, and evidently pondering on the fact that there is nowhere and that nothing takes up more room than anything. "Excuse me," I said (in hand, but will be right, and snave as usual), "but will this road take me to Buffalo?" The sun-dried took the tobacco-retort from his mouth, said "Yep!" and put it back again. "Is it a straight road?" I asked. "Still pondering on the immensity of space, Farmer Turnip-top carefully responded the weed-destroyer, as so not to lose his balance, said "Yep!" and replaced it successfully. "Not to be discouraged, I said, 'about how long will it take me?' "Slowly withdrawing his eyes from the infinite and steering them round to my face, he blew a gale of noxious vapour thoughtfully into the air and replied: "I reckon, at the rate you're progressing, I reckon about thirty-five years nine months!" "Thinking he made fun of my short strides, I passed on. I suppose I had gone some twenty yards or so when his dry, cold-faced voice came drawing after me. "I reckon straight on through Ontario, 'ing Hamilton Bay, across Davis Street into Buffalo Land, 'cross to Greenland, leave the North Pole on your left. Leave Europe, Asia 'n Africa."

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ceeding from the "wood" portion of the orchestra! The conductor kept glaring towards one of the players, and following his gaze, I saw that it rested, scorchingly, upon the bassoonist. It was of course, impossible for me to stop my dance without making a mess of the performance; but judge of my feelings when it dawned upon me what the bassoon player was doing. This individual, with his eyes obstinately glued to the music, was sneering through "Rule Britannia" like a bandman whose beer for life depended on it! Now, can you imagine such a thing? I had done my dance at this particular place three times before. So that all the bassoonist were perfectly familiar with my music. Therefore, apart from the frantic behavior of the conductor (which the bassoon specialist ignored), this inspired idiot must have quite aware of the book was handed to him by accident. Still—pig-headedly—he turned to Number 3, the number of my dance in the proper band-book, and snorted stolidly through what he found there—"Rule Britannia!" Ignoring, or indifferent to, the fun-in-a-farmyard disturbance he was making and the row he was booked for, this demented bassoon-blower blazed away with "Rule Britannia" right to the end of my dance!

"Sit down!" roared the other. "Don't open your head at me! Sit down!" Then, with a final twist of the enraged gnomes in my direction, and a muttered "unnatural, ungrateful little varmint!" he strode off. "Before we had recovered from our surprise—or Mr. Pastor from his 'bouncing'—the wild man (large size and pattern) was passing down the street. From somewhere below his voice came back: "Shanks!" The American idea of humour was something I could not understand for a long time. It was so devilish clear, I found the United States to be well stocked with "wits"; in fact, I came to the conclusion that you couldn't throw a stone anywhere within six hundred miles of New York without hitting a "funny man". On one occasion, I remember, in Buffalo (I'm not sure it was Buffalo, but Buffalo I had been out for a long walk in the afternoon, and when it came to the time for returning I found that had lost my way! My first fear was... Indians! (I had not, at this time, overcome my morbid dread of the Redman.) My next, and more real, fear was—that I should miss my show! After some minutes' hesitation (I had fallen in a ditch) I made up my mind that Buffalo lay away to my right. So off I started. I suppose I had walked about three miles when it occurred to me that I might be going in the wrong direction (as it were, instead of West). At that moment I espied a sun-dried specimen of the genus turnip-fancier balancing his person on the top of a five-barred gate by the aid of a long corn-cob pipe, and evidently pondering on the fact that there is nowhere and that nothing takes up more room than anything. "Excuse me," I said (in hand, but will be right, and snave as usual), "but will this road take me to Buffalo?" The sun-dried took the tobacco-retort from his mouth, said "Yep!" and put it back again. "Is it a straight road?" I asked. "Still pondering on the immensity of space, Farmer Turnip-top carefully responded the weed-destroyer, as so not to lose his balance, said "Yep!" and replaced it successfully. "Not to be discouraged, I said, 'about how long will it take me?' "Slowly withdrawing his eyes from the infinite and steering them round to my face, he blew a gale of noxious vapour thoughtfully into the air and replied: "I reckon, at the rate you're progressing, I reckon about thirty-five years nine months!" "Thinking he made fun of my short strides, I passed on. I suppose I had gone some twenty yards or so when his dry, cold-faced voice came drawing after me. "I reckon straight on through Ontario, 'ing Hamilton Bay, across Davis Street into Buffalo Land, 'cross to Greenland, leave the North Pole on your left. Leave Europe, Asia 'n Africa."

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CHINESE CATHOLICS
The latest Catholic census for China shows a total Catholic population of 1,909,944. Last year this figure was stated as 1,451,258. The increase is, therefore, 78,966. In reality it is even more, because some of the Vicariates Apostolic there kept the figures of 1912 or even those of 1911 and 1910. The increase would be something like \$2 per 1,000. The Chinese Catholics have 51 bishops, 1,422 European and 746 Chinese priests to minister to them. The catchments are now registered in 13 missions. The total of the remaining Vicariates is 438,098. —New Freeman.

GOING TO OTTAWA
Lieut-Governor Wood left Monday evening for Ottawa where he will attend a meeting of the Dominion council of the Boys' Scouts. He will likely recommend a successor to Major T. Malcolm McAvity as provincial commissioner, the latter having resigned to go on over seas service.

NEED OF HATCHERY FOR LOBSTERS
One thing I would like to see the Dominion Fisheries Department do is to establish a lobster hatchery on the New Brunswick shore of the Bay of Fundy to stock the waters of St. John and Charlotte counties, said Lewis Connors of Connors Bros. Black's Harbor, who was in St. John yesterday. "Quite a number of lobster hatcheries have been established on the Maine coast and the lobster fishing there is much better than it is here. Lobsters in our waters are not so plentiful in St. John and Charlotte counties as they used to be, and a hatchery is needed to re-stock the waters. At one time our firm handled large quantities of lobsters, but to-day we do not handle a single lobster. Canning lobsters is now out of the question in these two counties. This winter the fishermen of Charlotte County and Grand Manan have been receiving 25 cents a piece for live lobsters. That is a good price. On the whole I think the lobster fishermen have been making a fair season of it, but if the lobsters were as plentiful as they used to be, and the fishermen were getting 25 cents a piece, it would be a great thing for our people. "If a lobster hatchery would give results anywhere it would be along the shores of St. John and Charlotte counties. Fairly deep water is, I believe, essential to successful artificial culture of lobsters, and that we have along the shores of the Bay of Fundy. When lobster fry is distributed in shallow water it is very often destroyed in the surf, or devoured by inshore fish. We have not yet realized what a valuable asset our lobster fishery might become, or how serious a loss has been made by the failure to give more attention to the matter of artificial culture." Connors Bros. is the only firm in New Brunswick which was engaged in canning sardines last year, and it only finished operations a few weeks ago. In spite of the high prices for sardine herring the company put up a large pack, and it plans on resuming canning operations in March. This winter small herring have remained on the coast, and this, it is said, promises good sardine fishing this year. It is believed by some fishermen that it may become more profitable for the sardine packers to carry on operations in the winter time instead of in the summer. The present winter the sardine packers had to get \$20 a bushel, while during the last winter there were times when sardines were abundant at \$5 a bushel. Although large herring were scarce about Grand Manan last summer, they have recently struck in around the island in big schools and the fishermen here have been making good catches.—Standard, Jan. 30.

ON TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON
Bloemfontein, South Africa, Jan. 29.—A preliminary hearing in the case of Barend Wessels, a member of the South African parliament, who was arrested early in December on a charge of treason, was held here Thursday. According to the evidence given by the advancing troops of General Buller, the accused was found with a dagger in his hand, and was charged with having taken part in the rebellion. The case was adjourned without date and Wessels is held without bail.

CHINESE CATHOLICS
The latest Catholic census for China shows a total Catholic population of 1,909,944. Last year this figure was stated as 1,451,258. The increase is, therefore, 78,966. In reality it is even more, because some of the Vicariates Apostolic there kept the figures of 1912 or even those of 1911 and 1910. The increase would be something like \$2 per 1,000. The Chinese Catholics have 51 bishops, 1,422 European and 746 Chinese priests to minister to them. The catchments are now registered in 13 missions. The total of the remaining Vicariates is 438,098. —New Freeman.

GOING TO OTTAWA
Lieut-Governor Wood left Monday evening for Ottawa where he will attend a meeting of the Dominion council of the Boys' Scouts. He will likely recommend a successor to Major T. Malcolm McAvity as provincial commissioner, the latter having resigned to go on over seas service.

BEACON PRESS CO.
St. Andrew's, N. B.
SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE
Scribblers Block
Next Door to the Custom House

The Beacon

A Weekly Newspaper. Established 1889. Published every Thursday by BEACON PRESS COMPANY

Subscription Rates: To all parts of Canada... To United States and Foreign Countries...

ST. ANDREWS, N. B. CANADA. Thursday, 4th February, 1915.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

The past week has been characterized by the news which has been supplied concerning field operations in the several theatres of the war.

The Germans have been making desperate efforts to gain ground in western Flanders, but all their attacks have been repulsed.

The Russians are apparently preparing for big things in East Prussia, Königsberg being their objective.

In the Carpathians and in Galicia the Austro-Hungarian forces are being strongly reinforced by Germans, and great battles are likely soon to be fought in those regions.

No news of any fighting in any part of Africa was received, but it is based on what facts such as that based in no apparent at this distance from the field of operations.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY COURT

The February sitting of the Charlotte County Court opened on Tuesday afternoon, Judge Carleton presiding.

GOVERNMENT GRANT TO DEVELOP SEA FISHERIES

The government announces that the \$160,000 payable under the act to encourage the development of the sea fisheries and the building of fishing vessels will be distributed for the present fiscal year as follows.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of the Beacon. This newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received.]

CHARLOTTE COUNTY WOMEN AND THE WAR

We are sure that the brief resume in last week's issue of the work accomplished by the Red Cross Society and the Women's Canadian Club in St. Andrews is well known to you.

PARLIAMENTS IN SESSION

The British Parliament opened in London on Tuesday. The Canadian Parliament opens at Ottawa to-day.

DINNER POSTPONED

Though the Premier, Hon. Geo. J. Clarke, is greatly improved in health, he is not able to attend the complimentary dinner tendered to him by friends in St. Andrews, the date of which had been postponed to Monday, Feb. 1.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

Collections in aid of the Bible Society were being made in St. Andrews last week. Up to the time of going to press we have not been furnished with a statement of the amount collected.

LOCAL INDUSTRY

"Business as usual" is the slogan of the F. W. & S. Mason Bedding Factory and Furniture Hospital.

The firm is proud of some very nice unolicited testimonials that have been received from their customers. This year promises to be a banner year for them.

CLOVER SEED SHIPMENT

The United States imported 38,551,137 lbs. of clover seed valued at \$6,089,136 for the year ended June 30, 1912 and exported only 1,874,682 lbs.

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CHARLOTTE COUNTY WOMEN AND THE WAR

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THE NEUTRAL WORLD OF IDEAS

A German newspaper has been assuring the Germans that they can do very well without the miserable English literature.

OBITUARY

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN After more than a century of life, Mrs. Annie Taylor McDougall died at the home of C. Fraser MacTavish, 208 Charlotte street, St. John, Thursday morning last.

Mrs. MARJORIE McCORMICK

Mrs. Marjorie McCormick, widow of Mr. Hugh McCormick, of Old Ridge, Charlotte County, died at St. Stephen on Thursday.

LUCIEN CARR

Lucien Carr, a venerable resident of Cambridge, died to-day at his home at 183 Brattle street, where he had been seriously ill for about ten days.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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FEDERAL ASSISTANCE TO HORSE BREEDING

The progress that has been attained in the past in Canadian horse breeding has been due largely to individual effort.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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ARTISTIC PRINTING FOR PARTICULAR PATRONS

WE are fast gaining the patronage of particular people by our artistic style of Society Printing.

BOAT BUILDERS ATTENTION!

We have just received a large stock of WHITE ASH suitable for boat work.

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Ask for the "Red-Line"

These great rubber boots and shoes do not even look like any other rubber footwear you ever saw!

Goodrich "HIPRESS" Rubber Footwear

Built like a Goodrich Tire They are not black—they are brown or white—and always with the "Red-Line."

The same tough tire stock that has made Goodrich Auto Tires famous the world over—and the same high-pressure, unit-construction process makes them the toughest, longest-wearing rubber footwear in the world.

You will know them the minute you lay eyes on them—the finest looking footwear you ever saw.

Dealers Get complete particulars today from the nearest of these Goodrich "Hipress" Service Stations—Boston, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Akron.

The B. F. Goodrich Co. Factories: Akron, Ohio



GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD Sporting Boot

Canadian Patriotic Chairs

Every Chair sold helps to swell the Treasury of the "CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND" which has for its object the care of the dependents of those who have gone to the front to fight the battles of their King and Country.

The greatest war of all ages is now in progress and every loyal British subject is vitally interested in the outcome.

Remember that every chair sold puts money into the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

T. T. ODELL "Manchester House" SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK

REGALS

WHEN you want a sturdy boot for all-round wear try the REGAL. It will give you wonderful comfort and surprisingly long service.

St. Andrews Shoe Store G. B. FINIGAN, Prop.

Do you Use a Flashlight Of Course you Do

Why not call in and see my assortment

The BEERS LANTERN should be used by everyone. Uses an ordinary dry cell, burns 100 hours on 25c. worth of current.

At the ANDRAE LEO

on Friday and Saturday of each week there will be shown at the King Street Theatre

"HEARST-SELIG NEWS PICTORIAL" These pictures are exceptionally good. Don't fail to see them, and the unusually interesting serial

"DOLLIE OF THE DAILIES" Fifth instalment this week.

Wednesday and Thursday "THE HAZARDS OF HELEN" This serial picture is proving quite popular. Do not miss one of them. Two or three other fine reels included in the program for these days.

Evenings 7-30 and 8-45. Saturday Matinee 2-30 H. W. CHASE, Proprietor

A GOOD RESOLUTION!

Before buying elsewhere come in and get our prices, study our stock, and be convinced that we handle nothing but the best, and can save you money. Let us prove it to you.

"Broadway" Clothes, Model Shoes, Arrow Brand Shirts and Collars, Etc. In fact anything to complete a man's wardrobe.

The Leather Counter in our Ladies' Rubbers doubles the wear.

R. A. Stuart & Son STUART CORNER The only exclusive Men's Store in St. Andrews.

BOAT BUILDERS ATTENTION!

We have just received a large stock of WHITE ASH suitable for boat work.

Buy HERCULES SPRINGS and OSTERMOOR MATTRESSES for Comfort and Durability

BUCHANAN & CO., St. Stephen, Agents

We also carry a complete line of House and Office Furnishings, Stoves and Ranges, Carpets, Oilcloths, Linoleums and Floor Coverings of all kinds.

Sewing Machines, Pianos and Organs, Victrolas, Records and Supplies

Local

The business of our Lake began this week as teams are busy hauling

Rev. Robert Johns Park Street church preach at both St. church next Sunday.

The Women's Cause of five dollars to the pupil of eight of the Prince shall write the best Place in the Empire.

The regular meeting of the Town Council was held on Tuesday evening in the business transacted next issue.

"He that leaves short out commonly to a Standard match and Smith Press any risks with a second A. Milne P.

The collection for the Fund taken in the St. Sunday, January 24th taken in the St. Sunday last was \$22.

The young ladies will hold a 15 cent Tea at their Sunday School noon, for the benefit of the Fund. It is proposed one month during

The young ladies gave a whist party on Tuesday evening, for Belgian Relief fund reflects great credit on the well patron amounting to \$28.

George Smith and Mrs. were won by Mrs. Gwendolyn Jack, Mr. Arthur McFarlane.

The Women's Cause day evening, January 25th, Mrs. F. G. Austin speaker of the evening delivered a most instructive lecture of the country and conditions and the

At the conclusion, moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, seconded by Mrs. Austin, and carried by a large majority.

German DYNIA A German named der arrest at Van tempted to blow it across the St. Croix the early hours of 7 damage was done to bridge in the Can arrested confessions crime, and to have tions from some G will probably be ex the crime was ac Canadian soil.

Is offering of his w Ladies at H \$25 Coa 20 " 10 " We mus coat in at once will do C. C ST

Line shoes do not even wear you ever saw! Rich boots, brown or white—and that has made Good-world over—and the traction process makes wearing rubber foot-leak, can't crack, you lay eyes on them—the saw. Get them up and shoes in the world that... drich Co. on, Ohio... RAELEO day of each week... THE DAILIES... Thursday OF HELEN... Saturday Matinee 2-30... and get our prices, study we handle nothing but... Ladies' Rubbers doubles... St. Stephen, Agents

Local Items: The business of cutting ice at Chamcook Lake began this week... Social and Personal: Mr. T. A. Harit, M. P., left for Ottawa... Up-River Doings: Miss Carolyn Washburn has returned from a much enjoyed visit to Boston... BLACK'S HARBOUR: Miss Margaret Connors and Mr. Wm. Connors are visiting their uncle... The Edwin Odell Dry Goods Store: Brick Block. Tel. 11. St. Andrews... Fancy China at a Great Discount: When in need of anything in our line don't forget that we have a complete stock of Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Cutlery... G. Skiff, Grimmer, C.E. DEPUTY LAND SURVEYOR... Stickney's Wedgwood Store... G. H. Stickney Direct Importer and Retailer... PRINTING For Business Men... Valentines! The Largest Assortment of Valentines ever shown in St. Andrews... Come in while our stock is fresh and make your selection... ALL PRICES... The Wren Drug and Book Store... Stinson's Cafe... is the place to go for your Oysters FRUITS, CANDIES AND SOFT DRINKS CIGARS AND TOBACCO Water St. St. Andrews

ST. GEORGE: The Carnival held here on Wednesday, January 27, was a success... Snappy Suits AND Overcoats: We are showing a complete line of Suits, Topcoats and Overcoats, in the very latest patterns and models... Men's Furnishings: As usual this department is up-to-the-hour in its display of Shirts, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc... The Edwin Odell Dry Goods Store: Brick Block. Tel. 11. St. Andrews... Fancy China at a Great Discount: When in need of anything in our line don't forget that we have a complete stock of Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Lamps, Cutlery... G. K. GREENLAW: We have in stock the following brands, all made from selected hard wheat AND GUARANTEED: FIVE ROSES, KING'S QUALITY, RED ROSE, ROYAL HOUSEHOLD, AND ROBIN HOOD... MIDDINGS, BRAN, HAY AND OATS, which we will sell LOW FOR CASH. G. K. GREENLAW... BEAVER HARBOR: D. G. S. "Lansdowne" has been lying in the harbor over Sunday... CLASSIFIED ADS: Advertisements under this heading, 25 cents per inch first insertion; 15 cents per inch subsequent insertions... HORSE FOR SALE: Black horse, perfectly sound; weight about 1,000 pounds. To be sold at a bargain. Apply to ALBERT GALLEY, Wilson's Beach, N. B... FOR SALE: SCHOONER "JENNIE LOGAN," capacity with 24 h.p. motor, equipped about 40 hds. of fish. All in good order and condition. For terms of sale apply to THOMAS LORD, Lamberville, D. I... NOTICE: Will the persons who get Express Money Orders Cashied at my office, between Oct. 17 and Oct. 24, kindly give me the name of the party from whom they received the orders. G. K. GREENLAW, 16-17... FOR SALE: 25 H. P. Studebaker Roadster, Model No. 25, new in July, 1913. This car has had the best of care and has only been run 5,000 miles. Tires all new this season. For particulars and price, address: E. M. KIRKIN, P. O. Box 382, St. Andrews

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PYRO Roofing: Unaffected by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain. Not made with a Coal-Tar Composition—nothing but Felt and Trinidad Lake Asphalt. PYRO is a first-class roofing in every respect and the best article on the market for covering roofs at low cost. Its advantages over other prepared or "Ready" roofings is due to the fact that there is no coal tar used in PYRO. This means that there is no heat and become brittle under exposure to the heat of the sun. For this reason it retains its strength and pliability almost indefinitely, instead of becoming hard and cracking, as do roofings made of substitutes for natural asphalt. Put up in Rolls containing 108 Square Feet, with Cement and Tacks—all ready to put on the roof. Price, f. o. b. St. John, \$2.25 per Roll complete. On quantities we will quote you a Special Price delivered at your nearest Railway or Steamboat Landing. T. McAvity & Sons, Ltd. ST. JOHN, N. B... BARGAINS! BARGAINS! OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF BOYS' GOODS consisting of Shoes, Hosiery, Underwear, Clothing, etc., will be offered until 1st of March, at a discount of 20%. Come Early and get the Bargains you are looking for and will appreciate, these war times. P. G. HANSON Modern Tailoring St. Andrews, N. B... G. Skiff, Grimmer, C.E. DEPUTY LAND SURVEYOR St. Andrews, N. B... Stickney's Wedgwood Store: Fine Porcelains, Ornamental and Useful Cut Glass, Jewellery and Silverware. Kent & Sons' Brushes. G. H. Stickney Direct Importer and Retailer... PRINTING For Business Men... ADVERTISING BLOTTERS, Envelope Inserts, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Letter and Note Circulars, neatly and promptly done by our Job Printing Department. BEACON PRESS CO. Stevenson Block Job Printing to suit you Satisfaction Guaranteed... Stinson's Cafe: is the place to go for your Oysters FRUITS, CANDIES AND SOFT DRINKS CIGARS AND TOBACCO Water St. St. Andrews

