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## WHAT WE OWE TO FRANCE

### A SOLDIER'S MEMORY

By IAN HAY

THE sense of indebtedness to France which most soldiers cherish, and will always cherish most deeply, is human and personal. A front-line battalion is not always in the front line; it spends many weeks, in the aggregate, in the civilian zone that lies in the background of the theatre of war. That is where our memories linger. Over four million British soldiers have crossed the Straits of Dover during the past four years, and of those who come back there will be few who will not cherish some pleasant memory of life behind the line, in rest billets among people—poor people; chiefly women, children, and old men—whose amazing faculty for cheerful companionship no anxiety could depress, and no suffering abate. As for those who are not coming back, you may rest assured that their graves will never be neglected.

Here is an average billet as most of us recollect it. A farmhouse, accommodating some 200 British soldiers and their officers. The men sleep in the barn, their meals being prepared for them upon the company cooker, which stands in the muddy road outside. The officers occupy any room which may be available within the farmhouse itself. The company commander has the best bedroom—a low-roofed, stone-floored apartment, with a very small window and a very large bed. The subalterns sleep where they can—usually in the *grenier*, a loft under the tiles, devoted to the storage of onions and the drying, during the winter months, of the family washing, which is suspended from innumerable strings stretched from wall to wall.

For a mess, there is usually a spare apartment of some kind. If not, you put your pride in your pocket and take your meals at the kitchen table. A farm kitchen in Northern France is a scrupulously clean place—the whole family gets up at half-past 4 in the morning and sees to the matter—and despite the frugality of her home menu, the *fermière* can produce you a perfect omelette at any hour of the day or night.

Then, the family. First, Angele. She may be 25, but is more probably 15. She acts as adjutant to madame, and rivals her mother as a deliverer of sustained and rapid recitative. She milks the cows, feeds the pigs, and drags her young brothers and sisters. But though she works from morning till night, she has always time for a smiling salutation to all ranks. She also speaks English quite creditably—a fact of which madame is justly proud. "College!" explains the mother, full of appreciation for an education which she herself has never known, and taps her learned daughter affectionately upon the head.

Next in order comes Emile. He must be about 14, but war has forced manhood on him. All day long he is at work, hewing very large horses, digging, hoeing, even ploughing. He is very much a boy, for all that. He whistles exuberantly—usually English music-hall melodies—grins sheepishly at the officers, and is prepared at any moment to abandon the most important tasks in order to watch a man cleaning a rifle or oiling a machine-gun. We seem to have encountered Emile in other countries than this.

After Emile, Gabrielle. Her age is probably seven. If you were to give her a wash and brush-up, dress her in a gauzy frock, and exchange her thick woolen stockings and wooden sabots for silk and dancing slippers, she would make a very smart little fairy. Last of the bunch comes Petit Jean, a chubby and close-cropped youth of about six. Petit Jean is not his real name, as he himself indignantly explained when so addressed. "Moi, z'ne suis pas Petit Jean; z'suis Maurice!" He is an enthusiast upon matters military. He possesses a little wooden rifle, the gift of a friendly "Ecosais," tipped with a flashing bayonet cut from a biscuit-tin; and spends most of his time out upon the road, waiting for some one to salute. If his salute is acknowledged—as it nearly always is—Petit Jean is crimson with gratification.

Last of all we arrive at the keystone of the whole fabric—Madame herself. She is one of the most wonderful women in the world. Consider. Her husband and her eldest son are away—fighting, she knows not where, amid dangers and privations which can only be imagined. During their absence she has to manage a considerable farm, with the help of her children and one or two hired laborers of more than doubtful use or reliability. In addition to her ordinary duties as a parent and *fermière* she finds herself called upon, for months on end, to maintain her premises as a combination of barracks and almshouse. Yet she is seldom cross—except possibly when the soldiers collect her fallen apples and pelt the pigs with the cores—and no accumu-

lations of labour can sap her energy. She is up by half-past 4 every morning; yet she never appears anxious to go to bed at night. The last sound which sleepy subalterns hear is Madame's voice, uplifted in steady discourse to the circle round the stove. She has been doing this day in, day out, since the combatants settled down to trench warfare. Every few weeks brings a fresh crop of tenants, with fresh peculiarities and unknown proclivities; and she assimilates them all.

The only approach to a breakdown comes when, after paying her little bill, and wishing her "Bonne chance!" ere you depart, you venture on a reference, in a few awkward, stumbling sentences, to the absent husband and son. Then she weeps copiously, and it seems to do her a world of good. All hail to you, Madame—the finest exponent, in all this war, of the art of carrying on! We know now why France is such a great country.

To-day, the enemy, by what we hope is his final convulsion, has overrun yet another strip of French soil. A mile or two of territory more or less matters little. The real tragedy of the last German advance is that the folk with whom we lodged in Armentières and Alberta and Bailleul, and a thousand hamlets and farms of the Pas de Calais—folk who had lived secure for more than three years behind the bulwark of the British trenches, accommodating soldiers and refugees with a hospitality which no mere considerations of cubic space seem able to limit—are now refugees themselves. This to the British soldier is again a personal matter. He has taken it deeply to heart. He feels somewhat that he has failed in his trust towards his friends; and we know that when the great day comes, and the Boche is finally relegated to his proper place in the animal kingdom, not the least of the joys of the home-coming soldier will be the certainty that he is leaving behind him those simple, kindly, voluble hosts of his restored once and for all to their own hospitable roof-trees.—*The Times*.

## GERMANY AND AFRICA

IN the spring of 1914 a paper was read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Professor Bonn of Munich, on German Colonial Policy. Viscount Milner was in the chair and many distinguished persons were present. That paper, written in admirable English, is a mine of information, which may be relied on as both accurate and up to date, so far as it brings the history of the German colonies—that is, to the end of 1913. How little those who formed the audience of that instructive lecture could imagine that, twelve months later, that colonial empire of which Dr. Bonn told would have ceased to exist save in East Africa, and that, by December 1917, it would have vanished altogether! But has it vanished irreversibly? German writers and speakers with one voice proclaim that their colonial future will be settled on the battle-fields of Europe, and they are obviously right. People who live in Africa, Australia, or New Zealand may regard the "return" of German colonies as "unthinkable." But it cannot be too clearly understood by all these that peace terms will be made, as a whole with so many interests to consider, that the less may have to give way to the greater good of the greatest number. If, in that mighty settlement, Germany is still strong enough to stand out for terms, what can the people of Australia or Africa say, should their wishes on some points be subservient to those, say, of Belgium or France? Are our sufferings (I speak as a South African) comparable to theirs? Have we given even what our Mother Country has given—our whole manhood—to fight or work? There is only one way in which we may hope for a settlement that will satisfy us—the utter defeat of the enemy up to a point when he will not be able to stand out for any terms.

As a matter of fact, it is in Africa that we have really to fear most from Germany's ambition. Out of the 1,100,000 square miles of her colonial territory (five times as large as Germany itself), all but 96,000 square miles were in Africa. Her scattered possessions in the Pacific were considered, by all but her most chauvinist writers, to be comparatively useless. As coaling stations they did not make her, in the days when her mercantile marine was so numerous, independent of British ports; for the fact is that Britain held the keys of all the great trade routes. Nor could she comfortably resume that part proprietorship which constituted her status in Samoa and New Guinea. The colonial expansion of Germany began in the 'eighties without much plan—indeed, it was a case of scrambling for any fragments that were left. A large school of opinion in Germany disapproved of this dissipation of force. The writer has met many Germans who laughed at their ineffective and yet expensive little colonies. Then came a school which, it is believed, had the support of the Emperor, and which desired to found real white

## TO A FIREFLY BY THE SEA

LITTLE torch-bearer, alone with me in the night,  
You cannot light the sea, nor illumine life.  
They are too vast for us, they are too deep for us.  
We glow with all our strength, but back the shadows sweep:  
And after a while will come unshadowed sleep.

Here on the rocks that take the turning tide,  
Here by the wide lone waves and lonelier wastes of sky,  
We keep our post-watch as patient poets should,  
Questioning earth's commingled ill and good to us.  
Yet little of them, or naught, have truly understood.

Bright are the stars and constellated thick,  
To you, so quick to fit along your flickering course,  
They seem perhaps but glowing states in other fields.  
And all the knowledge I have gathered yields to me  
Scarce more of the great mystery, their wonder yields.

For the moon we are waiting—and behold  
Her ardent gold drifts up, her sail has caught the breeze  
That blows all being thro' the Universe always.  
So now, little light-keeper, you no more need nurse  
Your gleam, for lo, she mounts and sullen clouds disperse.

And I with aching thought may cease to burn  
And humbly turn to rest—knowing no thought of mine  
Can ever be so beautiful as have been to me  
Your soft beams here beside the sea's elusive din:  
For grief too oft has kindled me, and pain, and the world's sin.

CALE YOUNG RICE, in *The Bookman*.

colonies—daughter states, like Britain's. Unfortunately only one, or perhaps two, of the German possessions offered such possibilities—German South-West Africa, and, to a certain extent, German East Africa. The former is a country which some years ago would have been pronounced uninhabitable; but two things altered its prospects—the discovery of diamonds and the progress in dry farming. Over 16,000 farmers, settlers, and agriculturalists had been brought in by 1913, as well as 2,000 artisans and 900 merchants; and the women and children numbered 5,000.

But in order to settle these white colonists the native Hereros had to be dispossessed, and they fought for their country so tenaciously, that it cost Germany twenty million pounds to subdue a people who never numbered more than 100,000. In the end, very few were left. The other big tribe, the Ovambos, whose country lies to the north, were only being brought under German jurisdiction when war broke out. Professor Bonn, in an illuminating passage, declared that these attempts at founding true white men's colonies were now acknowledged to be a mistake. "The German Government has shown plainly that their ideal of colonization is not a policy of settlement, but of commercial exploitation."

Where, except in Africa, is this policy of commercial exploitation possible? As Professor Delbrück and other German publicists have declared, the building up of German industries, and the industries of that great commercial syndicate of "Mittel Europa" which she hopes to form, will depend largely on the supply of those indispensable raw materials which are being more and more largely obtained from tropical Africa. The colonies of Togoland and the Cameroon were already exporting over one million pounds' worth of native rubber and palm oil kernels, and the cotton production of East Africa was increasing by leaps and bounds. Herr Delbrück, Dr. Solf (Colonial Minister without portfolio), and other writers, have said plainly that their destiny demands a solid block of tropical Africa, and there is little doubt that for such they would gladly barter the Pacific islands and German South-West Africa.

In his message to Congress of January, 1918, President Wilson declares that America stands (*inter alia*) for:—  
(5) The free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based on the strict observance of the principle that is determining all such questions the sovereignty and interests of the population concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

Admirable as is the tone and intention of this declaration, it must be confessed that it is difficult to apply it to the conditions prevailing in the colonies which will be under dispute. Of the national sovereignties and interests of the interesting inhabitants of the Bismarck Archipelago, the writer is not in a position to judge; but if any impartial body begins to try to adjudicate on the question of "sovereignty" in German East Africa or Togoland, for instance, they will find their work cut out. How is one to secure guidance on the subject in territories which include under the same jurisdiction the lowest type of pagan savage and the highly civilized Mohammedan landowner, as is the case in Togoland or the Cameroon? In German South-West Africa, as we have noted, the Herero population has been practically wiped out. In German East Africa a very large population—some 72,000,000—includes at least two distinct native races whose territory is one of the most thickly populated parts of Africa. The coast is settled with Arabs and

Indians, and a medley of tribes inhabit the interior—some pagan, some Mohammedan.

Is the question for decision to be whether the interests of the population require any European over-lord or no? An answer in the negative would plunge these regions back into the horrors of the slave trade and inter-racial war; but this, at least, is "unthinkable." No, the point at issue is obviously which European nation is to control the destinies of these populations. It is, from the British point of view, a pity the question could not be settled by a plebiscite of the natives concerned. Natives may not like any rule but they unquestionably prefer British to German. As to French rule, it is more difficult to say. The French are singularly successful with the more civilized Mohammedan type of native. But whatever their private predilections, the African native will always think it best to declare for the "man in possession," and in German East Africa, except in the area where Belgian administration has been established, and in German South-West Africa, that is Britain. In Togoland and the Cameroon, France and Britain have divided the administrative burden.

But if we in Africa are puzzled by President Wilson, it must be confessed that Mr. Lloyd George has done more; he has even frightened some of us in Johannesburg, for instance—into meetings of protest. He said: "Regarding the German colonies, I repeatedly declared that they are at the disposal of the Conference, whose decision must have primary regard to the wishes and interests of the native inhabitants."  
The "free, open-minded and absolutely impartial" tribunal of President Wilson, therefore, resolves itself into the "Conference"—presumably the Peace Conference—of the Nations, which *ipso facto* cannot be either open-minded or impartial except in so far as everyone will be playing for his own hand. But Mr. Lloyd George goes farther than President Wilson in his allusion to the colonial population—*he says not only their interest but their wishes are to be considered, and these, as I have shown, will be extremely difficult to ascertain.* South Africans, who do not hold this sub-continent for the white races and for civilization by virtue of the "wishes" of the native population, view this democratic suggestion with some alarm. Their agitation is premature. No conference which included representatives of Belgium, France, Portugal, Japan or even the United States (with a tropical empire in the Philippines) would consent to inquiring from the natives what form of government they prefer. As for the "interests of the native inhabitants," there will be considerable difference of opinion as to this, for neither Belgium nor Portugal is at all convinced that the policy of Great Britain as regards natives is really in their interests. Both those Powers (and many Colonial and English-born men who know their colonies agree) believe that every dictate of humanity can be observed without according to the natives that entire immunity from all obligation to work which he can, with a little ingenuity, enjoy in British territory. The writer expresses no opinion on this head—merely giving these facts for what they are worth.

That German colonies have been built up on the old plan—not on modern British lines—every student knows. The name of Karl Peters occurs to one in this connexion. Dr. Solf, who personally visited the African colonies, was credited with having modified some of the austerity with which natives were treated, but people who have admired the splendidly built German colonial towns, such as Lomé or Dar-es-Salaam, and contrasted them to the disadvantage of English

settlements in adjacent colonies, should reflect on two difficulties which all British colonial governors have to face—the labor difficulty, and the policy which forces them to keep taxation low and will not permit them to burden their colonies with debt. Now in 1913-14 the expenditure on German colonies was estimated at £8,000,000, of which they themselves had to find 34 millions, while about £3,000,000 were to come from reproductive loans, leaving Germany only 1½ millions to find. Besides this, the colonies had loans amounting to £14,000,000, paying interest of £500,000 per year. It will be seen that, while her colonial budget was economical, Germany must have worked her colonial dependents pretty hard to find 6½ millions per annum. Their produce was heavily taxed—their meat and grain practically shut out of her markets (says Dr. Bonn), while even rice and maize were taxed as possible competitors with her own oats and barley. Dr. Bonn put the matter in a nutshell when he said that the German government wanted colonies for "commercial exploitation." Now there is all the difference in the world (as a dweller in Rhodesia is bound to know) between a government which exists to maintain order and protect the inhabitants and one which is also out for commercial exploitation. In British Crown Colonies, it is the work of the Government to hold the scales between the companies and individuals who are there for commercial purposes and the native inhabitants. Considerable friction is the result, but, on the whole, there is no reason to be vastly dissatisfied. We may not have as well-built houses or public buildings, we may cost more to begin with, but the system which has built up the Gold Coast and Nigeria to their present state of prosperity compares favorably with contemporary German achievements.

But when the balance comes to be struck, there is one count against Germany, which, surely, cannot be overlooked. In the White Book on the Treatment of English Prisoners in East Africa, published in 1917, we have the sentence against the Germans in Africa writ plain for all who can read. It is not merely that many of these prisoners were priests, doctors, nurses and others who should never have been detained, but that they were deliberately subjected to outrages of the most degrading character, and exhibited to the natives in such a way that they were spoken of by a name which no African uses of another save as an insult. The Askari soldiers were put on to guard, and permitted to insult white women—indeed the outrages to decency committed on these unfortunate ladies, missionaries and nurses, were too bad to be quoted. Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech, said very truly that the vaunted loyalty of the Askaris was due to the fact that this fighting tribe were permitted to lord it over other natives. When it is remembered that white men were compelled to clean the latrines of their Askari guards, and that Askari guards were put over white ladies, it will be seen that Mr. George must have under-rated rather than over-stated his case. One of the most serious features which all white Africa would have to face, if East Africa were restored to Germany, would be the certainty of the prosecution of this dangerous policy of taking a large and warlike tribe and making it into a sort of Praetorian Guard. South of the Zambesi we have no native troops—only police—and our whole native policy would receive a shock if we had to reckon, on the borders of Northern Rhodesia, with such black forces as the Germans would undoubtedly raise.

In the question of the interests and wishes of the native inhabitants, surely must be included those of the white settlers throughout South Africa, upon whose destinies the conduct of every European nation which assumes the white man's burden must reflect. Tried by this canon what can be said for Germany? Her East African colony was begun by such men as Karl Peters—slave traders and loggers—her South-West colony founded in the blood of almost the whole Herero people. In this war she deliberately committed race treachery to discredit her enemy, and she slave-raided to get carriers for her army (of this there is ample evidence). The writer has letters from eye-witnesses in East Africa who saw these miserable slaves left to die by the wayside from hunger, when too weak to carry any further. They had to be chained to prevent desertion. One writer tells of a little Bushman taken to a tree and left to die of starvation, of starving convicts driven to draw a roller by a warder with a sjambok, and of native bodies flung daily out of the compound opposite that of white prisoners. In the future, what hopes have these people, if restored to a Power whose sole design is commercial exploitation? These questions cannot be too clearly faced now, nor can the charges against German colonial policy, and German war policy in her colonies, be too carefully prepared. Written in the heart of Africa, cut off from books or documentary evidence save what comes in personal letters, this article can do little more than attempt to draw attention to the subject. But facts should be ascertained, and a clear and definite case made out, before the moment arrives when Germany must face the world in an attempt to save as much as she can from the wreck of her world policy.  
ETHEL (COLQUHOUN) JOLLIE, in *United Empire* for June.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 20.—The Newfoundland three masted schooner *Bianca*, before reported captured by a German submarine on Saturday of last week off this coast, was towed into port this morning. The *Bianca*, which was abandoned by her crew by order of the U-boat commander, was picked up adrift three days ago by a Boston fishing schooner. This vessel took the *Bianca* in tow and arrived off the harbor last night. The Newfoundland schooner has been somewhat damaged.

The Germans evidently set off a bomb in her hold, as a portion of the deck is raised and the vessel is leaking considerably, but the ship's stout frame held together despite the shock of the explosion, and her cargo of tobacco kept her afloat. The *Bianca* was bound from Bahia for this port. Her crew landed safely on this coast two days ago.

—Washington, Aug. 29.—Lieutenant Henry J. Bowes, commanding officer; Ensign G. H. Randolph, executive officer, and fourteen enlisted men are still missing from submarine chaser No. 209, which was mistaken for an enemy submarine and sent to the bottom by the American steamer *Felix Taussig* off Fire Island on August 27.

A report from the captain of the *Taussig* reached the Navy Department today, showing that the little chaser went down abaze three minutes after being hit by two of four shots from the merchantman's bow gun at a distance of 200 feet. According to the account of the *Taussig's* captain, the gun crew opened fire when an object resembling a submarine appeared and crossed the steamer's bow without showing lights. Apparently one of the shots exploded a depth bomb on board the chaser, quickly ending her career.

—Paris, Aug. 31.—Another Spanish ship, the *Alexandrine*, has been torpedoed, according to a Madrid dispatch to the *Journal*.

—Stockholm, Sept. 1.—The Norwegian steamer *Horsdal* has been torpedoed and sunk. According to information received here twenty-five men of the crew have landed at Cape Race, on the south-eastern coast of Newfoundland.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Sept. 1.—The chief officer, second engineer, two wireless operators, a gunner and eight Malays, of the crew of the British steamer *Esrick* arrived here to-day on board an oil tanker, which picked them up about five hundred miles from the French coast three days after their ship had been torpedoed. Two other boats, with the captain and twenty others, got away from the *Esrick*, and the survivors arriving here believe they were picked up by a destroyer or passing steamer. The *Esrick* had a crew of thirty-seven. An engineer and two firemen are believed to have been killed when the torpedo struck the engine room. The steamer, which was bound from Bordeaux, Aug. 13, for Montreal, in ballast, was torpedoed without warning, the night of August 16th. She sank in twenty minutes. Chief Officer Llewellyn told the Canadian Press to-day that he remained on the scene until daylight in the hope of joining the other boats, but that he saw no sign of them. He made for land, and after covering two hundred miles, was picked up by a steamer bound for this port.

A few minutes after the *Esrick* went down, he added. "The submarine came alongside us and asked for our captain. I said he was not in our boat. They then inquired for the wireless operators and gunners. I did not answer and the U-boat then disappeared. I suppose she went in search of the other lifeboats."

—St. John's, N. F., September 2.—Twenty men from the fishing schooner *Elsie Porter*, of Lunenburg, N. S., and five from the schooner *Potentate*, of La Have, N. S., landed here to-day, reporting that their vessels were sunk by a German submarine last Friday. The captain of the *Porter* was held a prisoner on the submarine.

—A British Port, Sept. 2.—The American steamship *Omega* has been torpedoed. The vessel foundered Friday night. Twenty-nine persons were saved. Twenty-six are missing. Many bodies have been washed ashore. The captain of the *Omega* was drowned. His body has been landed.

The *Omega* was 3,636 tons gross and was built at Belfast in 1910. She was owned by Barber & Company, of New York. The vessel was 400 feet long, thirty-nine feet beam and twenty-one feet deep. The *Omega* was formerly the *S. V. Luckenbach*, and before that was known under the names of *Brooklyn*, *MacPherson*, *Obdam*, and *British Queen*.

—Paris, Sept. 3.—The French steamship *Pampa*, of 4,471 tons, was sunk by a torpedo on the night of August 26th while on a voyage from Bizerta to Salonika. Four Serbian soldiers, out of the 359 persons on board, are missing.



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Paid-up Capital \$ 6,500,000  
Reserve Fund . . . 12,000,000  
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home in Woodland, after a pleasant vacation with relatives.

Miss Geneva Hennessey left this week for St. John, where she will enter business college.

Miss Terry, of St. John, was the recent guest of Miss Doyle.

Miss Annie O'Neill has returned from St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greason, of St. John, are spending a few days in town.

Misses Louise and Lucy Reardon were visitors last week with their grandmother, Mrs. Reardon, in Pennfield.

Miss Bessie McLeod, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Jas. McKay, returned to St. John on Tuesday.

Master Paul and Miss Kathryn McGrattan, who have been enjoying the holidays here, have returned to their home in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Epps motored to Princeton on Labor Day.

Mrs. Joseph Murray and two children returned to St. John on Tuesday.

Mrs. Arthur Curran, of Vancouver, was the guest of Mrs. Harry Lynch last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Messenette had as their guests Labor Day, at Lake Utopia, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGrattan, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Southard, Miss Frances Murphy, and Arthur Callaghan.

Miss Hanson, of St. Stephen, who is the guest of Miss Royce Goss, is spending the week at one of the Bryn Derwyn cottages, Lake Utopia. The party includes Mr. and Mrs. Harold Goss and children, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas MacIntyre and family, Mr. and Mrs. West McKay, and Miss Royce Goss.

Mr. M. McDade, the well-known insurance man, was in town last week.

Merle Meating was home last week from St. John.

Artie Clinch and John Phillips, of Chamcook, were home for the holiday.

The deaths of Fred Woodbury and J. Holmes, and the serious wounding of Frank Cawley, Hugh McGrattan, and Oliver Spinney at the front in the recent big drive, and the wounding of Elmer McLaughlin, all from this vicinity, brings home to our people the price we are paying for the defeat of the Huns.

Mrs. Jas. Spinney received word last week that her son, Lieut. Oliver Spinney, had been seriously wounded. Oliver enlisted early in the war and has been through some very severe fighting. F. M. Cawley was notified by the war department that his son, Frank, was badly wounded and in a hospital in England. Frank enlisted at eighteen in the 115th, and was transferred to the Engineers. He has been in France for some time and was a Sapper. Hugh McGrattan, a member of the 26th, has been wounded a second time, a gun-shot wound in the abdomen. Hugh went over with the 115th and has been in many severe engagements since his transfer to the 26th. Lieut. Elmer McLaughlin cabled from a hospital in England that he had been wounded in the hand. Elmer's many friends will be glad to know the wound is not more serious. Lieut. McLaughlin qualified for a commission early in the war and offered his services when the Imperial Army called for volunteer officers. He was one of a half a dozen going overseas in that party and all have been killed or wounded.

### CHAMCOOK, N. B.

Sept. 5. Mr. Herbert Grimmer motored to St. Stephen on Friday with a party consisting of Miss Mary Grimmer, Mrs. Stuart Grimmer, and Mrs. Geo. Ripley.

Mrs. Isaac Harris left for St. John on Wednesday's train to pay her sister a visit.

Mrs. Reid, of Greenock, was a visitor on Sunday with Mrs. John Greenlaw.

Mr. John Greenlaw spent the week-end at his old home in Rollingdam.

Mrs. Webb and children were guests of Mrs. Arthur Mason on Monday.

Mrs. Goodill has returned from a visit to Eastport.

A number of the employees from the factory took advantage of the holiday on Monday to spend the day at Woodland.

Miss Mary Hannigan spent the week-end with her cousins in St. Stephen.

Miss Lillian Lambert, from Deer Island, is the new Postmistress here.

### BAYSIDE, N. B.

Sept. 5. Mrs. H. H. Bartlett left here on Saturday, 31st, for Fredericton Junction, to visit her mother who is very ill. Her daughter, Miss Mabel, accompanied her, and went on to Fredericton, where she will attend Normal School.

Miss Ethel Craig, of Chamcook, was an over-Sunday guest of Mrs. Jas. McFarlane. Miss Rachel Lawrence visited her home here on Sunday, coming from Mascarene with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie McRoberts, of St. John, in their car.

The fish still refuse to come into the weir so obligingly built along the river banks, to enable them to "do their bit" towards "winning the war." They must be pro-German.

Mr. John Sampson is widening and grading the roadway leading to this house.

Born, to Mrs. Samuel McFarlane, Sept. 3rd, a son. It will be remembered that Mr. McFarlane was one of the victims of the drowning accident last May.

### Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Grant have returned from a brief visit in Bangor.

Mrs. Anna Grimmer has returned from a visit in St. Andrews, and will remain in St. Stephen for several weeks the guest of Mrs. D. H. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKay were in St. Stephen calling on friends this week.

Miss Margaret Stuart has returned from a visit in Sherbrooke, Que.

Miss Mary Short is in St. John visiting relatives.

Mr. Herbert C. Grant left on Saturday evening for his home in New York, having concluded a pleasant visit of three weeks with his brother, Mr. Walter L. Grant.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair and Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blair left for Ottawa on Friday evening, having spent the past month in St. Stephen and Campobello.

Mrs. F. C. Hunter is at Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Newnam have been recent visitors to St. Stephen.

Rev. Ralph and Mrs. Barker have concluded their visit in Calais with Mr. and Mrs. Chase Barker, and returned to their home in South Acton, Me.

Miss Ida Marks has returned from a visit at her old home at the "Ledge."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Laffin, with Miss Rent, Miss Helen McBride, and Mr. S. A. McBride have been enjoying a motor trip to Presque Isle this week.

Mrs. J. E. Ganong, who has been spending the summer in St. Andrews, was in St. Stephen for a brief visit this week.

Mrs. Benjamin Shorten, who so severely sprained her foot some two or three weeks ago, is now able to walk out again.

Mrs. George Jones, of St. Stephen, received the sad news, this week, that her son, Private Guy Jones, who is fighting in France, was reported to be missing.

The sum of fifty-two dollars, the proceeds of Prof. Charles Townsend Copeland's fine readings given in the Calais Tennis Club House last week, has been presented to the Calais Red Cross Society.

Dr. and Mrs. Vincent Sullivan are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Miss Alma Sullivan is visiting relatives in Halifax.

Mrs. W. F. Todd, and a party of friends motored to St. Andrews on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Stewart Grimmer and daughter, Miss Mary Grimmer, and Mr. Herbert Grimmer, of Chamcook, were guests of Mrs. Walter L. Grimmer during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bunnell have received the news that their son, Lieut. W. Leo Bunnell, had been badly gassed while fighting in France.

Lawrence Ryder has enlisted in the 3rd Garrison Artillery. He is the fifth son of Capt. George Ryder to enter the Army. Three of them are now overseas and the fourth has an honorable discharge, and is employed in the Customs service in this province.

The Deaneys of St. Andrews is held at Campobello this week. Yen. Archdeacon Newnam, of Christ Church, is attending the meetings.

A garden party for the benefit of the Calais Hospital was held on the grounds surrounding the hospital on Tuesday evening, and was a most successful affair. The American Consul and his family are now occupying the handsome resi-

dence of Mr. F. W. Andrews on Main Street, which the United States Government has rented for a term of years, and which will now be known as the American Consulate.

Miss Ruth McKay, of Calais, has gone to Washington, D. C., where she has a position in the Civil Service.

Mrs. W. H. Foster, of St. John, addressed the members of the Woman's Auxiliary, connected with Christ Church, in Christ Church School room, on Tuesday afternoon. The address was most interesting and instructive, and a great help to all who listened to it in aiding them in the work of the W. A. Mrs. Foster was the guest of Miss Victoria Vroom during her stay.

Mrs. Harold C. Carter has returned from a visit at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Meetings in regard to the Social Service Convention were held in the Town Council rooms on Tuesday afternoon and evening, and were addressed by Rev. Dr. Shearer, of Toronto, and Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Fredericton. There were good audiences at each meeting, and great interest was shown by all present.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

### POTATO SPECULATORS WARNED

Dealers and others who may be ambitious in regard to this year's crop of potatoes and apples have been warned by the Canada Food Board against speculation. "In negotiations for the purchase or sale of apples, potatoes or other roots, due consideration should be given to the possibility of some action being taken by this Board," declares their recent statement.

### LAKE UTOPIA Camps to Let

Bryn Derwyn furnished cottages to let by the day, week or month. Ideal location on Beautiful shore near trout brook bridge. Good trout fishing. For terms apply to JOSEPH W. BRINE, R. R. 2 Utopia, N. B. 3-2m

### Try a Beacon Adv.

### CAMPOBELLO

Sept. 1. The funeral service for the late Mrs. Amelia Lank was held at her home on Monday last, Rev. G. E. Tobin officiating. Interment was in the Episcopal cemetery.

Mr. William Lank and son, and Mrs. Perker Henderson, of Wilson's Beach, and Mr. George Malloch, of Eastport, Me., were visitors here on Monday last.

Mrs. Aden Shorey and daughter, Velma, returned to Waterville, Me., after a pleasant visit with friends.

Mrs. Oliver Allingham, who is on the sick-list, is improving. She is attended by her daughter, Miss Rheta, nurse-in-training, of Massachusetts.

### BOCABEC COVE, N. B.

Sept. 2. Our school opened last week with Miss Anna Trecaaten, of Deer Island, as teacher.

Miss Jessie Campbell, of Bonney River, is the guest of Mrs. Jennie Foster.

Miss Alice Holt spent the week-end at her home here.

Miss Josephine Whittier, who has been spending the summer here, left last week for Truro, N. S., where she will spend some time with friends.

Earl Hanson has returned to St. John after a pleasant visit with his aunt, Mrs. Matthew McCullough.

Mrs. Walter White and little Miss Helen White left on Saturday for Maynard, Mass., where they will remain for the winter.

Basil Quinley, of Eastport, who has recently been called to join the colors, spent a day with his sister, Mrs. Arch Flinder, prior to his departure to take up his new duties.

Albert Holt left last week for Boston, where he will undergo another operation for bone-trouble of the arm.

Miss Helen Young, of St. Andrews, was a week-end guest of Miss Inez Holt.

Miss Inez Holt left on Monday for Fredericton to enter Business College.

Miss Lillian Butt, of Second Falls, was a recent guest of Mrs. Albert Brownrigg.

Mrs. William Flinder, of Upper Bocabec, spent a few days recently with her mother, Mrs. R. A. Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McFarlane, of Milltown, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brownrigg.

### BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Sept. 3. The Red Cross Society gave an entertainment in Paul's Hall last Saturday evening. The concert was well attended and was a decided success. Much praise is due Mrs. Frank Cross, of Yarmouth, Me., and Miss Madge Norton, of Eastport, who so willingly helped the Red Cross ladies in the entertainment. Following is the programme of the evening:

Opening Chorus.

I may be gone for a long, long time. Speech on Red Cross Work.

Pte. Calvin Eldridge.

Recitation, Evelyn Wright.

Duet, Hit the trail that leads to mother, Mrs. G. W. McKay and Mrs. R. Barry.

Recitation, Mrs. F. Cross, Widder Green.

Solo, Miss Lila Outhouse.

Recitation, Burla Wright.

Reading, Mumford's Pavement.

Solo, Miss Cotter.

Tableau, 3 children, Gordon Cross, Helen Cross, Sheldon Outhouse representing Sailor, Red Cross nurse, and soldier, respectively.

Solo, I want my Daddy, Helen Cross.

Recitation, Irene Cross.

Recitation, All right I will, Mrs. Frank Cross.

Tableau, "Katy," Emma Eldridge and Hayward Sparks.

Solo sung by Mrs. Basil Paul.

Trio, After the war is over, Erma Bates, Freda and Mary Morehouse. Solo, Reuben Haskins. Reading, Mrs. Hayward Sparks. Solo, Hayward Sparks. "Curious Knitting Club."

In the above number the following ladies took part: Mrs. L. Outhouse, Mrs. Wm Cross, Mrs. M. Eldridge, Miss Cotter, Mrs. G. W. McKay, Miss Norton, Mrs. J. F. Cross, Mrs. E. Wadlin, Mrs. R. Barry, Mrs. H. Wright, Mrs. H. Sparks. The ladies of this club were supposed to be practising home dressmaking and home millinery, and the costumes and hats were amusing.

The closing number was God Save the King.

Pte. Calvin Eldridge a returned soldier, acted as chairman, Mrs. Mariner Johnson presided at the organ, and Mrs. McKay also played for solos. Mrs. Medley Wright gave a handsome centre-piece which was sold during the evening for \$6.45. The amount taken at the concert was \$35, which, together with some small donations later, will add a tidy little sum to the funds of the Society.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hunter, of Harvey Station, are the guests of their daughter, Mrs. Mrs. Basil Paul.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Allen Paul upon the arrival of a baby boy at their home on Monday Sept. 2.

Sch. Nellie Dickson, Capt. Matthews, arrived to-day with a load of codfish from Labrador for Beaver Harbor Trading Co. and J. Doon, St. Andrews.

Col. John Alexander, of Marlinton, W. Va., has arrived to spend the remainder of the summer here.

Mrs. Frank Cross and children, of Yarmouth, Me., and Miss Madge Norton, of Eastport, left for their homes on Monday, having been here from the first of July.

David Bennett, of St. John, was the week-end guest of his mother, Mrs. John McDougall.

Rev. B. H. Nobles again spent Sunday with us and expects to supply on this pastorate for a few weeks.

The Red Cross Society was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. Wm. Cross on Wednesday evening.

Miss Mary Eldridge has gone to Fredericton to attend the Normal School.

### ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Sept. 4. Schools opened on Tuesday morning with Miss Smith as principal, Miss Duffy, Miss Armstrong, Miss Cawley, Miss Murphy, and Mrs. Dunbar in charge of the other grades. A new room has been added and an extra teacher employed.

Work is progressing rapidly on the foundation for the new Masonic Hall at Murphy's Corner. Contractor Spear is in charge.

Labor Day was observed in town, the granite mills were closed and the men enjoyed the holiday. The weather was delightful and numbers of parties spent the day at the Lake, the shore, and the blueberry barrens. A large number of automobiles filled with tourists passed through town. In the afternoon the St. George baseball team crossed bats with the Acadias, of St. John. The St. George boys were beaten, this is the fourth game played by these rivals and the first defeat for St. George.

Master Stanley Maxwell entertained a large number of his young friends at his home on Friday evening.

Miss Evelyn Clinch and Laura Mooney spent the week-end in Eastport.

Horace Gillmor met with a painful injury on Wednesday last, which will confine him to the house for some time.

Mrs. Greene and young son, of Rothersay, were guests last week of Mrs. O'Malley.

Miss Helen Dunn has returned to her

## K. of C. Army Huts APPEAL

SEPT. 15th to 24th.

REMEMBER THE BOYS AT THE FRONT

## TENTH ANNUAL CHARLOTTE COUNTY EXHIBITION

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.  
SEPT. 10 - 11 - 12 - 13 - 1918

**\$10,000 in Premiums  
\$2,400 for Horse Racing**

The Big International Fair, Held Right at the Border, Where the Allies of Maine and New Brunswick will Gather.

Always Successful, and Bigger, Brighter and Better this Year than ever.

**A Bright Midway and Striking Free Attractions**

Four Days of Instruction, Amusement and Happiness  
JOIN THE HAPPY THROUGS  
St. Stephen, Sept. 10 - 11 - 12 - 13

## Rally to This Job!

Ten Dollars Bonus to each and every man who helps complete the Valley Railway and stays on the work until it is completed.

Every man paid 35 cents an hour for ten hours a day or twelve hours if he wants to work long hours.

Two hundred men wanted at once.  
Board \$6.00 per week.

Residents of the River Counties who want this work completed by November 30, 1918, and have another railway to St. John, rally to the job.

Apply to  
**NOVA SCOTIA CONSTRUCTION CO.,**  
Westfield, Brown's Flats or Gagetown.

The Lone

Samuel

Copyright.

"M I ru here ed of ed un ing after Ken The occasi Man stretch his feet prop the stone wa was freshly p covered his e To put a pol narrow silken depending fr suggested an His was a contour and the tint of blue s central parts The cheek bo was large. On solid, set like At the sou pushed his h knobby foreh in which the berness, of b "Good morn then all but that replied, was. "You rise l "I hear you Sedgwick, a L fer that you me?" "You would "And what you leave?" cantly. "Take a litt ly," said the brushing the "Ken" exo "Well, you kind of artist a man simply beard and aft read your stor "Already?" "Already! I o'clock? How "Thank you "As a stor leaves out n points." "Thank you "You're wel trappings of t "I didn't no I think; yes, a large horse you." "Humph! C of the rider?" "Reddish br like a butterfly with enthusis clear sea brov say quite tall- you wasn't w was dressed i costume, with ple, tan gault is, the first tin time"— "Hold on; a is no good to ber it all. W on any of her "No." "Any scars o "Certainly n "That's a pit think otherwis "We'll, twe "Add five. " "What for?" dignantly. "I'm allowin mance. Did y "Not partic was always sp to foot." "Humph! V last week she "Fishing?" "Did she sho "Never a bit as a sewer?" "That, altho didn't walk fa road back of t the cove in ar torcar has stc she has drivn across the hill "Could we Sedgwick eage "No farther what is this? which she arriv "Once she st begged her to

Adv. in

For



# The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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## CHAPTER V.

An inquiry.

"Am I running a Strangers' Rest here?" Francis Sedgwick asked of himself when he emerged upon his porch the morning after Kent's visit.

The occasion of this query was a man stretched flat on the lawn, with his feet propped up comfortably against the stone wall. His white shirt was freshly pressed. A soft white hat covered his eyes against the sun glare. To put a point to this foppishness, a narrow silken ribbon, also pure white, depending from his lapel buttonhole, suggested an eyeglass in his pocket.

His was a remarkable face, both in contour and in coloring. From chin to cheek, the skin was white, with a tint of blue showing beneath, but the central parts of the face were bronzed. The jaw was long, lean and bony. The cheek bones were high, the mouth was large, fine cut and firm, the nose solid, set like a rock.

At the sound of a footstep the man pushed his hat downward, revealing a knobby forehead and half closed eyes in which there was a touch of somberness, of brooding.

"Good morning," said the artist, and then all but recoiled from the voice that replied, so harsh and raucous it was.

"You rise late," it said.

"I hear your opinion on it," retorted Sedgwick, a bit nettled. "Am I to infer that you have been waiting for me?"

"You wouldn't go far wrong."

"And what can I do for you—before you leave?" said Sedgwick significantly.

"Take a little walk with me presently," said the man in another voice, brushing the hat clear of his face.

"Kent!" exclaimed the artist.

"Well, you appear surprised. What kind of artist are you not to recognize a man simply because he shaves his beard and affects a false voice. I've read your story."

"Already? Do you know it's 10 o'clock? However, it's a good story."

"Thank you."

"As a story. As information, it leaves out most of the important points."

"Thank you again."

"You're welcome. Color, size and trappings of the horse?"

"I didn't notice particularly. Black, I think; yes, certainly black. Rather a large horse. That's all I can tell you."

"Humph! Color, size and trappings of the rider?"

"Reddish brown hair with a gloss like a butterfly's wing," said the artist, with enthusiasm; "deep hazel eyes, clear sea browned skin, tall—I should say quite tall—but so—so feminine that you wouldn't realize her tallness. She was dressed in a light brown riding costume, with a toque hat, very simple, tan gauntlets and tan boots—that is, the first time I saw her. The next time—"

"Hold on; a dressmaker's catalogue is no good to me! I couldn't remember it all. Was she in riding clothes on any of her later visits?"

"No."

"Any scars or marks?"

"Certainly not!"

"That's a pity, although you seem to think otherwise. Age?"

"We-ell, twenty perhaps."

"Add five. Say twenty-five."

"What for?" demanded Sedgwick indignantly.

"I'm allowing for the discount of romance. Did you notice her boots?"

"Not particularly, except that she was always spick and span from head to foot."

"Humph! Was it pretty warm the last week she called on you?"

"Plying?"

"Did she show it?"

"Never a bit. Always looked fresh as a sewer."

"Then, although she came far, she didn't walk far to get here. There's a road back of the hill yonder and a little cove in an open field where a motorcar has stood. I should say that she had driven herself there and come across the hill to you."

"Could we track the car?" asked Sedgwick eagerly.

"No farther than the main road. What is the latest she ever left here when she arrived foot?"

"Once she stayed till half past 6. I begged her to stay and dine, but she

grew into herself at the mere suggestion.

"Half past 6. Allowing for a half past 7 dinner and time to dress for it, she would have perhaps twelve to fifteen miles to go in the car. The name she gave is obviously not her own, not even, I judge, her maiden name."

Sedgwick turned very white. "Do you mean that she is a married woman?" he demanded.

"How could you have failed to see it?" returned the other, gently. "A young girl of breeding and social experience would hardly have come to your studio. A married woman might who respected herself with full confidence and knew with the same confidence that you would respect her. And, my dear boy," added Kent, with his quiet winning smile, "you are a man to inspire confidence. Otherwise I myself might have suspected you of having a hand in the death of the woman on the beach."

"Never mind the woman on the beach. This other matter is more than life or death. Is that flimsy supposition all you have to go on?"

"No. Her travel. Her wide acquaintance with men and events. Her obvious poise. And; reverting to tangible fact, as clinching evidence, there are her gloves, which she always wore."

"What about her gloves?"

"You never saw her left hand, did you?"

"Oh, I see. You mean the wedding ring. Well, I suppose," continued Sedgwick, with a tinge of contempt in his voice, "she could have taken off her ring as easily as her gloves."

There was no answering contempt in Chester Kent's voice as he replied; "But a ring, constantly worn and then removed, leaves an unmistakable mark. What the connection between her and the corpse on the beach may be is the problem. My immediate business is to discover who the dead woman is."

"And mine," said Sedgwick hoarsely, "to discover the living."

"Well at least start together," replied Kent. "Come!"

Twenty minutes of curving and dodging along the rocky roads in Kent's runabout brought them to the turnpike in sight of the town of Annalaka. The inquest is set for 11 o'clock," said Kent.

"All right," said Sedgwick with equal tactfulness.

They turned a corner and ran into the fringe of a crowd hovering about the town hall. Halting his machine in a bit of shade, Kent surveyed the gathering. At one point it thickened about a man who was talking eagerly, the vocal center of a small circle of silence.

"Elder Dennett," said Kent, "back from Cadystown. You'll have to face the music now. One word of warning: Don't lose your head or your temper if the suspicion raised against you by Dennett is strengthened by me. My concern is to get to the bottom of this matter. There is something the sheriff knows that I don't know. Probably all is the identity of the body. To force him into the open it may be necessary for me to augment the case against you."

"Ought I to be ready for arrest?"

"Hardly probable at present. No; go on the stand when you're called and tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

"But not the whole truth?"

"Nothing of the necktie. You won't be questioned about that. By the way, you have never kept among your artistic properties anything in the way of handkerchiefs, have you?"

"No."

"I didn't suppose you had. Those maniacs are a sticker. I don't—absolutely do not like those maniacs. And on one wrist only! Perhaps that is the very fact, though. Well, we shall know more when we're older; two hours older, say. Whether we shall know all that Mr. Sheriff Len Schlager knows is another question. I don't like Mr. Schlager, either, for that matter."

"Dennett has seen me," said Sedgwick in a low voice.

Indeed, the narrator's voice had abruptly ceased and he stood with the dropped jaw of stupefaction. One after another of his auditors turned and stared at the two men in the motorcar.

"Stay where you are," said Kent and stepped out to mingle with the crowd.

No one recognized at first the immaculate dressed man as the bearded scientist whose strange actions had amused the crowd on the beach. A heavy, solemn man addressed him:

"Friend of his?" he asked, nodding toward the artist.

"Yes."

"He'll need 'em. Going to give evidence?"

"To hear it, rather," replied Kent pleasantly. "Where's the body?"

"Inside. Just brought it over from Dr. Breed's. He's the medical officer, and he and the sheriff are running the show. Your friend wants a lawyer, maybe?"

The thought struck Kent that, while a lawyer might be premature, a friend in the town might be very useful.

"Yes," he said; "from tomorrow on."

"Meaning that you're in charge to-day," surprised the big man shrilly.

Kent smiled: "I dare say we shall get on very well together, Mr.— His voice went up interrogatively.

"Bain, Adam Bain, attorney and counselor at law for thirty years in the town of Annalaka."

"Thank you. My name is Kent. You already know my friend's name. What kind of man is this medical officer?"

"Breed? Not much. More of a politician than a doctor and more of a horse trader than either. Plying as a sandpaper of indifference."

"Did he perform the autopsy at his own house?"

"Yes and the sheriff last evening

Didn't even have an undertaker to help lay out."

The lobe of Kent's ear began to suffer from repeated handling. "The body hasn't been identified, I suppose?"

"Nobody's had so much as a wink at it but those two and Ira Dennett. He viewed the corpse last night. That's why I guess your friend needs his friends and maybe a lawyer."

"Exactly. Mr. Dennett doesn't seem to be precisely a deaf mute."

Lawyer Bain omitted the bubbling chuckle of the fat throated. "It's quite some time since Iry won any prizes for silent thought," he stated. "You are known hereabouts?" he added after a pause.

"Very little."

"Gansett Jim, yonder, looks as if he kinder cherished the honor of your acquaintance."

Over his shoulder Kent caught the half breed's glance fixed upon him with solid intensity. A touch on his arm made him turn to the other side, where Sallor Smith faced him.

"Didn't hardly know you with your beard off," piped the old man. "Howdy, professor? You're finicked up like your own wedding."

"Good morning," said the scientist. "Are you going inside? Sit with us, won't you? Mr. Sedgwick is with me."

The ex-sallor started, "Him!" he exclaimed. "Here? There's been quite a lot of talk—"

"Suspicion, you mean?"

"Well, yes."

"People are inclined to connect Mr. Sedgwick with the death of the woman."

"What else can you expect?" returned the old man deprecatingly. "Iry Dennett's been talkin' his story. He's certain the woman he seen talkin' to Mr. Sedgwick is the dead woman—willin' to swear to it anywhere."

"What about Gansett Jim? Has he contributed anything to the discussion?"

"No. Jim's as close tongued as Iry is clatter mouthed."

"And probably with reason," muttered Kent. "Well, I'll look for you inside."

He returned to join Sedgwick. Together they entered the building, while behind them a rising rum testified to the interest felt in them by the villagers.

Within a tall, wizened man with dead, fishy eyes stalked nervously to and fro on a platform, beside which a hastily constructed coffin with a humped cover stood on three sawhorses. On a chair near by slouched the sheriff, his face red and streaming. A few perspiring men and women were scattered on the benches. Outside a clock struck 11. There was a quick inflow of the populace, and the man on the platform lifted up a chattering voice.

"Feller citizens," he said, "as medical officer I declare these proceedings opened. Meaning no disrespect to the deceased, we want to get through as spry as possible. First we'll hear witness. Anybody who thinks he can throw any light on this business can have a hearing. Then those as wants may view the remains. The burial will take place right afterward in the town buryin' ground, our telfer citizen and sheriff, Mr. Len Schlager, having volunteered the expenses."

## CHAPTER VI.

### "Dah de murderer!"

The first witness, a sheep herder, rose in his place and, without the formality of an oath, told of sighting the body at the edge of the surf at 7 o'clock in the morning. Others, following, testified to the position on the beach, the lashing of the body to the grating, the wounds and the maniacs. Dr. Breed announced briefly that the deceased had come to her death by drowning and that the skull had been crushed in, presumably, when the waves hammered the body upon the reefs.

"Then the corpse must have come from a good way out," said Sallor Smith, "for the reefs wouldn't catch it at that tide."

"Nobody knows how the dead came to Lonesome Cove," said the sheriff in his deep voice.

Elder Ira Dennett was the next and last witness called. Somewhere beneath the elder's dry exterior lurked the instinct of the drama. Stalking to the platform, he told his story, with skill and fervor. He made a telling point of the newly finished picture he had seen in Sedgwick's studio, depicting the moonlit charge of the wave mounted corpse. He sketched out the encounter between the artist and the dead woman vividly.

Then Sedgwick rose. He was white, but his voice was under perfect control as he said:

"It is all true. But I do not know the woman who accosted me. I never saw her before that evening. She spoke strangely to me and indicated that she was to meet some one and go aboard ship, though I saw no sign of a ship."

"You couldn't see much of the ocean from your house," said the medical officer.

"I walked on the cliffs later," said Sedgwick, and a murmur went through the courtroom, "but I never found the woman. And as for throwing her out of a ship, or any such fantastic nonsense, I can prove that I was back in my house by a little after 9 o'clock that night."

He sat down coolly enough but his eyes dilated when Kent whispered:

"Keep your nerve. The probability will be shown that she was killed before 10 o'clock."

Now, however, Dr. Breed was on his feet again. "Form in line, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and pass the coffin as spry as possible."

At this Sheriff Schlager stepped forward and loosened the hasps preparatory to removing the cover. "The body has been left," said he, slipping the lid aside, "just as— Of a sud-

den, his eyes stiffened. A convulsive shudder ran through his big body. He jammed the cover back, and, with fingers that actually drummed on the wood, forced the hasps into place.

"She's come to life!" cried a voice from the rear.

"No, no!" rumbled the sheriff. Whirling upon the medical officer, he whispered in his ear—no more than a single word. It seemed to the wait-ful Kent.

The doctor turned ghastly. "Gents," he said in a quivering voice to the amazed crowd, "the program will not be carried out as arranged. The—well, the condition of the deceased is not fitter"—He stopped, mopping his brow.

But Yankee curiosity was not so easily to be balked of its food. It found expression in Lawyer Bain.

"That ain't the law, doc," he said.

"I'm the law here," declared Sheriff Schlager, planting himself solidly before the crowd and the coffin. One hand crept slowly back toward his hip.

"Don't pull any gun on me," retorted the lawyer quietly. "It ain't necessary."

"You heard Doc Breed say the body wasn't fit to be viewed," pursued the sheriff.

"That's all right too. But the doc hasn't got the final word. The law has. And the law says that the body shall be duly viewed. Qtherwise, and the deceased being buried without view, an order of the court to exhumate may be obtained."

"Look at Breed," whispered Kent to Sedgwick.

The medical officer's lips were gray as he leaned forward to pluck at the sheriff's arm. There was a whispered colloquy between them. Then Breed spoke, with a pitiful effort at self control:

"Lawyer Bain's point is correct, undoubtedly correct. But the body must be prepared. It ought to 'a' been looked to last night. But somehow I—we— Will six citizens kindly volunteer to fetch the coffin back to my house?"

Ten times six offered their services. The box was carried out swiftly, followed by the variable hum of excited conjecture. Quickly the room emptied itself except for a few stragglers.

Sedgwick, who had followed the impromptu cortege with his vision, was brought up sharply by the glare of a pair of eyes outside the nearest window. The eyes were fixed on his own. Their expression was distinctly malevolent. Without looking round, Sedgwick said in a low voice:

"Kent!"

No answer came.

"Kent!" said the artist a little louder.

"Huh?" responded a muffled and abstracted voice behind him.

"See here for a moment."

There was neither sound nor movement from the scientist.

"An Indian looking chap outside the window is trying to hypnotize me or something of the sort."

This information, deemed by its giver to be of no small interest, elicited not the faintest response. Somewhat piqued, the artist turned, to behold his friend stretched on a bench, with face to the ceiling, eyes closed and heels on the raised end. His lips moved faintly in a whistle. Sedgwick shook the whistler insistently.

"Eh? What?" cried Kent, wrenching his shoulder free. "Go away! Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I'll give you something to think about. Look at this face of a cigar store Indian at the window. No! It's gone!"

"Gansett Jim, probably," opined Kent. "Just where his interest in this case comes in I haven't yet found out. He favored me with his regard outside. And he had some dealings with the sheriff on the beach. But I don't want to talk about him now nor about anything else."

Acting on this hint, Sedgwick let his companion severely alone until a bustle from without warned him that the crowd was returning. Being aroused, Kent accosted one of the villagers who had just entered.

"Body coming back?" he asked.

"Yep. On its way now."

"What occurred in the house where they took it?"

"Search me! Everybody was shut out by the sheriff and the doc. They had that body to themselves nigh twenty minutes."

At this moment the sheriff entered the hall, followed by Dr. Breed, who escorted the coffin to its supporting sawhorses. The meager physician was visibly at the fag end of his self control. Even the burly sheriff looked like a sick man as he lifted aside the coffin lid and spoke.

"There was reasons, neighbors," said he, "why the corpse wasn't suitable to be looked at. Nobody had seen it since last night. We've fixed it up as good as we could, and you'll now please pass by as quick as possible."

In the line that formed Kent got a place behind Elder Dennett, who had decided to take another look for good measure, as he said. The look was a productive one. No sooner had it fallen on the face of the dead than Dennett jabbed an indiciary finger in that direction and addressed the sheriff:

"Hey, Len! What's this?"

"What's what?" growled Schlager.

"Why, there's a cut on the lady's right cheek. It wasn't there when I seen the corpse last night."

"Ah, what's the matter with your eyes?" demanded the sheriff savagely. "You want to hog the limelight that's your trouble!"

This was evidently a shrewd lash at a recognized weakness, and the elder moved on amid jeering comments. But Sedgwick, whose eyes had been fixed upon Kent, saw a curious expression flicker and fade across the long fawed face. It was exactly the expression of a dog that pricks up its



"Dah de murderer!"

CHAPTER VII.

Simon P. Groot Does Business.

NO ONE moved in the courtroom for appreciable seconds after that pronouncement.

First to recover from the surprise was the sheriff. "You, Jim, set down!" he shouted. "If there's to be any accusin' done here, I'll do it."

"I do it," persisted the half breed.

"Blood is on his han'. I see it."

Involuntarily Sedgwick looked at his right hand. There was a low growl from the crowd.

"Steady!" came Kent's voice at his elbow. "Mistakes like that are Judge Lynch's evidence."

"What was he the night of the killing?" cried Gansett Jim. "Ast him. What was he?"

"Where was you if it comes to that?" retorted the sheriff and bit his lip with a scowl.

At that betrayal Chester Kent's eyelids flashed up and instantly drooped again into somberness.

"This hearing is adjourned," twittered the medical officer. "Burial of the unknown will take place at once. All are invited."

During their slow progress to the door Kent kept up a running comment, which Sedgwick supported with equal coolness. The crowd, darkling and undecided, pressed around them. As they went through the doorway they were jostled by a sudden pressure, following which Kent felt a touch on his shoulder. He turned to face the sheriff.

"Better get out of town quick," advised Schlager in a half whisper.

"Thank you," said Kent in a clear and cheerful voice. "Where can I get some tobacco?"

"Sterrett's grocery keeps the best," said some informant back of him. "End of the square to the right."

"Much obliged," said Kent and strolled leisurely to his car, followed by Sedgwick. As they took their seats and started slowly through the crowd Sedgwick inquired earnestly:

"Do you crave tobacco at this particular moment worse than you do the peace and loneliness of the green fields?"

"Polley, my young friend," retorted Kent. "I wish I could think up a dozen more errands to do. The more casually we get out of town the less likely we are to be followed by a flight of rocks. I don't want a perfectly good runabout spoiled by a mob."

Both of them went in Sterrett's store, where Kent earned the reputation from Sterrett of being "awful dang choosy about what he gets," and came out into a considerable part of the populace, which had followed. As they re-embarked the sheriff put his foot on the running board.

"Better take my tip," he said significantly.

"Very well," returned Kent. "There will be no arrest, then?"

"Not just now."

A peculiar smile slid sidewise off a corner of the scientist's long jaw. "Nor at any other time," he concluded. "He threw in the clutch. When the car had won the open road beyond the village Sedgwick remarked:

"Queer line the sheriff is taking."

"Poor Schlager!" said Kent, chuckling. "No other line is open to him. He's in a fix. But it isn't the sheriff that's worrying me."

"Who, then?"

"Gansett Jim?"

"What did the sheriff mean by asking Gansett Jim where he was the night of the murder?"

"Murder!" said Kent quizzically. "What murder?"

"The murder of the unknown woman of course. I think that Gansett Jim killed her and is trying to turn suspicion on me."

"Humph!"

"But if the sheriff knows where Gansett Jim was at the time of the killing, he can't suppose me guilty. I wonder if he really does believe me guilty?"

"If he does, he doesn't care. His concern is quite apart from your guilt."

"It's too much for me," confessed the artist.

"And for me. That is why I am going back to the village."

"But I thought you were frightened."

"If I stayed away from everything that alarms me," said Kent, "I'd never have a tooth filed or speak to a woman under seventy. I'm a timid soul, Sedgwick, but I don't think I shall be in any danger in Annalaka so long as I'm alone. Here we are. Out with you! I'll be back by evening."

To his surprise, Kent, turning into the village square, found the crowd still lingering. A new focus of interest had drawn it to a spot opposite Sterrett's store, where a wagon, decorated in the most advanced style of circus art, shone brilliant in yellow and green. Bright red letters across the front presented to public admiration the legend:

SIMON P. GROOT  
SIMON PURE GOODS

A stout projection rested on one of the rear wheels. Here stood the proprietor of the vehicle, while behind him in a window were displayed his wares. It was evident that Simon P. Groot followed the romantic career of an itinerant hawker, dealing in that wide range of commodities roughly comprised in the quaint term, "Yankee notions." Kent was struck with the expansive splendor of the man's gestures, the dignity of his robust figure and the beauty of a broad whitening beard that spread sidewise like the ripples from a boat's stem. Two blemishes unapparently marred the majesty of Simon P. Groot's presence—a pair of pinhead eyes, mutually attracted to each other, and a mean and strident little voice.

Missard's Liment Cures Colds, Etc.

Adv. in the Beacon  
For Results



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tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 7th September, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[August 29 to September 4]

ON the last day of the week under re-
view the war entered the fiftieth
month of its course, and the result of the
week's hostilities was most satisfactory to
the cause of the Entente Allies and gave
rise to the hope that the end of the war
may be not far off.

Again the Western front was the scene
of the greatest activity, and again the
Entente Allies continued effectively their
steady pressure on the enemy, driving
him back from positions in which he was
strongly entrenched and which, for the
most part, he stubbornly defended with
all his available power. But over a front
of nearly 150 miles in extent, from north
of Ypres to the vicinity of Reims, the
Teutons were driven from position after
position, till at the week's close the Ar-
mentières salient was nearly wiped out,
Lens was occupied by the British, the
Allies were within a few miles of Douai
and Cambrai and near Ham, the French
and Americans were within sight of Laon
and had approached close to the western
end of the Chemin des Dames. All the
various nationalities of the Entente Allies
participated in the great drive, though it
would appear that the British and French
were the most heavily engaged during the
week. Among the British the Canadians
seem to have played a brilliant and most
successful part and added fresh laurels to
their crown of glory. So rapid were the
advances, no detailed results of the pro-
gress made had been collated; but it is
known that tremendous losses were in-
flicted on the enemy in killed and wound-
ed, many thousand prisoners were captur-
ed, and much booty secured. The Teu-
tons succeeded in saving a larger portion
of their big guns than in the preceding
weeks' advances of the Allies, neverthe-
less they lost not less than 200, besides
vast numbers of machine guns and great
quantities of munitions, of which they
now seem to be greatly in need.

Little was reported during the week
concerning the Austro-Italian campaign,
and, apparently, no changes of conse-
quence were effected.

In the Balkan campaign the French and
Italians made considerable gains in Al-
bania; and there was great activity in
Serbia and Macedonia, the result of which
was not fully apparent.

News from Russia, as usual, was not
easy to understand. There seemed to be
increasing evidence that the opposition to
the Bolshevik régime was increasing
rapidly, and that the anti-Bolsheviks of
every faction were uniting in a common
cause. All the representatives of the
Allied Powers who had hitherto remained
at Petrograd left that city, having secured
a safe conduct via Finland and Sweden;
but before their departure the British
embassy was raided and looted and an
attaché was killed. Anti-Bolsheviks,
aided by Entente troops, had advanced
75 miles south of Archangel, and the
peasantry of the country traversed were
rallying to their support. In Siberia the
Czecho-Slovaks, aided by the Japanese
and other Entente Allies, were gaining
the upper hand, and had several success-
ful encounters with the Bolshevik forces
aided by German and Austrian released
prisoners. It was said that the whole
Trans-Siberian Railway, from the Volga
eastward to Vladivostok, was under the
control of the Czecho-Slovaks, who were
rapidly repairing the damaged roadway
and bridges. Thus the outlook in Russia,
from an Entente point of view, was con-
siderably brighter.

Except for the report of successful
Arab raids on the Hedjaz Railway in
Palestine, no news was forthcoming dur-
ing the week of operations in the other
theatres of the war. This does not mean
inactivity, it only signifies that news is
not being given out.

Again aerial operations played a con-
spicuous part in the week's hostilities and
contributed a large portion of success for
the Allied cause. Remote Constantinople
was raided on four consecutive nights,
and great damage was inflicted by the
Entente aviators.

German submarine activity seems to
have been less in the week under review
than usual, but it had not ceased, as the
reports of marine disasters recorded
under "News of the Sea" clearly indicate.

We do not indulge in prophecy, but it is
not possible to refrain from sounding a
note of hopefulness for the speedy tri-
umph for the cause of liberty. Another
winter's campaign may be inevitable, but

if the success which has attended the
arms of the Entente Allies for the past
two months can be continued for two
months more, then battles will be fought
on German soil, and the horrors of war
will so be brought home to the German
people that they will be fain to cry "Hold,
enough!"

FINNAN HADDIES AND STEAM
TRAWLERS

AS is well known, the Staff of the
Atlantic Biological Station at St.
Andrews, at intervals in the past two
or three years, has conducted experiments
in curing and smoking Haddocks to pro-
duce the very palatable Finnan Haddies
of quality and flavor equal to the Scottish
product. The experiments showed that
the same results could be produced in St.
Andrews as in Fidon, Kincardineshire,
Scotland. Those who are familiar with
both the genuine Scottish article and the
imitation of it usually produced in the
Maritime Provinces of Canada, know very
well that the latter is generally inferior.
There is no reason for this state of affairs,
as the experiments of the Biological Staff
have proved.

Then why is it, that, if Finnan Haddies
of the quality and flavor of the best Scot-
tish product can be produced here, there
is not a regular and abundant supply ob-
tainable? A small quantity only of
Finnan Haddies is produced locally, and
they are not usually up to the possible
standard. An inquiry into the reason for
the small production of this esteemed
article of food in this locality elicits the
information that the certain supply of
Haddock in the local market is so small
as to be not nearly sufficient to meet the
demand for the fish in a fresh state; and
that before an extensive business in cur-
ing Finnan Haddies can be undertaken it
will be necessary to make sure of a larger
supply of fish.

The only way in which to secure a
sufficient and constant supply of Haddock
is to use steam trawlers, for the line fish-
ermen alone cannot furnish the requisite
quantity. Steam trawlers cost money,
but they make money. Probably no in-
vestment in any legitimate enterprise in
any country yields better returns than in-
vestments in steam trawlers. Then why
is it that the people of St. Andrews, who
are so largely interested in the fisheries
in some form or other, have not combin-
ed to build, equip, and employ one or
more steam trawlers? The only answer
that can be given is, that no one here will
take the matter up and do the canvassing
necessary to bring it to a successful con-
clusion. So far as a steam trawler is con-
cerned, we have reason to believe that
more than one-half the cost of one such
vessel is ready for the asking, and the
remainder should surely be easily obtain-
able as soon as the matter is taken up in
the right way by the right people.

A steam trawler could be built in St.
Andrews as well as in any other place on
the Atlantic seaboard. It is up to the
people of the place to start the enterprise,
and beyond doubt there is sufficient
money available in the community to
carry the undertaking through to a suc-
cessful conclusion. We earnestly hope
the matter will be taken up without delay,
that the people most concerned will lose
no time in getting the necessary capital
subscribed and in arranging all the de-
tails of the business. If the BEACON can
be of any assistance in the matter, its
services are at the disposal of those who
take the business in hand. We would be
very glad indeed to have the views of
those who favor the suggested enterprise.
The building of a steam trawler in St.
Andrews would undoubtedly initiate a
permanent industry of the kind, and it
would develop a fish-curing business that
would contribute enormously to the pros-
perity of the place.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

September 7.—St. Evertius. Montreal
surrendered to the British under Lord
Amherst, 1760. Copenhagen surrendered,
1807. Queen Elizabeth of England born,
1533; James Thomson, Scottish poet,
born, 1700; Buffon, French naturalist,
born, 1707; Brazil declared its independ-
ence, 1822; Hannah More, English poet-
ical and ethical writer, died, 1833; Pietro
Mascagni, Italian composer, born, 1863;
John Greenleaf Whittier, American poet,
died, 1892.

September 8.—Nativity B. V. M. Sebastia-
pol, 1856. Harvard College founded at
Cambridge, Mass., 1636; New Amsterdam
surrendered to the British, who named it
New York, 1664; French Governor De
Vaudreuil signed capitulation transferring
Canada to the British, 1760; Coronation
of William IV of England, 1831; Poles
defeated at Warsaw by Russians 1813;
Dr. Raphael Pumpelly, American geolo-
gist, born, 1837; Garibaldi entered Naples,
1860; Jan Kubelik, Bohemian violinist,
born, 1880; Women granted franchise
in New Zealand, 1893; Destruction of
Galveston, Texas, by tidal wave, 1900.

September 9.—Flodden, 1513. Titian,
Italian painter, died, 1575; The name
"United States" first used by Congress,
1776; Admiral Sir P. Brooke, British
naval commander, of the Shannon, born,
1776; Rt. Rev. R. C. Trench, Archbishop
of Dublin, born, 1807; Count Leo Tolstoy,
Russian philosopher and writer, born,
1828; R. W. L. Tibbitts, Deputy Provin-
cial Secretary of New Brunswick, born,
1846; California admitted to statehood,

1850; Victor Emmanuel II proclaimed
King of Italy, 1860; Conviction in France
of Capt. Dreyfus, 1899.

September 10.—Pinky, 1547. Nova Scotia
granted to Sir William Alexander, 1621;
Deportation of the Acadians by the Brit-
ish, 1755; Mungo Park, Scottish explorer
in Africa, born, 1771; Elias Howe, Jr.,
American inventor, patented first sewing
machine, 1846; Poultney Bigelow, Amer-
ican traveller and historian, born, 1855;
Empress Elizabeth of Austria assassinat-
ed, 1897.

September 11.—Stirling Bridge, 1297.
Drogheda, 1639. Malplaquet, 1709. Bran-
dywine, 1777. Marne, 1914. Mohammed,
founder of Islam, born, 570; David Ricar-
do, English political economist, died, 1823;
Revolt in Hungary, 1848; Major-General
Sir Julian Byng, British military leader,
born, 1862; Great Fire at New Westmin-
ster, B. C., 1897.

September 12.—Dr. Richard J. Gatling,
American, inventor of the gun which
bears his name, born, 1818; Charles Dud-
ley Warner, American writer, born, 1829;
Hon. W. H. Thorne, Canadian Senator,
born, 1844; Rt. Hon. Herbert H. Asquith,
former British Prime Minister, born, 1852;
Sir George H. Perley, acting Agent Gen-
eral for Canada in London, born, 1857;
Cornelius Vanderbilt, American railway
magnate, died, 1899.

September 13.—Capture of Quebec, 1759,
and death of General Wolfe, 1759. Balti-
more, 1814. Tel-el Kebir, 1882. Michael
de Montaigne, French essayist, died, 1562;
Commodore John Barry, American naval
commander, died, 1803; Rt. Hon. Charles
James Fox, British statesman, died, 1806;
General John Joseph Pershing, command-
ing American troops in France and Flan-
ders, born, 1860; Rev. Charles W. Gordon,
("Ralph Connor") Canadian divine and
novelist, born, 1860; Canadian Pacific
Railway lines opened for business, 1886;
Official annexation of the Transvaal pro-
claimed by Lord Roberts, 1900.

A JUDGE OF WINE
YEARS AND VINTAGE YEARS

ALL other wines are as nothing com-
pared with this supreme effort of
the iron-ore formation in the upper
reaches of the Douro.

My friend who said this is nearly 90,
and has preserved unimpaired the most
instructed palate in Western Europe.
Not a nuance can elude him. He has as
fine an eye for the color of a claret, as
fine a nose for the perfume, as Disraeli
himself, but this peculiar subtlety lies in
the direction of the splendid wine that
the Alto-Douro has given us in abundance
for more than two centuries. As he sat
at the head of his mahogany table on a
fine evening last week, and held his glass
against the light, revolving delicately its
antique pattern, he looked very like his
stately ancestor hanging on the wall, who
laid down the exquisite wine that he was
drinking. It was his penultimate bottle
of the wondrous wine of 1820.

"I have been," he continued, "in the
Quinta where this wine was grown; a
wonderful wild spot where one hardly
meets a man for miles. From there I
walked on, and at last looked down into
poor distracted Spain. But the Quinta
of the 1820 wine was the very home of
peace and quietude. A miraculous wine!
I am keeping the last bottle to celebrate
the return of peace and to welcome in the
new age that I shall not see. But this
bottle we are drinking to the men of
Portugal who are in the field."

"My father," he went on, after refilling
the two glasses, "was with Wellington,
and learnt to love Portugal and its wines
even the mighty black green wine that
the peasants drink in great coarse tumb-
lers. So he laid down enough and to
spare of the great vintages. The 'Thirty-
four' was a fine, an admirable, wine,
delicate and worthy, but it was not, and
certainly to-day is not, comparable with
the rare virtues of the wine of 1820.
There is only one wine comparable with
that, of which, if you will be so very good
as to bear with an old man, I will tell you
directly. The later wines, in my judg-
ment, are all inferior. You will hear
much said about the vintage of 1847. In
my view that was a wine lacking in all
the greater aspects of a superb year. It
was a powerful wine, with a curious and
almost pungent flavor. It took many
years to reach its prime, and never at-
tained to any rare perfection. It still
retains the defects of its youth. Now,
the chief virtue of age is that it should
drop the dross of youth in developing
fundamental qualities as the result of ex-
perience. That should be the case with
man, and is the test of man and wine
alike. In my humble judgement the vin-
tage of 1847 never grew up. And what is
true of that wine is probably true of most
of the later wines, though I am bound to
say that the wine of 1851 has still some
possibilities if it is carefully reworked.

"And talking of corks," he went on as
he took a final half-glass of the sacred
wine of 1820, "has it ever occurred to you
how greatly indebted the world has been
to that old priest of the Abbey of Haut
Villers who introduced about the year
1700 the use of corks? It is true that he
applied his discovery to what an old
writer called 'good, old, dry, orthodox
claret'; but he made the preservation of
port possible. Blessed be his memory,
I have often wondered that the late Mr.
Browning, who noticed that eminent
Roman ecclesiastics drink excellent wine
never wrote about Dom Perignon. But
that is by the way.

"I promised to tell you of an old wine
which perhaps equals, perhaps excels,
this wine. I do not refer to the rare
eighteenth-century wines of Madeira,
wines that will not recur. The wine
which is in my mind is a blended port of
the rarest quality. The basis is the not
inconsiderable vintage of 1815, the Water-
loo port. To this wine was added, in a
noble vat, wine from each famous vintage
that succeeded. A great deal of the wine
of 1820 was mingled with that of 1815.
By 1854 there was ample room for a sub-
stantial addition of that delicate, noble
wine. In 1847, again, there was room,
and again in 1851, 1854, and 1870. This
rare blend combines the virtues of the
famous years, and has succeeded in neu-
tralizing their defects. It is a wine in
which Nature achieved a great purpose,
for, believe me, the master of my college
stated in my hearing that no such port
had ever been known before. He, you
will admit," said the old gentleman as he
rose from the table, "ought to have
known. He was the greatest judge of
port in Europe. Great as was his reputa-
tion as a scholar, immortal his worth as a
theologian, profound as he was as a
mathematician, acute as he was as a
moralist, these qualities were entirely
forgotten at his death in the general
regret for the dissolution of so supreme a
critic of old wine.

"But you must remember," he went on
as he put on his pince-nez, straightened
himself, and looked at the portrait of his
father, who had served under Wellington,
"that a man cannot be a good man. The
old wine unless he is a good man. The
qualities which are required are not only
good qualities, but are qualities which ex-
hibit a delicacy of mind and a balance of
judgement, which must react in other
ways on an expectant world. I have
never been able to achieve my own
standard of judgement, but there is, I am
convinced, a philosophy of old wine better
than that of Omar."—The Times.

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this wine. I do not refer to the rare
eighteenth-century wines of Madeira,
wines that will not recur. The wine
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moralist, these qualities were entirely
forgotten at his death in the general
regret for the dissolution of so supreme a
critic of old wine.

STOP--LOOK--LISTEN

I absolutely must—if a possible thing—
sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rub-
bers and Rubber Boots, on or before Dec-
ember 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 Soles, \$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' \$ .75 and
\$1.00. Youths' \$ .75, Girls' \$ .75 and \$1.00,
Child's \$ .75.
Men's Canvas Oxfords, Rubber Soles
and Heels, \$1.25, Ladies' \$1.25.
Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisi-
ble 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 Sew-
ing 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 Sing-
er also, in first class condition, for cash
\$30. A few Box Top Machines, different
makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10.
I keep Shuttles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Sides,
Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, every-
thing for the Singer right on hand. Need-
les, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing mach-
ine, including New Williams and Ray-
mond.

I keep a good assortment of New Sing-
er 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.

When you come to the
St. Stephen Fair will be
your chance to buy your

WINTER
COAT

at a special price made
only for Fair week.

A special exhibit of Ladies'
SILK DRESSES at wholesale
prices.

Our whole season's purchase
of Ladies' SWEATERS is now on
hand. Also BLANKETS, UNDER-
WEAR, SHAKER FLANNELS.

C. C. GRANT

ST. STEPHEN

ONLY 30 DAYS
We must clear out the balance of our stock before the first of October,
and are offering astonishing BARGAINS in Men's and Boy's SHOES, Wom-
en's RUBBERS, Men's SHIRTS and COLLARS, Balbriggan UNDERWEAR,
in 1 and 2 piece suits, White OVERALLS, HATS and CAPS; a few SUITS
and RAINCOATS left.
Money is only worth what it will buy, but in these Bargains it doubles
its value.
R. A. STUART & SON
ST. ANDREWS, August 24th, 1918.

We have put on our Counter some special
bargains in
DINNER SETS
AND TEA SETS
These Dinner Sets are \$8.75, 9.75 & 10.00,
which, at the present prices, are give
aways.
Call and See them while they
last.
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 build-
ing, 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)

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Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.



**Social and Personal**

Mr. James Treadwell, of the Customs St. John, was in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. A. Ross Osborne and her two children, Harry and James, and her mother, Mrs. Harry Gove, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carson returned to Toronto on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rigby and son, Robert, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Worrell in Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Whitman and Mr. Victor Whitman motored from Laconia W. H., and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John S. Maloney.

Miss Mollie Lawford, who has been spending the summer with Mr. Hayter Reed, has returned to Montreal.

Miss Ruth McGibbon, who has been visiting Mrs. Emma Hewitt, has returned to Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, of St. John, have been spending a few days with Mrs. Fred Andrews at the Anchorage.

Mrs. Frank McVay and children, of St. Stephen, were in town on the holiday.

Miss Florence Dixon, who has been the guest of Miss Phyllis Cockburn, has returned to her home in St. John.

Mrs. Charles MacKelvie and her sons, Hibbard and James, who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Hibbard, left on Saturday night last for their home in Edmonton.

Miss Freda Russell was the guest of Miss Elsie Finigan on her way back to Montreal.

Miss Emma Odell has returned from a visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. Donald Stuart, who has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Stuart, returned to Houlton on Saturday night last.

Mrs. Harold Beverley Robinson has returned to Montreal.

The Misses Dollie Pendlebury and Laura Handy, of St. John, spent the holiday at their home here.

Mr. M. N. Cockburn went to Toronto on Tuesday.

Mr. N. B. Clarke, B. Sc., who has spent his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Jennie Clarke, returned to Toronto on Saturday.

Mrs. Ben Hanson spent the week-end in St. John.

Mr. Roy Sheehan and daughter, Doris, who have been visiting relatives in town, have returned to Montreal.

Mrs. Hazen Burton has gone to a Hospital in Calais for treatment.

Capt. H. P. O'Neill, of the Military Hospital, Fredericton, spent the week-end in town.

Mr. Albert Waycott entertained at dinner and cards on Saturday evening for Capt. O'Neill.

Mr. Fred Couriere, who has been visiting friends in town, returned to his home on Sunday.

Mr. John Donahue, of McAdam, visited his mother, Mrs. Patrick Donahue, on Sunday.

Mrs. M. N. Cockburn, Mrs. Shaw, and Miss Margaret Mahon are visiting at New River.

The younger set enjoyed a picnic to Chamcook Lake on Saturday evening last.

Mrs. W. D. Foster, St. John, has been visiting Lady Tilley.

Miss Bertha McQuoid spent the week-end in Rollingdam, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hewitt.

Mr. Charlie Morgan spent the week-end in Fredericton.

Miss Mamie Dick left Monday for Fredericton where she will attend the Provincial Normal School.

Miss Marie Douglas and Mr. Goodwill Douglas spent the holiday in Portland, Me.

Mr. Selwyn Coster, who has been employed at Miss Helen Mowat's, under the S. O. S. movement, during the past few months, returned to his home in St. John, on Saturday last, to resume his studies.

Mrs. Carl Cole, accompanied by her father, Mr. George F. Hibbard, left on Tuesday evening for her home in Castleton, Vt.

Mrs. P. G. Hanson spent the week-end in Woodstock, N. B.

Mrs. J. A. Cunningham, and Miss Norine Cunningham, of Medford, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Angus Kennedy.

Mrs. Theodore Holmes is visiting in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clark and child spent the week-end the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Rigby.

Sgt. Sumner Malloch, of Fredericton, is visiting his family.

Mr. G. W. Babbitt spent the holiday in Fredericton.

Mrs. Wentworth, of Fair Haven, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Florence O'Halloran, for the week-end.

Mr. MacMonagle arrived on Monday to take up his duties as Principal of the Prince Arthur School.

A son was born to Mrs. Samuel McFarlane, of Bayside, on September 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maloney are on their annual visit to Bangor and Oldtown, Me.

Dr. Keistead, food controller for New Brunswick, who preached in Greenock Church on Sunday, left for his home in

Fredericton on Tuesday. While in town he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Atherton Smith.

Miss Annie McGuigan, who has been visiting the Misses Byrne, has returned to her home in St. John.

Mr. Frank Byrne, of Boston, Mass., is the guest of his sisters, the Misses Byrne. Mrs. Emery Goodell, of St. George, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas McDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Curtis motored from Boston, Mass., and are visiting Miss Addie Ray.

Mr. J. Davidson Grimmer received word on Thursday that his youngest son, Harley, had died on August 27, as the result of being gassed on August 25.

Mr. Wheeler Malloch received word on Thursday that his son, Chester, had been wounded in the arm.

Miss Gertrude Stickney has been visiting in Deer Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Akertley, of St. John, are the guests of Miss Ethel Cummings.

Lieut. Chase, A. E. F., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn.

Rev. W. J. Morse with Mrs. Morse and daughter, Susan, motored from St. John and spent two nights at the Algonquin on their return to Lynn, having spent two months at their summer place in Nova Scotia. They were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Reeks, of Round Head, N. S., who will be their guest in Lynn for the month of September.

Mr. Harry L. Hunt, Engineer and Ship Surveyor in the Federal Ship Yard, 66 Beaver Street, New York, has been on a visit to his mother, Mrs. Lorenzo Hunt, of St. Andrews.

Mrs. Wm. Nesbitt and children, Dorothy and Ruth, who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. George Gardiner, returned to their home in Montreal, on Sunday.

Mrs. N. Wilson and children, who have been spending the summer at "Clbrig," have returned to their home.

Mrs. J. Miller and little daughter, Mildred, who have been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gardiner, have returned to Montreal.

Miss Jennie MacFarlane, of Fredericton, was in town for the holiday.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Neill, of Elizabeth, N. J., is visiting his brother, Mr. Henry O'Neill.

Dr. A. G. Huntsman, Curator of the Biological Station at Joe's Point, arrived here on Monday from the Miramichi, and will remain at the Station till the close of the season.

Dr. A. B. Macallum, Chairman of the Advisory Research Council, Ottawa, paid a week end visit to the Biological Station. He left on Monday on his return to Ottawa.

Mr. R. D. Rigby visited St. John this week.

Mr. H. Mortimer-Lamb, of Montreal, Secretary of the Canadian Mining Institute, arrived in St. Andrews on Thursday, and registered at Kennedy's Hotel.

The steamer *Grand Manan* brought an excursion party from St. Stephen on Thursday. It was accompanied by Short's Military Band. Owing to the fog, the steamer was unable to return that night, and remained at her wharf here till Friday at 8 a.m. The excursionists had an experience they will not soon forget.

Mrs. G. H. Stickney, President of the Red Cross Society, gratefully acknowledges the sum of \$28 from Chamcook, per Mrs. Webb, proceeds of a dance held in Mr. Beech's Hall, to whom thanks are also due, Mrs. David Rankine \$3, and a friend \$1.

**BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.**

Sept. 4.  
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lambert, of Deer Island, were over-Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bibber Stuart.

Mr. T. P. Lambert, Mr. Harry E. Lambert, and Miss Helen Lambert and little niece, Helen Adams, all of Lambertville, were visitors here on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Theriault are to-day mourning the loss of their infant son. The burial to take place at Back Bay on Wednesday afternoon. They have the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. Neave Matthews visited his home in Letite on Sunday.

Mrs. Hickey, proprietress of the Hotel, is much better, after being confined to her home for a week.

School opened here on Wednesday, under the management of Miss Blanche McDowell and Miss Jennie Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Kinney attended the dance in St. George on Monday evening.

Mr. Merrill Hooper and Mr. Angus Holland were visitors here on Wednesday.

The pleasant weather of late has been much enjoyed. Large numbers from Grand Manan, Lubec, Letite, Back Bay and other places have been coming in and staying with friends over Sunday.

The chief amusement at present is the moving pictures three times a week.

**AUGUST CUSTOMS RETURNS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS**

Duty collected August 1918, \$7297.89.  
Value free goods imported \$1680.50.  
Value dutiable goods imported, \$32,353.10.  
Value Exports, \$37,967.00.

**Local and General**

Mrs. E. Atherton Smith gratefully acknowledges a cheque for \$25 from Mrs. Norman Wilson, "Clbrig," for the Sailor's "Tag Day," September 5.

For several weeks members of the staff of the Geodetic Survey of Canada, in charge of Mr. Lambert, have been carrying on their work of triangulation in this section, and we hope before long to give an account of what they have done. Mr. Noel J. Ogilvie, the Superintendent of the Survey, made a visit here last week to watch the progress of the work.

The steamer *Grand Manan* will run an excursion to St. Stephen to-day.

Labor Day, Monday, September 2, was generally observed as a holiday, all the stores being closed.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. E. Atherton Smith gave a most interesting address in Andraeo Hall for the benefit of the Navy League. We regret that we are obliged to hold over for our next issue an account of the address.

Mr. J. D. Grimmer, of Chamcook, received the following telegram on Thursday morning, announcing the death of his son, Staff Sergt. Harold Grimmer, in France.

Ottawa, Sept. 4, 1918

J. D. Grimmer, Esq.,  
St. Andrews, N. B.  
Dear Sir:

Regret to inform you No. 111211 Staff Sergt. Harold M. Grimmer, Mounted Service, officially reported died of wounds, 7th Casualty Clearing Station, Aug. 27th. Director of Records

**TOWN COUNCIL**

Tuesday, Sept. 3, 1918.

The monthly meeting of the Town Council was this day held in Chambers at 8 o'clock, p. m.

Present: The Mayor, G. King Greenlaw, and Aldermen Cockburn, Finigan, Gilman, Malpas, McFarlane, McLaren.

Absent: Aldermen Cummings and Douglas.

Minutes of Meeting of Aug. 6th read and confirmed.

A communication from Mrs. Patrick Parker, Keeper of Town Home, was submitted.

Moved by Ald. Cockburn, seconded by Ald. Malpas and carried. That acceptance of Mrs. Parker's offer be deferred pending receipt of tenders re care of Town Home, called for up to the 15th inst.

The Mayor submitted communication from J. R. Armstrong, Judge of St. John County. "On review. In the County Court for the City and County of St. John, City of St. John, at Chambers, William Sinnott, Complainant, and Edwin Parry, Defendant.

"In the matter of a conviction made by James Stoop Esq., Police Magistrate for the Town of St. Andrews, in the Town of St. Andrews, Civil Court, Charlotte County, under the Provisions of chapter "123 of the Consolidated Statutes of New Brunswick, 1903, at St. Andrews in the County of Charlotte on the 14th day of August, A. D., 1918, etc.

"I do order that the conviction made in the above matter be quashed and set aside, and that the Complainant pay into the Justice's Court the costs which were then adjudged to be paid by the Defendant, and I allow the costs of review in said cause, and do tax the same at ten dollars—and order that the same be paid by the Complainant, Wm. Sinnott, to the Defendant, Edwin Parry, or his Attorney within six days from date thereof."

"Dated this 27th day of August A. D. 1918. Sgd. J. R. ARMSTRONG, Judge. St. John County Court, 27th day of Aug., 1918."

A memo was submitted, in re the claim of W. V. Wallace for rebate of taxes, etc., showing that at the time the assessment was made up, in 1918, the yacht was not in Canadian waters, etc.

On motion of Ald. Cockburn, seconded by Ald. Malpas and carried: Ordered, that the Town Treasurer be authorized to rebate or remit the proportion of taxes assessed to Wm. V. Wallace on, say, personal property represented by his yacht.

The communication from Mr. Allerton, Manager of the Algonquin Hotel, tabled at last meeting of Council, was taken up. The Mayor requesting that the members present express their views respecting the proposition, after some discussion. Moved by Ald. Cockburn, seconded by Ald. McLaren, and carried:

That the exchange of buildings be made on the basis of a bonus of five hundred (\$500 dollars) per annum, to be paid the Town in addition to the payment to the Town of the present rental of Two hundred and fifty (250) dollars per annum on the land known as the Poor-Farm; also the rent of eighty (80) dollars per annum on the land at "Indian Point," on a portion of which the "Inn" is situated, the foregoing to be subject to the approval of the ratepayers of the Town.

The Mayor called attention of Council to the necessity of appointing a Revisor, vice Albert C. Shaw (left the Town). Moved by Ald. McLaren, seconded by

Ald. Finigan, that Hazen J. Burton be appointed a Revisor. Carried.

A report was submitted from W. H. Sinnott, Commissioner of Roads and Streets, showing in detail the work performed during the past month.

On motion seconded and carried, the report was received, etc.

On motion, seconded, and carried. The following bills were ordered paid, viz:

W. H. Sinnott, Marshall etc., salary \$100.00  
Martin Greenlaw, labor, Streets 75.00  
Mrs. P. Parker, board, Poor 48.00  
David Johnson, Night Watch, Police 2.00  
H. G. Browning, repairs tank, Con. .75

\$225.75  
E. S. POLLEYS,  
Town Clerk.

**MARRIED**

MATHEWS-WRIGHT

Beaver Harbor, Sept. 3.  
Bertha Wright, of this place, and Donald Mathews, of Letite, were married at the Baptist parsonage, St. George, by Rev. H. E. DeWolfe, on Tuesday, Aug. 27, in the evening the young people gathered at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wright, and a jolly time was spent, all wishing Mr. and Mrs. Mathews many years of happiness.

**OBITUARY**

MISS MARGARET WHITLOCK

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 5.  
On Friday afternoon many friends heard with great sorrow that Miss Margaret Whitlock had suddenly passed away. She was seventy three years of age and resided with her brother, Mr. Julius T. Whitlock. She was of a very kindly disposition, always ready to help those who were needy or in distress, and will be much missed by her neighbours and friends. She leaves three brothers, Messrs W. H. Campbell C., and Julius T. Whitlock to mourn the loss of a kind sister. The funeral was held from her late residence on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. W. W. Malcolm of the Presbyterian church of which the deceased has been a member all her life, conducted the service. The interment was in the Rural Cemetery. The floral tributes were very beautiful.

PTE. CLARENCE CRICHTON

Bocabec Cove, N. B., Sept. 2.  
Another brave soldier has given his life for his country. Pte. Clarence Crichton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton, was killed in action on August 16. Pte. Crichton went overseas in the summer of 1916, and has seen much active-service in France.

The sympathy of the community is extended to the sorrowing parents and relatives of the departed one.

**CARD OF THANKS**

Mr. and Mrs. James Stoop wish to thank their many friends and neighbours for their kind sympathy at the death of their sister, Bella, and for the handsome floral tributes also for their kindness to her during her illness.

**Dr. GOVE**

Has resumed the practice of his profession in the town of St. Andrews, and will attend professional calls any time, any where, and any place in the country. Residence, the O'Neill house, Water Street. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m., and 4 to 8 p. m.

**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

**A WORD OF WARNING!**

ALL KINDS OF

Toilet Articles, Talcum Powders, Face Powders, Tooth Pastes and Powders, Face Creams, etc., are going to advance in price in the near future. Some have already advanced.

A recent Order in Council forbids the importation of all Foreign Toilet preparations.

As soon as the stock of Foreign articles is sold, no more may be had until after the war.

We will continue to sell our stock of these things at the usual prices. When we buy more we will have to advance prices.

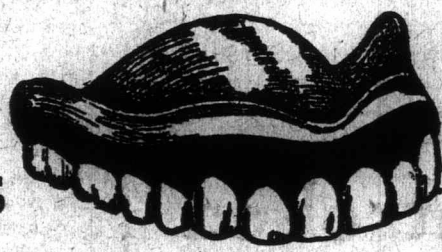
**THE WREN DRUG STORE**

**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**

**PROVISIONS**

Always on Hand

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

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

**PLUMBER & TINSMITH**

Locks Repaired  
Keys Fitted  
BICYCLES REPAIRED

**H. G. Browning**

**Serve Tapioca**

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

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

**H. O'NEILL**



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License 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 License No. 10-1207)



**ANIMAL, FISH, AND VEGETABLE OILS**

The world war conditions have brought about radical reforms and evolutions in the old-time oil business. During the Civil War the oils most used for governmental and general use were sperm oil, whale oil, lard oil, and neatfoot oil, and about the time of the Civil War the whaling industry on the North Atlantic Coast was at its prime, and tremendous quantities of various grades of whale oil were used for illumination, lubricating, tempering, tanning, etc.

Since that time vegetable oils of numerous kinds have come into general use for almost every manufacturing purpose, as well as for edible purposes.

For the past year whaling on the Atlantic Coast has been below normal, based on the previous ten years' average, because of the high cost of fitting the boats, cost of labor, etc.; also a number of old whaling boats have been withdrawn to carry freight. Now, the most important whaling operations are carried on along the North Pacific Coast, both in American and Japanese waters; also a very large whaling business is still conducted by Norwegian and English firms in the South Atlantic Ocean, where large boats are fitted up with every practical device and machinery for the extraction of oil, whalebone, and fertilizer. At the present time whale oil is valued as old for its lubricating and tempering qualities, and large quantities are used for its glycerine and soap value.

Sperm oil is in huge demand and is exceedingly scarce; the best grade selling at \$2.22 per gallon, wholesale.

Seal oil production this year was far below normal, owing to shortage in both men and boats, and practically all of this oil has been sold into consumption channels, and no more will be heard of it until the next summer, 1919, catch is in.

Sea elephants oil is rather a new and scarce oil, about 2,000 barrels yearly being secured from near the Antarctic regions and the oil refined and sold here. It tests better than whale oil and is a close competitor of sperm oil in appearance and quality.

Menhaden fish oil has experienced a most wonderful boom during the past few months of any old-time oil on the list, owing to the huge demand for paint oils and substitutes. The paint, varnish, and linoleum makers are in keen competition for this oil, and prices have advanced to about 20 cents per pound for the better grades of refined menhaden fish oil. This oil is also largely used for tanning, tempering, in lubricating compounds, for core foundries, and for a large variety of purposes.

Cod oil, both medicinal and commercial grades, were never so hard to procure as at present. The medicinal grades of cod oil formerly sold in this country before the war were largely imported from Norway at a price of about one dollar per gallon; to-day there is hardly a barrel of genuine Norwegian cod liver oil in the New York market.

The present cod liver oil supplied to the drug trade is manufactured in Newfoundland under Government inspection and supervision, and most of this oil will pass the most rigid United States pharmaceutical regulations. The Newfoundland oil has advanced from about \$1 per gallon at the beginning of the war to above \$3 per gallon, now wholesale bases.

The common cod oil, which is used mostly in the leather industry, comes mainly from along the Newfoundland coast, New England coast, St. Lawrence River, and Labrador regions. Because of the scarcity and high prices for the medicinal cod liver oil, the fishermen are making as much medicinal grade and as little commercial grade as possible. Consequently, there is a shortage of oil suitable for our leather manufacturers.

Recent news filtering in from the far North indicate the cod livers are not near so fat in oil as in the previous summer, and unless the catch of fish is materially larger we are bound to see a very high market on this oil. Common cod oil, with an acid test of between 12 to 20 per cent, is now bringing close to 20 cents per pound New York bases.

There are many grades and kinds of various fish oils now imported from Japan and other countries to fill up the shortage in local supplies, but the high freight rate, customs duty, and cost of bringing these oils overland is proving too big a tax and task, owing to congestion at the port of Seattle, also due to tank car shortage. In consequence, there has been a marked falling off in the imports of Japan fish oils for the past year.

Animal oils, such as lard oil, neatfoot oil, horse oil, tallow oil, and Elaine oil, have been and are in big demand, and the manufacturers of these oils have had a hard time of it to secure supplies of greases to make their various refined oils. The soap industry is always on the lookout for cheap animal greases for glycerine and soap purposes, and the competition between the animal oil refiners and soap industry does not admit of much profit in refining these oils. A remarkable thing about the animal oil situation is that so many of the inedible grades of these oils are selling at about the same price or even higher prices than the well-known edible vegetable oils.

Vegetable oils are the real wonder and saviors of mankind in the present situation. If the world had to depend upon the animal and marine animal oils for edible purposes and for commercial uses it would be hard to describe how high and scarce these old-time oils might now be.

Cottonseed oil, the king of American vegetable oils, has been produced for several seasons past at the rate of about 3,000,000 barrels per annum, and until two months ago the cotton prospects pointed to a four-million-barrel production. However, at the moment, the cotton prospects in the Southwest are exceedingly poor, and only a fair average crop of cotton oil need be expected. Cottonseed oil is in huge demand for all kinds of edible purposes, and only a small portion of this valuable oil is diverted to commercial purposes, whereas, about ten years ago, a large portion of this oil was used for commercial purposes and only a very small per cent. for edible purposes.

Corn oil is another American oil lately come to the front as a prime edible oil, and the demand for this oil is so great it is now very hard to secure the commercial grade of corn oil except at a price out of line with its value.

Peanut oil, both American production and the imported product, is taking its proper place among high grade edible oils. Tremendous quantities of this oil are now being used for nut butter, cooking compounds, and as a substitute for olive oils, both edible and commercial. The production of peanut oil in the South last season was about four times as great as the previous season, and this year the crop should turn out about twice the yield of last season.

Rapeseed oil, formerly imported from England, France, and Germany, is now coming almost exclusively from the Orient, and large quantities of the crude and refined grades are used in this country for commercial purposes. The present price of refined rapeseed oil is about 23 cents per pound, New York bases in cooperation.

Soya bean oil, which comes into the country in such huge quantities from Japan and Manchuria, performs a wonderful service in that it can substitute for so many different other oils for such a wide range of uses. At the present time this oil is being used (after refining) for edible purposes as a salad oil, cooking oil, etc. It takes the place largely of lard oil in the paint and linoleum industry and, considering the scarcity and present value

of lard and fish oils, this formerly despised soya bean oil is finally coming into its own, and now there are actually thousands of concerns using the oil who a few years ago knew very little about its value. New uses for the oil are being discovered, and some of the best-posted importers are beginning to doubt whether Japan can furnish as much of this oil as we will require to substitute for the domestic oils, which are low in stock and prospective yields do not promise any surplus for some time.

Linseed oil, the bases for the manufacture of paints, varnishes, and linoleum; also used for core foundry work, besides for numerous other purposes, is and has been for the past six months exceedingly scarce. The production of oil from the last domestic flaxseed crop was only about 50 per cent. of normal. And the amount of seed which the crushers depended upon coming from South America was so limited, account of freight scarcity and other limitations, that the domestic crushers have had a hard, stony road to travel in keeping their contracts with the dealers and consumers. The Government has taken huge quantities of this oil for war purposes, and when one stops to think of all the new shipping put into service the past few months and the prospective number of boats to be put into service and painted during the next year, it is hard to conceive as to where we are to secure a supply of this oil to fulfil the needs of all those who would purchase.

Castor oil has been discovered to be the most valuable oil for lubricating aeroplane motors, and shortly after our country entered the war the War Department purchased almost every barrel of white castor oil in stock throughout the country, and they also purchased huge quantities for future delivery as soon as the oil could be manufactured from imported seed. It is generally known that large tracts of suitable land in Texas and other Southern States were sown with castor seed this summer, and the Government officials are in hopes that enough oil may be produced from this source to supply the needs of the Government, besides supplying the drug trade and industries of the country, who consume in normal times about fifty thousand barrels of castor oil yearly. Castor oil has advanced from nine cents per pound at the beginning of the war to about forty cents per pound now, wholesale bases New York.

Cocconut oil for years has been neglected by the trade and consumers in this country for edible purposes; Germany, Holland, France, and England taking practically ninety per cent. of all the oil and copra produced in the tropics. The war conditions have brought about a most wonderful revelation in this industry. To-day there are about fifty factories in the United States producing numerous grades of nut butter, oleomargarine, and cooking compounds which take the place of other oils and animal fats.

Huge quantities of cocconut oil are arriving at our ports almost daily from the Philippines, Japan, Java, Australia, and other Far Eastern and tropical parts of the world, and besides a vast quantity of copra (the dried cocconut) is imported, which is pressed and refined into oil soon after it arrives. Besides being a high-grade edible product, this oil is largely used for the production of white glycerine and the by-products make the highest quality white soaps. It is estimated from the Government figures on imports that during the year 1917 the total quantity of cocconut oil imports together with the oil produced from imported copra, made a grand total of over one million barrels of cocconut oil which far exceeded all previous records.

"Olive Oil," probably the oldest known oil, has been shut out of this country for almost a year because of Government restrictions on imports, and because of the freight situation. At present we have to depend largely on California for our olive oil, and prices for prime best grade salad oil are about \$8 per gallon.

In summing up the general situation in animal, fish, and vegetable oils, it seems to the writer that owing to the huge quantities of these oils used in direct and indirect war industries throughout the world, prices, although exceedingly high, cannot come down to a normal basis until production of these oils is increased on a huge scale. When we stop to consider that there are about five hundred million people in Europe alone who have been and still are suffering through the scarcity of oils and fats for edible and commercial purposes, we must wait for about two years after the war is over before we can hope for materially lower prices in this country; for in the opinion of the writer it will take about two full years for the freight situation, labor readjustments, and the supply situation to be adjusted to balance the demand situation. It would, therefore, seem good policy on the part of our people and Government to look forward to the future and make such plans as will result in materially increasing the supply of these oils through domestic endeavor and imports, also to encourage the saving and economical use of supplies of oil now on hand.

ALPIN L. DUNN, in *The New York Evening Post*.

Very Small Boy—"Does you do washin' here?" Chinese Laundryman—"Sure, Mike! What can do?" Very Small Boy—"How much is faces and hands? Me mudder's sick."—*Buffalo Express*.

**NEW-BRUNSWICK GAME REGULATIONS**

SEASON OPENS SEPT. 15

Licence fee for one moose and two deer: Resident, \$2.00; non-resident, \$5.00. The \$10 non-resident licence for deer is abolished.

Moose and Deer: Open season, September 15th to November 30th.

Cow-Moose of any age, and Calf Moose under the age of three (3) years, shooting of, prohibited at all seasons.

No persons shall kill or take more than one Bull Moose and two Deer during any one Open Season.

Moose and Deer: Trapping of, or snaring or hunting with dogs, or in the night time, i. e. between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise, is prohibited.

Caribou: Hunting of, prohibited until 1921.

The sale of game is prohibited.

Beaver: Hunting of, prohibited until July 1st, 1919.

Sable: Hunting of, prohibited until July 1st, 1919.

Mink, Otter, Fisher: Open Season, November 1st to March 31st.

Muskrat: Open season, March 25th to May 15th.

Partridge: Hunting of, prohibited until 1921.

The care and management of all migratory birds, including Geese, Brant, Teal, Black Duck, Shore Birds, Snipe, and Woodcock, have passed into the hands of the Federal Government.

Sea-Gulls, Pheasants, and small birds frequenting fields and woods (except Blackbirds, Crows, and English Sparrows): Killing of, prohibited at any season.

Shooting any game on Sunday, or in any park or pleasure resort, is prohibited.

Licences, Guides, and camp help must take a licence for that business, costing one dollar, and are prohibited from shooting big game when acting as such. Only bona fide residents of the Province can obtain licences as guides or camp help.

Non-resident hunters prohibited from hunting unless accompanied by a licensed guide.

Taking or carrying guns or other firearms in forests land between November 30th and September 15th in the year following, is prohibited.

Transportation of game: All game must be "tagged" for transportation, and no game can be taken out of the Province without a special permit from the Minister of Lands and Mines.

Heads and carcasses of game will be seized unless properly "tagged," and un-

less the coupon "Return" tag issued with the licence is returned to the Crown Land Office.

Not more than two moose are permitted to be killed by persons working or staying at any one lumber camp.

All guides and taxidermists must make yearly returns to the Crown Land office. Taxidermists not later than December 1st. Guides not later than December 31st.

No licence shall issue to a minor under 18 years of age.

No "digging out" of foxes allowed.

No "silencer" allowed on guns.

No carcass of any game to be left on

the ground or in any stream or lake. Automatic rifles can be used for killing big game, but not for birds.

The bounty on Wildcats is \$2.

**BRITISH CASUALTIES**

London, Aug. 31—British casualties reported during the month of August totalled 48,379. They were divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds, officers 1,041; men 7,564.

Wounded or missing, officers 3,294; men 36,480.

The total casualties reported for July were 67,291, and in June 141,147.



**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 it does not dry up 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.

**\$3.00 per Roll complete**  
Prices f. o. b. St. John

On quantities we will quote you a special price, delivered to your nearest shipping point.

**T. McAvity & Sons**  
LIMITED  
St. John, N. B.

**Sheep on Every Hill Side in New Brunswick**

The New Brunswick Government through the Department of Agriculture has arranged with the Chartered Banks to help the Farmers—where assistance is needed—to buy Sheep.

The Department will not only arrange to buy Sheep FOR the Farmers, but will also buy good breeders FROM the Farmers—in other words, this branch of the Agricultural Department WILL SUPERVISE ALL PURCHASES AND SALES OF SHEEP.

**CREDIT FOR THE PURCHASE OF SHEEP**

Every bona fide farmer who wishes to purchase sheep for breeding purposes and cannot pay cash may secure twelve months' credit for two thirds of the purchase price. Go to the manager of the Chartered Bank in your community and place your order for the number of sheep required, accompanied with a cash payment of \$3.00 per head on grades and \$10.00 per head on pure breeds. The Manager will forward your order to the Department of Agriculture; the Department will purchase the sheep and deliver them to your nearest railway station. The balance of the purchase price can be paid as follows: Two thirds, or about \$10.00 per head, by a twelve months' note, and a cash payment of about \$2.00 per head on grade sheep.

Under the credit system not more than 21 sheep can be secured by any one farmer.

Any farmer who wishes to secure a greater number and cannot purchase locally can be supplied by the Department of Agriculture for cash.

**PRICES**

First quality stock only will be secured. All sheep will be carefully inspected before purchasing. Mature sheep are hard to obtain, therefore ewe lambs will form the major portion of the stock distributed. Prices will range from \$13.00 to \$15.00, according to size and quality, delivered at the nearest railway station. The Department has not entered upon this as a commercial transaction—The sheep will be purchased as cheaply as possible and re-sold for cost price, plus transportation and handling charges.

**PURE BRED RAMS**

The Department is now purchasing pure bred lamb and shearing rams. The lamb rams will cost from \$30.00 to \$40.00, and the shearings \$35.00 to \$50.00 each. Exceptional individuals will cost from \$50.00 to \$60.00 each. The rams have been selected from reliable breeders in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, and Ontario.

**SUITABILITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK FARMS FOR SHEEP PRODUCTION**

The hilly country makes ideal conditions for sheep pasturage. Hay, roots, and oats are the staple crops—they are like the staple sheep foods also. The wool produced in the Maritime Provinces is the finest quality in Canada and brings the highest prices. Maritime lamb and mutton cannot be surpassed. The system of farming followed in New Brunswick makes the keeping of a flock of sheep easy and very profitable.

**—THE FUTURE**

H. S. Arkell, Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, states: "That sheep products have no doubt reached their maximum price, but he cannot see any reason for a material decline in the price for at least ten years."

Unwashed wool is worth from 70c to 80c per pound, according to grade. Good lambs from \$10.00 to \$13.00 each. Under careful management the first clip of wool and the first crop of lambs will pay for the foundation stock.

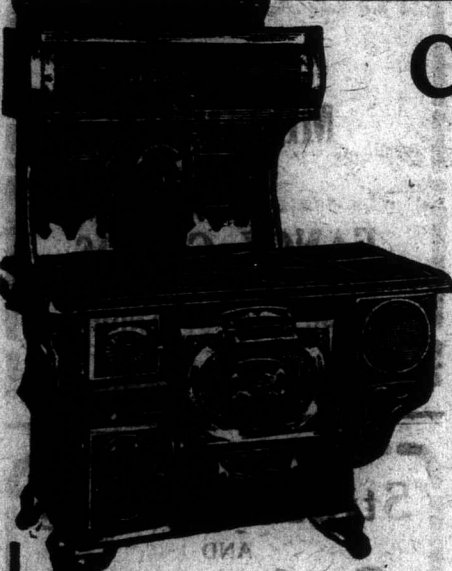
If possible, purchase locally. Secure foundation stock from your neighbours immediately if available—Not one ewe lamb suitable for breeding should be slaughtered this year.

**PROCEDURE TO PROCURE SHEEP**

If you cannot purchase locally, place your order immediately with your local Bank Manager; he will forward it to the Department of Agriculture, Fredericton. Unless orders are given it will be impossible to secure in time to make delivery before winter sets in.

This is a business proposition—think it over—decide to see your Banker. For further information apply to THOS. HETHERINGTON, Livestock Superintendent, Department of Agriculture, Fredericton.

J. F. TWEEDALE,  
Minister of Agriculture.



**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

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

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CANADA'S

Canada's Pilgrimage on their way home weeks of their own... \$100,000 of... in covering the... western battlef... sequence of free... free trips.

A listening unit R. D. Richardson, confessed that Ca... excursionists had... Haig's headquar... in the atmo... Douglas Haig's ho... so terrific that Sir... whether the sou... thunder of cano... illustrious guests... "Stormed at by... Lunched in the m... Largely they ate a... Noble twenty... A Victoria Cross... tribute that a grat...

**S**  
**OUR**  
**US**

Canada Food Board Licenses Nos. Cases 2-000

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**HILL**



## Substitute economy for waste.

Use only such foods as contain the greatest amount of nourishment, with the least possible waste. No food meets these requirements more perfectly than

# BOVRIL

### CANADA'S HEROES OF THE PRESS

Canada's Pilgrims of the Press paused on their way home from spending nine weeks of their own time and approximately \$100,000 of British taxpayers' money in covering the United Kingdom and the western battlefront with the stately sequence of free meals, free rooms, and free trips.

A listening universe was thrilled when R. D. Richardson, M. P. for Springfield, confessed that Canada's twenty-five press excursionists had lunched at Sir Douglas Haig's headquarters. Shells were bursting in the atmosphere surrounding Sir Douglas Haig's hospitality. The din was so terrific that Sir Douglas could not tell whether the sound he heard was the thunder of cannon or the noise of his illustrious guests eating soup.

"Stormed at by shot and shell, Lunched in the mouth of hell, Largely they ate and well, Noble twenty-five!"

A Victoria Cross apiece is the smallest tribute that a grateful country could offer

to the PILGRIMS OF THE PRESS—the daring patriots who gladly pushed their noses into the trough of a \$100,000 Cook's tour at the expense of the old Country taxpayers.—*Toronto Telegram.*

#### WHY HE WAITED

An old man clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light gray flannel, sat on a bench in the park enjoying the spring day.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass and stared at him intently. "Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't want to," the boy replied. "But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you want to?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the little fellow answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get up. A man painted that bench about fifteen minutes ago."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"Do you believe that brevity is the soul of wit?" "I don't say exactly that," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I will admit that a man sometime shows his smartness by not talking any more than is absolutely necessary."—*Washington Star.*

### CANADA FOOD BOARD SAYS:

For ignoring the regulation which calls for a reckoning for bad eggs purchased from producers or country dealers, over and above an allowance of one per cent, the William Davies Company and the Matthews-Blackwell Company, both of Montreal, have been forbidden to buy, sell, or otherwise deal in eggs for 30 days. According to the regulations in force since June 1st last, every dealer placing eggs in cold storage is required to furnish to the operator of the warehouse a statement in writing certifying that such eggs have been candled and that bad or unsound eggs have been removed. No licensee of the Canada Food Board is permitted to pay, or demand payment for bad eggs in excess of an allowed margin of one per cent of the total amount of the transaction. The object of the Canada Food Board is to make the handling of such eggs unprofitable for the dealer, who is now obliged to charge them back against those from whom they are originally purchased. In the case of the two companies under suspicion it was found that no attempt had been made to charge back for unsound eggs in this way, although the candling records showed percentage running as high as fourteen. A firm in Charlottetown has been disciplined in the same way for a similar offence.

It was manifestly nothing but fair that the public should not be called upon to pay for bad eggs. If a dealer purchases bad eggs and pays for them, the least trouble for him would be to say nothing about it after finding the fact out by candling, but pass the eggs on into channels of trade, where the consumer would eventually pay for the loss. Everybody else who handled the eggs, from the producer to the retail storekeeper, would thus have charged their profits and expenses just the same. By the order of the Canada Food Board it is provided that bad eggs be charged back to their source of origin so that the loss is borne by the parties responsible for their delay in reaching the market fresh. In these times of high prices for eggs and every other food commodity, the consumer is doubly entitled to fresh eggs bought in good faith in the regular way. Producers should be careful of the stock they sell and dealers should be watchful of the stock they buy.

### ALLIED FOOD CONTROLLERS' APPEAL

The following resolution, summarizing the present food situation and the responsibility of the people of Canada and the United States, was passed by the Food Controllers of Great Britain, France, and Italy, and the Food Administrator of the United States, at a recent conference in London, England, when a thorough survey was made of the present food situation and of prospects for the future:—

"Resolved, that while the increased production of the United States and Canada renders it possible to relax some of the restrictions, which have been borne with peculiar hardship upon all our peoples, yet it is absolutely necessary that rigid economy and elimination of waste in the consumption and handling of all foodstuffs, as well as increased production, should be maintained throughout the European allied countries and in North America. It is only by such economy and elimination of waste that the transportation of the necessary men and supplies, from North America to the European front, can be accomplished, and that stocks of foodstuffs can be built up in North America as an insurance against the ever-present danger of harvest failure, and the possible necessity for large and emergency drafts to Europe. We cannot administer the food problem on the basis of one year's war. We must prepare for its long continuance if we are to insure absolute victory."

### CANADIAN CATCH OF COD AND HADDOCK

Ottawa, Aug. 28—The Department of Naval Service reports that the catch of cod and haddock on the Atlantic coast during the month of July was 72,000 cwts, greater than that of July, 1917, while that of hake and pollock was 1,000 cwts. less. The herring catch was less by 11,000 cwts. and the sardine catch by 12,000 barrels. The reduced catch was due to unfavorable weather in the first half of the month and a general scarcity of bait during the latter part of the month.

Strange to say, the counties along the south shore of Nova Scotia, the chief cod and haddock producing counties, all show diminished landings of these fish, with the exception of Victoria county, which owing to a more general use of traps produced 2,300 cwts. of haddock against 1,300 cwts. in the same months last year.

New Brunswick for the month showed an increase in cod of 13,000 cwts. and in hake of 3,000 cwts.

The Province of Quebec, including the Magdalen Islands, but not including Saguenay county, produced during the month 120,000 cwts. of cod, against 30,000 cwts. for the same month last year.

Since the opening of the lobster season, on November 15th until the end of July, there were packed 100,37 cases, while 53,129 cwts. were shipped in shell. During the corresponding period last year 148,014 cases were packed and 62,555 cwts. were shipped in shell.

The total value in first hand of sea fish landed on both coasts during July is \$4,306,124, against \$3,303,743, for July last year.

### A CURE FOR MANY GOLF AILMENTS

MANY troubles that beset the golfer could be avoided if the downward swing were made in the correct manner. The golden rule is that it should be a steady, even, and sustained effort. Work done in the upward swing, while it is in some respects complicated, is merely a winding up or poising for the real work, which is the delivering of the blow. So much time has of necessity to be spent in acquiring the proper backward swing that there is a tendency for the pupil to consider it as the only material part of the stroke.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that the backward swing is for the purpose of getting into position, and while the work done is important, nevertheless it is the downward stroke and the manner in which it is made that really is decisive in getting the ball well away. The greatest factor in the downward swing is that the blow should be delivered with decision. Letting up on the shot is quite a common failing, while another fault is that known as "hitting too soon." This is caused by an instinctive hurrying of the shot as the club head nears the ball. Both these faults are hard to eradicate, and as they are a source of infinite trouble to golfers, it may be of help to realize what actually happens during the downward swing.

It should be clearly borne in mind that the arc which the clubhead makes is a large one, and the arc made by the hands in the swing is a comparatively small one. To use a simile, the hands are a small geared wheel, which is driving a larger one, the clubhead. One of the first principles of making a good shot is that the clubhead must get into it before the hands or body have gone too far forward, and consequently it is necessary not to attempt to press the stroke, which simply causes the hands and arms to be thrown forward leaving the clubhead to be dragged in.

Very small power or effort made by the hands causes the clubhead to move at a tremendous pace, and if more force is used than can be properly transmitted the shot is spoiled. On the other hand, while there should be nothing in the nature of forcing, there should be considerable decision used throughout the swing. This decision should be the most noticeable just at and after the moment of impact.

Compactness in delivering the blow should be the second principle. During the downward stroke considerable centri-

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

### KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B.  
A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS  
Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.  
(Closed for the winter. Will reopen June 17.  
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.

### THE EDISON TONE TEST

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION

"What instrument shall I buy?" That's been your question, and the Edison tone test has answered it. The tone test has proved that an instrument has finally been perfected which Re-Creates the singer's voice so faithfully that the human ear can not distinguish between the renditions of the artist and that of

### The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"  
Call at your nearest dealer's and learn what is meant by the phrase Music's Re-Creation.

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

fugal force is generated, and there is a tendency among beginners to allow this force to draw the club outward and away from them, making the stroke a similar operation to that of a man welding a scythe. Great care is needed to overcome this failing. In the address the player should not allow anything in the nature of reaching for the ball. The arms must be held downward rather than out from the body.

Another difficulty that the beginner finds in making the downward swing is made in the planes, the vertical and the horizontal. An effort to make the blow too much in the horizontal causes swaying, and on the other hand, keeping the clubhead too long in the vertical position leads to the faults of schiaffing, or digging up the turf behind the ball. If the hands and arms are held compactly to the body, these faults will disappear.—*The New York Evening Post.*

### REGULATIONS ARE BEING ENFORCED

Within the last few weeks many fines and closing-up orders have been inflicted as penalties for violation of the Canada Food Board's regulations in various parts of Canada. Some of the convictions have been obtained by the Canada Food Board's own inspectors, and many more by municipal police authorities. It is the duty of local officials to see that these important regulations are enforced, as they have the full authority of law.

A Familiar Spirit—Medium—"Now, sir, be seated, and in just a moment I will give a convulsive shudder, my voice will change, and I will go into a trance and begin to talk wildly, and possibly clutch you by the hair. You are not afraid are you?" Dimpleton—"Afraid! Why, that's what my wife does all the time."—*Life*

## SAVE WHEAT OUR ALLIES NEED IT

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THE WORLD'S  
"BEST"  
SUBSTITUTE  
FOR  
WHEAT FLOUR

# PURITY OATS

IN ALL YOUR BAKING

Canada Food Board License No. C-9001 2-000

Flour 16, 17 & 18

Send for free wheat-saving recipes

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited  
HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

### HILL'S LINEN STORE

Still Have a Substantial Supply of

## LINENS

and wish to impress upon their patrons that real Linens will be fifty per cent. higher next year, if obtainable.

Our prices as quoted in the Summer list hold good.

WRITE FOR PRICES

### HILL'S LINEN STORE

St. Stephen, N. B.



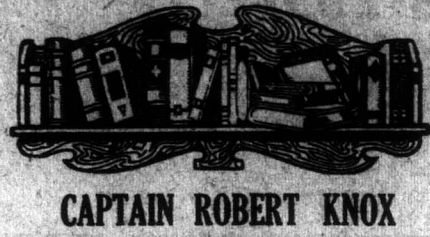
The Morning Cup well begins the day.

KING COLE  
ORANGE  
PEKOE

The "Extra" in Choice Tea







BETWEEN the years 1690 and 1714, at odd times between voyages, two sea captains used to meet each other in London, dine together, shift their tides, and then go off again trading to the coast or hunting the never-caught galleon, as their marvellous fates led them.

We have no record of any of the conversations between them; but it is plain that sometimes (when they got away from yarns and marine shop) they quarrelled about the respective merits of the Coconut tree and the Plantain.

They were remarkable-looking men, as remarkable men invariably are. Dampier, probably the taller of the two, was of a black, forbidding beauty, with a clear skin, showing scarlet under tan.

Knox was a captive among the natives in Ceylon for the best twenty years of his life, and his book is an account of his captivity, with some description of Ceylon as it was.

Knox lived to be about eighty years old. After twenty years' captivity, a long battering at sea, yellow fever, scurvy, malaria, Hurry Canes, and other tumults, such an age does him credit.

St. Pierre, Miquelon, Aug. 29.—Twenty-four men comprising the crew of the fishing schooner *Gloaming*, of Lunenburg N. S., were picked up in dories near here to-day and reported that their vessel had been sunk by a German submarine.

Now and then he is even heroic. One of his simple acts of piety strikes us as indescribably heroic. His father and he, with other members of the crew, went ashore on Ceylon and were captured by the Sinhalese.

Many of the sea captains of that age were men of fine mental attainments and great political sagacity. Their books are wise with the rough and noble wisdom of men who have faced big issues of life and death for months together.

His trade lay with a certain King Ribassa, who "was one of the younger Sons of the famous old King Lightfoot, who with his own hand would shoot those of his wives that offended him, and after bid some cut open her body to take out the Bullett."

It is said that Courts give a tone to society. The following entry shows the fine flavour of Court life under Ribassa and his brother. "The King and I went hand in hand . . . with one hand he led me and in the other hand he held a bottle of Brandy, saying unto me as we walked 'See how all obey my word, and when the work was done Prince Chemaniana came and licked his father's knees in testimony of his obedience, and helped us to drink our bottle of Brandy.'"

Let us say that he came home mad; but it is plain that he came home with the crankiness of one who has lived an abnormal life during many years. His crankiness showed itself in well-marked monkish ways, in a hatred of women (which was, perhaps, partly fear), and in an inability to mix on equal terms with his fellow-men.

From *A Mainsail Head*, by JOHN MASEFIELD. London: Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—St. Pierre, Miquelon, Aug. 29.—Twenty-four men comprising the crew of the fishing schooner *Gloaming*, of Lunenburg N. S., were picked up in dories near here to-day and reported that their vessel had been sunk by a German submarine.

—Paris, Aug. 27.—It is reported here that the Spanish seamer *Cruza* has been sunk by a German submarine. Newspapers consider that this event will bring to a crisis the relations between Spain and Germany.

Available marine records fail to show a Spanish ship by the name of *Cruza*. The sunken vessel may be the Bilbao steamship *Carasa*. The ship was built in 1911, was 284 feet in length and measured 2,099 gross tons.

—London, Sept. 4.—The sinking of a German submarine by a British submarine on patrol is reported by the Central News. The British craft sighted the German and made for her at full speed, firing two torpedoes, both of which took effect. The German U-boat sank within fifteen seconds.

COBBLE-STONES

IN the yellow summer mornings, when the sunny silence flutters, And the night's grey, ragged edges flush and pale with red and white, And the wall is barr'd with gold that comes a-shafting through the shutters, And the birds seek dusty wallows, while their nestlings chirp and fight,

London roads are hard, and even, London roads are smooth and shining, Where the wit of wise Macadam strews the asphalt on the flints; In the lanes between the copses there is grass the deep ruts lining, There are baby lakes that glisten in the wheel and horse-shoe prints.

There are mallow-rubied meadows, whose tall trees are many nested, That on either side are waving, and the birds fly low and sing, There's a stream with stony tumblings, little ripples, bubble-crested, Every corner needs must follow to its fascinating spring.

M. K. FREYER  
—Prize Poem in the July *Bookman*.

\$5.00 Reward. Lost, Black and Grey Silk Handbag. Finder please return to Mrs. Henry Joseph at the Algonquin Hotel and receive the above Reward. 5-ft

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1894. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I have frequently used MINARD'S LINIMENT and also prescribe it for my patients always with the most gratifying results, and I consider it the best all-round Liniment extant.

FOR SALE—"Katy's Cove Farm," an ideal spot for a summer home. 30 acres. For particulars apply to G. E. CHASE, St. Andrews, N. B. 2-ft.

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Slown, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated Top Surrey; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to Wm. J. McQUOID, St. Andrews, N. B., Phone 29. 49-ft.

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. 44-ft.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

On the address slip of every BEACON sent to a subscriber there is a date. That date is the one to which the subscription is paid and on which the renewal is due.

In May we sent out statements of account to all subscribers whose subscription were overdue a year or more, and a very large number have failed to respond to the request for payment.

LABOURERS Wanted! Labourers wanted for Construction work at Pumping Station, Chamcook. Good wages for good men. Apply D. W. WRIGHT, Contractor, at Miss Cathcart's 10-2wp

BEACON PRESS COMPANY St. Andrews, N. B., September 7, 1918.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 4th of October, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three times per week on the route Moore's Mills Rural Route No. 2, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME PHASES OF THE MOON August New Moon, 5th 7h. 44m. a.m. First Quarter, 13th 12h. 2m. p.m. Full Moon, 20th 10h. 1m. a.m. Last Quarter, 27th 1h. 39m. a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for Sept. 7 Sat, 8 Sun, 9 Mon, 10 Tue, 11 Wed, 12 Thu, 13 Fri.

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

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W. Rows: Grand Harbor, Seal Cove, Fish Head, Welshpool Camp, Eastport, Me., L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

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

INDIAN ISLANDS H. D. Chaffey, Sub Collector CAMPBELL, NORTH HEAD. CHARLES DIXON, Sub. Collector LORD'S COVE. T. L. Treacart, Sub. Collector GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

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

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

BELGIAN HARES FLEMISH GIANTS Raise your own meat—Cheaper than poultry. Ask for our price-list of pedigreed and utility stock. THE WEST HILL BREEDING CO. 204a Sanguinet Street. Montreal, Que. 4-4w.

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. Address W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER is the beginning of our busy season, but students can enter at any time, and it is well to get the "Ice Broken" before the rush begins. Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal

SUMMER BOARDERS AT THE SEASIDE I have opened my Cottage for a few Guests Terms: \$3.00 per day Apply to ISABELLE VENNELL Campobello, N. B. (FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT)

MAILS FOR DEER ISLAND, INDIAN ISLAND, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 11 a.m. Closes: 12:30 p.m.

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.

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.

Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

TIME TABLE

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, Letite 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, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7:30 p. m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. Prayers services Friday evening at 7:30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12:00 m. Prayers service, Friday evening at 7:30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8:00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7:00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7:30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed 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 cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

Arrives: 11:55 a.m.; 10:55 p.m. Closes: 6:25 a.m.; 5:40 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 11 a.m. Closes: 12:30 p.m.

All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.



VOL.

SEA-GUL

LONG-WI... adve... Fearless br... In the far-off... I have seen

Here the high... Here the ch... Honeycombes... Have no hi...

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which the foa... slowly whirled... took its cours... ing in their i... sun fell right... its light never... water, which... again, as if t... down in its an... ages past some... their coracles... to build their... mankind and... chosen, with... they gave a nam... incoherent to... typical of the... Stream of the... the rude settle... Flanders was a... sea. And still... antly in the st... keen eyes of t... the meaning of... lost and twist... tongue past rec...

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But though the... communication... intervals. Hung... way. Rough loos... back-band chain... and crook... horseshoes in a... forced you to r... fously each bar... shoe, or tamper... horse-back, when... and bad balance... your horse's hock... When all the o... and you had reach... through the d... fields between the... world seemed lea... ancient world in...