



The Beacon



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NO. 32

JEM MACE

THE LAST OF THE PRIZE FIGHTERS

JEM MACE was the last World's Champion under Prize Ring rules, and when he died, in 1911, the last link with the old times may be said to have been broken. Mace came to the front at a time when the reaction after the excitement over the Sayers-Heenan fight had set in. He was born at Beeston, in Norfolk, in 1831, and was said to have some gipsy blood in him. He spent the early part of his life with a travelling booth, in which he gave sparring exhibitions at fairs, and at odd times played the violin—one imagines that his "touch" must have been a trifle heavy! While thus employed he caught the eye of the great Nat Langham, the only man who ever beat Tom Sayers, who saw great possibilities in him, and taking him under his wing, started him on his pugilistic career.

HIS FIRST FIGHTS

Mace's first fights were by no means uniformly successful, but his first appearance in the London ring, when he beat Bill Thorpe in 18 rounds, created a tremendous sensation. The future champion was at this time 26; he was 5ft. 9in. in height—an inch more than Sayers—and weighed about 11st. 7lb. He was a "scientific" boxer, a master of ringcraft, very quick, and a hard hitter. In the opinion of many he was the equal of Jem Belcher and Jem Ward—that he could be compared with these two at all is to pay him a very high compliment. He was certainly one of the most punishing fighters of his day; his opponents were usually covered with blood before he had done with them. Generally the coolest of fighters, Mace lost his first big fight by losing his temper; no doubt it was a lesson that he never forgot. The occasion was his first meeting with Bob Brettie, who knocked him out with a blow on the jaw in three minutes. This defeat proved a blessing in disguise, for Brettie took him up and got him some good fights at a moment when his fortunes were at a low ebb and he might have dropped into obscurity. Before he won the championship Mace managed to turn the tables on his victor, and knocked out Brettie in 10 minutes. Another noteworthy win was that over Bob Travers in 1860, which lasted 91 minutes, during which 57 rounds were fought.

Mace's defeat of Bob Brettie gave him the Middle-Weight Championship, but he was not satisfied with this, and since Sayers had proved in defiance of the time-honored tradition—that "a good little 'un" can sometimes beat a "good big un"—he determined to follow his example, and challenged Sam Hurst, the holder of the Heavy-Weight Championship. Mace was now 30, which, in these days at any rate, would be thought old to start on a championship career. None the less, he was successful, though his opponent—better known as the "Stalybridge Infant"—was six inches taller and about four stone heavier than himself. Jem Mace had realized his ambition, and was Champion of England. But he soon lost the title again—though not for long—his next opponent being the famous Tom King. They met in January, 1862. King was 5ft. 2in., and five years younger than the champion. In spite of these disadvantages, Mace defeated his man in 43 rounds, after a very hard fight. The same year King had his revenge, and took the championship from him.

Tom King then retired from the ring, and returned his belt to Bell's Life, to be held until it had been fought for and won again. Eventually this took place when Mace fought Joe Goss for the championship in September, 1863. Although Goss was about the same weight as Mace, he was seven years younger—in fact, it seemed to be Mace's fate to be at a big disadvantage, in one way or another, with all his opponents. In addition, Goss was a very powerful man, being immensely strong about the legs and arms. A large party of enthusiasts started from Paddington at 4 a. m. and travelled down to Wootton Bassett, in Wiltshire, but no sooner was the ring formed and the men brought up to the scratch than the police appeared, and the stakes had to be pulled up. Off went the whole party to Swindon, and after a four-mile walk to Swindon, eventually got on board and returned to London. The referee then ordered the fight to be transferred to Plumstead Marshes, and on the same day. At length, after 15 hours of travelling, the fight began. Goss tried to force matters at once, but Mace showed superb ringcraft all through the contest, cleverly avoiding the younger man's rushes, and inflicting tremendous punishment whenever he got a chance. Goss was soon bleeding freely, but he fought on with the utmost pluck, and refused to acknowledge defeat until he was knocked out by a terrific blow on the jaw

in the 19th round, after fighting for nearly an hour.

"TAKE HIM AWAY"

These old-time fights may have been brutal exhibitions, but the men who fought showed wonderful pluck and endurance. Mace fought Goss three times in all. The second meeting was a draw; Mace had sprained his ankle, and was not really fit to enter the ring; Goss, on the other hand, was over-cautious. In the end the referee called the fight off, and it is accordingly recorded as an unfinished draw of one round. The final meeting of the men made ample amends for this farce, and was one of Mace's hardest fights. On this occasion the ring was 16 ft. instead of the 24ft. one used before, which made the fight much faster. Once again Goss was outgeneralized by the champion, and, although he fought on until he was nearly blinded and helpless, and until the spectators began to call out "Take him away!" he was not finally knocked out till the 21st round. This last fight took place in 1866, and it was not till nearly four years later that he entered the ring to defend his title. A match had been arranged with Ned Baldwin in 1867, but Mace was arrested on the eve of the fight, and bound over, so that the matter fell through. Apparently, Mace gave the police sent to arrest him a pretty lively time. He was in bed when they arrived, and it was not until he had "lost his shirt"—in every sense—that they managed to secure him.

Such a dead set was being made against prize-fighting at this time that Mace became disgusted and gave up all hope of getting further matches in England. Accordingly he did what has since become quite a fashion with modern boxers—he went to America. A match was soon arranged with Tom Allen, who called himself Champion of America. Allen was another Englishman who, like Mace, had been forced to seek a more congenial atmosphere outside his native country. The fight took place in New Orleans. Mace had to give away at least a stone in weight—as usual—but he had Allen beaten all through, and when the latter fell and dislocated his shoulder in the tenth round, his retirement only saved him from a lot more punishment and the inevitable conclusion of being knocked out. This victory secured for Mace the title of World's Champion and a couple of fine belts. The stakes for this match were \$10,000—a very large sum in those days, though small compared with our modern extravagant purses.

The last fight in Mace's championship career was an unsatisfactory business. His opponent was Joe Couburn, an Irish-American, and a man four years younger than himself. In the first round Mace injured his wrist and so, throughout the fight, he was forced to act on the defensive—much against his will, we may be sure—and in consequence, Couburn had the best of it and threw Mace heavily several times. The American, however, was afraid to go in and finish his man off, and at last, with both men acting on the defensive, the fight became a farce, and the referee declared it a draw after they had been in the ring for more than 3½ hours.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY COTTAGE CRAFT

This year the Charlotte County Cottage Craft has a new home. To such a degree has the business grown that Miss Mowat is no longer able to use her house at Beech Hill for the purpose. Instead she has fitted up the store on Water Street that was formerly occupied by R. A. Stuart & Son.

As the purchaser enters the store his attention is attracted by the window displays on both sides. The west window contains an old-fashioned spinning wheel. Around it are hung the hand-made rugs, noticeable among them is one made of black with a huge basket of fruit in the centre. In the east window are two lovely bed spreads of blue and rose worked in white wools, as well as a woven rug in hit-or-miss pattern.

Inside the shop there are many charming things to be seen. Besides the very large assortment of home-spun, there are the ever popular home-spun blankets. This year baby blankets have been made also. Two of these are particularly fascinating. One has a band of pale blue butterflies. The other has a wreath of apple blossoms.

All the old favorites in the bags are here again, with the addition of a lovely thistle bag, which is sure to become very popular. The lovely butterfly bags are especially attractive with their delicate colors.

The trench coats this year show the new embroidery and are really prettier than before. There is one of white edged with black and finishes with a band of dull pink and blue. To match this there is a small bag with cord and

PEACE THROUGH VICTORY

HAIL! The Day of Peace new risen on the lands by passion torn,
Hail! the time of life's revision, promise out of anguish born,
Hail! a Unity of Nations, banded for the common weal,
By the ties of self-negation, blazoned under sorrow's seal;
Hail the Day of Right accomplished! Hail the doom of wrong abhorred!
Fetters riven from the captive, warfare ended, Truth restored!

Worn and broken every nation,
Ground beneath war's iron hand
To unspoken desolation,
Racked by horrors law has banned,
Long we languished, hand the waiting
While the foe, revengeful taught
To the anguish bit, lasting
Of the devities he wrought,
Taunting meekness, dealing weakness
Weary, dreary, pain.

Hail the dawn of ages golden—visioned oft in poet's song—
With all possibilities enfolded, possibilities man sought so long!
Hail an outlook free, unclouded by a grasping tyrant's sway,
That too long Hope's light had shrouded, now for ever swept away.
Hail the years that shall develop all that we have fought to gain!
Peace and Liberty envelop memories of bygone pain.

Women tearful, yet unbroken,
Who endured through days of strife,
Howe'er fearful wars no token
Of the wounds that marred their life:
Parted lovers sacrificing
All the future might have brought,
Gave for others, this sufficing:
'Twas the Right for which they fought—
Gave their nearest, gave their dearest,
Gladly, sadly, gave.

Hail the grey old land we cherish! Hail her daughters over sea!
Let all doubts and quarrels perish in redoubled unity!
For the sake of all that mattered we have striven, side by side,
Never may such links be shattered, sanctified by those who died:
Hail victorious, ever glorious, Flag of Union! hailed above!
By the dying hands of heroes, deathless through immortal love!

D. H. MOUTRAY READ.

—United Empire, June, 1919.

LORD BEAVERBROOK FOUNDS SCHOLARSHIPS

Newcastle, N. B., June 23.—Lord Beaverbrook will offer five scholarships for the province of New Brunswick. The scholarships can be held at any Canadian university and will be of the value of \$325 a year for the period of a whole course in arts, theology, law, medicine, civil engineering, etc. Except in the case of theology the scholarships will not be granted for students attending denominational colleges. They will be awarded by competitive examination and will be open to all students taking the matriculation examinations of the University of New Brunswick. There is a further provision that three out of the five scholarships must come from centres outside of St. John and Fredericton.

Lord Beaverbrook will ask the lieutenant-governor, Justice Coecket, and Frank Ellis to act as a committee for the purpose of making the awards, and this committee is to take into consideration the financial position, moral character, and industrious habits of the candidates. The sum of \$25,000 has been paid to the Montreal Trust Company and set aside for the use of the committee, which is to make careful observations of the working of the scheme during what may be considered an experimental period.

"FLU" IN LABRADOR

St. John's, N. B., June 21.—An official investigation of the influenza epidemic in Labrador, where several villages are reported to have lost a majority of inhabitants, was ordered today upon receipt by Archibald Macdonald, Minister without Portfolio in the Newfoundland Cabinet, of messages detailing the ravages of the disease.

The information was to the effect that all men in the village of Okak had died of the disease, and that only 60 women and children had survived. Many of the bodies were devoured by dogs, because there was no one to bury them. At Hebron only five women and seven men survived.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

The graduation exercises of the 1919 Class of the Charlotte County Grammar School were held in the assembly hall of the Prince Arthur School on Friday evening and were largely attended. The class numbered ten. A full account will be given in our next issue.

CLOSING OF THE SCHOOLS

The closing examinations of the Prince Arthur School were held on Thursday afternoon in the Assembly Hall. The following programme was carried out:

1. Chorus: Boy of the King.
2. Bird Song, Primary Children, Norine Semm, Gladys Pendleton, Mildred Rigby, Marion Dougherty, Amber Sinnett, Christina Rooney, Mildred Johnstone, James O'Neill, Kenneth McLaren, James Graham, Benj. Snell, Phillip Cummings, Melvin Calder, Ray Johnston.
3. Reading, Genevieve Senna.
4. Presentation Prizes.
5. Inaugural Blossoms, Primary Class, Elizabeth Keay, Mona McFarlane, Alma McLaren, Ruth Gibson, Mary Rogers, Mildred Stinson.
6. June, School.
7. Exercise, Four Little Trees, Edna Canavan, Mary O'Neill, Helen Spell, Mary McConvey, Grace Williamson, Elizabeth Chase, Beryl Stinson, Myrtle Holmes, Kathleen Bell, Mary Coughney, Estella Williamson, Melva Calder, Gretchen Graham.
8. Reading, The Revenge, Emma Odell.
9. Flower Drill, Grade V and VI, Mary Newton, Phyllis Thompson, Josephine Glew, Lois Thompson, Edith Finnigan, Kathleen Howard, Marjorie Coakley, Ruth Graham, Vera Christie, Alice Coughney, Mary Anderson, Frances Odell.
10. Chorus, Memorial Song, School.
11. Physical Drill, Grade VII-VIII, Cecil Williamson, Thomas Odell, Donald Ross, Edward Finnigan, William Burton, Lloyd Williamson, Kenneth Cross, Earl Coughney, Howard Bucknam, William O'Neill, Harold Johnston.
12. Reading, Birds of Killingsworth, Helen Rigby.
13. Reading of Honor Roll, Mr. J. R. McMonagle.
14. Address, Mrs. Andrews.
15. Chorus, Merry Games at School, School.
16. God Save the King.

High School Entrance prizes presented by the Canadian Club were given to Grace McCracken, Tom Odell, Earl Coughney. The schools closed for the vacation at noon on Friday.

HONOR ROLL PRINCE ARTHUR SCHOOL

- Year 1918-1919
- Grade XI
Georgie Mears
Wilma Halliday
- Grade X
Gardie Boone
Howard Gilman
- Grade IX
Emma Odell
Margaret Keay
Marjorie Mallock
Perfect Attendance
Emma Odell
Margaret Keay
Teacher: J. R. McMonagle, Principal
- Grade VIII
Grace McCracken
Marie Ross
Thomas Odell
Earl Coughney
- Grade VII
Leola Williamson
Genevieve Senna
William Burton
Lloyd Williamson
Christine Cummings
Lloyd Byron
Perfect Attendance
Christine Cummings
Lloyd Williamson
Teacher: Chester M. Eagles.
- Grade VI
Ruth Graham
Alice Coughney
Cecil Williamson
John O'Neill
Bernard Johnston
Beatrice Stinson
Bertha Holmes
Frances Stinson.
- Grade V
Kathleen Howard
Winifred Snell
Eva Thurber
Eva Sinnett
Helen Williamson
Claude McLaren
Ronald Haughn
David Tennant
Marjorie Coakley
Albert Ryan
Mildred Holmes
Perfect Attendance
Ruth Graham
Claude McLaren
Frances Odell
Teacher: Helen Young.
- Grade IV
Hazen Williamson
Horace Hanson
Kathleen Bell
Allen McCracken
Mary O'Neill
Estella Williamson
Joseph Somers
Leigh Williamson

MINIMUM PRICE OF SARDINES REDUCED

St. George, N. B., June 22.—A minimum price of \$10 per hoghead for sardines has been fixed by the executive of the Weir Owners' Association of St. John and Charlotte counties. This price is to go into effect on Monday, June 23.

The action has been taken because the season has developed an abnormal condition in the sardine industry and without parallel in history. The weir owners fully realize that the responsibilities for such a state of affairs is not the fault of the producer whose expenses in every branch of the business have increased, but at the same time they feel that they must make sacrifices in the interests of the industry and relieve the hardships now being suffered by the employees of the factories where the fish are packed. The matter has been taken up by the boards of trade of Eastport and Lunenburg, whose members have promised to use every influence in their power to have the business restored to normal conditions at the earliest date possible.

The packers have agreed to co-operate with the fishermen in maintaining the minimum price of ten dollars. Cordial co-operation between the packers and the weir owners will undoubtedly prove a great advantage to the industry.

GOLF EXPERTS PLAY IN ST. ANDREWS FOR THE RED CROSS

Five, and possibly, seven of the noted amateur golfers of the United States, will play a series of matches for the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross, beginning at Hamilton on June 23; Toronto, June 24; Ottawa, June 25; Montreal, June 26, and St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, June 27 and 28. Leading the party of notables is Charles (Chick) Evans, Jr., of Chicago, who is hold over amateur champion of the United States, and who until a few days ago, was also hold over open champion of the United States. He won both in 1916, and this is a distinction unique in American golf. Jerome D. Travers and Francis Ouimet have been both open and amateur champion, but Evans captured both titles the same year. Evans, who has done splendid work for the Canadian Red Cross in years past, was also the winner of four western amateur championships and on four different occasions a member of the W. G. A. foursome that won the Olympic Golf Tournament. Evans is loud in his praise of Canadian golf courses and is anxious to see and play more of them.

John G. Anderson, of Swaney Golf Club, near New York, is a golfer of real class. In the national amateur championship he was runner-up to Jerome D. Travers in 1913 and in 1915 to Robert A. Gardner.

D. E. (Ned) Sawyer is another Chicago player, now playing in the east, who is at the top of his game. Sawyer is former western golf champion and was also runner-up one year. When H. Chandler Egan won the amateur championship of the United States, Sawyer was runner-up. On four occasions he has been a member of the W. G. A. foursome that won the Olympic Cup Tournament.

Oswald Kirkby, of Englewood, N. J., is a very low man on the handicap list of the United States Golf Association. He has won the Metropolitan Golf Association championship four times and the New Jersey state championship in 1912, 1914, and 1916. On June 7 he won the Metropolitan for the fourth time, retiring the championship trophy from competition.

Grantland Rice, famous as writer and poet, is also a golfer of real merit. He has figured prominently in various matches in the United States. Jerome D. Travers and Francis Ouimet who accepted invitations to participate in the tour, have been forced to cancel, but there is still a possibility that one or both of them may participate in some of the matches.—Earle Hooker Eaton.

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—THE Bank of Nova Scotia—

C. W. E. [illegible] Manager

THE COME-TRUE WISHES

HE'S raining, rain, rain, he says on the page. My father laughs and says that it does what it would rain. An' then I tell him, "Don't you see it's a-comin' down?"

That's luckier than what I am, My wishes all come true, An' that there rain will fix the world an' make it look brand new; "I'm glad you noticed that I got my wish," he says to me, An' then he looks out of the door, as glad as glad can be.

An' when the day ain't got a cloud, an' it's clear an' fine, My father says to me, "O' dear, I wish the sun would shine! For I don't like these gloomy days without no sun at all!"

An' then I'll tell him, "Don't you see the sun's in the wall? An' don't you see it out of doors, an' it's in the wall!"

The sun is shinin' all it can, an' that's why it's so hot! An' then he says, "Well, I declare! I am obliged to you! You'll be glad, you'll be glad to see the sun come out!"

An' that's the way my father does, whatever kind of day The day is, then to make a wish that it would be that way!

An' every wish he makes, he gets, an' when I grow up tall, I'm gonna make my wishes like he does, an' get them all.

He says as soon as he sees me he wishes I was a boy, An' sure enough I am, an' I have fitted his life with joy!

I'm gonna wish like him, because I love him such a lot, An' I'll start now; I wish I had a father like I've got.

—JUDD MORTIMER—Lewis & Brown

NEWS OF THE SEA

October 19.—The Craftsman, a British registered four-master struck an iceberg down the Gulf early this week. She arrived here last night, making water. She will go into drydock here.

—New Bedford, Mass., June 21.—The steamer Northland, of the Eastern Steamship Lines, bound from New York to Boston with several hundred passengers and a large cargo of freight, ran ashore on West Island, about ten miles from the Buzzard's Bay entrance to the Cape Cod Canal, shortly after five p. m. today. Early reports said that the vessel's bottom was badly damaged and that the passengers, who were in no danger, were being removed to the islands in small boats.

Boston, Mass., June 21.—A message received at the office of the Eastern Steamship Company said that all the three hundred and fifty passengers on board the Northland had been taken off safely and carried to New Bedford. The transfer was made by tugs and small boats. A special train will bring the passengers to this city.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

After an absence of twenty weeks we welcome the BEACON again to our homes, and wish the Editor every success in this work.

Mr. Ray Ingalls, who has just returned from Overseas, is a guest of Cape and Mrs. Jack Ingalls.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cummings, and Mrs. Herman Creamer and her baby, Winifred, of Eastport, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Cummings.

Elmore Fountain is employed for the summer months at Fair Haven, doing work for Mr. Frank Westworth on his new bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dixon, and little daughter, Muriel, called on relatives at Indian Island on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Lambert and little son, Russell, of Lord's Cove, spent Sunday recently with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dixon.

Mrs. Jack Thompson and little daughter, of Chamcook, spent the week-end at Fair Haven with Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hartford Thompson.

Deer Island can boast of three wedding parties during the past week—viz., Miss George Wilson and Mr. Horace Poland; Miss Clara Conley and Mr. Kenneth Conley; and Mrs. Wesson, returned on Saturday with her bride from Fredericton and are occupying the residence of Mrs. George Simpson at Fair Haven during the summer months.

The closing exercises of the school at Chocolate Cove take place to-morrow, Thursday afternoon. We are very pleased to know that Miss Anna Treardon, our teacher, is to return.

Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard, of Lubec, Me., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harland Hunt.

Friends and relatives here were very sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. D. B. Archibald, which occurred very suddenly at her home in Brooklyn, N. Y. The remains were brought to Eastport, her former home, for interment.

LAMBERTVILLE, D. I. June 25.—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Leeman and family, of Black's Harbor, spent the week-end at their home here.

Mrs. Stephen Ferris, of Fairhaven, visited her daughter, Mrs. Howard Butler, on Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Leonard and children are spending the summer at their home here.

Miss Alma Calder, of Fairhaven, spent the weekend with her grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Felix spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Arch. Lambert.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pine have moved to their home at Lord's Cove.

Miss Gertrude Leland is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. D. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lord have gone to St. Andrews to spend the summer.

Miss Helen Lambert has gone to Boston to visit friends for a few weeks.

CAMPOBELLO June 23.—The death occurred last week at Water town, Conn., of Mrs. Merriman, an aged and much respected resident of that place. Two sons, Dr. Merriman, and Mr. Harry M. Merriman, of New York, survive, to whom the people of the island extend sincere sympathy. Both are well known here, especially Mr. H. M. Merriman, who is a share holder of the island and has a cottage here, where, with his family, much of his time has been spent in past years. At present Mr. Merriman is in the city.

Up-River Days

St. Stephen's, N. B., June 24.—Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Dyas, who have been spending this week in St. John, will arrive home on Friday.

Mr. Judson Perry, who recently returned from Overseas, arrived on Monday evening to spend a few days with his sister, Miss Branscombe.

Lieut. Henderson, and his mother, Mrs. Charles Henderson, have been enjoying a visit with Andrew friends.

Mrs. George J. Clarke has begun preparations to dismantle her home on Union Street, St. Stephen's, N. B. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Smith, of the Royal Bank of Canada, in St. Andrews, expect to spend a few weeks in St. Andrews before going to Vancouver to reside.

Mrs. James Douglas, of Halifax, N. S., has a recent guest of Miss Lilla Outhouse, who returned from an extended visit in New York.

Miss Oubella Silverton, who spent the winter in New York City, has returned to her home in Calais to spend the summer.

Mrs. R. D. Ross, the proprietor of the Chinaware store on Water Street, has purchased a very handsome motor car which is now seen daily on the street.

Miss "Whitford" Kent has returned from a visit in Halifax.

Mr. Archdeacon Newham has been visiting St. John this week.

Water Street is now in the hands of workmen and engineers, and a new and permanent street constructed of concrete is to be made this summer. King Street is also to be made permanent. It will be a great improvement to the town.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Marks Mills are enjoying a fishing trip, and expect to be absent from St. Stephen for a week.

Miss Freda Rogerson, who has been in the U. S. Civil Service employ in Washington, D. C., during the past year, arrived on Tuesday, and is now at her home at Oak Bay.

Mrs. Alfred Budd is visiting Boston for a few days to attend the Graduation Exercises at that city. From whom has daughter, Miss Bessie Budd, graduates as a trained nurse.

On Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, at Christ Church (Wesley), Miss Rita Smith, of St. Stephen, and Mr. John Gregg, Beckett, of Calais, were united in marriage by Rev. Archdeacon Newham, Rector of Christ Church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McKenzie, who motored to St. Stephen last week and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Maxwell, left on Tuesday for their home in Rumford Falls, Maine.

Mr. John N. Wall, of Prince William Street, St. Stephen, has greatly improved his dwelling house by raising the spot on the front and making large handsome windows, and has also added a spacious piazza on the front of the house.

Mrs. Harry McKnight, of St. David's Ridge, leaves in a few days to spend the summer with relatives in Halifax, N. S., for the benefit of her health.

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B. June 24.—Mr. Lewis Connors has moved his family from St. John, and is now occupying his summer cottage at the fax ranch.

A very interesting game of ball was played between Black Bay and the Lord's Cove team on Saturday. The score was 2 to 5 in favor of Lord's Cove.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Miss Lila Outhouse returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard Outhouse, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walker went to Tiverton, N. S., by motor-boat and spent a few days with friends.

A great many from this place attended the Masonic celebration in St. George's today.

Mrs. Melvin Eldridge is visiting friends at Bath, N. S.

Loran Paul, who has been ill with pleurisy, is recovering.

George Bates, of St. Andrews, spent Sunday in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hickey attended the dance in Lettie Friday evening.

Charles Barker and Carvel Barker spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. A. H. Parker, at Lord's Cove.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevin, spent Sunday at his home in Lettie.

Mr. Bibben Stuart, of Bonaventure, spent Sunday with his family here.

Miss Marion Stuart and Miss Inez Tucker, spent Sunday with friends on Deer Island.

Mr. Lincoln Stuart, of Lambertville, sailed over to Black's Harbor on Sunday afternoon to visit his mother, Mrs. F. M. Stuart.

2/3 OF YOUR MATCH MONEY GOES TO THE GOVERNMENT

The tax on matches amounts to more than the cost of the matches themselves. As a matter of fact, two-thirds of your match money goes to the Government, and one-third goes to pay for the material, the labor and the handling of the matches, or poor ones. When you

Insist on Getting Eddy's Matches

you avoid paying this heavy tax on an unsatisfactory product. Eddy's matches have been the standard for 67 years. Not only is our output by far the largest of any manufacturer in Canada, enabling us to use extensive automatic machinery which ensures uniformity of product, but our long line of products enables us to select just the proper grades of wood for matches, which we adapt to every match use (say every time you buy matches).

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KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B.
KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS

Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamship Station.

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.

Advertise in the Beacon for Results

2000 ROOMS in the Canadian Pacific Rockies

Three Giant Mountain Ranges Making Fifty Swissland in One

Between Calgary & Vancouver, B. C.

Distinctive Hotels—each as picturesque as the scenery into which like Emerald Lake Chalet, Glacier House, each with its special feature of glaciers, lakes, Alpine climbing, fishing, pony riding, swimming or Lake Louise, among the Lakes B. C., on Vancouver Island with the Clouds, Mount Stephen its atmosphere of Old England House at Field, under the shadow these hotels invite you this summer

Communicate with N. B. DOHERTY, District Passenger Agent, St. John, N. B.

A Cure

"You don't or any other cure simple blood. Take druggist call Carative Syrup will clear up. It will sweet regulate you genuine. 50 At drug store"

FISHERMEN

Boston, June 20.—Employed on Gloucester will strike with a vote amount of the Fishermen's Chief among the de the fixing of a min fish. Their wages on the price which market.

PEN

By B. TARK

Copyright, 1919 Page 5

CHAPT

Fidelity of the return afternoon rod's desk nothing out

Impressive than a compass. The at that Penrod had taken when at the second hour he stro table carelessness eyes, somewhat not mer of one who has of much needed sleep. This at first supposed man exhibition of came but the more Mrs. Spence, looking greeted him with a Even after school Fives maddened inve All he would confer "Oh, I just talked "What makes you s "She has acquired ner," said Mrs. Far least, she seemed of her at the corner j the house a few mi er we'd said howdy she kept hold of m as though she was seemed to be trying and choking."

"But I don't thi queer, Clara. She k didn't she?"

"Yes, but—"

"And she hadn't many years I think you?"

"Wait! She strog my hand and stroo voice, and finally she and then finally she fearful whisper: "E This trial will pass. "How queer!" excl Penrod sighed an what absent to his "Well, I don't kno field thoughtfully heard about the ou in Dayton, since the schools, and she here—"

"But doesn't it se separated way," sugges talk about measles?" "Wait!" begged A she said that she sat

A Cure for Pimples

You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Rens... druggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup... and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

FISHERMEN TO STRIKE

Boston, June 20.—Five thousand fishermen employed on vessels of this port and Gloucester will strike July 3, in accordance with a vote announced to-day by officials of the Fishermen's Union of the Atlantic. Chief among the demands of the men is the fixing of a minimum price for fresh fish. Their wages depend in a measure on the price which a cargo brings in the market.



PENROD

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER VII.

Fidelity of a Little Dog. THE returning students that afternoon observed that Penrod's desk was vacant, and nothing could have been more impressive than that sinister mere emptiness. The accepted theory was that Penrod had been arrested. How breath taking then the sensation when at the beginning of the second hour he strolled in with indolent carelessness and, rubbing his eyes, somewhat noticeably in the manner of one who has snatched an hour of much needed sleep, took his place as if nothing in particular had happened. This at first supposed to be a superhuman exhibition of sheer audacity, became by the more dumfounding when Miss Spence, looking from her desk, greeted him with a pleasant little nod. Even after school Penrod gave numerous maddened investigators no relief. All he would consent to say was: "Oh, I just talked to her."

A mystification not entirely unconnected with the one thus produced was manifested at his own family dinner table the following evening. Aunt Clara had been out rather late and came to the table after the rest were seated. She wore a puzzled expression. "Do you ever see Mary Spence nowadays?" she inquired, as she unfolded her napkin, addressing Mrs. Schofield. Penrod abruptly set down his soup spoon and gazed at his aunt with flattering attention. "Yes, sometimes," said Mrs. Schofield. "She's Penrod's teacher." "Is she?" said Mrs. Farry. "Do you?" She paused. "Do people think her a little queer these days?" "Why, no," returned her sister. "What makes you say that?" "She has acquired a very odd manner," said Mrs. Farry decidedly. "At least, she seemed odd to me. I met her at the corner just before I got to the house a few minutes ago, and after we'd said howdy do to each other she kept hold of my hand and looked as though she was going to cry. She seemed to be trying to say something and choking."

"But I don't think that's so very queer, Clara. She knew you in school, didn't she?" "Yes, but—" "And she hadn't seen you for so many years I think it's perfectly natural she—" "Wait! She stood there squeezing my hand and struggling to get her voice, and I got really embarrassed, and then finally she said in a kind of fearful whisper: 'De of good cheer. This trial will pass.'" "How queer!" exclaimed Margaret. Penrod sighed and returned some what absently to his soup. "Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Schofield thoughtfully. "Of course she's heard about the outbreak of measles in Dayton, since they had to close the schools, and she knows you live there—"

"But doesn't it seem a very exaggerated way," suggested Margaret. "Talk about measles!" "Wait!" begged Aunt Clara. "After she said that she said something even

queerer and then put her handkerchief to her eyes and hurried away." Penrod laid down his spoon again and moved his chair slightly back from the table. A spirit of prophecy was upon him. He knew that some one was going to ask a question which he felt might better remain unspoken. "What was the other thing she said?" Mr. Schofield inquired, thus immediately fulfilling his son's premonition. "She said," returned Mrs. Farry slowly, looking about the table, "she said, 'I know that Penrod is a great, great comfort to you.'"

There was a general exclamation of surprise. It was a singular thing, and in no manner may it be considered complimentary to Penrod that this speech of Miss Spence's should have immediately confirmed Mrs. Farry's doubts about her in the minds of all his family. Mr. Schofield shook his head pityingly. "I'm afraid she's a goner," he went so far as to say. "Of all the weird ideas!" cried Margaret.

"I never heard anything like it in my life!" Mrs. Schofield exclaimed. "Was that all she said?" "Every word!" Penrod again returned attention to his soup. His mother looked at him curiously, and then, struck by a sud-



den thought, gathered the glances of the adults of the table by a significant movement of the head, and, by another, conveyed an admonition to drop the subject until later. Miss Spence was Penrod's teacher. It was better, for many reasons, not to discuss the subject of her queerness before him. This was Mrs. Schofield's thought at the time. Later she had another, and it kept her awake. The next afternoon Mr. Schofield, returning at 5 o'clock from the cares of the day, found the house deserted and sat down to read his evening paper in what appeared to be an uninhabited apartment known to his own world as the "drawing room." A sneeze, unexpected both to him and the owner, informed him of the presence of another person.

"Where are you, Penrod?" the parent asked, looking about. "Here," said Penrod meekly. "Here," said Mrs. Schofield discovered his son squatting under the piano, near an open window—his wistful Duke lying beside him. "What are you doing there?" "Me?" "Why under the piano?" "Well," the boy returned with grave sweetness, "I was just kind of sitting here thinking."

"All right," Mr. Schofield, rather touched, returned to the direction of a murder, his back once more to the piano, and Penrod silently drew from beneath his jacket (where he had slipped it simultaneously with the sneeze) a paper backed volume entitled, "Glimpses, the Sioux City Squealer; or, 'Not Guilty, Your Honor.'"

In this manner the reading club continued in peace, absorbed, contented, the world well forgot—until a sudden, violently irritated slam bang of the front door startled the members, and Mrs. Schofield burst into the room and threw herself into a chair moaning. "What's the matter, mamma?" asked her husband, laying aside his paper. "Henry Passloe Schofield," returned the lady, "I don't know what is to be done with that boy; I do not!" "You mean Penrod?" "Who else could I mean?" She sat up, exasperated, to stare at him. "Henry Passloe Schofield, you've got to take this matter in your hands. It's beyond me!" "Well, what has he—" "Last night I got to thinking," she began rapidly, "about what Clara told us—thank heaven she and Margaret and little Clara have gone to tea at Cousin Charlotte's—but they'll be home soon—about what she said about Miss Spence—" "You mean about Penrod's being a comfort?" "Yes, and I kept thinking and thinking and thinking about it till I couldn't stand it any—" "By George!" started Mr. Schofield

startlingly, stooping to look under the piano. A statement that he had suddenly remembered his son's presence would be lacking in accuracy, for the highly sensitized Penrod was, in fact, no longer present. No more was Duke, his faithful dog.

"What's the matter?" "Nothing," he returned, striding to the open window and looking out. "Go on."

"Oh!" she moaned. "It must be kept from Clara. And I'll never hold up my head again if John Farry ever hears of it!" "Hears of what?" "Well, I just couldn't stand it, I got so curious. And I thought, of course, if Miss Spence had become a little unbalanced it was my duty to know it as Penrod's mother and she his teacher. So I thought I would just call on her at her apartment after school and have a chat and see. And I did, and—oh—"

"Well?" "I've just come from there, and she told me—she told me! Oh, I've never known anything like that!" "What did she tell you?" Mrs. Schofield, making a great effort, managed to assume a temporary appearance of calm. "Henry," she said solemnly, "bear this in mind, whatever you do to Penrod it must be done in some place when Clara won't hear it. But the first thing to do is to find him."

Within view of the window from which Mr. Schofield was gazing was the closed door of the storeroom in the stable, and just outside this door Duke was performing a most engaging trick. His young master had taught Duke to "sit up and beg" when he wanted anything, and if that didn't get it to "speak." Duke was facing the closed door and sitting up and begging, and now he also spoke—in a loud, clear bark.

There was an open transom over the door, and from this descended—hurled by an unseen agency—a can half filled with old paint.

It caught the small besieger of the door on his thoroughly surprised right ear, encouraged him to some remarkable acrobatics and turned large portions of him a dull blue. Allowing only a moment to perplexity and deciding after a single and evidently unappetizing experiment not to cleanse himself of paint, the loyal animal resumed his quaint, upright posture.

Mr. Schofield seated himself on the window sill, whence he could keep in view that pathetic picture of unrequited love. "Go on with your story, mamma," he said. "I think I can find Penrod when we want him." And a few minutes later he added, "And I think I know the place to do it in."

Again the faithful voice of Duke was heard pleading outside the bolted door. Penrod entered the schoolroom Monday morning picturesquely leaning upon a man's cane, shortened to support a cripple approaching the age of twelve. He arrived about twenty minutes late, limping deeply, his brave young mouth drawn with pain, and the sensation he created must have been a solace to him, the only possible criticism of this entrance being that it was just a shade too heroic. Perhaps for that reason it failed to stagger Miss Spence, a woman so saturated with suspicion that she penalized Penrod for tardiness as promptly and as coldly as if he had been a mere, ordinary, unimpaired boy. Nor would she entertain any discussion of the justice of her ruling. It seemed almost that she feared to argue with him.

However, the distinction of cane and limp remained to him, consolations which he protracted far into the week—until Thursday evening, in fact, when Mr. Schofield, observing from a window his son's pursuit of Duke round and round the back yard, confiscated the cane, with the promise that it should not remain idle if he saw Penrod limping again. Thus, succeeding a depressing Friday, another Saturday brought the necessity for new inventions.

It was a scented morning in apple blossom time. At about ten of the clock Penrod emerged hastily from the kitchen door. His pockets bulged abnormally, so did his cheeks, and he swallowed with difficulty. A threatening mop, wielded by a cooklike arm in a checkered sleeve, followed him through the doorway, and he was preceded by a small, hurried, wistful dog with a warm doughnut in his mouth. The kitchen door slammed petulantly, enclosing the sore voice of Della, whereupon Penrod and Duke seated themselves upon the pleasant sward and immediately consumed the spoils of their raid.

From the cross street which formed the side boundary of the Schofields' ample yard came a jingle of harness and the cadenced clatter of a pair of trotting horses, and Penrod, looking up, beheld the passing of a fat acquaintance, torpid amid the conservative splendors of a rather old-fashioned victoria. This was Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., a fellow sufferer at the Friday afternoon dancing class, but otherwise not often a companion; a home sheltered lad, tutored privately and preserved against the coarsening influences of rude comradeship and unscrupulous information. Heavily overgrown in all physical dimensions, virtuous and placid, this cloistered nut was wholly uninteresting to Penrod Schofield. Nevertheless, Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., was a personage on account of the importance of the Magsworth Bitts family, and it was Penrod's destiny to increase Roderick's celebrity far, far beyond its present aristocratic limitations. The Magsworth Bitts were tunce

tant because they were impressive. There was no other reason. And they were impressive because they believed themselves important. The adults of the family were impressively formal. They dressed with reticent elegance and wore the same nose and the same expression—an expression which indicated that they knew something exquisite and sacred which other people could never know. Other people in their presence were apt to feel mysteriously ignoble and to become secretly uneasy about ancestors, gloves and pronunciation. The Magsworth Bitts manner was withholding and reserve though sometimes gracious granting small smiles as great favors and giving off a chilling kind of preciousness. Naturally when any citizen of the community did anything unconventional or improper or made a mistake or had a relative who went wrong that citizen's first and worst fear was that the Magsworth Bitts would hear of it. In fact, this painful family had for years terrorized the community, though the community had never realized that it was terrorized and invariably spoke of the family as the "most charming circle in town." By common consent Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts officiated as the supreme model as well as critic in chief of morals and deportment for all the unlucky people prosperous enough to be elevated to her acquaintance.

Magsworth was the important part of the name. Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was a Magsworth born herself, and the Magsworth crest decorated not only Mrs. Magsworth Bitts' note paper, but was on the china, on the table linen, on the chimney pieces, on the opaque glass of the front door, on the victoria and on the harness, though omitted from the garden hose and the lawn mower.

Naturally no sensible person dreamed of connecting that illustrious crest with the unfortunate and notorious Rena Magsworth, whose name had grown week by week into larger and larger type upon the front pages of newspapers owing to the gradually increasing public and official belief that she had poisoned a family of eight. However, the statement that no sensible person could have connected the Magsworth Bitts family with the aristocratic Rena takes no account of Penrod Schofield.

CHAPTER VIII. The Two Families. PENROD never missed a murder, a hanging or an electrocution in the newspapers. He knew almost as much about Rena Magsworth as her juryman did, though they sat in a courtroom 200 miles away, and he had it in mind—so frank he was—to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Jr., if the murderess happened to be a relative.

The present encounter, being merely one of apathetic greeting, did not afford the opportunity, Penrod took off his cap, and Roderick, seated between his mother and one of his grownup sisters, nodded sluggishly, but neither Mrs. Magsworth Bitts nor her daughter acknowledged the salutation of the boy in the yard. They disapproved of him as a person of little consequence, and that little bad. Snubbed, Penrod thoughtfully restored his cap to his head, a man, and this one was chilled to a low temperature. He wondered if they despised him because they had seen a last fragment of doughnut in his hand; then he thought that perhaps it was Duke who had disgraced him. Duke was certainly no fashionable looking dog.

The resilient spirits of youth, however, presently revived, and, discovering a spider upon one knee and a beetle simultaneously upon the other, Penrod forgot Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts in the course of some experiments infringing upon the domain of Dr. Carrel. Penrod's efforts, with the aid of a pin, to effect a transference of living organism were unsuccessful, but he convinced himself forever that a spider cannot walk with a beetle's legs. Della then enhanced zoological interest by depositing upon the back porch a large rat from the cellar, the prison of four live rats awaiting execution.

Penrod at once took possession, retiring to the empty stable, where he installed the rats in a small wooden box with a sheet of broken window glass, held down by a brick, over the top. Thus the symptoms of their agitation when the box was shaken or hammered upon could be studied at leisure. Altogether this Saturday was starting splendidly.

After a time the student's attention was withdrawn from his specimens by a peculiar smell, which, being followed up by a system of selective sniffing, proved to be an emanation leaking into the stable from the alley. He opened the back door.

Across the alley was a cottage which a thrifty neighbor had built on the rear line of his lot and rented to negroes, and the fact that a negro family was now in process of "moving in" was manifested by the presence of a thin mule and a ramshackle wagon, the latter laden with the semblance of a stove and a few other unpretentious household articles.

A very small dark boy stood near the mule. In his hand was a rusty chain, and at the end of the chain the delighted Penrod perceived the source of the peculiar smell he was tracing—a large raccoon. Duke, who had shown not the slightest interest in the rats, set up a frantic barking and stimulated a ravaging assault upon the strange animal. It was only a bit of acting, however, for Duke was an old dog, had suffered much and desired no unnecessary sorrow, wherefore he confined his demonstrations to alarms and excursions and presently sat down

at a distance and expressed himself by intermittent threatenings in a quavering falsetto.

"What's that coon's name?" asked Penrod, intending no discourtesy. "Aim gomme mama," said the small darky. "What?" "Aim gomme mama." "What?" The small darky looked annoyed. "Aim gomme mama, I tell you," he said impatiently. Penrod conceived that insult was intended.

"What's the matter of you?" he demanded, advancing. "You get fresh with me and I'll—" "Huh, white boy!" A colored youth of Penrod's own age appeared in the doorway of the cottage. "You let 'at brotuh mine alone. He ain' do nothin' to you."

"Well, why can't he answer?" "He can't. He can't talk no better'n what he was talkin'. He tongue tie." "Oh!" said Penrod, mollified; then, obeying an impulse so universally aroused in the human breast under like circumstances that it has become a quip, he turned to the afflicted one. "Talk some more," he begged eagerly. "I see you act some, aim gomme mama," was the prompt response, in which a slight ostentation was manifest. Unmistakable tokens of vanity had appeared upon the small, swift countenance.

"What's he mean?" asked Penrod, enchanted. "He say he tole you 'at coon ain' got no name." "What's your name?" "I'm name Herman." "What's his name?" Penrod pointed to the tongue tied boy. "Verman. Was three us boys in ow family. Ol'est one name Sherman. 'N 'en come me; I'm Herman. 'N 'en come him; he Verman. Sherman dead. Verman, he de little's one."

"You goin' to live here?" "Umhuh. Done move in f'm way outen on a fahm." He pointed to the north with his right hand, and Penrod's eyes opened wide as they followed the gesture. Herman had no forefinger on that hand. "Look there!" exclaimed Penrod. "You haven't got any finger!" "I mum map," said Verman, with egregious pride. "He done 'at," interpreted Herman, chuckling. "Yessuh, done chop 'er spang off long 'go. He's a playin' wif a ax, an' I lay my finguh on de do' sill, an' I say, 'Verman, chop 'er off!' So Verman he chop 'er right spang off to de roots! Yessuh."

"What for?" "Jes' fo' nothin'." "He hoe me hoo," remarked Verman. "Yessuh, I tole him to," said Herman, "an' he chop 'er off, an' ey ain't aky oth' one evuh gwon where de ole one use to grow. Noah!" "But what'd you tell him to do it for?" "Nothin'. I jes' said it 'at way—an' he jes' chop 'er off!" Both brothers looked pleased and proud. Penrod's profound interest was flatteringly visible, a tribute to their unusualness.

"Hem bow goy," suggested Verman eagerly. "Aw ri," said Herman. "Ow sistuh Queenie, she a growed up woman; she got a gofuh." "Got a what?" "Goituh, Swellin' on her neck—great big swellin'. She heppin' mammy move in now. You look in de front room winduh wheres she sweepin'; you kin see it on her."

Penrod looked in the window and was rewarded by a fine view of Queenie's goiter. He had never before seen one, and only the lure of further conversation on the part of Verman brought him from the window. "Verman say tell you 'bout pappy," explained Herman. "Mammy an' Queenie move in town an' go git de house all fix up befo' pappy git out."

"Out of where?" "Jail. Pappy cut a man, an' de police done kep' him in jail evuh sense Chris-mus time, but dey goin' tuh him loose ag'in nex' week."

"What'd he cut the other man with?" "With a pitchfork." Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers, glowing with amiability, were as enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glamour of sensationalism. Herman was prodigal of gestures with his right hand, and Verman, chuckling with delight, talked fluently, though somewhat conclusively. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon—already beginning to be mentioned as "our coon" by Penrod—in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and when the animal had been chained to the wall near the box of rats and supplied with a pan of fair water they assented to their new friend's suggestion (inspired by a fine sense of the artistic harmonies) that the heretofore nameless pet be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

At this juncture was heard from the front yard the sound of that yodeling which is the peculiar accomplishment of those whose voices have not "changed." Penrod yodeled a response, and Samuel Williams appeared, a large bundle under his arm. "Yay, Penrod!" was his greeting, casual enough from without; but, having entered, he stopped short and emitted a prodigious whistle. "Ya-a-ay!" he then shouted. "Look at the coon!" "I guess you better say, 'Look at the coon!'" Penrod returned proudly. "There's a good deal more'n him to look at too. Talk some, Verman." Verman omitted.

Sam was warmly interested. "What'd you say his name was?" he asked. "Verman." "How'd you spell it?" "V-e-r-m-a-n," replied Penrod, having previously received this information from Herman. "Oh!" said Sam. "Point to sumpting, Herman." Penrod commanded, and Sam's excitement, when Herman pointed was sufficient to the occasion. Penrod, the discoverer, continued his exploitation of the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman and Verman collection. With the air of a proprietor he escorted Sam into the alley for a good look at Queenie (who seemed not to care for her increasing celebrity) and proceeded to a dramatic climactic recital of the episode of the pitchfork and its consequences.

The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always, at least one half Barnum. "Let's get up a SHOW!" Penrod and Sam both claimed to have said it first, a question left unsettled in the ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with no definite purpose, proved to have been an inspiration. It consisted of broad sheets of light yellow wrapping paper, discarded by Sam's mother in her spring house-cleaning. There were half filled cans and buckets of paint in the storeroom adjoining the carriage house and presently the side wall of the stable flamed information upon the passersby from a great and spreading poster. "Publicity," primal requisite of all theatrical and amphitheatrical enterprise thus provided, subsequent arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy which transformed the empty hayloft. True, it is impossible to say just what the hayloft was transformed into, but history warrantably clings to the statement that it was transformed. Duke and Sherman were secured to the rear wall at a considerable distance from each other after an exhibition of reluctance on the part of Duke, during which he displayed a nervous energy and agility almost miraculous in so small and middle aged a dog. Benches were improvised for spectators; the rats were brought up; finally the rafters, corncob and hay chute were ornamented with flags and strips of bunting from Sam Williams' attic. Sam returning from the excursion wearing an old silk hat and accompanied (on account of a rope) by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway. In the matter of personal decoration paint was generously used; an interpretation of the spiral, inclining to whites and greens, becoming brilliantly effective upon the dark facial backgrounds of Herman and Verman, while the countenances of Sam and Penrod were each supplied with the black mustache and imperial, lacking which no professional showman can be esteemed conscientious.

It was regretfully decided in council that no attempt be made to add Queenie to the list of exhibits, her brothers warmly declining to act as ambassadors in that cause. They were certain Queenie would not like the idea, they said, and Herman picturesquely described her activity on occasions when she had been annoyed by too much attention to her appearance. However, Penrod's disappointment was alleviated by an inspiration which came to him in a moment of pondering upon the dachshund, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster. They found a group of seven, including two adults, already gathered in the street to read and admire this work.

SCHOFIELD & WILLIAMS

ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS

MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES

Now GOING ON

SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN

THEIR FATHERS IN JAIL STABBED A MAN WITH A PITCHFORK

SHERMAN THE WILD ANIMAL CAPTURED IN AFRICA

HERMAN THE ONE FINGERED TATTOO WILD MAN VERMAN THE SAVAGE TATTOO WILD BOY DUKE THE INDIAN DOG ALSO THE MICHIGAN TRAINED RATS

A heated argument took place between Sam and Penrod, the point at issue being settled finally by the drawing of straws, whereupon Penrod, with pardonable self importance—in the presence of an audience now increased to nine—slowly painted the words inspired by the dachshund:

IMPORTANT DO NOT MISS THE SOUTH AMERICAN DOG PART ALLIGATOR

To Be Continued

Thrift Stamps are "quaters" Buy all the Thrift Stamps you can and then some, they mean dollars to you.

OCEAN FLYERS KNIGHTED

London, June 20.—Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown, the aviators who made the first non-stop flight from North America to Ireland, were entertained at luncheon at the Hotel Savoy to-day by the Daily Mail at which the transatlantic prize of £10,000, offered by the newspaper, was presented to the aviators. Those attending the dinner included members of the British Cabinet and authors.

It was announced later that King George had conferred the Order of Knight of the British Empire on both Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Brown.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.
Saturday, June 28, 1919.

THE BEACON RELIGHTED

WHEN we announced in our issue of February 1 that publication of the BEACON would be suspended during the absence of the Editor in England, we did not contemplate such a long suspension. The Editor left St. John for England on February 8 and returned to that Provincial port on March 24, and arrived in St. Andrews a day later. During the intervening three months the management of the BEACON has been endeavoring to place the paper on a different footing and to induce the merchants of the Town to take an increased interest in the paper and use it more extensively as an advertising medium. Our efforts have been partially successful, and we trust they will be completely so in the near future.

Even the temporary suspension of a newspaper is accompanied by disadvantages other than the inconvenience caused to subscribers and advertisers, and the most serious is the dispersal of the staff, especially its typographical members.

When we decided definitely to resume publication we found great difficulty in getting together again a staff of competent printers, and the difficulty is not yet completely surmounted. In view of this we confidently bespeak the indulgence of our readers for the obvious shortcomings of this issue, and we can assure them that we shall make every effort speedily to bring the paper back to its old form and further to improve it.

The suspension of the BEACON did not show, as a contemporary editor so kindly and courteously declared that it did, that there was lack of capacity on the part of the management to conduct a good paper. The paper had ingratiated itself with a large number of discriminating readers, and many letters were received from them containing expressions of regret for the suspension of the paper and of hope that its publication would soon be resumed.

For the past five years, at least, the paper itself has shown in the most eloquent way that St. Andrews was a town in which it would be difficult for any newspaper enterprise to be a great financial success, because of the limited extent to which the local merchants have advertised. The present issue of the BEACON furnishes proof that an improvement in this respect has been effected; and there is every prospect that the local paper will soon contain the advertisement of every enterprising business man in the Town of St. Andrews.

We hope to make the paper a better one in every way, but some changes and improvements are necessarily held in abeyance pending the thorough reorganization of the printing office staff.

Late Going To Press

There has been unavoidable delay in the publication of this issue of the BEACON, and it is quite likely a somewhat similar delay will occur with the next issue; but we earnestly hope that before long we shall be able to go to press on Friday evening, as has been our custom in the past. In the meantime we bespeak the patient consideration of our subscribers.

Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business, and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion, because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion; pray, mind this—it is one of your few weak points—a habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologize for it, but expect to hear you are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours quarters, minutes—all marked and appropriated.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WHITE HEAD, G. M.

June 24.
We are glad to welcome the BEACON in our homes once more, as it has been greatly missed during the last twenty weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney North, also Mr. and Mrs. Timby Urquhart visited here on Sunday.

Capt. Grovenor Wills is here on business.
Capt. Oscar Outhouse was in port one night this week on his way to Lubec with a number of passengers, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Archie Greenlaw and son, Howard, and Mrs. Alton Cheney and two children.

Dorsh and George Cheney, of St. John, are visiting at Melvin Cossaboom's.

Mrs. Frank Morse has gone to Lubec for a few weeks to take care of her mother, Mrs. Irvin Zwicker, who is ill.

Lewis Frankland is seriously ill and is under the care of Dr. Macauley, of North Head.

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR

What are we set on nearth for? Say to toil—Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines, For all the heat of the day, till it declines, And death's mild curfew shall from work assail.

God did anoint thee with his odoriferous oil, To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns All thy tears over like pure crystalline, For younger workers of the soil To wear for amulets. So others shall Take patience, labor, to their heart and hands, For thy hands, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer, And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

The least flower, with brimming cup, may stand, And share its dew-drop with another near.
ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING.

By woe, the soul to daring action swells; By woe, in pliant patience it excels: From patience, prudent clear experience springs And traces knowledge through the course of things. Thence hope is form'd thence fortitude, success, Renown:—whatever men covet and caress. Savage's Wanderer.

Millinery

TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED

Sweaters in all colors
Sweater Yarns and Needles,
Stamped Linens, white and colored
Embroidery and Crochet Threads
VEILINGS

A. E. O'NEILL'S
Water St. ST. ANDREWS

ACME

The Picture Play House of Character

Monday and Tuesday
GOLDWYN presents

Mae Marsh
IN

The Racing Stairs

Wednesday and Thursday

Her Country First

Featuring the ever popular
VIVIAN MARTIN

Extra Special Attraction

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
TOM MOORE in

Thirty-A-Week

This is a Humdinger of a Program

It's quite appropriate for some girls to be dressed to kill when they sit down to murder a piece of music

WHEN IN NEED OF
Plumbers SUPPLIES

Give us a Call

Roy A. Gillman
St. Andrews, N. B.

Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

ICE CREAM

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

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

This space belongs to

E. B. STINSON

St. Andrews, - New Brunswick

Merchant Tailor and Gentleman's Outfitter

JOB PRINTING TO SUIT YOU

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

Beacon Press Co.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE

Stevenson Block

Next Door to Custom House

Boots and Shoes

Now is the time to buy them

We have a large stock of Summer Footwear that we are selling at a very low price. Some extra good bargains in last years White Canvas and Buck Skin Shoes.

St. Andrews Shoe Store
G. B. FINIGAN

Paper Napkins

Wax Paper Crepe Paper

Full Line Stationery

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

COCKBURN BROS., Props.
Cor. Water and King Streets
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

THERE was no issue of THE BEACON on the due dates from February 8 to June 21, twenty weeks in all; therefore a corresponding extension will be made in the date of expiry of subscriptions shown on the address slips on the papers issued February 1, 1919. The extension will be made on receipt of money for renewal of subscription.

To all those whose subscriptions were in arrears on December 31, a bill was sent in January, 1919. A large number of these delinquent subscribers have not yet remitted the amount due as per bill sent, and we must now ask them to attend to the matter and make immediate payment.

Special attention is also called to the fact that after this date the subscription to THE BEACON will be \$1.50 a year; and for papers going to United States and other places outside the British Empire, 50 cents a year must be added for Postage. Single copies of THE BEACON will be 5 cents after this date.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

St. Andrews, N. B.
28th June, 1919

Try a Beacon Adv. For Results

H. O'NEILL



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

St. Andrews, New Brunswick

Summer Is Here

You will want to replenish your China a bit. We have some beautiful Hairland China Cups, Saucers and Plates which we are selling at a great reduction.

We will give you 1-2 doz Cups, Saucers and Plates \$5.65, \$6.10, \$7.50 or \$8.25 according to the decoration.

These goods are in the best of condition, good shapes and attractive decorations. Call and see them.

R. D. Ross & Co.

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

EXTRA LOW PRICED SALE TO REDUCE STOCK

Ladies' Extra High Shoes, Military Heels and High Heels, in Black, Brown, and other colors, as low as \$5.50. With Cloth Tops \$4.50. Ladies' High White Shoes for Women and Children, at lowest prices. Ladies' Rubbers, 75¢; Men's, \$1.25. Child's, 50¢. A few pairs of Ladies' Box Toe Shoes, \$2.75. Ladies' Nurses Comfort Shoes. Some Patent Leather Ladies' Shoes in button styles, \$2.75. Men's Shoes all styles and colors, from \$3.50 up. The Best Work Shoes for Men, \$5; others, \$3. Boys' Shoes in Latest Dark Brown, with pointed toes and Fibre Soles, \$5. Same in Men's \$6. See the new fancy dress shoe for Men in high and low styles, dark brown, with Fibre soles and heels, and with the new plain toe, only \$3.50.

I AM ALSO A REGISTERED JEWELER

Another season I plan to put in a complete stock of jewelry and watches, also a competent Watchmaker, but at present I offer the following: Alarm Clocks \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3. Men's small size Elgin Watches, Warranted \$16.

Bralet Watches, very small size, warranted, \$25. Men's Waldemar Watch Chains, Warranted to wear well, \$2. Men's Dickens Vest Chains, Simmons make, none better, Double Vest Chains, \$7. Men's Vest Chains Warranted for 20 years, only \$3.50 each. Remember I can get any make of watch you prefer, and if you are in need of a Diamond Ring, just tell me how much you wish to pay, and I will have an assortment of Diamond Rings come for you to select from.

I ALSO SELL SEWING MACHINES

I have some new Drop Head, Seven Drawer Singers, for \$45 cash. One second-hand, drop Head Singer, seven drawers, warranted, for \$33 cash. New Davis Sewing Machines with new fancy round corners, drop head, \$40 cash. White Cabinet Sewing Machines, \$50 cash. Electric Motor Sewing Machines, \$45. I keep everything almost, for the Singer on hand. I keep Needles, Belts, Oil for all sewing machines, and I clean and repair any make.

Some second hand box top Singer Machines for \$6. Agent for New Home Sewing Machines. I am the Nearest, the Best, and the lowest price store in the city.

Three ply Roofing \$3. My store will be open for business July 4th and young ladies can rest while shopping. The New Red Shoe Store.

The corner store formerly occupied by Bucknam & Colwell. Right at the head of Capen's wharf, Grand Manan Boat, Public Slip, and Ferry wharf.

NEW RED SHOE STORE

EDGAR HOLMES

52 WATER STREET

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EASTPORT, MAINE.

Social
Mrs. Geo. Bab...
Miss Kathleen...
Mrs. R. Loring...
Mr. Jarvis W...
Overseas.
Mr. and Mrs. D...
of Montreal, are...
Mrs. Percy Har...
ing Mrs. T. A. Ha...
Miss Mabel E...
Nellie Mowat.
Miss Carolyn R...
a visit to Boston.
Mrs. Thomas C...
Fred Andrews at...
Mr. and Mrs. ...
"Croyden" for th...
Miss Dorothy L...
in Nova Scotia.
Miss May Hun...
visiting her mothe...
Miss Lizzie Billi...
is visiting her sist...
The Misses Sau...
opened their home...
Pte. Guy Peaco...
Mrs. Sydney Anni...
Miss Everett, of...
Mr. and Mrs. C. St...
Miss Foulis, of S...
summer here.
Mr. and Mrs. W...
York, are at the A...
Lady Van Horn...
are at Covenhov...
Rev. A. T. Bows...
at their summer h...
Mr. and Mrs. G...
York, are at their...
Miss Laura Sha...
relatives, has ret...
Woodstock.
Mrs. C. F. Smith...
real, are at their...
mount.
Hon. Mrs. W...
family, of Montre...
Algonquin cottage...
Lieut. Ralph H...
ed from Overseas...
Mrs. Geo. F. Hibba...
Mr. and Mrs. Ch...
real, are occupying...
here.
Mr. J. E. Gan...
Toronto, are occup...
the summer.
Mr. and Mrs. A...
Medford, Mass., an...
Angus Kennedy.
Mrs. Norman G...
Ottawa, are occup...
home.
Mrs. Carr and...
family, of Cambrid...
Wheelock cottage f...
Mr. and Mrs. V...
Constance Hope...
horie on the Bar R...
Mr. and Mrs. P...
St. John, are spend...
Algonquin.
Mrs. F. P. McN...
Stephen, are at th...
Brandy Cove.
Miss F. M. Que...
the Algonquin fo...
Hayden Horsey, of...
Sir Thomas and...
Winifred Tait, of...
Algonquin for the...
Mr. and Mrs. Lo...
of St. Stephen, are...
Clarke.
The Misses Alice...
returned from a t...
Boston.
Miss Mattie M...
winter in Moncton...
home here.
Baron and Lady...
Hon. Marguerite...
their residence, Tip...
mer.
Mrs. F. Chattan...
is occupying Corey...
mer.
Mr. and Mrs. ...
family, of Montre...
"Tillietudlem," on...
The Rev. Henry...
are at Rossmount...
summer.
Mr. Robert C...
from St. John, wh...
Business College.
Mr. Ranby Wren...
of the Quoddy Coa...
H. Lamb, who resi...

Social and Personal

Mrs. Geo. Babbitt has returned from a visit to Fredericton.

Miss Kathleen Cockburn has returned from a visit to St. George.

Mrs. R. Loring and family are occupying their summer home, Clibrig.

Mr. Jarvis Wren has returned from Overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Seely and children, of Montreal, are at their cottage here.

Mrs. Percy Hartt, of Baltimore, is visiting Mrs. T. A. Hartt.

Miss Mabel Elliot is visiting Miss Nellie Mowat.

Miss Carolyn Rigby has returned from a visit to Boston.

Mrs. Thomas Gifford is visiting Mrs. Fred Andrews at "The Haven."

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Smith are at "Croyden" for the summer.

Miss Dorothy Lamb is visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

Miss May Hunt, of Lynn, Mass., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Andrew Hunt.

Miss Lizzie Billings, of Boston, Mass. is visiting her sister and brother here.

The Misses Saunders, of Boston, have opened their home here for the summer.

Pte. Guy Peacock is visiting his sister, Mrs. Sydney Anning.

Miss Everett, of Fredericton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart Everett.

Miss Foulis, of St. John, is spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Brokaw, of New York, are at the Algonquin.

Lady Van Horne and Miss Van Horne are at Covenhoven.

Rev. A. T. Bowser and Mrs. Bowser are at their summer home, "Cedar Croft."

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hopkins, of New York, are at their cottage for the summer.

Miss Laura Shaw, who has been visiting relatives, has returned to her home in Woodstock.

Mrs. C. F. Smith and family, of Montreal, are at their summer home, Rosemount.

Hon. Mrs. W. J. Shaughnessy and family, of Montreal, are occupying No. 5 Algonquin cottage for the summer.

Lieut. Ralph H. Goodchild, lately returned from Overseas, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Hibbard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hosmer, of Montreal, are occupying their summer home here.

Mr. J. E. Ganong and family, of Toronto, are occupying their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Cunningham, of Medford, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Angus Kennedy.

Mrs. Norman Guthrie and family, of Ottawa, are occupying their summer home.

Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Thompson and family, of Cambridge, Mass., are at the Wheelock cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hope and Miss Constance Hope are at their summer home on the Bar Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Thomson, of St. John, are spending the summer at the Algonquin.

Mrs. F. P. McNichol and family, of St. Stephen, are at their summer home at Brandy Cove.

Miss F. M. Queen, of Montreal, is at the Algonquin for the summer. Mrs. Hayden Horsey, of England, is with her.

Sir Thomas and Lady Tait and Miss Winifred Tait, of Montreal, are at the Algonquin for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jarvis and little son, of St. Stephen, are visiting Miss Marjorie Clarke.

The Misses Alice and Julia O'Neill have returned from a trip to New York and Boston.

Miss Mattie Mallock, who spent the winter in Moncton, has returned to her home here.

Baron and Lady Shaughnessy and the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy are at their residence, Tipperary, for the summer.

Mrs. F. Chattan Stephen, of Montreal, is occupying Corey Cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell and family, of Montreal, are at their cottage, "Tillietudlem," on the Bar Road.

The Rev. Henry P. Ross and Mrs. Ross are at Rossmount, Chamcook, for the summer.

Mr. Robert Cockburn has returned from St. John, where he was attending Business College.

Mr. Ranby Wren is the new manager of the Quoddy Coal Co. in place of Mr. G. H. Lamb, who resigned recently.

Local and General

A SPEEDY TRIAL

Judge Carleton held a speedy trial Court on Thursday in the Court House to try Leonard Matthews, a prisoner sent down from Milltown charged with the theft of a watch and chain. The prisoner, who belongs to the North Shore of New Brunswick, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to serve a term of two years in Dorchester penitentiary. N. Marks Mills, K. C., was in attendance as prosecutor for the Crown.

SUBSCRIBERS, DON'T WORRY

We have recently received a few letters from subscribers inquiring when the paper was to be published again and asking the return of the unearned portion of subscriptions if the paper had definitely stopped publication. To those who wrote, and to all other subscribers who have paid in advance, we would say that it is our present hope and intention to continue the paper, but if from any cause we should be unable to do so we shall make a definite announcement to that effect, and shall arrange to refund to subscribers the unearned portion of subscriptions paid in advance. Don't worry.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

WANT COMPOSITORS

Much matter of local and general interest has to be held over to-day in consequence of the very limited staff of compositors in our printing office. We wish to engage more compositors, men or women, to whom good wages will be paid.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

BORN

Born, at Campobello, June 22, to the wife of Lorenzo Chute, a son.

OBITUARY

Mrs. ROBERT GLENN

The death of Mrs. Robert Glenn occurred on Sunday evening, June 15, at the home of her brother, Mr. David Clarke. Mrs. Glenn had reached the advanced age eighty-two years, and was a much esteemed resident of the Town. She was of most generous disposition and was always active in promoting the welfare of the community. Her husband, who was formerly a prominent merchant here, predeceased her many years ago. She is survived by two brothers, Peter and David Clarke, and a brother-in-law, Capt. George Lowery, whose wife died only a short time ago. The funeral took place on the 18th, and was conducted by Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., minister of Greenock Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Horace Gove, lately returned, from Overseas, is spending the summer with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Carson.

Mr. Neil McWharrie and family, of Montreal, are occupying the Macklem cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell D. Bell, of Montreal, have taken "Linden Grange" for the summer.

Mr. John Stoddard, who was suffering from a broken rib, is now convalescing rapidly.

Mr. Jack Lowery is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Reed, at Pansy Patch.

Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, of St. John has taken "The Anchorage" for the summer.

The Hon. Mrs. Beauclerc and family, of Montreal, are at the Algonquin for the summer.

Pte. Cecil Ross is visiting his aunt, Miss Lizzie Keys, before he goes to his home in Saskatoon.

Mrs. Angus Rigby's friends are glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent illness.

Mrs. F. W. Thompson, of Montreal, is at her summer home, Meadow Lodge. She has as her guests, Mrs. Alex. Wilson and Mrs. Lustgarten.

Mrs. Wm. Woods and little daughter, Amy, of Vancouver, are spending the summer with Mrs. Woods' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Maloney.

By invitation of the Misses Ethel Cummings and Elsie Finigan a number of young people enjoyed a picnic supper at Navy Island on Wednesday.

The Rev. Mr. Morse, Mrs. Morse, and Mrs. Susan Morse, of Lynn, Mass., are at the Algonquin for a few weeks on their way to Nova Scotia.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Frederick Worrell entertained for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Percy Hartt. At the tea hour Mrs. Worrell was assisted by Mrs. T. A. Hartt, Mrs. R. D. Rigby, Mrs. Arthur Gove, Mrs. R. A. Clarke and Miss Maude Greenlaw.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. O. Clarke and Mrs. J. Simpson entertained at Chesnut Hall. The hostesses were assisted in serving by the Misses Bessie Grimmer, Ethel Waterbury, Carol Hibbard, Alice Elliot. Mrs. Geo. E. Smith and Mrs. E. A. Cockburn presided at the dainty feastable.

To the General Public:

I have opened a GROCERY, HARDWARE, FLOUR, FEED and GENERAL MERCHANDISE Store in the stand where my father, the late Mr. G. D. Grimmer, and my uncle, Mr. J. D. Grimmer, have done business for so many years. The place has been thoroughly renovated and an up-to-date stock placed therein.

I would earnestly solicit a share of the trade so generously given my predecessors. I will buy to the best possible advantage and sell to you at the most reasonable prices.

Hoping to have a visit from you at an early date.

Yours very truly,

FRANK A. GRIMMER

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

Just received a car load of Shingles, also one of Matched Spruce

You may find your favorite

Talcum Powder

-AT-

The Wren Drug & Book Store
St. Andrews, N. B.

Our stock is very complete

GROCERIES

This is the first opportunity I have had to thank the Public for their kind patronage during the past few months, and I wish to assure them of my appreciation of their good will.

Attractive Prices

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|---|-----|
| 9 lb. Gr. Sugar | \$1.00 | Christie's and McCormick's Fancy Biscuits. | |
| 3 cans Tomatoes | .58 | | |
| 3 " Corn | .65 | | |
| 3 " Peas | .51 | Everything in this store is fresh and good. | |
| 2 lb. Pure Lard | .75 | | |
| 3 " Compound | 1.00 | | |
| 1 lb. Crisco | .35 | Boiling Pork | 25c |
| Red Eyed Beans | | Smoked Pork | 35c |
| | per qt. .20 | | |

Cross the street first then come here. All our time is at your service.

A. V. Hartford

Phone 75 St. Andrews, N. B.

T T T

Tea is going up again; let us sell you some at the old prices

- | | |
|--------------|------|
| Oolong | 55c. |
| Black | 45c |
| Orange Pekoe | 60c |

Morse's, King Cole, Red Rose, and Lipton in packages

H. J. Burton & Co., St. Andrews, N. B.

TRUBYTE TEETH

TRUBYTE Teeth are the latest invention of mechanical dentistry. The moulds and shades of these teeth are so true to nature that it requires the eyes of an expert to detect that you are wearing an artificial denture.

TRUBYTE TEETH



GUARANTEED

FOR

TWENTY YEARS

DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST

OFFICE IN RESIDENCE

Cor. Montague and Princess Royal Streets, St. Andrews, N. B.

We Have in Stock

A Seasonable Line of Goods

SUCH AS

- Flashlights, Batteries, and Bulbs.
- Anso Cameras, Films, and Supplies.
- All kinds of building Hardware.
- Tools, Kitchen Wares, etc.

J. A. SHIRLEY

St. Andrews, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL

STOCK FOOD

Pails, 25lbs., \$3.75; Pkgs., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.-

PRATT'S ANIMAL REGULATOR

Pkgs., 30c., 60c., & \$1.00

MORE EGGS

International Poultry Tonic, 25c.
Pratt's Poultry Regulator, 30c.

Watch the increase in Eggs.

DR. DANIEL'S HORSE REMEDIES

G. K. GREENLAW

GROCER SAINT ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)



DEATH AND LIFE

I now wandered along the heath, until I came to a place where, beside a thick fence, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grand-dam sing—

WEEDS

WEEDS postulate a weeder, and the enthusiastic weeder would asseverate that it is the practice of this craft which makes the garden "the purest of human pleasures."

We cannot all of us command so inspiring a setting for our weeding. We do not, we at home, ordinarily slash at the foe with a knife drawn from its sheath on our hip.

But an English garden has its romance of weeding too. You step out on a sunny March day when Spring is sighing in her sleep, and you listen to her breathing and watch to see the Sleeping Beauty wake.

up another worm for him. We must not forfeit the respect of our underlings, so let us set to work.

Doctors differ as to the best instrument with which to make the attack. The truth is that, like the practitioner of golf, one needs an assortment of implements in order to play the game with success.

Nuda ars, sere nuda, says Virgil, and serious weeding too undoubtedly demands that you should take off your coat to it.

The weed is happy in every soil and in every garden. That charming flower which takes its name from the cuckoo is never more at home than in "some wet bird-haunted English lawn."

We have named some of the most persistent and obstinate of our foes. Who that has tried to grapple with "squitch" in his asparagus-bed but has come off second-best?

In English gardens the consentient voice of many gardeners would place in Class I, both groundsel and "squitch," bindweed and goutweed, coltsfoot—if it once gets its hoof into your soil—and with it its more civilized but even more evil-hearted brother, which the florists catalogue shamelessly entice you to buy under the poetic title of Wither Heliotrope.

Quisque sous patitur Manes, and we ourselves have been driven to desperation by so innocent-seeming a herb as sorrel, which, rioting in a sandy border, in a few years had become incorporated with every single plant in it.

"Dirig," says the philosopher, "is merely matter out of place." And, to do them justice, the same dictum applies to weeds. Set them in their right surroundings, and they become part of the British Flora.

imagine that they would keep in their proper place. Not they! Some thirty years ago the lovely tall willow-herb, the rose-bay, was a comparatively infrequent plant. But he has taken it into his head to set out on his travels, and now as you look out of your railway carriage in late summer you will see glorious sheets of him coloring the landscape up and down the country.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

June 29.—St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr. Sir Peter Paul Rubens, Flemish painter, born, 1577; Grenadier first introduced into England, 1678; Acquittal of the Seven Bishops, 1688; Henry Clay, American statesman, died, 1852; General Sir Percy Lake, British military commander, born, 1855; Major-General George W. Goethals, American Engineer officer, builder of the Panama Canal, born, 1858; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, English poet, wife of Robert Browning, English poet, died, 1861; British Columbia entered the Canadian Confederation, 1871; Ahmed Mirza, Shah of Persia, born, 1898; Dan Emmett, American minstrel, author of "Dixie," died, 1904.

June 30.—Montezuma, Mexican king, killed, 1520; General Oglethorpe, founder of the State of Georgia, died, 1786; R. Parker, head of the naval mutiny at The Nore, hanged, 1797; Sir James Macadam, Scottish civil engineer, originator of the macadam road, died, 1852; Charles Blondin (Jean François Gravelet), French acrobat, crossed Niagara Falls on a tight rope for first time, 1859; Montenegro and Serbia declared war against Turkey, 1876; Declaration of the 40th anniversary of the introduction of printing into England, 1877; Charles Guiteau executed for the assassination of James A. Garfield, President of the United States, 1882; Tower Bridge over the river Thames at London opened, 1894;

July 1.—DOMINION DAY. Boyne, 1690. James ("Admirable") Crichton, Scottish scholar, assassinated, 1582; Isaac Casaubon, Swiss scholar, died, 1614; Admiral Viscount Duncan of Camperdown, British naval commander, born, 1731; Louis Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, abdicated the throne of Holland, 1810; Hon. Daniel Gilmour, late Canadian Senator, born, 1849; Beginning of the Battle of Gettysburg, 1863; R. T. Hayes, Mayor of St. John, N. B., born, 1864; Act of Confederation came into effect in Canada, Vicount Monk assuming office as Governor General, 1867; Major-General C. H. Doyle assumed office of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, 1867; Harriet Beecher Stowe, American writer, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died, 1896.

July 2.—Visitacion B. V. M. Jacques Cartier discovered Miramichi River, 1534; General George Washington took command of 14,500 Continental troops at Cambridge, Mass., 1775; Jean Jacques Rousseau, French philosopher writer, died, 1778; Denis Diderot, French savant, died, 1784; Union of Great Britain and Ireland, 1800; Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bt., Canadian statesman, born, 1821; Dr. Samuel C. F. Hahnemann, Saxon physician, originator of homeopathy, died, 1843; Sir Robert Peel, British Prime Minister, died, 1850; Admiral Sir Charles Craddock, English naval commander, born, 1862; Earthquake at Manila, 1863; William LeQueux, English novelist and traveller, born, 1864; James A. Garfield, President of the United States, shot and fatally wounded, 1881; Canadian North-West Rebellion suppressed, 1885; Crown Prince Olaf of Norway born, 1893.

July 3.—Gettysburg, 1863. Sadova, 1896. Champlain founded City of Quebec, 1608; Henry Grattan, Irish politician and patriot, born, 1746; Admiral David G. Farragut, American naval commander, born, 1801; R. B. Bennett, former Canadian M. P., born, 1871; Atlantic Cable laid, 1878.

July 4.—INDEPENDENCE DAY. U. S. A. Ulundi, 1871. City of Three Rivers, Quebec, founded, 1634; Providence, Rhode Island, founded, 1636; Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italian patriot and liberator, born, 1807; John Adams, second President of the United States, and Thomas Jefferson, third President, died same day, 1826; James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, died, 1831; Texas annexed to the United States, 1845; Joseph Penell, American artist and author, born, 1860.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

1860; Fire in Portland, Me., 1866; Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States 1861 to 1865, died, 1891.

July 5.—Jerusalem taken by the Crusaders 1190. George Borrow English linguist and author, born, 1803; P. T. Barnum American showman, born, 1810; United States of Columbia declared independence from Spain, 1811; Sovereigns, the gold coins, first issued in England, 1817; Algiers taken by the French 1830; Joseph B. Foraker, American jurist, soldier, and orator, U. S. Senator, born, 1846; California declared independence from Mexico, 1848; Rt. Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, British Empire expander, born, 1853; Cholera broke out in St. John, N. B., 1854; Jan Kubelik, Bohemian violinist, born, 1880.

STAFF OF ALGONQUIN HOTEL SEASON 1919

A. Allerton, Manager; C. W. Stinson, Accountant; Spencer Farmer, Chief Clerk; Miss A. Meehan, Cashier; Mrs. E. Lemassie, Chief Stenographer; Miss Edith Hewitt, Stenographer; Miss E. G. Hughes, Mail Clerk; Mrs. John McLean, Housekeeper; Mrs. E. Revere, Matron; Mrs. Tennant, Linen Keeper; Miss Glover, Head Laundry; Mrs. E. Watson, Marker & Checker; Miss MacDonald, Chief Steward; E. E. Cartwright, Asst. J. P. Connor, Chief; R. Stevenson, Head Storekeeper; John A. McLean, Supt. of Service; George A. McLean, Head Waiter.

MECHANICAL

A. W. Mason, Chief Engineer; E. May, 2nd; R. Purton, 3rd; G. Malpass, Water Works Engineer; F. N. Donald, Passenger Agent; Mrs. Elrick, News Clerk; Miss Levene, Telephone Operator; Miss McCannell, Telephone Operator; Miss McDowell, Gents Hair Dresser; John Malloney, Manicurist and Lady Hair Dresser; Miss E. Reeves, Head Bellman; Alphonso Cummings, Head Porter; Lawrence Luce, Head Porter.

John M. Peacock, Golf Instructor; Mrs. M. McDonnell, Cashier; Miss Ella Baker, Matron; Joseph Harrison, Head Gardener; Cleveland Mitchell, In charge of Casino Orchestra; Miss Sarah Ames, Orchestra Leader; Percy Levene, Violinist; Dan C. Tierney, Pianist; living Frankel, Contra Bass; S. Keene, Drummer.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE. Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BRIDGEWATER. JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.

What do you think made our friend Lord Albemarle, colonel of a regiment of guards, governor of Virginia, groom of the stole, and ambassador to Paris—amounting in all to sixteen or seventeen thousand a year? Was it his birth? No; a Dutch gentleman only. Was it his estate? No he had none. Was it his learning, his parts, his political abilities and application? You can answer these questions easily and as soon as I can make them. What was it then? Many people wondered, but I do not. It was his air, his address, his manner, and his graces. He pleased and by pleasing, became a favorite; and by becoming a favorite, became all that he has been since.

Are afflictions aught But mercies in disguise? Th' alternate cup, Medicinal though bitter, and prepared By Love's own hand for salutary ends? Mallet's Amyntor and Theodora.

WANTED

Plain cook wanted for family of two. Wages \$45 per month. Another maid and boy kept. Apply after 7 o'clock or telephone MR. MACKLE'S COFFAGE.

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

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON July First Quarter, 4th 11h. 17m., p.m. Full Moon, 13th 2h. 2m., a.m. Last Quarter, 20th 7h. 3m., a.m. New Moon, 27th 1h. 21m., p.m.

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

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. Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min. Seal Cove, 30 min. Fish Head, 11 min. Welshpool, Campobello, 6 min. Eastport, Me., 8 min. L'Etang Harbor, 7 min. Lepreau Bay, 9 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector NORTH HEAD. Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector LORD'S COVE. T. L. Trecoate, Sub. Collector GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

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

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B. R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF

Times of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte: Circuit Court: Tuesday, May 13, Mr. Justice Crockett; Tuesday, October 7, Mr. Justice Barry. COUNTY COURT: Tuesday, February 4; Tuesday, June 3; and Tuesday, October 28. Judge Carleton

No Summer Vacation

This year, as some of our students cannot afford to lose time. Our classes have been considerably crowded, but vacancies now occurring give a chance for new students who can enter at any time. Tuition Rates, mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal. The Superior College logo.

LT. COL. W. J. OSBORNE, after four years of war service in England, Belgium, France, and Canada, has again taken over the management of the

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

The college will be kept open all through the summer. FALL TERM begins September 2nd. Write for full particulars.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 25th July, 1919 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the Rolling Dam Station Rural Route No. 3 commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

FOR RENT—8 room cottage, bath and basement. Newly remodelled and furnished. Sand beach, and fine water view. Apply to H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector. T. J. COUGHEY

TRAVEL



GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME Commencing June 1, a steamer of this line leaves Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a. m., for St. John via Campobello and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a. m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports. Wednesdays leaves Grand Manan, 8 a. m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays. Fridays, leaves Grand Manan, 6.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning 2.30 same day. Saturdays, leaves Grand Manan, 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1.30 same day. SCOTT D. GUPTELL, Manager

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and 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 11.00 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 p. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services: Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 10.55 a. m. 9.55 p. m. Closes: 5.00 p. m. 10.40 p. m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives—10.45 a. m. Closes: 11.00 a. m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted here as per previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

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



VOL. XX

TOWN

Tuesday, The monthly meeting of the Council was this day 3 o'clock, p. m. Present, Ald. Do Gilman, Malpas, Worrell. In the absence of Douglas was called to Minutes of the meeting and confirmed. Dr. Wallace Bro School Board, was for the use of the putting the school governing on the saring, draining, etc. Following some discussed by Ald. McLan the matter be left in street committee to school board in carry improvements. Ald. Douglas interview with Mr. Railway Co., and terms on which the Company would supply the water supply subject to terms and conditions. 1. The Town supply at the existing ten with a Venturi meter readings of which amount of payment. 2. The Town shall maintain at any other except by special only provided that at this connecting pipe of the Town. 3. In any partial the hotel requirement over those of effort will be made to available supply so as urgent requirements. 4. The hotel and shall be supplied direct but shall not be connected water system. 5. The Town shall supply as per the following

20000 to 40000 24 40000 to 60000 20 60000 to 80000 22 80000 to 100000 18

Moved by Ald. M. by Ald. Finigan and committee on water supply to engage an engineer submitted to the possible. Ald. McLan called necessity of having "Joe's Point road widened to the street committee. A communication Board advising the extension of office of Mr. E. A. questioning that he be re-mitted. On motion seconded by Ald. M. unanimously carried, M. was reappointed a member Board.

Ald. Malpas made what action had been the fire tanks. In re-stated that the tank at had been recovered, the issued calling for tenders abandonment of the fire tank Square, that one received from L. T. S. fill in accordance with and that it was proposed area covered by the tax. The application of V. mitted to Council at the cil on May 6th and wh referred to the Street Co up, Ald. Douglas sp with other members and endeavor to have factually arranged at p Ald. Worrell prepared the Marshal to have to enable him to provide autos or other vehicles speed limit. Ald. I that the Marshal be au legal assistance in case. An application from. bate of poll tax in asses submitted. On moti carried, ordered that t be instructed to remit t tax to applicant.

BILLS PA H. Greenlaw Bell Wren's Drug Store, sup. E. S. Polleys, 3 mo. W. E. Mallory, Hac H. J. Browning, repairs.