



The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1918

NO. 25

To All Our Readers

We Extend The

Season's Greetings

With Best Wishes

For A

Merry

Christmas

And A

Happy and

Prosperous

New Year

Beacon Press Co.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

SO, stik up ivy and the bays,
 And then restore the heathen ways.
 Green will remind you of the spring,
 Though this great day denies the thing;
 And mortifies the earth, and all
 But your wild revels, and loose hall.
 Could you wear flowers, and roses strow
 Blushing upon your breasts' warm snow,
 That very dress your lightness will
 Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
 The brightness of this day we owe,
 Not unto music, masque, nor show,
 Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
 But to the manger's mean estate.
 His life while here, as well as birth,
 Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
 And all man's greatness you may see
 Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open house and noise,
 To welcome Him with holy joys,
 And the poor shepherds' watchfulness,
 Whom light and hymns from Heaven did
 bless.
 What you abound with, cast abroad
 To those that want, and ease your load.
 Who empties thus, will bring more in;
 But riot is both loss and sin.
 Dress finely what comes not in sight,
 And then you keep your Christmas right.
 HENRY VAUGHAN
 (1621-1695.)

CHRISTMAS

SO now is come our joyfulest part;
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
 And every spot with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your torches garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry!

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas-blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And, if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
 And evermore be merry!

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
 Their hall of music soundeth;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country folks themselves advance
 With crowdie-muttons out of France;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry!

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor that else were undone;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride in London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry!

The client now his suit forbears;
 The prisoner's heart is eased;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.
 Though other's purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry!

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound;
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry!

The wenches with their wassail bowls
 About the streets are singing;
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in is bringing;

Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry!

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cots
 have,
 And mate with everybody;
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the noddy.
 Some youths will now a-mumming go,
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And twenty other game, boys, mo,
 Because they will be merry!

Then wherefore, in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller?
 No, let us sing some roundelay,
 To make our mirth the fuller.
 And, while we thus inspired sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring;
 Woods, and hills, and everything,
 Bear witness we are merry!

GEORGE WITHER
(1588-1667)

IN A CASTLE RUIN

"VERY long ago," said the old man,
 "The castle was owned by a Scotch-
 man named Carr, whose daughter was
 the most beautiful woman in the world.
 The name of this daughter was Clelia.
 She married Andy MacDonnell, who came
 over at the time of the Settlement; and
 after her marriage she lived on at the
 castle with her husband, helping Carr
 with the land. When Andy had been
 married about half a year, he was called
 away to Scotland on business; for he was
 a great man in Scotland, and at that time
 there was to be marrying between the
 royal families of Scotland and England,
 and he was wanted to carry a banner at
 the wedding. So he went to Scotland,
 and when they heard he was coming
 back they made all ready for a feast,
 and they had fires lighted, and all the fiddlers
 and the pipers came; and the poets came
 from the back hills making up new songs."
 "Now at last, the ship which brought
 Andy MacDonnell came round the Point
 yonder, and Andy got ashore, and then
 the ship rowed away. Then Carr went
 up to him and asked why he was turning
 the ship away again. 'Isn't that the ship
 you called me?' he said. 'Isn't that your
 own ship?' 'It is not,' says Andy. 'My
 own ship's in Scotland. The King took a
 fancy to her.' So then Carr asked him
 what had become of all the men who had
 gone with him abroad. And he answered
 that the King had taken a fancy to them,
 and that they were all with the King in
 Scotland, every man jack of them down
 to Johnny O'Hara, the piper's boy. So
 Carr wondered a little at that, but said
 nothing; and they all went up to the
 castle to the feast.

"But there was a queer thing that was
 noticed. There was a little lad of the
 MacLearnon's running about bare foot
 among the horses. He was a little we
 lad, the nicest little lad you would be see-
 ing. So when Andy MacDonnell was
 coming to the castle from the shore, this
 little MacLearnon looks at him; and he
 was near him; and he said to his mother,
 'His Honor's ears is pointed.' They were
 pointed just the same as the ears on a
 terrier. Wasn't it wonderful that no one
 had ever noticed that before; that he
 should have pointed ears, and no one see
 it? I'm thinking that was a great won-
 der."

"Now after that, things settled down as
 before. Andy MacDonnell lived on with
 Carr at the Castle, and there was nothing
 much happened, except a little child was
 born to Clelia; and that was a queer thing,
 the child was. It was a little wee man of
 a child, and he was born with teeth in
 him, and the first thing his mother saw of
 him was that his ears were pointed; and
 the nurses said that that was a great
 shame, and she so beautiful a mother.
 There were other things, besides that,
 which seemed queer. Andy MacDonnell
 was another sort of a man than he had
 been. He used to go up beyond, in the
 back hills, at the time of a new moon.
 He got a bad name on to him for doing
 that; but that was nothing to what they
 caught him doing another time on the
 back hills, beyond the wood there.
 There's a flat place there, where they
 used to hold cock-fights in the old times.
 It was a religious place before that, where
 they did the old religion, and there's
 wraiths in it, besides themselves; and it
 was there they caught Andy. It was one
 twilight they caught him. He was stand-
 ing on the grass, bowing to a great black
 goat; and every time he bowed the goat
 spoke to him in ancient Irish. Wasn't
 that a wonderful thing now? There was
 a strong magic in that; indeed there was.
 The shepherds didn't say anything, for
 Andy was a great gentleman, but they
 thought it a queer thing, for all that.
 And Carr kept wondering all the time
 what had become of the ship, and all the
 men left behind in Scotland;

"Now just about a year after Andy
 MacDonnell had come home, he and Carr,
 and Clelia and the child were sitting on
 the grass (on a carpet) looking out over
 the bay, and it was one evening, getting
 towards sunset; and as they were sitting
 talking, they saw a small boat pulling in
 to the bay, and Carr said, 'It's a tired
 man in that boat,' for he was pulling like
 a crazy man. And Clelia said, 'It'll be
 some poor-man who has maybe lost his
 ship.' And Andy MacDonnell looked
 hard at the boat, and says he, 'I'll be
 going in,' he said, 'the evening strikes
 cold,' he says. So he turned, and went
 into the house. There was no one ever
 saw him again.

"Now the boat ran ashore on the beach,
 and the tired man got out of her, just by
 those rocks; and he was tired indeed.
 He could scarce climb up the bank of
 shingle. So Carr looks hard at him.
 'Why,' he says, 'it's Johnny O'Hara, the
 piper's boy, that was left behind in Scot-
 land. What news, Johnny?' he says. So
 Johnny comes near up to him, and 'Bad
 news,' he says. 'It's bad news I'm bring-
 ing you this day. Your man is killed,' he
 says. 'Andy MacDonnell is killed,' he
 says. 'He was killed by the Scotch the
 day he was to have come home. And I've
 been a prisoner ever since.' So Carr got
 up on his feet, and he calls out 'Andy';
 but no one ever came. And Clelia called
 out 'Andy'; but no one ever answered.
 And they went into the castle, but no
 Andy was there, and then they knew that
 they'd been living with a dragon-man,
 and that the real Andy had been dead a
 year. When Clelia knew that she'd been
 living with a dragon-man, she went up
 stairs to her room, and took out a kind of
 dirk she had with a sharp point on it, and
 she said a prayer first, and then stuck
 herself, so that she fell dead. That was
 in one of the top chambers. It's all fallen
 in now, this long time; but that was
 where she killed herself. And when Carr
 knew that their had been a dragon-man,
 he looked at the child, and he knew it for
 a dragon-child, because its ears was
 pointed, so he took it up and swung it
 against the tower wall, against these
 corner stones, until he had it killed.
 Then he went down the strand yonder,
 to that point of rocks below my cabin,
 and there he drowned himself. That's
 why the point is called Carr's Point, to
 this day. He was the last man to live in
 the castle here. No one would ever live
 in it after that, and the floors fell in, and
 the wood-work was taken; and now
 there's the ivy on it."—From "A Mainsail
 Haul," by John Masefield. London: Elkin-
 Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.



THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

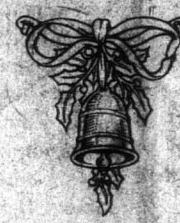
HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
 'Tis a marvel of great renown!
 It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop sea
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.
 The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)
 That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
 To capture the fruit which I sing,
 The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
 But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
 And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to the gingerbread dog
 And he barks with such terrible zest
 That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 As her swelling proportions attest,
 And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that
 And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground
 Hurrah for the chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, tumdrops, and peppermint canes
 With strippings of scarlet and gold,
 And you carry away of the treasure that rains
 As much as your apron can hold!
 So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
 In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
 And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

EUGENE FIELD
(1850-1895.)



OBITUARY

MARTIN ELDRIDGE
 Beaver Harbor, N. B., Dec. 17.—The
 community was saddened when it was
 learned that Martin Eldridge had sudden-
 ly passed away on Wednesday, 11th
 inst.

Mr. Eldridge, who was 63 years of age,
 had been in failing health for some time
 and had suffered a slight stroke some
 weeks ago. He rallied, however, and
 seemed to be regaining his health. On
 Wednesday afternoon he left his home
 to go to the Post Office. On the way
 he was struck by a passing sled. The
 fall caused another stroke, from which
 he died, a short time after, without re-
 gaining consciousness.

Deceased was a member of the United
 Baptist Church, here, and was a good
 quiet, honest, citizen who will be much
 missed in the community.

There is left to mourn, a widow, two
 sons and two daughters, two brothers
 and two sisters. The sons are Roy, a
 returned soldier, at present in Frederic-
 ton, and Clare, at home. One daughter,
 Mrs. Wm. Barry, resides here, and the
 other, Mrs. Burpee Bates in Campbellton.
 The brothers, Addison and Bernard,
 live here; and the sisters are Mrs. Frank
 Connors, of St. John, and Miss Amanda,
 of St. Andrews.

Funeral services were held on Friday
 afternoon conducted by Rev. H. E.
 DeWolfe, of St. George, who spoke from
 the words "What I do, thou knowest not
 now, but thou shalt know hereafter."
 The choir sang "Sometime We'll Under-
 stand," "Asleep in Jesus," and "Abide
 with me."

FREDERICK PIKE MACNICHOL

St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 18.—The com-
 munity was shocked on Monday when it
 was heard that Frederick P. MacNichol
 had passed away after an illness of a few
 hours. On Sunday he attended the Church
 of Christian Science in Calais, and after
 returning to his home, and a short time
 after dinner he complained of feeling ill.
 He grew rapidly worse and Dr. Marion, of
 Calais, and Dr. Grey, of Milltown, were
 summoned but nothing could be done to
 help him, and at noon on Monday he
 passed quietly away. He was forty-six
 years of age and the second son of the
 late Hon. Archibald MacNichol, of Calais.
 He leaves a widow, who was Miss Mar-
 garet Todd, only daughter of the late Mr.
 and Mrs. Henry Todd, one son, Frank,
 and three daughters, Helen, Veary, and
 Margaret, his mother, and a sister, Mrs.
 Forbes Conant, of Boston, and one brother,
 Dr. George MacNichol, of Toledo, Ohio,
 to mourn his loss. He was a genial, kind-
 hearted man and well liked by his circle
 of friends. The funeral service was held
 on Thursday afternoon from his residence
 and conducted with Masonic ceremonies.

SONG WRITER IS DEAD

New York, Dec. 14.—Monroe H. Rosen-
 field, the man who wrote "The Man Who
 Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "John-
 nie Get Your Gun," and many other popu-
 lar songs, is dead here, aged 56 years.

The interment was in the beautiful Todd
 family lot in the Rural Cemetery. Much
 sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Mac-
 Nichol and family in their sorrow and un-
 expected bereavement.

MRS. JOHN RAY
 After an illness of many months, Mrs.
 Ray widow of the late John Ray, passed
 away at her home in Milltown on Sunday
 afternoon. She was sixty-two years of
 age. The funeral was held on Tuesday
 afternoon. The interment was in the
 St. Stephen Rural Cemetery.

MRS. JAMES R. HOOPER
 The death of Mrs. James R. Hooper, of
 Back Bay, Charlotte County, occurred in
 the General Public Hospital on Monday
 evening. Mrs. Hooper, who was in her
 thirty-fourth year, is survived by her
 husband and one son, Lloyd, her father,
 Albion McLees, of Back Bay, and her
 sister, Mrs. McNichol, of Letite, Charlotte
 County. The body will be taken to Back
 Bay for burial. Mrs. Hooper was highly
 respected in the community in which she
 lived and her death is greatly regretted by
 her friends.—St. John Telegraph.

PTE. ARTHUR A. McMULLON
 Last week we made reference to the
 death and burial of Private Arthur A.
 McMullon, and since then a contributor
 has supplied us with the following fuller
 particulars:

Pte. Arthur A. McMullon died on 8th
 December in the Toronto General Hospi-
 tal, of double pneumonia following an at-
 tack of influenza. He was in his twenti-
 eth year, and was a young man whom to
 know was to love. He was one of three
 brothers who volunteered for overseas
 service in the late war, and enlisted in
 the 115th Battalion in St. Andrews on
 Jan. 11, 1916. He went overseas with
 his corps, but was returned owing to ill
 health. Since last spring he was attach-
 ed to the Muskoka General Hospital, on
 escort duty, from which he had been dis-
 charged, and was waiting in Toronto for
 the completion of his papers when he
 was stricken with the dread disease.

He leaves to mourn his loss, father and
 mother, two brothers, two sisters, and
 two half-sisters. The brothers are Sgt.
 Bernard, overseas, and Frank, now at
 home. His sisters are Mrs. L. R. John-
 stone, of St. John, N. B., and Miss Agnes
 at home; Mrs. John Johnson, of Baring,
 Me.; and Mrs. William Thompson, of
 Calais, Me.

The remains arrived in St. Andrews
 from Toronto on Thursday, Dec. 12, ac-
 companied by the brother, Frank. The
 funeral took place from the home to the
 church of St. Andrew, where High Mass
 was celebrated by Father O'Keefe, and
 from there to the Cemetery of St. An-
 drew, where interment was made with
 military honors. The pall-bearers were
 members of the G. W. V. A., of which
 the deceased was also a member.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

JOHN E. HOLLIS

John E. Hollis, aged about 60 years, a
 resident of Uxbridge since 1868, died
 Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at his
 home at Millbrook farm, in the eastern
 part of the town. He was taken ill with
 a severe cold about ten days ago, but
 continued to do his work about the farm
 for a day or two. He collapsed Dec. 1,
 and was hustled into his bed by his wife
 Pneumonia soon developed, and within a
 few hours he was stricken with an acute
 attack and grew gradually weaker until
 the end came.

He made his home for many years in
 his younger days with the late Arnold
 Inman at the farm Mr. Hollis had for a
 home during the latter years of his life.
 He went to work as teamster for the
 Calumet Manufacturing Co., and when the
 Hecla plant was bought by the Calumet
 Co. he went to that mill, where he
 assumed the position as superintendent
 of the farm. When the Calumet & Hecla
 Co. went out of business about a dozen
 years ago, Mr. Hollis bought the Inman
 farm from the estate. He has since con-
 ducted the farm, run a gristmill and saw-
 ed logs and shingles at the water privi-
 lege on Mill brook. He was a successful
 farmer and for a long term of years he
 exhibited an excellent display of vege-
 tables and flowers at the annual fair.

He was a past grand of Uxbridge lodge,
 I. O. O. F., and served the lodge in nearly
 every office that body has, both elective
 and appointive. The past 10 years he
 was a member of the board of trustees
 and acted as outside conductor under
 many of the noble grands of the lodge,
 having the honor of bringing more men
 into the lodge for the initiatory degree
 than any man possibly in the county.
 He was also a past master of Uxbridge
 Grange, a seventh degree member, and
 for many years a member of the execu-
 tive committee. For a long term of
 years he was superintendent of the hall
 exhibit for the Blackstone valley agricul-
 tural society, and also served on its ex-

ecutive committee. He served the town
 both as a constable and for many years
 as a field driver.

He married on Nov. 24, 1878, Miss Min-
 nie Eggleton, daughter of the late George
 Eggleton, St. Andrews, N. B., who sur-
 vives him with one daughter, Mrs. Helen
 Pease, Beverly.

Funeral services were held Wednesday
 afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house. Dele-
 gations were present from Uxbridge
 lodge, I. O. O. F., Uxbridge grange, P. of
 H., and the Blackstone valley agricultur-
 al society. Rev. Alexander Wiswall of-
 ficiated. The Odd Fellows' burial ser-
 vice was conducted at the house on ac-
 count of the weather. Burial was in
 Prospect hill cemetery. The bearers
 were Walter H. Lewis, Merton A. Hub-
 bard, Herbert C. Thompson, and Samuel
 F. Thayer, all Odd Fellows.—Transcript,
 Uxbridge, Mass., Dec. 13.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear daughter,
 Margaret Florence MacLaren, who left
 us December 13th, 1917.
 The call was short, the blow severe
 To part with one we loved so dear,
 But it was God who willed it so.
 When He commands we all must go.
 Family

THE "CORINTHIAN" A TOTAL WRECK

The Canadian Pacific steamer *Corin-
 thian*, 7,332 tons gross register, which
 sailed from St. John Saturday morning at
 7 o'clock for Glasgow, with a large cargo,
 struck, Saturday afternoon, on Bolson's
 Ledge, Brier Island, and will be a total
 loss. Captain David Tannock and his
 crew of eighty-six were rescued by the
 government steamer *Aberdeen* and the
 patrol boat *Festubert*.

When pilot James Bennett took the
Corinthian from her dock and saw her
 safely past Partridge Island, Saturday
 morning, there was quite a sea running
 and there was a fog. During the morn-
 ing the sea grew worse and the fog more
 dense.

When Partridge Island picked up the
 distress signals Capt. Mulcahy was im-
 mediately informed, as well as Captain
 McGiffin, and J. C. Chesley. The govern-
 ment steamer *Aberdeen* was on the way
 to St. John from Westport, when Captain
 Withers picked up the message, and
 before 4 o'clock was on the way back to
 Brier Island.

The *Festubert*, of the Canadian naval
 service, was ordered out of St. John by
 Capt. Mulcahy.

The *Aberdeen* arrived at the scene of
 the disaster before midnight, and the
Festubert soon after. Early Sunday morn-
 ing Mr. Chesley got word from the *Aber-
 deen* that by 2 a. m. eight men had been
 rescued. Fishermen gallantly set out to
 the rescue from points along the shore
 and succeeded in taking other men from
 the steamer to safety. Sunday noon Mr.
 Chesley received word by Marconi that
 Capt. Tannock was safely aboard the
Aberdeen, and that the whole crew, eighty-
 seven in all, was accounted for.

Captain Tannock, aboard the *Aberdeen*,
 said that the holds of the *Corinthian* were
 filled with water, and that nothing could
 be salvaged. She was a total loss. She
 and the *Festubert* were dividing the sur-
 vivors.

There was a wild sea in the bay
 Sunday. This made it impossible to get
 the crew off during the early morning.
 The *Corinthian* was built at Belfast in
 1900 by Workman & Clark, for the Allan
 line, and was, about three years ago,
 taken over by the C. P. O. S. She was
 446 feet long and had a gross tonnage of
 7,332. She carried a large general cargo
 for the British government, including
 120,000 bushels of wheat, a lot of aero-
 planes lumber, 106 standards of deals, a
 lot of apples, condensed milk, lard, nails,
 packages of flour and a large consignment
 of boxed meats.—St. John Globe,
 Dec. 16.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS.

An Oriental story tells of a man who
 was asked to lend a rope to a neighbour.
 His reply was that he was in need of the
 rope just then.
 "Shall you need it a long time?" asked
 the neighbour.
 "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as
 I am going to tie up some sand with it."
 "Tie up sand?" exclaimed the would-be
 borrower. "I do not see how you can do
 that!"
 "Oh, you can do almost anything with
 a rope when you do not want to lend it,"
 was the reply.—The Christian Register.

"Do you expect Josh will be able to
 speak French when he gets home?" asked
 Mrs. Cornstossel. "No," replied her hus-
 band. "You can take it from me that
 Josh has been too busy fighting to stop
 an' learn any fancy accomplishments."
 —Washington Star.

Farmers-Bank Here By Mail
Just mail your cheques to us—we deposit them to your credit and send you a prompt acknowledgment.
If you need cash we cash your cheques by mail, too, sending you the money in a registered letter.
We understand the farmer's problems and gladly assist him in every way possible.
We will welcome your account.
THE Bank of Nova Scotia

THE TRUST
These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.—Heb. xi, 13.
THEY trusted God—Unslumbering and unsleeping He sees and sorrows for a world at war.
His ancient covenant surely keeping;
And these had seen His promise from afar.
That through the pain, the sorrow, and the sinning,
That righteous Judge the issue should decide
Who ruleth over all from the beginning—
And in that faith they died.

W-S-S
\$5.00 for \$4.00
GIVE War-Savings Stamps
As Christmas Gifts
BUY a War-Savings Stamp for \$4.00 and affix it to space No. 1 of the Certificate that will be given you.
The Certificate
In offering your gift you could say, "If you invest your savings regularly in War-Savings Stamps, you will soon fill this certificate, which becomes Canada's pledge to pay you \$50 on the first day of 1924."

CAMPOBELLO
Dec. 16.
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Calder and child were passengers, on Monday last for St. John, where they expect to spend the winter.
Mrs. Corey and sister, Miss Estella Thurber, were called to Maine last week by the illness of Mrs. Corey's son.
Mrs. Horace Mitchell and Mrs. Edward Lank made a trip to St. Andrews the first of the week.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.
Dec. 17
Mrs. Henry Best spent the week-end in St. John.
John F. Paul has returned home from Argyle, N. S.
Mrs. Donald Matthews, of Letite, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wright.

GRAND HARBOR, G. M.
Dec. 16
Misses May Ingalls and Lydia Brown have returned from Eastport, Me., where they have been employed.
Mrs. Wilnot Guptill and Mrs. Arthur Guptill were passengers on Str. Grand Manan on Saturday.
Ptes. George McLaughlin and Reginald Moran, 1st. Depot Batt., having got their discharge, have returned home.

LAMBERTVILLE, D. I.
Dec. 11
Mrs. George Gowan went to Mace's Bay on Monday, to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Alvah Ellis.
Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lambert went to St. John on Monday to visit friends for a few days.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.
Dec. 17
The sympathy of the Island goes out to Undertaker Darius Marten and his family, in the passing out of his wife, which occurred at her home on Sunday, a. m. last.
Quite a number who have been ill on the Island are much better.
Russell Fountain left on Monday last for Massachusetts, where he will spend some time.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Dec. 18
The Christmas trade is very good, according to several of the prominent merchants. A few of the stores are handsomely decorated, but prices are generally on a war level.
Miss Pauline Powell has returned to her home in St. John, after a pleasant visit with Mrs. A. E. Vessey.

OAK BAY, N. B.
Dec. 14
Ralphe Hill has returned home from the lumber woods.
Howard and Frank Hill are sawing pulpwood for W. Budd, of Bayside.
Leander Simpson has closed his residence at Oak Bay and gone to Fredericton for the brown-tail moth survey.

Fredericton. The young man was nearly two years in the trenches, and lost a finger, cut off by a flying piece of shrapnel.
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Maloney, of Grand Manan, are expected this week. They will spend Xmas with Mrs. Maloney's mother, Mrs. French Meating.

W. W. Malcolm spoke in a very interesting way on "Recreation." Miss Pheobe McKay sang and Miss Betty Coleman recited, making a very enjoyable programme. After Mr. Malcolm's address there followed a discussion, in which Rev. Dr. Goucher and others took part.

Up-River Doings
St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 18.
Mrs. John Ryder is the guest this week of Mrs. Percy Cotton, at Trinity Church Rectory. Mrs. Ryder expects to go to Sydney, N. S., to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Gower Mackay.

A LETTER FROM PTE. JARVIS WREN
Pecqueurcort, near Douai, France.
6th November, 1918.
Dear Dr. Broad,
I am writing to thank you for your kindness in sending me the BEACON. Its coming is like a sight of old St. Andrews, and a very welcome sight indeed.

Several of the young nurses of the Chipman Memorial Hospital are quite ill at the Nurses' Home and unable to attend to their nursing duties.
Mrs. John A. Humble, of Moncton, arrived on Saturday to bring a daughter to be treated in the surgical ward of the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

It will be a long time before I forget the day we arrived here. In the afternoon of the previous day, when we were sleeping in the sun in our trench, the order came along, "Get ready to move, Fritz is beating it." That night, on hastily constructed pontoons, we crossed the wide canal that had hitherto barred our progress.

The Literary Society enjoyed a very delightful evening on Monday at the home of the Misses Vroom.
Mrs. Otty Kennedy, of St. George, has been visiting St. Stephen friends.
Several young ladies of Christ Church congregation are busy making evergreen wreaths and garlands to adorn the church for the Christmas festival.

The Canadians have found these people far different from those of the "Rest Area." There is a certain warm-hearted hospitality which we had almost come to think existed nowhere else but in Canada. In England, colonials are looked on as a money-making proposition, something to stare at, possibly to patronize, but absolutely out of the question to associate with on terms of pure friendship.

Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are in Sussex to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. M. A. McLeod.
Mrs. Margaret Criley went to Portland Me., on Monday, summoned there to attend the funeral of her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Owen, who passed away suddenly from an affection of the heart, on Sunday.

Mr. Ernest Holyoke came from Woodstock, and accompanied Mrs. Holyoke home, last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are in Sussex to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. M. A. McLeod.

Miss Gertrude Moore has returned from a visit with St. George friends.
Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, of St. Andrews, were recent guests of Mrs. M. N. Cockburn.
Mr. Ernest Holyoke came from Woodstock, and accompanied Mrs. Holyoke home, last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are in Sussex to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. M. A. McLeod.

The Red Cross met yesterday to appoint committees to cooperate with the citizen's committee in welcoming the boys from overseas. Among the latest overseas boys to take an English wife is Otis Berry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Berry.
Mr. F. M. Cawley received a cablegram this week from one of his boys in England saying he was about to sail for home.

Mr. Ernest Holyoke came from Woodstock, and accompanied Mrs. Holyoke home, last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are in Sussex to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. M. A. McLeod.

The weather man has, to a certain extent, solved the fuel question. Coal bins, thanks to the mild winter days, are in far better condition than last winter.
A young son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson on Monday.

Mr. Ernest Holyoke came from Woodstock, and accompanied Mrs. Holyoke home, last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are in Sussex to spend the winter with their daughter, Mrs. M. A. McLeod.

took us to their homes and hearts, gave us coffee and cognac to drink and bread and meat—to which they had painfully little themselves—to eat. It was not only in the first joy at the removal of the yoke they had borne for four years. Later we advanced, and ten days after, when the Boche was many kilometres away, we returned here for rest, dirtier and wearier than ever, and found that our welcome still held good.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.
THE NEW RED SHOE STORE IS NOW OPEN
The new Shoe Store is now opened in the corner store formerly occupied by Bucknam & Colwell. It is right at the head of the Public Slip or Landing place, and right at the head of Ferry Wharf, so far out-of-town customers in a hurry it is the nearest place.
Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c.
Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25.
Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00.

RETURN OF ST. GEORGE SOLDIER'S
At a Meeting of the Citizens in the Town Hall at St. George a committee was appointed to meet the Soldier's on their return from overseas.

A Dyspepsia Cure
M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime.
This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Carative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

WE HAVE EVERYTHING USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL TO SET A DAINY TABLE.
What makes a better CHRISTMAS GIFT than a pretty piece of CHINA? We can give you a Bon Bon dish from 35c. up. Fancy Cups and Saucers, Cracker Jars, and we have a great variety of Lacquer Trays, Bowls, and Boxes.
No trouble to find something for each member of the family both useful and ornamental, and at the right prices.
R. D. Ross & Co.
Near Post Office, St. Stephen, N. B.

JOSE
Copyright.
When the aboard, react morning, Ira I. was there "bug," of his as he came r "Brad! Cap as they wer "Sho' started I swan, I b't this tide!"
This was su for they had at least, that ly believe it.
They shot u the cable, that rigid, hanging eye could see had changed— was now sfin edge of the sho water of the f rocking appet hull had made "Great sciss Captain Titcom as I'm a foot there, boys—liv They clamber to work like whale. Bradle donkey engine they started th the cable fast.
"Sho feels i cried the capt every pound sh he adios, "whi tide to turn, w out a little mor to lay back an all. The Lord themselves, as found the hen Hatches off, me They rigged and began swi hogony strips f side. The tide on the shoal g Ginn rocked in i little while the cable in order of slack.
It was exhib this fight with a and the captain joy of it. They v nting not only a but the first bi onstrate their ab larger and more The forenoon pas "Cap'n Bz" su from the You at Come up on your The captain ju and Bradley to a tightened and a wound-back over From beneath th slitting, gratig come sound in the ers. Beware, pic of rope from the "That's the stu captain approving the bows. Nov. on to that line."
The You and I water and, with coughing furiosly the new tow line the heel of the h loader: she qui stern: the cable and faster.
Then there cam caused Peleg My ing and tumble in with a triumphan Ginn slid off th deck and from th went up a yell t fishing away o They drew her l out of danger, an ly, slow and stern.
"Ther!" said u phantly. "She'll s get a tag from U' go ashore and tel saving station for more work today."
Bradley vent th "Gus," he said, s holding it, "have to say to me?"
She did not look I say," she aske me to say?"
"Why, I thought I've got the scho you'd say?"
"I am glad, ver proud. But I knew Hadak we better g But he would not "I hoped you'd s he said disappoint fully blue the othe was there. I thou perhaps I was maki in giving up the cit out down here. It side the great jobs But when you spok and told me you'd changed, and I swo would win because Gus, do you really c blue?"
Then she turned t "Gus" her eyes we "What do you wa whispered. "That I've ever been in s so proud of you, s were drive enough and win it in the f age? And so aslan

Partners of the Tide

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

When the Lizzie, with the workers aboard, reached Ruth Ginn the next morning, Ira Sparrow, in the You and I, was there already, and the "chug-chug" of his naphtha engine was heard as he came rushing to meet them.

"Brad! Cap'n Ez!" he hailed, as soon as they were in shouting distance. "She's shifted like time in the night! I swear, I believe we can get her off this tide!"

This was such unexpected good news, for they had figured on another week at least, that the partners could scarcely believe it.

They shot up to the wreck, to find the cable, that had been left tight and rigid, hanging loose. An inexperienced eye could see that the lumber schooner had changed her position. Her bow was now almost in a line with the edge of the shoal and, even in the slack water of the last of the ebb, she was rocking appreciably in the cradle her hull had made in the sand beneath it.

"Great scissors to grind!" shouted Captain Titcomb. "She'll do it as sure as I'm a foot high! Tumble aboard there, boys—live!"

They clambered up the side and fell to work like sharks around a dead whale. Bradley got up steam in the donkey engine. As soon as possible they started the windlass and hauled the cable taut.

"She feels it, boy; she feels it!" cried the captain. "Give it to her, every pound she'll stand. Now, then," he added, "while we're waiting for the tide to turn, we might as well roost out a little more of the cargo. No use to lay back and let Buzzard do it all. The Lord helps them that help themselves, as the dinky said when he found the hen house door unlocked. Hatches off, men. Dive into it there!"

They raised the blocks and tackle and began swinging bundles of mahogany strips from the hold over the side. The tide turned, and the water on the shoal grew deeper. The Ruth Ginn rocked in her sand cradle. Every little while they hove taut on the cable in order to take up every inch of slack.

It was exhilarating, exciting work, this fight with old ocean, and Bradley and the captain gloried in the sheer joy of it. They were winning and winning not only a goodly sum of money, but the first big prize that would demonstrate their ability to carry through larger and more important contracts.

The forenoon passed. "Cap'n Ez!" suddenly bellowed Ira from the You and I. "She's movin'! Come on, you cable!"

The captain jumped to the windlass and Bradley to his engine. The cable tightened and slowly, inch by inch, would back over the windlass barrel. From beneath the Ruth Ginn came a sliding, grating sound, the most welcome sound in the world to the wreckers. Breeze, picking up a heavy coil of rope from the deck, tossed it to Ira. "That's the stuff, Alvin!" roared the captain approvingly. "Make it fast in the bows. Now, Ira, put your power on to that line!"

The You and I leaped out into deep water and, with her naphtha engine coughing furiously, pulled doggedly at the new tow line. The grating under the keel of the lumber schooner grew louder; she quivered from stem to stern; the cable crept inboard faster and faster.

Then there came a shake, a roll that caused Peleg Myrick to lose his footing and tumble into the scuppers, and with a triumphant yell, the Ruth Ginn slid off the shoal. And from her deck and from that of the You and I went up a yell that scared the gulls fishing away over on the Razorback.

They drew her into the channel, well out of danger, and anchored her firmly, low and stern.

"There!" said the captain triumphantly. "She'll stay there till we can get a tug from Vineyard Haven. We'll go ashore and telephone from the life saving station for one this minute. No more work today, boys."

Bradley went that night to see Gus. "Gus," he said, seizing her hand, and holding it, "haven't you got anything to say to me?"

She did not look at him. "What shall I say?" she asked. "What do you want me to say?"

"Why, I thought you'd be glad that I've got the schooner off. I thought you'd say—"

"I am glad, very glad. And very proud. But I knew you would succeed. Hadn't we better go?"

But he would not let her go. "I hoped you'd say more than that," he said disappointedly. "I was dreadfully blue the other night when Sam was here. I thought that, after all, perhaps I was making a fool of myself in giving up the city and trying to win it down here. It looked so small beside the great jobs Sam talked about. But when you spoke to me on the steps and told me you believed in me it all changed, and I swore to myself that I would do because you wanted me to. Gus, do you really care? Are you really glad?"

Then she turned to him, and he saw her eyes were wet.

"What do you want me to say?" she whispered. "That I am more glad than I've ever been in my life before, and so proud of you, so proud because you were brave enough to make your fight and win it in the face of the whole village? And so ashamed of myself be-

cause I didn't encourage you as I ought when you first told me I can say all that, Brad, and truly mean it."

"But Gus—oh, it's no use! That isn't enough. I haven't got any money, and I've only begun in my work, and I may fall, after all. But, Gus, will you wait for me? Do you care enough for me to wait and hope with me and marry me some day when I really win? Do you?"

He held her hand in both of his and waited, breathless, for the answer. But she did not give it. Instead she looked at the window and through it at the waving beach grass and the blue sea beyond. And Bradley, gazing at her face, saw the tears overflow her eyelids and roll down her cheeks.

"He turned white, and a great dread came over him. 'Gus, don't you—can't you care for me?' he begged. And then she turned and, leaning her head upon his shoulder, cried heartily and without restraint. 'Why did you ask me? Why did you?'" she sobbed.

"Because I had to, Gus, don't you love me?"

"Oh, Brad, I don't know. I think I do, but I'm not certain. I'm very, very proud of you, and I believe in you, but, oh, dear, I'm afraid of myself. I'm afraid of my temper, afraid I may change; afraid I don't really love you as much as I ought to."

"There isn't any one else, is there?" She smiled tearfully. "No, Brad, there isn't any one else."

"Then won't you try to say yes? Perhaps you'll learn to care for me. Won't you say yes and try, dear?"

"Do you want me to say it, now that you understand just how I feel?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to take me just as I am—like you better than anybody else in the world, but not—perhaps not really loving you as it seems to me a girl ought to love the man who is going to marry her?"

"Yes."

"I'm a queer girl, Brad. Grandma says I'm like her best china teacup—I must be handled carefully or there'll be a smash. I guess that's so. I don't trust myself. I change my mind five times a day. Do you want me to say yes in spite of all this?"

"I do."

"Then I will say it, and I will try to be what you would like to have me."

He bent his head and kissed her.

CHAPTER XII.

BRADLEY would have proclaimed his happiness through a speaking trumpet, but Gus begged that the engagement be kept secret for awhile. "Please let me feel a little surer of myself first," she pleaded, and Bradley agreed, as he would have agreed to climb Bunker Hill monument on the outside if she had asked him to.

The tug arrived the next forenoon, and the hull of the Ruth Ginn was towed up into Orham harbor. There she was anchored, where the getting out of the rest of her cargo would be a comparatively easy task.

They worked with might and main and, at the end of a month, the job was done. The last joist was laid upon the wharf. Obed Nickerson expressed himself as surprised and highly pleased.

Their share of the cargo's value amounted to \$2,900, and, all expenses deducted, the profit to the partners was over \$2,000.

"Not so mean for two greenhorns in a floatin' soup ladle," crowed the captain. "Brad, how's the Jeremiah these days? Ah! anybody said I told you so 'yit, have they?"

The underwriters' agent was their friend now, and, inside of another fortnight, he had put a job in their way that brought them in \$400 more. She was a coasting schooner that had grounded off the Point, and her skipper had contemplated telegraphing to the salvage company, but, thanks to Obed's recommendation, the chance was given—for a much lower price, of course—to the Lizzie's owners. The vessel laid easy, with only her bows on the sand, and the anchors and cables got her clear in three days.

Then they went anchor dragging again and met with considerable success. All this was profitable, as well as good advertising, and the Lizzie's owners were doing well. But they were ambitious and yearned for the day when they might undertake bigger things. Captain Titcomb was for ordering a new and larger wrecking schooner immediately.

But Bradley, more conservative, counseled waiting a little longer. "We use saddling ourselves with a big debt to start with," he said. "Dead horse is the meanest animal to pay for that I know of."

"What's that?" she exclaimed, breaking out suddenly.

"What's what?" asked her sister, drowsily.

"Seems to me I heard somebody in the kitchen."

"Clara is there, isn't she?" queried Bradley.

"Yes, but I thought—yes, there's somebody else. I do believe it's a man! You don't suppose she's got a beau? I'm going to see."

And, before the others could remonstrate, she put "the Comforter" on the table and started for the kitchen. They heard her cross the dining room and open the door. Then came an exclamation.

"Why, why!" she cried, and then, "Well, I do declare!"

"What do you suppose 'tis?" asked Miss Prissy, now thoroughly awake. The kitchen door had swung to, but there was a great clatter of voices behind it. Miss Tempy was exclaiming and arguing; Clara Hopkins, who was visiting the old maids during the absence of her folks from town, apparently, was saying very little, and a third person, in a deep bass rumble, was explaining something or other.

"Laud of goodness!" cried Miss Prissy. "I hope it ain't the minister, and me in this old wrapper!"

The kitchen door was opened. Miss Tempy appeared beaming, and there followed her into the sitting room no less a personage than Captain Ezra Titcomb. The captain's face was the least bit redder than usual, but he was otherwise as suave and unmoved as if the time of his previous call had been but yesterday instead of four years before.

"Well, Prissy," he said, shaking hands with the invalid, "how are you tonight? Most ready to come on deck and take command? No, don't get up. Evenin', Brad."

Poor Miss Prissy! She patted her tumbled hair into the most presentable shape possible, hurriedly pulled the red and white knitted "afghan" over the wrapper and managed to gasp that she sat still and stared reproachfully at Miss Tempy.

But that lady was too excited to notice her sister's agitation. She fluttered about the visitor like a hen with one chicken, trying to hang up his hat, dropping it, blushing violently as she collided with him in the attempt to pick it up and generally behaving, as Miss Prissy said afterward, like a born sump.

"Set right down, cap'n," she pleaded. "We're real glad to see you. What made you come to the kitchen door? I couldn't think who 'twas, could you, Prissy? Oh, my sakes!"

In her nervous haste she had pushed forward the big armchair that had once been the throne of Captain Darius, but which, owing to the infirmities of age, had for some time been kept in the corner for show purposes only. It had a weak leg, and when Captain Titcomb planted himself on the worn black oilcloth cushion the infirm member promptly bent inward, and the captain slid gracefully to the floor.

"Tempy!" exclaimed Miss Prissy in a freezing tone. Bradley laughed and ran to assist the fallen one. Miss Tempy, now in a perfectly helpless state, wrung her hands and stuttered.

"The idea of givin' him fermy chair!" cried Miss Prissy. "Tempy, have you gone loony? I hope you ain't hurt, Cap'n Ezra. We never use that chair now. It used to belong to father."

Miss Tempy was heard to remark, feebly, that it looked "so like him. She declared afterward that she didn't say it.

The captain made light of the accident and selected another seat, carefully testing it beforehand. He at once began to talk about the weather and Miss Prissy's illness. But the older sister interrupted him as soon as the opportunity offered.

"What made you come to the back door?" she asked.

There wasn't an instant's hesitancy in the captain's reply:

"Oh, he said lightly, 'it's rained a little, and I thought I wouldn't muss up them floors of yours. I know them floors of yours,' he added, and laughed heartily. He continued to talk about the floors and seemed to think his fear of soiling them a great joke. Miss Tempy, who was a trifle more rational by this time, laughed with him, but Miss Prissy seemed still curious.

"You used to come to the dinin' room door, even when it snowed," she said.

"Yes, but I had on my sea boots this time, and they're so big I tote 'em to the road along with me. Reminds me, but he added hastily, just in time to cut off another question, "of what the old man—my dad, I mean—said about a colored cook he had aboard his ship once. Dad said that darkey's feet was the largest live things without lungs that he ever saw out of water."

Bradley thought he had never seen his partner so willing, even anxious, to monopolize the entire conversation as he was that evening. He cracked jokes and spun yarn without stopping to rest. Clara came in, after a little, and seated herself quietly on the sofa. She, too, seemed a trifle nervous, but the sisters did not notice it. They were hypnotized by their caller's lively tongue and laughed like girls. Miss Prissy grew more like herself every minute.

"Don't go, cap'n," she pleaded, as the visitor pulled out his watch and rose from the chair. "I declare, you're better than the doctor!"

"Much obliged, Prissy, but 'twas too much of a good thing that bustled the older jug. Two opposition doctors in one house would be like the two Irishmen fightin' for the pig—'twas an elegant row' while it lasted, but it killed the pig. No, I must be gittin' on. I left my umbrella out in the kitchen. Clara, bring the lamp, will you, please?"

Clara rose and started for the kitchen, but Miss Tempy intercepted her. "I'll get your umbrella, cap'n," she said.

"No, no, you set still! Clara knows just where 'tis; she put it away."

"Well, I guess I can find it. You needn't come, Clara. Yes, here 'tis. Good night, Cap'n Titcomb. I—I hope, now, you've found the way, you'll call again some evening. Bradley'll be glad to see you, and so will Prissy and—"

"Good night," said J. Good night."

The captain walked briskly down to the gate. Then, as the door closed behind him, he paused, wiped his face, and with his coat sleeve and drew a long breath.

There was jubilation in the old maids' room that night.

On Tuesday of the following week this telegram came:

Boston, Mass.
Bradley Nickerson, Orham, Mass.
Come my office immediately.

ALPHBUS COOK.

"Humph!" granted Captain Titcomb. "Short and crisp, like the old woman's pie crust, ain't it? Well, Brad, I guess you'd better go."

Bradley agreed with him and hurried home to pack his grip. He took care to tell Gus. She rejoiced with him over the triumph they both felt sure was coming.

"You're succeeding, Brad," she said. "Everybody is talking about it. I'm prouder of you than ever."

"But when will you be willing to have me tell people that we're engaged? Mayn't I do that now, Gus?"

She paused, and his hopes rose, but then she shook her head. "It wouldn't be fair to you," she said. "Sometimes I feel that I almost—well, like you enough to be content to stay in Orham all my life and work for you and with you. I'm trying hard to feel that way. But at other times it seems as if I must get away to where the people talk of something besides their neighbors' affairs; where there are great things being done and where the world moves. You think I'm inconsistent, don't you?"

"No, it is dull down here, and most of the folks are rather narrow. I'm afraid, Gus, you know what my business means to me. Well, if it will please you and you will come with me, I'll give it all up, even now, and go back to the city and try it there."

She smiled tenderly. "You're a dear, good boy," she said, "but do you suppose I should ever be happy again if I let you do that?"

The railway journey to Boston had only one incident worth notice. At Buzzard's Bay the Boston train meets that bound down the cape. There was some delay at the station, and Bradley stepped out on the platform. He was walking up and down smoking when somebody shouted: "Hello, Brad Nickerson! What are you doing here?"

Brad turned and saw Sam Hammond.

"Well!" he exclaimed, shaking hands with his old seat mate. "Where are you bound—Orham?"

"Yup. How is the old graveyard anyway?"

"Pretty quiet just now. Most of the summer folks have gone home. You on another vacation?"

Sam laughed. "Kind of vacation a fellow hands out to himself," he answered. "The wrecking company and I had a row. They tried to put ten men's work on me, and I wouldn't stand for it. So I told 'em to go to the devil. It put 'em in a hole, all right, but nobody's going to walk on my neck if I know it. I'm going home to loaf for awhile. I need a rest anyway. Then I'll go back to New York and hook on with another crowd. There's plenty of 'em want me, but they can't wait. How's all the girls? Gus Baker pretty well?"

They talked for a few minutes longer. Sam asked how the anchor dragging trust was setting on. Then the two trains started. Bradley leaned back in his seat in the smoker and meditated. Somehow a conversation with Sam always made him "blue." He wished the fellow was not going to Orham.

Next morning, bright and early, he walked into the "coal king's" office. An important young man with a pen behind his ear disclaimed to notice him.

"Who'd you wish to see?" he asked after a dignified interval.

"Mr. Cook—the other one," answered Bradley.

"He's busy now; likely to be busy all the morning. What do you want to see him for? Won't I do?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied the wrecker gravely. "I'll speak to Mr. Cook about it. You see, he was the one that sent for me, so—"

"He sent for you! Oh, excuse me. I wish you'd said so sooner. Sit down, please. What name, sir?"

"Nickerson, sir."

The young man, much less important, hurried into another room and returned at once.

"Mr. Cook'll see you, sir," he said, opening the gate. "Step right into his private office, Mr. Nickerson."

The great Mr. Cook was seated behind his big carved desk. The whole outfit looked rather formidable. He stared at Bradley over his glasses.

"Sit down," he commanded. "Got my wire, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's your lowest price for the anchor and chain of the Liberty, which I understand you have bought, delivered on the Orham wharf? Lowest, mind. No trimmings."

"Five hundred dollars."

"All right, you may take it up. I'll give you four hundred cash for the job. Go ahead, and work quick. Good day, Nickerson; glad to have met you."

He swung around to the desk and picked up some papers. But Bradley did not go.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cook," he said.

"Our figure was five hundred, not four."

"Humph! Well, five's robbery. Four's what I'll pay."

"All right, sir. Sorry we can't trade. Good morning."

"Hold on there!" shouted the owner of the Liberty. "Do you mean you won't raise the anchor?"

"Not for less than five hundred."

"Shift the difference. Make it four-fifty."

"No, sir."

"Oh, well, hang it, go ahead! Five hundred, then—only don't bother me any more."

But Bradley still hesitated. "There is just one thing more, Mr. Cook," he said. "That chain has sanded in every day since it has been on that bottom."

"The captain, with both hands jammed into his pockets—his becket, he called them—was pacing up and down. 'I've got your diver, boy!' he cried. 'That is, I've got him if you say the word. Five dollars a day, too, instead of fifteen.'"

"Where in the world?"

"Right here in Orham. And he's had plenty of experience. What's the matter with Sam Hammond?"

"Sam Hammond? Sam—why, Cap'n Ez, what are you talking about? Sam told me himself that he'd come home to rest. He's going back to New York in a little while. He wouldn't work for us!"

"Wouldn't, hey? Brad, 'twas the fellow with one leg, that was too religious to dance. Sam's out of a job. Maybe he fired the boss; maybe the boss fired him. All I know is that he told me last night he'd dive for us at \$5 per. Course he'd only do it to help us out, but that's all right. I don't care if there's a hole in the bag so long as the cookies are inside."

And so that is how Samuel Hammond, late of the Metropolitan Wrecking company of New York, came to enter the employ of Titcomb & Nickerson, to whom he had contemptuously referred as "anchor draggers." But if Bradley supposed for a moment that Sam would change his patronizing attitude because of the move he was much mistaken. Mr. Hammond laughed when he boarded the Lizzie, asked facetiously if "this was the vessel or only the long boat?" and poked fun at the whole outfit generally. He gave each member of the crew to understand that he was only doing this for a while to help out Brad. He said that pattering around this way was such a change for him that it was the best fun of his vacation.

He took pains to make his position plain in the minds of the townspeople. Captain Jabez Bailey told Bradley in a confidential whisper: "It's mighty good of Sam to turn to and help you and Ez out of a hole. I hope you appreciate it." Bradley said he appreciated it fully.

Even Gus was inclined to view the matter in that light. Sam saw to it that they did. He called at the Baker homestead pretty often, and when Bradley was there treated the latter in a jolly, good fellow sort of way that couldn't well be resented, but which had always in it that aggravating flavor of pitying patronage.

Bradley felt that he was placed in an awkward and humiliating position. He told Gus so plainly.

"Gus," he asked, "do you think it's fair to allow Sam to call here as he does?"

A more experienced ladies' man—Captain Titcomb, for instance—would not have selected this particular evening to bring up this particular subject. Gus was in one of her uncertain moods. She had refused to be serious before, and she was not serious now.

"Why, Bradley Nickerson!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "I do believe you're jealous!"

"No, I'm not jealous exactly. But why do you let him come here?"

"Brad, don't you trust me?"

"Of course I trust you."

"Then why are you suspicious or what are you afraid of?"

This very direct question was embarrassing. Bradley felt certain that he had good reason to be suspicious of Hammond's intentions, but he knew he had no actual proof that would warrant his saying so. He stammered and could reply only that he didn't like the fellow's calling so often.

Bradley went home injured and resentful. He made up his mind that Gus shouldn't have another chance to call him "jealous." He could show her that there were others who didn't care.

He plunged into business deeper than ever. The diving outfit came from Boston and worked well. They visited the sunken tar schooner, and Sam made his first dive. Captain Titcomb, who understood the apparatus, worked the pump. Sam reported that the tar seemed to be in good condition, and that, for the present, they could get up a number of the barrels through the hatchway. Later they might have to blow away a part of the hull.

So every fair day they worked over the wreck. Sam, in the diver's suit, clambered down into the submerged vessel's hold and attached the barrels to the tackle. Then, by the aid of the windlass, they were hauled up and swung aboard the Lizzie. By the first of October they had already got over 200 barrels, and Sam said that he saw no reason why all of the 800 might not be secured in the course of time. The tar speculation was already a very profitable one, and the credit belonged to Bradley.

(To be continued)



"Sit down," he commanded.

We may not be able to get up the whole of it. We warned your tugboat skipper who was down there to look matters over. We'll do our best, though."

"Oh, you'll get it. I'd be willing to bet that you'd get up the everlasting foundations if you made up your mind to. Say, Nickerson—Mr. Cook put his hands in his pockets and looked quickly at Bradley—'if you get sick of anchor dragging any time, come and see me. Have a cigar to smoke as you go along. Good day.'"

Bradley was happy. He felt that when Cook & Son should have future wrecking contracts to give out Titcomb & Nickerson might be considered as bidders to be reckoned with.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THERE!" exclaimed Captain Titcomb ten days later, when the last section of the Liberty's chain had been hauled on Orham wharf. "There, that child's born, and his name's Adoniram! Now, then, Brad, what next—more anchor dragging?"

Getting up that chain with a hand windlass was a tough proposition, but they had done it finally. The calm weather helped them here, for, though the heavy links had sanded somewhat, they managed to work the last one loose after a struggle. Again the party-ners had longed for the much talked-of schooner with an engine, but this time it was Bradley who did most of the complaining. The captain merely looked wise and winked knowingly. "Keep your head to wind'ard, son," he remarked. "May be I'll have a surprise party for you some of these days." Bradley didn't know what he meant, and the captain wouldn't explain.

In reply to the question concerning what was to be done next the junior partner, who was sitting on an overturned salt mackerel tub aboard the Lizzie, asked a question in his turn.

"Cap'n Ez," he said, "do you remember that schooner loaded with tar that foundered on the flats off Caleb's point last March? The one we located when we were dragging for Anderson's anchor that time?"

Captain Titcomb nodded. "Yup," he said. "She belonged to a Boston firm, seems to me. Let's see—what was their names?"

"Colton, Lee & Co. They are on Commercial street. Well, I went in to see 'em when I was up to Boston."

"You did?"

"Yes. That tar has stuck in my mind ever since you told me about it. It was in barrels, you see, and it's harder than Pharaoh's heart naturally, so the salt water hasn't had time to hurt it any to speak of. Obed told me that the schooner was insured and the cargo wasn't. So I thought I'd go in and see the owners. Well, they'd pretty nearly forgotten about the tar. I suppose it had been charged to profit and loss long ago. We talked, and I told 'em that I might perhaps be able to save a few barrels—only a few, of course. The upshot of it all was that I bought the whole cargo, 940 barrels, just as it lies on the bottom, for \$25 cash."

"You didn't?"

"I did. It was \$25 more than they ever expected to get at that. Now, cap'n, our agreement was that no new move should be entered into without the consent of both partners. This deal was so 'all in the air,' as you might say, that I didn't say anything about it until I'd seen the owners. Now, if you feel that we can't raise enough of the start to pay for the trouble I'll let the twenty-five come out of my pocket and call it a fine for being too smart."

"You shan't do no such thing. We can get out enough of that tar to make it pay twice over, even with the back number rig we've got. But if we had a divin' kit and a diver I'd be willing to bet we could save two or three hundred barrels, maybe more."

"That's what I thought. So I spent nearly three hours cruising up and down Atlantic avenue and rummaging in ship stores and such places. And, Cap'n Ezra, I know where we can buy a complete fit out second hand—pumps,

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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 21st December, 1918.

NO Christmas Present
will be more ap-
preciated by your
friends than a
year's subscription
to **The Beacon**.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

THE most notable event of the past week in connexion with the preliminaries of the Peace Congress was the arrival in France of President Wilson and his party, who landed at Brest on Friday afternoon of last week, and reached Paris on Saturday morning. The reception accorded the President at Brest and at Paris was of the most enthusiastic description, and whatever doubt may have existed, either in the United States or elsewhere, as to the wisdom of the President being on the spot while the Peace Conference was being organized, must now be entirely removed. His presence will have greater weight than that of any other individual, and his personal conferences with those who will compose the membership of the Conference will be of inestimable value. The actual Conference will not assemble till some time in January, but the interval will be fully employed in formulating terms and perfecting details. So far as the Conference is concerned, it will probably only give expression to the perfect agreements which have been reached previous to its assembling.

The armistice has been extended to January 17, and will be further extended as required, and the Germans have been granted a longer time for the delivery of locomotives and some other things called for by the terms of the armistice.

The Allied troops are now in full occupation and control of that part of Germany west of the Rhine lying between Switzerland and Holland, and of those place east of the Rhine specified in the armistice agreement.

The Germans seem more than reconciled to the army of occupation, though they are finding out that they must submit to what amounts to martial law, the Generals of the Allied troops having imposed strict regulations with which all must comply.

The political situation in Germany is still in a somewhat chaotic state, and minor counter revolutions are being suppressed with some difficulty. Dr. W. S. Solf, the Conservative Minister of Foreign Affairs, has had to resign; and it is a matter of wonder that he held the office as long as he did, in view of his known monarchial sympathies.

The Kaiser, as his host continues to call him, still remains in Holland, though the Netherlands' Government has intimated to him that his presence in that country is no longer desirable. Whither will he go? Time alone will decide that question, as it will also decide that tribunal is to try him, and all others responsible in any degree, for the atrocities committed during the war.

We have given much space of this issue to print in full the great speech delivered by King George in the Palace of Westminster on November 19, for we are sure many of our readers will appreciate having it complete, and will probably preserve it for future reference. The speech is worthy of our revered Sovereign and of the occasion on which it was delivered.

We also reprint a leading article from *The Times*, London, on "The Day," and this too, will be read with much interest by readers of the *BEACON*.

Great numbers of returning Canadian troops continue to arrive almost daily, and their home-coming is a cause of great rejoicing on the part of their friends. They will not be like the guest of the "Village Preacher" as described by Goldsmith.

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by the fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow
done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how
fields were won."

Those of our men who return uninjured will reoccupy positions held before going overseas, and those who return maimed or in shattered health will meet with all the tender care and attention which a grateful nation can bestow.

It is a pleasant thought that this Christmas season is not darkened by war clouds, though the rejoicing in many homes will

be modified by the sad thought that some dear ones will return no more.
"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

The thaw and rain of Saturday and Monday caused most of the snow to disappear and completely spoiled the excellent sleighing. Since Monday the weather has been extremely pleasant, though rather cold. Christmas shopping has been brisk all week, and the local shopkeepers seem to be doing a good business. Some of them have made special preparations to cater for "Victory Christmas," and have duly announced the fact, as will be seen on reference to our advertising columns.

The 1919 Calendars are being distributed. We have received a very artistic one from Messrs. Gardner & Doon, the enterprising local fish merchants. One has also reached us from Mr. A. Hansel-packer, of Elmsville.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

December 22.—United States took possession of Louisiana, acquired by purchase from France, 1802; Thomas Higginson, American writer, born, 1823; Lord Alverstone, English jurist and former Lord High Chancellor, born, 1842; Opie Read, American author and journalist, born, 1852; Solon Hannibal Borglum, American sculptor, born, 1868; Mary Ann Evans ("George Eliot"), English novelist, died, 1880; Captain Dreyfuss, of the French army, convicted, 1884; Dwight L. Moody, American evangelist, died, 1899.

December 23.—Michael Drayton, English poet, died, 1631; Sir Richard Arkwright, English inventor of the spinning frame, born, 1732; Sir Martin Archer Shee, English portrait painter, born 1770; Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet, born, 1805; Rev. W. E. Channing, American Unitarian divine, died, 1842; Oscar J. Straus, American diplomat, born, 1850; Moldavia and Wallachia united to form Kingdom of Rumania, 1861; Henry W. Grady, American journalist and orator, died, 1889; Accession of Albert King of the Belgians, 1909.

December 24.—Galba, Roman Emperor, born, 3 B. C.; King John of England, born, 1166; Vasco de Gama, Portuguese navigator, died, 1525; George Crabbe, English poet and divine, born, 1754; Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, married Eliza-beth Patterson, of Maryland, 1803; Kit Carson, American scout and pioneer, born, 1809; Matthew Arnold, English poet and essayist, born, 1822; Earl Morley, O. M. English statesman and author, born, 1838; James Smith, London banker and humorist, died, 1839; Hugh Miller, Scottish geologist, died, 1856; William M. Thackeray, English novelist, died, 1863; Emanuel Lasker, German chess player, born, 1868; Johns Hopkins, founder of University at Baltimore, died, 1873; Queen Alexandrine of Denmark born, 1879.

December 25.—Christmas Day. Samuel de Champlain, French explorer in Canada, died, 1635; Sir Isaac Newton, English scientist, born, 1642; William Collins, English poet, born, 1721; Richard Porson, English Greek scholar, born, 1759; Baghdad taken by the Turks, 1833; Mont Cenis tunnel completed, 1870.

December 26.—St. Stephen. Thomas Gray, English poet, born, 1716; Count von Moltke, Prussian military leader, born, 1800; Venice annexed to Kingdom of Italy, 1805; Dion Bouicault, Irish dramatist and author, born, 1822; The Great Powers acknowledged the independence of Belgium, 1830; Stephen Girard, American philanthropist, died, 1831; Admiral George Dewey, American naval commander, born, 1837; Norman Angell, American writer, born, 1874; Gen. John A. Logan, American soldier and statesman, died, 1896.

December 27.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist. Pierre de Ronsard, French poet, died, 1585; Captain John Davis, English navigator, killed, 1605; John Wilkes, English demagogue, died, 1787; Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, former Premier of Canada, born, 1823; Charles Lamb, English essayist, died, 1834; Late Duke of Norfolk born, 1847.

December 28.—Innocent's Day. John Logan, Scottish poet and divine, died, 1788; Thomas Henderson, Scottish astronomer, born, 1798; Alexander Keith Johnstone, Scottish geographer, born, 1804; Lord Burnham, English journalist, proprietor of the *London Telegraph*, born, 1833; Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, born, 1856; Duke of Portland, English nobleman, born, 1857; Lord Macaulay, English historian, poet, and statesman, died, 1859; T. H. Estabrooks, St. John, N. B., merchant, born, 1861; Tay Bridge, Dundee, Scotland, destroyed, 1879; Dr. Sun Yat-sen, elected President of the Chinese Republic, 1911.

"You make life a burden to me," said the busy man to the persistent life insurance agent. "In that case you can't take out this policy any too soon."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

E. A. SMITH'S ADDRESS
The second monthly meeting of the Women's Canadian Club was held in Memorial Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 12th, the President presiding.

After the reading of the minutes and Treasurer's report, the President introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. E. A. Smith. Mr. Smith thanked the Club for the honor they had conferred upon him in calling on him to open the winter course of lectures. He then gave a most interesting address on "Our Navy, its work in the great war."

The speaker dealt with the different departments of Naval Service. He drew vivid and striking word-pictures of the different engagements, in which our battleships have taken part. The Battle of the Bight, of Dogger Banks, and of Falkland Islands, where the gallant *Cradock* was avenged.

The British submarines did a splendid work; not so spectacular as that of the Germans, for the material was not there. Most of the German ships were safely at anchor. On one occasion, in an engagement, a German ship was sunk, and the British sent out men in a whaling boat to pick up the survivors. The German ships now appeared in such force that the British ships had to fly, leaving the men in the whaling boat. But all at once up popped a submarine, took the men on board and conveyed them to safety. It was found that there was not room on the submarine for the rescued Germans, so they were given the whaling boat, with plenty of food and water, and started for land, which was only twenty-five miles distant. Quite different tactics from that of the Germans, who again and again shelled the survivors in their life-boats.

Mr. Smith spoke at some length of the splendid work done by the patrols and mine-sweepers. The comparative safety of the seas during this awful war, was due to these indomitable men, who day after day, at the risk of their lives, swept the seas of these engines of destruction.

Our transport system was the wonder of the whole world. Millions of men, millions of tons of munitions, and millions of tons of food-stuffs have been transported, with comparatively little loss.

We owe our lives and our liberty to the fact that Britannia still rules the waves. The work done by our grand and glorious Navy can never be over-estimated, culminating as it did in our "bloodless Trafalgar" on Nov. 21st, when two long lines of British Battle-ships led the proud German Navy safely to anchor, in British waters.

At the close a standing vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Smith, who responded in a few well-chosen words.

Mrs. Andrews spoke feelingly of the

death of the young soldier, Arthur McMullon, the first of our gallant boys to be brought home for burial. A vote was taken to extend the sympathy of the Club to Mr. and Mrs. McMullon in their bereavement.

During the evening the Chorus Club sang "O Canada," and "Heroes of the Flag," the solo parts in the latter being taken by Miss Gardiner and Miss Bessie Thompson.

The meeting adjourned by singing the National Anthem.

Celebrate —THE— Peace Xmas

Not with a noise or tough
acts, but with a pleasant
greeting, a smile, or a

SMALL GIFT

if you can afford it.

If you visit our store you
will find a lot of

FANCY ARTICLES

Collars, Boudoir Caps,
Scarfs, Camisoles, etc. In
sensible goods, Knit Jack-
ets, Kid Gloves, Silk Petticoats,
Wool Scarfs, Blanket
Robes, Kimonos, Sweaters,
Furs. But the main
thing to do this Christmas
is to be cheerful and try
to make everyone else
the same.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO ALL

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.

SEASON OF GOOD CHEER APPROACHES



CHRISTMASTIDE is close upon us, the season of kindness and good cheer. Friendly impulses and kindly acts are now the order of the day. Some subscribers to the *BEACON* now have an opportunity to do a friendly act, in some cases a long time in abeyance, by paying up arrears of subscriptions. We shall appreciate it, and they will have the satisfaction of discharging an obligation as well as conferring a favor.

Every paper sent to a subscriber constitutes a statement of account, for the date on which a subscription expires is shown on the address slip. As soon as that date is reached a renewal subscription is due. We want to collect all subscriptions due, and especially those long overdue. We have to pay our help, the people who supply us with paper, ink, fuel, and all the other things required to run a newspaper office; and we have to pay the butcher, the baker, the family dress-maker, and all the other good people who supply us with sustenance and clothing. We have given you a good newspaper, which we know you appreciate, and we want you to show your appreciation by paying for it.

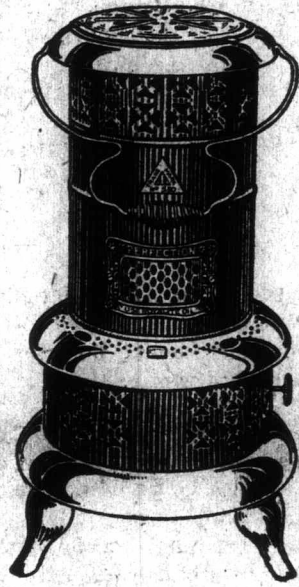
All accounts for subscriptions one year overdue at the end of 1918 will be placed in the hands of a collector on the first of January, 1919. Please do not impose upon us the necessity of doing this, and of putting you to unnecessary expense—for subscribers in arrears must pay the collector's charges. The subscription price of the *BEACON* is net, and to secure the lowest rate it must be paid in advance.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY.

ST. Andrews, N. B.
14th December, 1918.

CHRISTMAS

Just a Few Days to Buy Your Presents
GIVE SOMETHING USEFUL



Here are a few items we have in stock.

PERFECTION HEATERS

The Ideal Gift. Always appreciated.

CARRIAGE HEATERS

Keep your feet warm on those long sleigh drives.



FLASHLIGHTS

A splendid assortment of these goods. Batteries, Bulbs, etc. Also Sockets, Wire, Switches, and Dry Cells for rigging up that electric light at home.

CAMERAS

Anso Vest Pocket. Two sizes, 1 5-8 x 2 1-2, 2 1-4 x 4 1-4.

Splendid little outfits for recording the events of winter. \$7.00 to \$10.50.

Also the Buster Brown. Takes excellent pictures. Three sizes, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 2 1-2 x 4 1-4, and 2 7-8 x 4 7-8. Price, \$2.75 to \$4.50.

Also a large stock of fresh Anso Films, and Cyko Paper.

Bread Mixers, 4 to 8 loaves.
All kinds of Cooking Utensils.
Jack Knives, Tools, etc.



J. A. SHIRLEY

St. Andrews, N. B.

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by
Getting Your

SCREENS

On Your DOORS and WINDOWS

We have a full stock of Window Screens
and Screen Doors in several sizes.

Also WIRE NETTING

28 in. Wide
30 " "
32 " "
36 " "

GASOLINE and OILS

White Rose Gasoline is the best Gasoline
on the market, Auto owners claim. It is
cleaner and lasts longer.

We carry Motor Oil, Machine Oil, and
Separator Oil.

G. K. GREENLAW

SAINT ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social

Mrs. Arthur have returned
Pte. Donald been visiting
and Mrs. Stur in Houlton.

Mr. Frank Saturday to
niece, Miss N.

Mr. Douglas Frederickton
Mrs. G. D. Chen, N. J., for
Rev. Wm. P. John.

Mrs. H. S. B. Mr. and Mrs. Hahn returned
the winter with Bucknam.

Miss Nellie Corner.

Miss Velma Greenlaw, of Rev. Wm. Amos Dec. 11.

Rev. Father from Milltown of the roads in ex

Dr. Dienstadt St. Andrews on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. dren, of St. John Hahn's father, Hahn returned evening.

Mrs. Florence to St. Stephen a
sant week with T. A. Kendrick, Andrews.

Pte. Frank M. 236th Battalion, *Minnetonka* on St. Stephen on Sunday his home here. He is the first since the signi was accompanied Stephen, whose Later Pte. and St. Stephen.

The members tion were entertained by Rev. Wm. Russell. Her S. sented Miss Rus gregation a man were Mesdames Goodchild, and Misses Margaret Rigby, Carol Marie Lusinckew Malloch, Ada Cresta Lord.

The Evening B Percy Odell on Ralph Goodchild highest score. T. dames Vernon Harold Stickney, Warren Stinson, Everett, and the lin, Bessie Grim

Miss Carolyn R this week.

Mr. Ernest Gra in Elmsville recent Mrs. Theodor

Mr. J. R. McMo Prince Arthur Sch after having received a that his whole fam sisters, and a brot necessitated the c School on Thursd on which day the o the Holidays.

The Misses F Fern McDowell ha John, where they Business College.

Mr. Daniel Cook with up-river frien Miss Nina Field her teaching duties

Christmas greeti ceived by friends Grimmier, and Cap his son, Wilmot.

WANTS TO REL

Editor THE BEACON

Dear Sir:—

Having relatives on my fat to put a personal in hope that some of living, or cousins will communicate. Unfo their addresses, or I you.

I am the oldest s late William Wilson, in the early fifties, is invalided home from Europe, having enlist Imperial Forces in th Hoping that you will

Yours truly,

James Lak

Social and Personal

Mrs. Arthur W. Mason and son, Morris, have returned from a visit to Montreal. Pte. Donald Stuart, A. E. F., who has been visiting his grand-parents, Sheriff and Mrs. Stuart, has returned to his home in Houlton.

Mr. Frank Kennedy went to Boston on Saturday to attend the funeral of his niece, Miss Norine Cunningham.

Mr. Douglas Everett has returned from Fredericton for his Christmas holidays.

Mrs. G. D. Grimmer has gone to Metuchen, N. J., for the winter.

Rev. Wm. Fraser has returned from St. John.

Mrs. H. S. Everett and baby are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Everett.

Mrs. Howard, of Eastport, is spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. A. Bucknam.

Miss Nellie Mowat is visiting at Elm Corner.

Miss Velma Malloch and Mr. Earl Greenlaw, of Bayside, were married by Rev. Wm. Amos on Wednesday evening, Dec. 11.

Rev. Father Meahan, D. D., motored from Milltown on Monday. He reported the roads in excellent condition.

Dr. Dienstadt, of St. Stephen, was in St. Andrews on professional business on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Otto Hahn and children, of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. Hahn's father, Mr. Hugh McQuoid. Mr. Hahn returned to St. John on Monday evening.

Mrs. Florence Libby has returned home to St. Stephen after spending a very pleasant week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kendrick, at Woodbine cottage, St. Andrews.

Pte. Frank McAleenan, formerly of the 236th Battalion, arrived in St. John on the *Minnedosa* on Saturday and went into St. Stephen on Sunday. He drove down to his home here. Pte. McAleenan has been engaged in Forestry work in England. He is the first St. Andrews man to return since the signing of the armistice. He was accompanied by Pte. Hanson, of St. Stephen, whose wife was visiting here. Later Pte. and Mrs. Hanson returned to St. Stephen.

The members of the Baptist congregation were entertained on Monday evening by Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Amos for Miss F. Russell. Her Sunday School class presented Miss Russell with a scarf; the congregation a manicure set. Those present were Mesdames Vernon Lamb, Ralph Goodchild, and Benj. Hanson, and the Misses Margaret, Carolyn, and Helen Rigby, Carol Hibbard, Hilda Finigan, Marie Lusinkeweh, Mattie and Pearl Malloch, Ada Cross, Margaret Gilman, and Vesta Lord.

The Evening Bridge club met with Mrs. Percy Odell on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Ralph Goodchild was the holder of the highest score. Those present were Mesdames Vernon Lamb, Ralph Goodchild, Harold Stickney, G. W. Babbit, Wm. Hare, Warren Stinson, R. D. Rigby, and H. S. Everett, and the Misses Martie McLaughlin, Bessie Grimmer, and Freda Wren. Miss Carolyn Rigby was in St. Stephen this week.

Mr. Ernest Graham spent a few days in Elmsville recently.

Mrs. Theodora Holmes is visiting in St. Stephen.

Mr. J. R. McMonagle, Principal of the Prince Arthur Schools, left on Thursday afternoon for his home in Fredericton, having received a telegram to the effect that his whole family, his mother, three sisters, and a brother, were all ill. This necessitated the closing of the Grammar School on Thursday instead of on Friday, on which day the other Schools closed for the holidays.

The Misses Florence Thompson and Fern McDowell have returned from St. John, where they were attending the Business College.

Mr. Daniel Cookley spent the week-end with up-river friends.

Miss Nina Fields has returned from her teaching duties on Deer Island.

Christmas greeting cards have been received by friends from Lieut. Frank Grimmer, and Capt. Charles Main and his son, Wilmot.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM RELATIVES

Editor THE BEACON.
Dear Sir—

Having lost touch with my relatives on my father's side I would like to put a personal in your journal, in the hope that some of my uncles, aunts, if living, or cousins will get my address and communicate. Unfortunately I have lost their addresses, or I would not be troubling you.

I am the oldest surviving son of the late William Wilson, who left Deer Island in the early fifties, 1852. I have just been invalided home from active service in Europe, having enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces in the early part of 1916. Hoping that you will spare me a few lines.

Yours truly,
James Wilson,
Lakes Entrance,
Victoria,
Australia.

Local and General

Rev. Mr. Fraser will conduct both Services in Greenock Church on Sunday, Dec. 22. Mr. Fraser is very grateful to the friends whose kind message of sympathy cheered him during his recent illness.

The Bank of Nova Scotia intends to open next spring branches on Campobello and Deer Island, the same to be under the direct control of the Branch in St. Andrews.

A Christmas Concert will be held in the Methodist Church, on Thursday, December 26th, commencing at 7.30 p. m. A silver collection will be taken up.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church held a Food and Fancy Sale in Stinson's Restaurant, on Saturday last. It was a decided success, the sum of eighty-three dollars being realized.

The St. Andrews friends of Capt. Walter Lawson, M. C., of St. Stephen, are pleased to note that he has been gazetted adjutant of the 26th.

An attractive new grocery store has been opened in the Hanson block by Messrs. Hector Richardson and A. Hartford. Everything has been done to make it one of the most up-to-date and sanitary grocery stores in the Country.

One corner of the skating rink is covered with ice. Even though the space is small, it is remarkable the number of children who are on it afternoon and evening. It is to be hoped that the rink will soon be in condition for the adults of the town to enjoy it as well.

Lady Shaughnessy is giving a dinner dance at her residence, 905 Dorchester street west, on January 6th, for her daughter, Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy. —*Montreal Herald.*

BORN

WILSON—At 240 Daly Avenue, Ottawa, on December 9, the wife of Norman F. Wilson, a daughter.

MARRIED

GREENLAW-MALLOCH—At St. Andrews on the 11th, inst., by the Rev. William Amos, Earle Greenlaw, of Bayside, and Velma Malloch, of St. Andrews.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

On Dec. 7th a box was shipped to St. John to be sent overseas, containing—

126 pairs of socks
12 shirts
8 sheets
26 sponges
From St. Andrews branch and from Bocabec

54 pairs socks
19 suits pyjamas
The President, Mrs. G. H. Stickney, has been advised that no socks or hospital supplies will be sent overseas at present, as those already shipped will be sufficient for the needs of the work, as long as sick or wounded Canadians are over there. The work will still go on in our branches, and boxes will be sent out to be used in the military hospitals in our own province.

The Red Cross Society has appealed to the branches to assist in clothing civilians in the warring countries suffering as a result of war. We have been asked to pay special attention to garments for Serbians and patterns are being sent out as rapidly as possible. Cash will still be needed for work in connexion with the Military Hospitals in this province, and for comforts for wounded men returning to Canada through the port of St. John. The necessity for Red Cross activity has in no way ceased with the ending of hostilities, and the faithful members of our branch are asked to continue in the good work as long as our soldiers need care and comfort.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT PAES

Lisbon, Dec. 16.—The man arrested following the assassination of President Paes yesterday wore a cloak peculiar to the inhabitants of the province of Alentejo in the southern part of the country. He had a revolver in his pocket when arrested, and asked the police to save him from being lynched because he had important revelations to make.

An extra edition of the official journal has been published and contains a proclamation announcing that the cabinet will remain in office under Osorio Castro, Minister of Justice.

The assassin of Dr. Sidinio paes, President of Portugal, made sure of his aim, when he attacked the President yesterday. Dr. Paes was talking with a number of ministers at a railway station here when the young man approached the group. He succeeded in reaching the side of Dr. Paes, and drawing a pistol, fired point blank at the President. Dr. Paes never regained consciousness. The murderer was killed by the crowd, and another man, suspected of complicity in the crime, was arrested.

Police authorities suspect that the crime was planned by the league of Republic youths. There is a unanimous protest against the crime on the part of the population, and demonstrations are foreseen. Union labor leaders have been placed under protection by the police.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The members of the Canadian Club are planning to meet at an early date for the purpose of considering ways and means to raise money for a Memorial for our gallant soldiers. This club has been very active in raising money for Soldiers' comforts, and now that the greater need for this is over, the ladies feel that they should turn their attention to the erection of a suitable memorial.

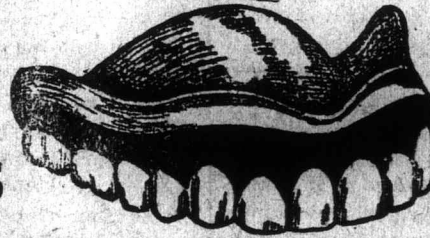
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Get Well, Keep Well.
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PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT
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CHRISTMAS
Is it what to give a particular friend for Christmas? Let us help you to decide.
Our display of Xmas novelties contains just the article that will give the recipient a delightful surprise, and make a Happy and Joyous Christmas.
ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE
COCKBURN BROS., Props.
Cor. Water and King Streets
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

Closed on Saturdays
Dr. Worrell has opened a BRANCH OFFICE at McADAM, which will necessitate the closing of his St. Andrews office every Saturday.
TRUBYTE TEETH
GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS

DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE
Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

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

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.

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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
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS AND WHERE TO GET THEM

French Ivory Toilet Ware

Comprising Mirrors, Brushes, Combs, Puff and Jewel Boxes, Hair Receivers, and Manicure Pieces.

KODAKS A Kodak makes a most acceptable gift for anyone of the family.	CHOCOLATES Chocolates of the best makes, in beautiful gift boxes.	STATIONERY A good assortment of the best grades of paper in different size boxes.
SAFETY RAZORS Always Popular Gifts. Razor Strops and Shaving Brushes. Extra Blades for all Safety Razors.	FOUNTAIN PENS A Gift always acceptable. Every pen guaranteed.	HOT WATER BOTTLES A useful and practical gift.
RADIOLITE WATCHES You can see the correct time the darkest night without striking a light.	PHOTO FRAMES Our Photo frames are warranted not to tarnish. Looks like silver.	MILITARY BRUSHES A most useful present for any man or boy.
TOILET WATERS All grades and quantities. Always acceptable.	PERFUMES We have some of the brightest grades of Perfumes in gift packages, ranging in prices from \$1.00 to \$7.00.	CIGARS Give him a box of Cigars of our selection and you will please him.
VICTROLAS A Victrola gives pleasure all the year round. We carry a full line of Records.	CHINA A variety of odd pieces which we are selling at reduced prices.	CHRISTMAS CARDS Our usual fine assortment.

Give Books For Christmas Presents

Think of the ease with which even a long list of persons to be remembered with Xmas Gifts may be checked off as selections are made from our immense assortment suitable for all ages.

The Wren Drug and Book Store

Water Street St. Andrews, N. B.

KING GEORGE'S VICTORY SPEECH

From the London papers of November 22 inst., to hand we extract the full text of the speech of His Majesty King George delivered on November 19 at the Palace of Westminster in the presence of the members of both Houses of Parliament, representatives of India and the British Dominions, officers of the Navy and Army, and other leading British subjects.

THE SPEECH

I THANK you for your loyal addresses of congratulations on the signature of an Armistice and on the prospect of a victorious peace.

At this moment, without parallel in our history and in the history of the world, I am glad to meet you and the representatives of India and the Dominions beyond the seas; that we may render thanks to Almighty God for the promise of a peace now near at hand, and that I may express to you, and through you to the Peoples whom you represent, the thoughts that rise in my mind at a time so solemn.

I do this with a heart full of grateful recognition of the spontaneous and enthusiastic expressions of loyalty and affection which I have been privileged to receive, both personally here in the Metropolitan and by messages from all parts of these islands, as well as from every quarter of the Empire. During the past four years of national stress and anxiety, my support has been faith in God and confidence in my people. In the days to come, days of uncertainty and of trial, strengthened by the same help, I shall strive to the utmost of my power to discharge the responsibilities laid upon me, to uphold the honor of the Empire, and to promote the well-being of the Peoples over whom I am called to Reign.

After a struggle longer and far more terrible than anyone could have foretold, the soil of Britain remains inviolate. Our Navy has everywhere held the seas, and wherever the enemy could be brought to battle it has renewed the glories of Drake and Nelson. The incessant work it has accomplished in overcoming the hidden menace of the enemy submarines and guarding the ships that have brought food and munitions to our shores has been less conspicuous, but equally essential to success. Without that work, Britain might have starved and those valiant soldiers of America who have so much contributed to our victory could not have found their way hither across the foam of perilous seas.

The Fleet has enabled us to win the war. In fact, without the Fleet, the struggle could not have been maintained, for upon the command of the sea, the very existence and maintenance of our Land Forces have from the first depended.

TROOPS OF THE EMPIRE

That we should have to wage this war on land had scarcely entered our thoughts until the storm actually broke upon us. But Belgium and France were suddenly invaded, and the nation rose to the emergency. Within a year an Army more than ten times the strength of that which was ready for action in August, 1914, was raised by voluntary enlistment, largely owing to the organizing genius and personal influence of Lord Kitchener, and the number of that Army was afterwards far more than doubled.

These new soldiers, drawn from the civil population, have displayed a valor equal to that of their ancestors, who have carried the flag of Britain to victory in so many lands in bygone times. Short as was their training, they have imitated, rivaled the prowess of the small but ever famous force which, in the early weeks of the war, from Mons to the Marne fought its magnificent retreat against vastly superior numbers. Not less prompt was the response, not less admirable the devotion to the common cause, of those splendid troops which eagerly hastened to us from the Dominions overseas, men who showed themselves more than ever to be bone of our bone, inheriting all the courage and tenacity that have made Britain great. A hundred battlefields in all parts of the world have witnessed their heroism, have been soaked with their blood, and are for ever hallowed by their graves.

I shall ever remember how the Princes of India rallied to the cause, and with what ardor her soldiers sustained in many theatres of war, and under conditions the most diverse and exacting, the martial traditions of their race. Neither can I forget how the men from the Crown Colonies and Protectorates of Great Britain, also fighting amid novel and perilous scenes, exhibited a constancy and devotion second to none.

To all these, and to their Commanders, who, in fields so scattered and against enemies so different in Europe, Asia, and Africa, have for four years confronted the hazards, overcome the perils, and finally decided the issues of war, our gratitude is most justly due. They have combined the highest military skill with unsurpassed resolution, and amid the heat of the battle-field have never been deaf to the calls of chivalry and humanity.

Particularly would I mention the names of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, whose patient and indomitable leadership, ably seconded by his fellow Commanders, has been rewarded by the final rout of the enemy on the field of so much sacrifice and glory; of General Sir

Edmund Allenby, who, in a campaign unique in military history, has won back for Christendom the soil for which centuries had fought and bled in vain; and of General Sir Stanley Maude and his successor, who, in a scene of no less romance, the first resounding victory of the war for the Allied Cause.

While I mention those who have served their country till the end of the struggle, let us not forget the incomparable services of the leaders who, in the early days of the war, before Fortune had begun to smile, upheld the best traditions of British Arms by land and sea; of Field-Marshal Lord French of Ypres, whose title recalls the scene of his undying renown, and of Admirals Lord Jellicoe and Sir David Beatty, who have for four years been the spirit and soul, as they were the successive Commanders, of the fighting Fleet of the Empire.

Let us remember also those who belong to the most recent military arm, the keen-eyed and swift-winged knights of the air, who have given to the world a new type of daring and resourceful heroism.

So must we further acknowledge the dauntless spirit of the men of the Mercantile Marine and the fishermen who patrolled our coasts, braving all the dangers of mine and torpedo in the discharge of duty.

THE SPIRIT OF THE RACE

Let our thanks also be given to those who have toiled incessantly at home, women no less than men, in producing munitions of war, and to those who have rendered essential war service in many other ways. There are whole fields of service wherein workers, old and young, have toiled unknown and unrequited save by the consciousness that they were answering to the call of duty. Notable, too, has been the contribution made to the common welfare by those who volunteered as surgeons, physicians, chaplains, and nurses, fearlessly exposing themselves to danger in their tasks of mercy. While all these have labored with the same glowing spirit of unselfish service, may we not be proud also of the attitude maintained by the whole people at home? Unwonted privations have been cheerfully borne, and the hearts of those who were facing the stress of battle have been cheered by the steadfast confidence with which those whom they had left at home awaited the issue, and assured them of their unflinching devotion to the prosecution of the war.

While we find in these things cause for joy and pride, our hearts go out in sorrowful sympathy to the parents, the wives, and the children who have lost those who were the light and stay of their lives. They gave freely of what was most precious to them. They have borne their griefs with unrepining fortitude, knowing that the sacrifice was made for our dear country and for a righteous cause. May they find consolation in the thought that the sacrifice has not been made in vain. These brave men died for Right and for Humanity. Both have been vindicated.

In all these ways, and through all these years, there has been made manifest the unconquered and unconquerable spirit of our race, nourished on the glorious traditions of many centuries of freedom. This spirit, conscious of its strength, bore the trials and disappointments of these years with a fortitude that was never shaken and a confidence that never failed. It knew its motives to be pure, and it held fast to its faith that Divine Providence would not suffer injustice and oppression to prevail.

In this great struggle, which we hope will determine for good the future of the world, it is a matter of ceaseless pride to us that we have been associated with Allies whose spirit has been identical with our own, and who, amid sufferings that have in so many cases greatly exceeded ours, have devoted their united strength to the vindication of righteousness and freedom—France, whose final deliverance, achieved by one of the greatest of Commanders, Marshal Foch, has been the reward of a sacrifice and endurance almost beyond compare; Belgium, devastated and held in bondage for nine upon five years, but now restored to her liberty and her King; Italy, whose lofty spirit has at length found its national fulfillment; and our remaining Allies, upon whose horizon till lately so dark, the light of emancipation already dawns.

During the last one and a half years we are also proud to have been directly associated with the great sister Commonwealth across the ocean, the United States of America, whose resources and valor have exercised so powerful an influence in the attainment of those high ideals which were her single aim.

NEW TASKS BEFORE THE NATION

Now that the clouds of war are being swept from the sky, new tasks arise before us. We see more clearly some duties that have been neglected, some weaknesses that may retard our onward march. Liberal provision must be made for those whose exertions by land and sea have saved us. We have to create a better Britain, to bestow more care on the health and well-being of the people; and to ameliorate further the conditions of labor.

May not the losses of war be repaired by a better organization of industry and by avoiding the waste which industrial disputes involve? Cannot a spirit of reciprocal trust and co-ordination of effort be diffused among all classes? May we not, by raising the standard of education, turn to fuller account the natural apti-

tudes of our people and open wider the sources of intellectual enjoyment?

We have also, in conjunction with our Allies and other peace-loving States, to devise machinery by which the risk of international strife shall be averted and the crushing burdens of naval and military armaments be reduced. The doctrine that Force shall rule the world has been disproved and destroyed. Let us enthroned the rule of Justice and International Right.

In what spirit shall we approach these great problems? How shall we seek to achieve the Victories of Peace? Can we do better than remember the lessons which the years of war have taught, and retain the spirit which they instilled? In these years Britain and her traditions have come to mean more to us than they had ever meant before. It became a privilege to serve her in whatever way we could; and we were all drawn by the sacredness of the cause into a comradeship which fired our zeal and nerved our efforts. This is the spirit we must try to preserve. It is on a sense of brotherhood and mutual good will, on a common devotion to the common interests of the nation as a whole, that its future prosperity and strength must be built up. The sacrifices made, the sufferings endured, the memory of the heroes who have died that Britain may live, ought surely to ennoble our thoughts and attune our hearts to a higher sense of individual and national duty, and to a fuller realization of what the English-speaking race, dwelling upon the shores of all the oceans, may yet accomplish for mankind.

For centuries past Britain has led the world along the path of ordered freedom. Leadership may still be hers among the peoples who are seeking to follow that path. God grant to their efforts such wisdom and perseverance as shall ensure stability for the days to come!

May good will and concord at home strengthen our influence for concord abroad. May the morning star of peace which is now rising over a war-worn world be here and everywhere the herald of a better day, on which the storms of strife shall have died down and the rays of an enduring peace be shed upon all the nations.

No sound was heard either during the reading of the message or after its stirring conclusion. The company stood again as the Royal party left the gallery and Lords and Commons at once proceeded to their respective Houses for the business of the day.

KAROLYI, RADICAL, ARISTOCRAT

FROM Tisza to Karolyi; for the Magyar people these four words condense the political evolution of a century into four tempestuous years. They point to the catharsis of the tragedy that the mad ambition of her rulers brought down upon Hungary in July, 1914.

Tisza and Karolyi—the two names stand as the embodiments not only of two opposed political ideas, two different conceptions of governmental theory, but as the symbols of two worlds: the Old World dominated by the obscurantist dogma of the super-race and super-caste and the New World, not an ideal world, not an ideal world indeed, but one striving toward the light on the arduous road called democracy.

Was it not but yesterday that Count Stephen Tisza ruled Hungary with the power of a military despot and dictated the policies of the camouflage empire of the Hapsburgs? It was at his command that in those blessed days of peace volleys of Bosnian infantry mowed down the Magyar workers, clamoring for the right to vote, in the streets of the Hungarian capital. It was at his command that the leaders of the opposition, noblemen, privy councillors, and ministers of God among them, were literally kicked and dragged by gendarmes down the steps of the Budapest Parliament, the "temple of Magyar constitutional liberty." One of these leaders was Count Michael Karolyi, the cousin of the Premier, and the second largest temporal landowner in the country of limitless estates.

And to-day? Count Tisza is dead, his heart pierced by the bullets of Magyar soldiers whose brethren he had sent to the shambles by the hundred—thousand—crushed by the very forces he more than anybody else, not even the Kaiser excepted, had helped to turn loose upon the world. And his once derided and insulted rival, Count Karolyi, is the beloved leader of newly born Magyar democracy.

On the attitude of the Magyars toward the delivered races of the former Hapsburg realm depends to a large extent the peace of Europe. Not that the Magyars have even the remotest hope to reverse the verdict imposed by the complete victory of America and the Entente Allies.

The Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians of Hungary are free at last, and free they shall remain. But the choice is still up to the Magyar people: will they accept the outcome as the vindication of the democratic principle, as a surgical operation, so to speak, strengthening the Magyar state by severing the diseased parts? Or will prefer to submerge in fatuous dreams of revenge and restoration? Reconciliation with the surrounding free peoples is the paramount issue of Hungarian politics to-day, and a pivotal problem of European stability. What assurances can be derived from the ap-

parent leader of the Magyar revolution, Count Michael Karolyi, that the Magyar people will hit upon the right choice?

A good way to explain Karolyi is to contrast him with Tisza. Typical representatives, each in his way, of their race and caste, these two aristocrats have but one quality, in common—indomitable courage, physical and moral. Bodily valor, however, is the common heritage of Magyar aristocracy whose life is a mixture of English outdoor exercises and the discipline of cavalry officers. The different manifestation in each of the quality called moral courage is the measure of the gulf that separated the two men. For Tisza, moral courage was an impenetrable armor behind which he defied the twentieth century in the terms of the fourteenth. He had a certain style, a simplicity of outline, which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. This style is not the property of cowards. Karolyi's moral courage helped him to battle his way through the Chinese wall of caste feeling and class interest, to face social ostracism for the sake of democratic ideas.

If sheer force of character and oneness of purpose are desirable standards, Tisza was by far the greater man of the two. He was a splendid specimen of Junkerdom—not of the Prussian variety, though. He had no use for the scientific methods of oppression, did not believe in bribing people into submission. He was all for the whip and the sabre as the instruments of political education for the masses—feudal baron merged into a Russian police general. His Magyarism was simply caste feeling and Oriental exclusiveness. His stern religion finishes the picture. He was a Calvinist crusader—at the same time a devout servant of his Catholic master the King. A Cromwell willing to fight and die for the divine right of James II.

The pragmatic test of social usefulness establishes the undisputed superiority of Karolyi. His is a flexible, developable, receptive mind—Tisza's opinions were of cast iron. He is as cosmopolitan in education and attitude as Tisza was parochial—as European as Tisza was Asiatic. Socially and intellectually, the two men compared as a granite statue of Sulla compares to a live Paris clubman.

It goes without saying that his activities as Radical leader did not tend to popularize Karolyi among his fellow-aristocrats. They affected not to take him seriously—deride him as a crank and a doctrinaire.

Now members of the ruling caste had a very legitimate grievance against the "Red Count." Heir to the Karolyi entail, second only to that of the Prince Esterhazy and reputed to be worth about \$30,000,000, Count Michael started public life as president of the Hungarian Agricultural Union, the representative body of Magyar Junker reaction. One day he announced to that distinguished gathering of Magyar Westarps and Reventlows that he was through with them for good, that they were all wrong, that the future belongs to democracy, and that he was going to fight for the rights of the common people.

Imagine Mr. Schwab announcing at the Union League Club that he joined the I. W. W.! Karolyi was as good as his word. To his advocacy of universal and equal suffrage he soon added a persistent propaganda for land reform. He went from bad to worse—from the Left toward the Extreme Left.

The question naturally arises: Why does Karolyi not live up to his principles and turn over his vast estates to the Hungarian people? This is the favorite question of his hecklers. But he has an answer. In the spring of 1914 he came to the United States to enlist the aid of Hungarians in this country in the fight for universal suffrage and other reforms. At a meeting in the Central Opera House the above question was put up to him. He replied:

"I will not give my estates to the Magyar people because I want the Magyar people to come and take them away. I won't give alms to my people, and I won't bribe them. The land rightfully belongs to them—when they will awaken to this, they'll go and seize it, and as far as I am concerned they are entirely welcome." His enemies charge he is a theorist. This is, to an extent, true. But it means only that he is able to see things in perspective, to recognize that whatever the demand of the moment, ultimate expediency always coincides with general justice. He preached that the German alliance spelt disaster for Hungary when to say it aloud would have cost an ordinary citizen his neck. He said, in effect:

"Berlin and Vienna tell the Magyar Junkers, 'You give us recruits and taxes, and we give you a free hand to skin the Slavs and Rumanians alive—the Magyar peasants, too. The Slavs and Rumanians will resent the skinning, and this you may point out to the Magyar people as the reason why they should give us recruits and money.'"

He did not hesitate to draw his conclusions. His overtures toward Paris and Petrograd, heartily applauded by all Hungarian radicals, were cut short by the outbreak of the war.

His record during the last four years is more or less known to the American public. In Parliament he opposed bitterly submarine warfare, demanded renunciation of all imperialistic aims and a peace programme along Wilsonian lines, attack-

ed the Germans whenever he saw a chance, and professed pro-Ally sympathies with increasing frankness. His endeavors were duly honored when, early in 1918, he was indicted for high treason on a charge brought by his own cousin, Count Emery Karolyi. The German Government appreciated his activities by establishing at Budapest a special secret service to watch him. The thing came out; there was a big scandal in Parliament, and Major Consten, the German secret agent, had to make a hurried exit.

Karolyi advocated just treatment for the subject nationalities ever since he turned Radical. Nevertheless, he was denounced by Slovak and Rumanian spokesmen as a Magyar chauvinist because of his insistence on the indivisibility of the Magyar state. His stand has its parallel in the attitude of Russian liberals toward the Ukraine. But there is every reason to assume that Karolyi has at last realized that the friendship of the Czecho-Slovaks and Jugo-Slavs and Rumanians can be gained only through cooperation with their free national states. His whole

development points in this direction.

Even his best friends would refrain from calling Karolyi a genius of the first rank. But his good-will, his sincerity, his zeal to do the right thing, are coupled with a keen sense of justice, a European outlook and power to grasp the international foundations of genuine democracy. Above all, he lacks that cocksure, parochial, intolerant haughtiness which characterized almost all Magyar statesmen since the death of the two real Liberals, Deak and Eotvos.

Leon Gambetta has shown the world how a high-spirited nation can turn defeat into victory. Fate has put Count Michael Karolyi into a position where he might prove the Gambetta of Hungary. The interest of Europe and the world demands that he succeed.—EUGENE S. BAGGER, in *The New York Evening Post*.

"The purchasing power of money has decreased." "That's right," replied Senator Sorghum. "Out my way you can't buy one vote now for what used to be the price of two or three dozen."—*Washington Star*.

Advertisement for Eddy's Indurated Fibreware Household Pails. Includes illustrations of pails and text: 'GONE! THE OLD STYLE PAIL. Yes, they're gone! Sad wrecks, aren't they?—fit only for the junk pile or the dismal places where the rubbish is shot. Familiar objects, these, in the days when the coopered or metal pail was in common use. But those days are passing. With the growing use of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE HOUSEHOLD PAILS such losses are reduced to a minimum. Wood pulp, shaped by tremendous hydraulic pressure and baked with intense heat, produces the most durable and economical container for liquids and semi-solids. Eddy's wash-tubs, milk pails, butter tubs, etc., not only outlast the old-fashioned articles of metal or woodware, but actually cost less money. Your dealer has them. The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited HULL, Canada Makers of the Famous Eddy Matches'.

Advertisement for McLaughlin Valve-in-the-Head Cars. Text: 'McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS Economy Power Durability Now is the time to get ready for the 1919 season. J. L. STRANGE Agent for Charlotte County Border Garage ST. STEPHEN'.

Advertisement for G. V. Paint. Text: 'Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall. October is a good month in which to paint. All the pests of summer, such as flies, spiders, and dust have gone, and the mild heat of the sun in the autumn gives the paint time to properly cure on the sides of your house. Besides it's the natural thing to put on a protecting coat to turn the winter weather. But to paint right you must use the right paint. G. V. PAINT is what its name stands for—Good Value. It is a good quality paint at a reasonable price, and is used with satisfaction on all classes of buildings. It is the paint to use on your buildings. Regular Colors \$3.00 per Gallon White \$3.30 per Gallon T. McAvity & Sons LIMITED St. John, N. B.' Includes illustration of a paint can.

Use...

A GLE... Hence, ruc... low. Never merry, ne... Well-a-day! in ra... What will keep o... Groups of kinsm... Oldest friend f... Groups of old f... That they seem... These all merry... Charm away chi... What will kill th... Ale that's bright.

Be... K... OR... PE...

Pr... B... autum... 000! month... Loan, These... Before... twelve...

Before... \$678.00... sold to... weeks a... campaign... and this... by adve... power of... more co... By near... the medi... press of... people w... are, the... attractiv... why the... Every p... Bonds w... before a... advertise...

Mr. E. R. W... raise Victo... remarkable... Chairman o... to sell them... of Canada... The succe... possess... printed w... bonds alo...

Use the left over meat.

Even the smallest portions can be made into appetizing dishes when combined with a small quantity of

BOVRIL

Canada Food Board, Licence No. 12-442

A GLEE FOR WINTER

HENCE, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,
Oldest they old friends among;
Groups of friends, so old and true
That they seem our kinsmen too;
These all merry all together
Charm away chill Winter weather.
What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!

Dear old songs, forever new,
Some true love, and laughter too;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun;
And a dance when day is done,
Music, friends so true and tried,
Whispered love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of Winter weather.
ALFRED DOMETT (1811-1897)

Mrs. Blank—"John, I spoke to papa about taking you into the business, but he says you have too many vague ideas."
John—"Hurray! That's clever of him. My first wife's father used to say I had no ideas at all."—*Boston Transcript.*

Before Breakfast



Do YOU take a cup of tea first thing in the morning? A great many people do, and know well its beneficial effect. They say it clears the head, and fits them better for the day's work. But at this time particularly, the Tea used should be of *Choice quality and purest flavor.* KING COLE Orange Pekoe is eminently fitted for this special service. It is indeed "The Extra" in Choice Tea.

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE

Ask your grocer for it by the full name.
SOLD IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY.



THE EXTRA in CHOICE TEA

Press Advertising Sold Victory Bonds

BEFORE the war, bond buyers were "marked men." In number they were 40,000 in March 1917—this is shown by the number of purchasers of the Government War Loan of that date. But in the autumn of the same year, their number increased twenty times—to 820,000! This was the number purchasing the Victory Loan, 1917. Last month—November, 1918—over 1,000,000 persons purchased the Victory Loan, 1918!

These wonderful results were accomplished by Press Advertising.

Before the war one-half of one per cent of our people bought bonds. Now quite twelve and one-half per cent of our people are bond buyers!

Before the stupendous amount of \$676,000,000 worth of bonds could be sold to our Canadian people in three weeks a most thorough and exhaustive campaign of education was necessary, and this campaign was carried through by advertising in the public press. The power of the printed word never had a more convincing demonstration.

By means of the printed word, through the medium of advertisements in the press of our country, the Canadian people were made to know what bonds are, the nature of their security, their attractiveness as an investment, and why the Government had to sell bonds.

Every point and feature of Victory Bonds was illustrated and described before and during the campaign—in advertisements. No argument was

overlooked. No selling point was neglected.

The result is that Canadians to-day are a nation of bondholders.

They know what a convenient, safe and profitable form of investment bonds are. Instead of one man in two hundred owning bonds, now one Canadian in eight—men, women, and children—owns a Government Security.

The complete transformation in the national mind and habits was brought about by advertising in the press of the nation. Press advertising has justified itself as the surest and speediest method by which a man's reason can be influenced and directed.

The Minister of Finance acknowledges this. His own words are:

"The remarkable success of the Loan was due in a large measure to their (the press of Canada) splendid and untiring efforts during the whole of the Campaign."

Mr. E. R. Wood, Chairman of the Dominion Executive Committee having oversight of the campaign to raise Victory Loan, 1918, said: "The press publicity campaign will rank as one of the most remarkable and efficient publicity campaigns ever undertaken in any country," and Mr. J. H. Grundy, Vice-Chairman of the same Committee said: "I have been selling bonds for a long time, but I never found it so easy to sell them as at this time. The reason is the splendid work the press has done. I take off my hat to the press of Canada."

The success of the Victory Loan, 1918, and the knowledge which Canadians now possess of bonds are a straight challenge to the man who doubts the power of the printed word, in the form of advertisements, to sell goods—and this applies not to bonds alone, but to the goods you are interested in selling.

BOYS, R. N.

"I CALLS it child-stealing, that's what I calls it," said the Quartermaster to the Corporal of the gangway as the draft came over the side. Certainly they did look a bit juvenile, and the bags that came with them were in some cases about as tall as their owners. They'd had a forty-hour journey, but when they lined up on deck they looked as cheerful as a lot of cock-sparrows. They were good to look at in these days. There were no turned-down applicants from the Exemption Tribunals, for they need not have troubled the Tribunals for two years or more. The Officer of the Watch looks them over before sending them for 'ard to their Mess. "Here, my boy," pointing to a Signal Boy standing fourth in the row, "what have you got on your sleeve?" "Please, Sir, a wound-stripe." The Quartermaster gave a strangled cough and enhanced his reputation as a scholar by breathing into the Corporal's ear: "Hout of the mouths of babes and sucklin's." It was a fact, all right.

Some of the draft were proper old salts who had sniffed the air of the Mediterranean from the deck of a monitor, or that of the North Sea from a destroyer. They catch 'em young in this Service—make men of them quick. These are our Active Service Boys, destined to become the long-service seamen, signalmen, and wireless operators. The big training establishments are their nurseries, and there they get a thorough good grounding in their job, which when completed is rounded off by their being drafted to sea-going ships. Once on board a big ship they are very carefully looked after, and form the pupils of a kind of rough preparatory school, being put in messes to themselves. In many cases these messes are entirely separated from the rest of the ship's company. In charge of them is an officer specially detailed for the job, who is responsible to the Commander for their general welfare, and under him is a trustee P. O., generally of the Physical Training Staff, who lives with them in the Mess, and acts the part of Father, Instructor, and Friend.

When you realize that sometimes we have a hundred boys in the complement, it is easy to see that we have no light job, for the training and welfare of these boys is one of the most important and responsible duties in the Service. We pay so much attention to them because they are our future Navy. Many of the men of to-day one looks at in a kind of non-

committal and almost uninterested way, because one knows that they, are only birds of passage. Their chief subject of conversation is how long demobilization will take, and the chance of success of a fried-fish shop in Bethnal Green. With the boys, it is their future in the Service. One looks over the crowd and realizes that it is from this material that the Mates of the next decade will be made, and that much of the future of our great Service lies in the way we handle them now. Keep them happy, fit, and contented, and we shall see the fruits of it in after years. Yet the golden mean has to be carefully kept. There is no room for softness; discipline and restraint have to be rigidly enforced; but that is not incompatible with a very cheery boys' Mess. Why, in one ship, where we had a crowd of boys, the Captain used to rule them with a rod, not of iron certainly, but of a much more flexible material, and they loved him and had the happiest Mess I ever struck. The proof of the soundness of that Captain's treatment lies in the fact that I am continually knocking up against those one-time boys, and they all have a rate of Leading Hand, or higher. I tell you, if you once get into working amongst these youngsters, you never want to shift, especially when your work, as mine does, in their free hours and amusement times.

There are many pitfalls nowadays, however, so it behoves one to be careful. The boys, after a few months' experience, become imbued with the idea that there is but one kind of boy in the Service, and that is the active Service Boy. They get on toppling with the R. N. R. Trawler boys and others who are in the Service temporarily, but the fact remains to them that they themselves are R. N., and compared with that every one else is an "Also ran." Don't sneer, ye shorefolk, it's a fine trait, really. There's not an ounce of snobbishness in it; it's simply Pride of Trade. I nearly got into trouble about this the other night. I took thirty of these budding salts out to a kind of concert-conversation, where our hosts were the lads of a local parish club. Just before the end of the entertainment, one of my sportsmen comes alongside where I was sitting and says cheerfully: "Are yer going to sling a speech at 'em, Sir, thanking 'em and all that sort of guff?" I shifted nervously in my seat, and intimated that I had thought of it, if he didn't mind. I wondered whether he was going to give me a tip or two. He was. "Well, Sir, take care to say Active Service Boys, R. N., or they'll think we're 'dur ations'!"

These youngsters are very quick in learning the valuable lesson of handiness in an emergency. The whole of their training and the tradition behind them are responsible for it, and I was very glad of this adaptability one evening at a certain seaport where the ship was waiting. I had to provide some amusement for the boys in the evenings, as, unless they have a responsible chaperon, they have to be on board by seven. On one evening I received an invitation from the Missions to Seamen Chaplain of the Port to bring the boys to a concert at the Institute. It was a pouring wet night, but we got there all right, and found the Chaplain of the Institute tearing his hair because his concert party couldn't come. The only artist was a lady who had fought her way through the deluge. What were we to do? "Hi, 'Erbie, got yer mouth-organ with you?" "Erbie, proud man, stepped forward, and thenceforward for two solid hours, with the help of our lady friend, that party kept the concert going with a kick. What a sportsman that lady was! Her accompaniments to the mouth-organ and other original items were masterpieces, her interest unabated, her sympathy real. I don't know her name—we sailed forty-eight hours after—but if this ever catches her eye, then just "Thank you."

It is not only in moments like these, though, that the youngsters show their worth. Time after time, I come across cases of how the boys have borne themselves in moments of stress and danger, which show that they back up their pride in the Service by actions worthy of it. No one hears anything about these things outside. They are too common to make a song about. Sometimes a story like that of Boy Cornwall catches the public eye, but for that one which is chronicled there are a hundred unsung.

We were sitting on the grass waiting to take our turns at the wicket one day when Boy S—, a survivor from a torpedoed merchant cruiser, said to me: "I 'ad a letter from the Captain this morning," and the precious document was pushed across to me. The simplicity and kindness of the letter were apparent in every line. It just said that the writer was glad the boy had recovered from his shaking, and that because he had done so well the Admiralty would allow him to be rated Ordinary Seaman six months ahead of his time, and that though this rating would not come for some time, the boy must work hard to take full advantage of it. That was the letter. I waited for a boyish recital, perhaps a little exaggerated of what he had done, but it was not forthcoming, and an hour or two later I had to pump it out of him. "I was on the Bridge when the 'mouldy' bit us just abaft of it," he told me. "We soon had a proper list on us. The Chief Yeoman 'ad a lot of important papers in his cabin, and he asked me to try and get them for him. It was a bit of sport wading about in the Chief's cabin with the water up to

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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

THE ROYAL HOTEL

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

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND

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



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

my knees. When I got back the Captain sent me along to the Sick Bay to see if I were all right. Still, that was nothing compared to my last message for the Captain, as I had to find the Chief Engineer in the engine-room. That was almost a swimming job. Hello! it's my turn in: give us a bat, Nobby."

Not much varnish there, a very ordinary yarn, and he hardly thought it would interest me much, but I was able to put the missing details in. I could see that Boy stumbling along with his messages and the ship with a heavy list. That's the type of the Boy, R. N., and there are hundreds like him, God bless 'em. Bish. *The Spectator.*

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

Dewsbury, Eng., Dec. 11.—Viscount Grey, former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, speaking here to-night, devoted a part of his address to a discussion of the freedom of the seas. He said in part:

"This is a matter which, it is feared, may create difficulties between President Wilson and the British Government. I think it is a great pity that so much has been said about the freedom of the seas without it being defined. It is true there is considerable prejudice against the phrase. It is not German, but American. It was made in the U. S. and the Germans adopted and used it for their own purposes in a sense to which we have never agreed. Hence its unpopularity. But until President Wilson defines it, and comes to discuss it with our Government there is no need to anticipate difficulty about an agreement as to what it means."

AGREE IN PEACE TIME

"Freedom of the seas in time of peace. If so, we agree. Wherever the British navy has been in position to exercise its influence and power on the seas in times of peace it has exercised that influence impartially for the freedom of the seas for all nations without distinction. The U. S., I think, has some rule forbidding foreign ships to carry goods between the U. S. and the Philippines. Some other countries have rules of the same kind. We never had a regulation like that. We have been more completely for the freedom of the seas in times of peace than any other nation. However great our sea power has been, we have used it for impartial freedom of the seas for every other nation as much as for ourselves, and I think we ought to receive a little more recognition than we do for the fact that we have never used British naval power in times of peace to make the use of the seas easier for ourselves, without simultaneously making it easier for others on the same terms."

HELP OF THE U. S.

"If the question is one of the freedom of the seas in times of war, then I would say this: The U. S., as we all most gratefully recognize, has taken part in the last two years of the war. Without the U. S. we could not have had the success the Allies have now won. I cannot emphasize that too much nor express too much admiration of it. But since the U. S. entered the war, she has not only acquiesced, but I believe most strongly co-operated, in carrying out the blockade of Germany. In the early stages of the war the blockade was not nearly so complete, because the U. S. raised many questions about it, but in the later years of the conflict the blockade was made complete with the co-operation of the U. S. Without the blockade success could not have been won. Indeed, without the blockade, Germany might have won."

ESSENTIAL FOR SUCCESS.

"Suppose this situation should exist again, and it is impossible to suppose the U. S. would say the blockade, which was so essential for success, should not be al-

lowed. That would stultify everything sent me along to the Sick Bay to see if I were all right. Still, that was nothing compared to my last message for the Captain, as I had to find the Chief Engineer in the engine-room. That was almost a swimming job. Hello! it's my turn in: give us a bat, Nobby."

If this be so, we come to this, that probably what is in President Wilson's mind is that freedom of the seas should be secured to any nation observing the covenants of the league of nations, and should be denied to any nation breaking those covenants. If that is so, then a league of nations is the solution to the whole question and cannot be discussed apart from it.

COMPLETE AGREEMENT

"On these grounds I believe there may be complete agreement between the two countries only if a league of nations is formed. I do not see why this country should not accept the formula that if a league of nations is formed there is to be complete freedom of the seas, so long as the covenants of the league are observed, but if the covenants are broken then there is to be no freedom of the seas and every means are to be used against the power which has broken them."

BOLSHEVISM?

Viscount Grey protested against the election of a servile House of Commons, saying that in such case there would be a drift towards dictatorship or Bolshevism. While giving credit to the present Government, he said that the people must be fair to the men who preceded the present Cabinet in office and who made ultimate success possible. He praised Viscount Haldane, former Lord High Chancellor; Viscount Milner, Secretary of State for War; Colonel Winston Spencer Churchill, Minister of Munitions; Lord Kitchener, Premier Lloyd George and Walter Runciman, former financial secretary to the Treasury and Liberal member of Parliament for Dewsbury. Viscount Grey said that even the success that these men had achieved would have been impossible without the support of former Premier H. H. Asquith.

SHIPBUILDING

Speaking on relations after the war between Great Britain and the United States, Viscount Grey said: "If there is competition in naval shipbuilding between Great Britain and America it will be fatal to good relations. What is desirable in our naval policy is not domination or supremacy, but security. I do not believe a conflict between America and Great Britain possible. We must not be jealous of any shipbuilding on the part of the U. S."

Doctor's Formula

OVER 100 YEARS OF SUCCESS

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

(Internal as well as External use)

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

For more than a century humanity's best

"Friend in Need"

A Year's Subscription To the BEACON is an Ideal Christmas Gift



THE DAY

NOVEMBER 21 witnessed a scene which the world never saw before. For the first time in history a great fleet which had put to sea at the bidding of a victorious enemy quietly surrendered.

"I always told you they would have to 'come out,' was SIR DAVID BEATTY'S reply to the cheers of his men at the close of the momentous day, but even he can never have expected that the great ships of the German Navy would come out of a procession of captives.

"The Fleet has enabled us to 'win the war.' It is meet, therefore, that the Fleet should direct, and gaze upon, the most spectacular proof of our triumph. Without the Fleet we could have done nothing.

Seldom has human greatness suffered a fall so terrible as that which has visited the naval ambitions of Germany. The Fleet which is now our prisoner was the great personal work of the 'War Lord's' life and reign.

away towards the Far East, and that she must be prepared for events in the Pacific. And these ominous utterances were accompanied by action which should have put us on our guard.

Of overweening Pride, after full flower, Beareth a sheaf of Doom, and garners in A harvest of all tears.

PETER WRIGHT SPEAKS IN TORONTO

COUNCILLOR Peter Wright, able sea man and representative of Havelock Wilson, under whose leadership the Seamen's and Firemen's Union neither struck nor agitated during the war, refused to carry pacifists at any price, and who remembered only that they were Britons, while freedom hung in balance, was the speaker in Massey Hall last night.

Peter Wright is a plain man who might be mistaken for an every-day Ontario farmer. Whatever claims he originally had to personal beauty were marred by an accident that twisted one side of his face.

And don't think for a moment that his language is not good as well as plentiful. Attempting no flights of oratory, Peter Wright rises in his earnestness to flights of eloquence the professional talker can never know.

"We intend to remain in power in spite of all comers. They may talk around the table. We will see, as far as we are concerned, that we are going to look after the freedom of the seas."

Nor would it be right to carry away the idea that Peter—somehow you don't feel like calling him Mr. Wright after you've listened to him; you feel and want to feel that you've known him intimately—has not an elocution of his own. Trouble is you get so interested in his story that you forget to watch the mechanics of his way of telling it.

with a forefinger marked by toil his de-stestation of "that dirty, contemptible beast," the Hun.

IN THE HUN MAKE-UP Not for one moment either does he put the blame for Hun brutalities on the Kaiser and his class. "It is in the Hun make-up. His soul is putrid and rotten to the core."

DEALT NOT IN PLATITUDES For an hour and a half Peter held his audience almost breathless. He had been down the battle line from the North Sea to Switzerland, and his hat was off to every man who had fought on that front.

Sympathy for the Germans he had none. "Wait till your own boys come back," he said. "Every one will be a living, walking propaganda against the dirty, filthy beasts."

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

TONNAGE LOSSES IN WAR London, Thursday, December 5.—British merchant tonnage losses were 9,031,828 gross tons from the beginning

GIN PILLS AND THE SPANISH "FLU"

Everybody knows that one of the most depressing and dangerous complaints resulting from the attack of Spanish influenza—is weakened kidneys.

But there are other people who are not suffering—they are the people who used Gin Pills and restored their kidneys to their proper state of health again.

From all parts of the country letters in large numbers are coming in to us stating that Gin Pills have proven just the remedy required. They strengthened the weakened kidneys and banished annoyance and worry.

of the war to October 31, 1918, according to an official statement issued to-night. New construction in the United Kingdom in the same period was 4,342,295; purchases abroad were 530,000 tons, and enemy tonnage captured was 716,520. The net loss was 3,443,012 tons.

Official announcement made in London last night placed the losses in the world's merchant tonnage by enemy action and marine risk from the beginning of the war to the end of October, 1918, at 15,053,786 gross tons.

CLOSING.—Will close Dec. 23. Open next spring. Please come and get your laundry.

WANTED—Second Class teacher for Bocabec Cove, Parish of St. Patrick, School District No. 1.

FOR SALE—at a bargain. One No. 4 Stafford hot water furnace in perfect condition. Apply to W. F. KENNEDY.

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

FOR Weir Stakes apply early to—OSCAR WILKINS, Canterbury Station, N. B.

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

FARMS FOR SALE

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

CAMPABELLO

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

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS

Thursday, January 2nd

Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

ESTATE NOTICE

Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Hazen John Burton, late of the Town of St. Andrews, intestate, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given that all persons having just and legal claims against said estate, or against the firm of H. J. Burton & Co., are required to present the same, duly sworn to, within three months from this date.

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Following the removal of the ban against public gatherings by the Provincial Health Department, classes will be resumed at the

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON December

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

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

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

THOS. R. WRÉN, C. Importer

OUTPORTS INDIAN ISLAND, CAMPABELLO

W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector

CHARLES DIXON, Sub. Collector

T. L. TREACARTEN, Sub. Collector

D. J. W. McLAUGHLIN, Prev. Officer

D. I. A. Newmap, Prev. Officer

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS Entered Foreign

Dec. 12 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, East port.

13 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

14 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, East port.

16 Mt. Slp. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston, Donald K. Sutherland, Eastport.

17 Mt. Schr. Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

18 Mt. Bt. Lahave, Hartford, Calais, Cleared Foreign.

Dec. 12 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, East port.

13 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, East port.

16 Mt. Slp. Trilby, Marshall, Robbinston, Mt. Slp. Donald K. Sutherland, Eastport.

17 Mt. Bt. Lahave, Hartford, Calais, Eastport.

19 Mt. Schr. Edith L. Sutherland, East port. Entered Coastwise

Dec. 13 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, St. Stephen.

12 Mt. Slp. Harvey & Ralph Ingalls, Grand Harbor.

14 Mt. Schr. Fred & Norman, Cheney, Campobello.

16 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, Lord's Cove.

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.

Atlantic Daylight Time.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7:30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay.

Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor.

Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.

Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, a. m., Thursday.

Agent—Thorne Wharf and 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. Prayer services Friday evening at 7:30.

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

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

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

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

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business Transacted during open hours.

Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "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 Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

Arrives: 1:30 p. m. Closes: 4:30 p. m.

Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1:30 p. m.

All Matter for Registration must be Posted at least 7 days previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of securing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.

VOL.

SWEET

LET Fate relieves Bright dreams not destroyed Which come in And care, And bring back to wear; Long, long be ories filled Like the vase been distilled You may break if you will. But the scent round it st

JUST sixty-t And get th 'Tis past merid And lacks s At Be Scour off thy T 'Tis yet high d And fight fr For what is ag A ripper, mo A Streams broad At sixty-two lif Fly seventy-t And brighte At Sh Still wait on G Keep thy lock For life well spe And years an So Be From sunset, br

THE MASC

"SPEAKIN' said the had a fair cinker She belong till great big brute s land pony than a natur' and pride Prooshian Junk. a bonny beast in the regiment, esp which, bein' a fe utmost regularity. "No Maggie—t iar tastes in dress were rich as rain ye was pass as g glegairy. But wore a flat kep; y "At this time w a terrible haun' fr the camp after lic mich devour. O fit o' the lines; and some past or wa some quick-chang whiles. "As neicht we he Major come up an "Whit's you? "A dog," said t "He wis richt. her chain an' wis "Grr," says she "Guid dog," say "Grr," says Ma keeps name. "Weel, matters papers ca' a depf wee Geordie Bar could imitate the S life, whispered, "S "Erter that it w Round the tents w Maggie ahint them the wind up ye; th grun' slap bang int "Of course wh couldna see, but yin tell't us next day th his Brigade-Major Meas table wi' t haudin' on the Ma Major cam' across "Needless ta' acro rose tae unprecde lict' raids by the S for some time tae said that mair than tae wee Geordie Ba soldier-like action didna seem sae anx "A fortnicht eft Church parade tae air. Of course