



# The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1918

NO. 16

## THE NEW-OLD MANIA FOR LITTLE SHIPS

In the fifteenth century the French were as anxious to make friends of the Scots north of Tweed as the Germans now are eager to gain the Irish to their side, the reason in each case being jealousy and hatred of England. Charles VII of France, intending to ask the hand of Margaret, daughter of James I of Scotland, for his son, dispatched an envoy in midwinter, a Regnault Girard, seigneur of Bazoges. The trip was so stormy and long drawn out that Sir Regnault made a vow that if he arrived in safety he would dedicate *une nef d'argent*, a silver ship, to a saint at that time famous as a protector of travellers by sea, namely, Saint Treigne, or, as he was called in England, Saint Trinyon. Ambassador Jusserand, writing in the *Revue Celtique*, considers him the same as the Sanctus Trenanus who was a disciple of Columba. (His real name in Irish was Ninian.) Poor wave-tossed Girard did reach Scotland at last, and, being a man whose promise was a bond, he did suspend a ship of silver A. D. 1436, in the sanctuary of Saint Trinyon, or Ninian, in Galloway, west coast of Scotland. We have his word for it in a manuscript account of his trip preserved in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris.

Little ships appear to be so normal a product at all times that one need not be surprised to find them favorites with young and old, with young children as well, with children of an older growth, as models for large craft, and with religious-minded men as vehicles or symbols of gods like the boats discovered in Egyptian tombs. Little ships were rudely carved on tombstones in Sweden and Ireland during the Stone Age, and they are favorite decorations of vases belonging to the early races along the Mediterranean. So we need not wonder that the collector of little ships has appeared from time to time, and at no period oftener than to-day. Just now the gentleman exists here, so that, whereas, twenty years ago, very thorough shippers could be had for a small sum, prices have advanced by "leaps and bounds." The sport of yachting, of course, has had no little to do with this collecting fashion.

As sportsmen in yachting, New Yorkers made an early start. In one of the views of New York, taken before 1700, a view from the water looking eastward, we see among the shipping a private yacht belonging to Col. Morris finishing a race ahead of a sail craft about its own size. There is no statement as to the loser, only a mention that Col. Morris's single-sticker was swifter under sail than anything near its size. Guns fired from a naval vessel at anchor give one reason to believe that we have here the first attested case, certainly the first picture, of a sailing race in New York waters. Dutch, as well as British, had the hereditary interest in little ships as well as big.

Old Fort Amsterdam, that stood where the new Custom House lies, is visible near the water's edge just beyond the vessels anchored in the North River; where Battery Park and West Street now project one sees a broad quay. But the most interesting detail for those who like yachts and small boats is this bit of by-play on the right of shipping and town, which declares that more than two hundred years ago New York enjoyed a sailing race. This match is the embryo from which have sprung the marvelous pageants of the international yacht races off the mouth of the Hudson.

Love of the sea and fear of the sea have ever gone hand in hand, the one urging us to build sailing boats, steam yachts, motor boats, for our own enjoyment, for racing and fishing, the other to perfect life-saving inventions for use aboard ship and on the strand. Fear of the sea and gratitude for escape from its perils have caused mariners and others in fulfillment of a vow to build models of ships, *ex-votos*, that find their natural place with other works of primitive popular art in churches and chapels. French Brittany, of course, has been a great place for such small craft. And observe that in an indirect way such *ex-votos* belong to the second class mentioned above, for they are not merely regarded as an expression of thankfulness for the saving of lives from storm and shipwreck, but are held to exert a certain claim for the future on the goodwill and mercy of the saint or the deity invoked, who is compelled, as it were, to remember the giver by a pledge that stands in the sight of all and especially before the eyes of the saint himself.

It is not strange therefore, that such gifts and pledges should hang conspicuously in many an old church, preserved from the fate of smaller votive objects—such as ears, eyes, noses, hands, breasts, legs—that were suspended somewhat precariously on chapel wall. Ship models are apt to be securely hung in iron chains to the roof of the edifice or to some arch between the supporting pillars, where, in

deed, dust might accumulate but the object remain safe from harm.

It is proof of the persistence of this idea of gratitude for protection, past and to come, that Protestant countries like Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Great Britain held more or less to this habit, despite their lapses from Rome. Indeed, one may be quite sure that long before the advent of Christian missionaries a similar fashion existed; that the heathen of the Baltic, of Batavian islands, and the coasts of Gaul, Britain, and Ireland, took care to propitiate their gods of the sea by such visible objects. Could we learn what things were placed in the holy groves on the lower Rhine, beside the standards in the form of beasts—bear, boar, wolf, horse, and wildcat—which we hear about from Caesar and Tacitus, would we not be told about rude representations of ships? If we may judge by other lives and by analogy, it is fair to believe that such basic ideas go on with little regard to the particular style of religion accepted by seafaring races.

Those eyes painted in the bows of boats which the Phoenicians perhaps taught to the Greeks a thousand years before Christ, are still seen in Venice on the wood boats from Dalmatia, and have not been altogether lost from North African craft.

Who of recent times was it that first observed how extraordinarily picturesque are those old and artless models of ships that still hang in Breton and Dutch chapels? How salt and sharp like seawater! How delightfully decorative! Why, certain artists without doubt; they must have been the leaders of the present fashion for ship models which has boosted prices for old genuine hulks to an unexpected level. As the collecting fad developed, it was discovered that in each period there were fine and coarse models, completely fashioned hulks neatly joined and elaborated, and solid hulks that only bore the outward look and the rigging of a seaworthy boat that can float—marvels of delicate cabinet work or rude creations of some sailor's jack-knife. It was also discovered that China and Japan fabricated model boats. Indeed, Japan developed a special Boat of Good Luck long ago on which the Seven Patron Gods come sailing in, bringing to the family all sorts of dainties and gifts for the children and for adults also—the "very moral" of Santa Claus drawn by reindeer in his sleigh. This Lucky Junk is shown in all sorts of ways, painted, embroidered, enameled, carved in wood and stone, cast in metals, or elaborately constructed and fashioned most artfully in lacquered and gilded wood.

A capital example belongs to Mr. Irving R. Wiles, the painter. It is signed—rather the names of designer and builder are engraved on it; its date is about 1820-1825. A veritable "museum piece," it is about eight feet long. It has been known as a "flower boat." The Chinese have their highly decorated barges called *hwa-ling* for the use of picnic and water parties on lakes and rivers or for gay ladies to disport themselves on; very often they are banked with masses of flowers, whence perhaps their name. But as this model of an Oriental craft is not Chinese but Japanese, the probability is in favor of its use as a Lucky Junk for New Year's and that it once carried well-carved and gayly clad figurines of the Japanese patron gods on its decks. Was Thomas Gray thinking of the pleasure barges which were common on the Thames down to the reign of Queen Anne when he wrote:

Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm?

Now, on New Year's the Japanese gods of luck, six in number, together with the seventh—Benten or Ozume, the popular goddess—steer their way into family havens bearing all sorts of gifts, like the purse of Fortunatus, the hat of invisibility, the raincoat that turns into wings, the key to Godown, where riches are stored, and so forth. There are seated: Daikoku, with his rice bales and rat; Benten, with her *biwa* or guitar; Bishamon, with his fancy spear; Hotei, with his bag of presents for the children; Ebisu, with his rod, his reel, and his red fish, like our pompano; also Juro and Fukurokuju, with their three-decker heads and their emblems of long life, wealth, and prosperity, represented by such living things as the crane, tortoise, and deer, bamboo, plum and pine. In all likelihood this grand model of a barge served once upon a time as the pedestal for the Seven Patron Gods of Japan, who must have been presented in large, carved, painted, and draped figures to fitly accompany so magnificent a craft.

On our side of the Pacific something analogous existed, though of ruder form, as may be seen in certain galleries of the Museum of Natural History, New York, that contain relics of our Northwest Coast Indians. On board huge canoes, in masks and helmets and robes, the

## TO PRESIDENT WILSON

SEE England's stalwart daughter who made emprise  
'Gainst her own mother, freeborn of the free;  
Who slew her sons for her slaves' liberty:  
See for mankind her majesty arise!

From her new world her unattainted eyes  
Espy deliverance; and her bold decree  
Speaks for Great Britain's wide confederacy—  
*The folk shall rule if only they be wise.*

Ambition, hate, revenge, the secret sway  
Of priest and kingcraft, shall be done away  
By faith in beauty, chivalry, and good.

One God made all, and will all wrongs forgive.  
Save their hell-heat, who in men's hope to live  
In mutual freedom, peace, and brotherhood.

ROBERT BRIDGES,  
Poet Laureate.

(Born October 23, 1844.)

## THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be?  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch tree!  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.—  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust:  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(Born October 21, 1772; died July 25, 1834.)

chiefs, enacting gods and spirits, used to visit friendly tribes when no wars were on. They were surrounded by groups of mummies, and their objects were a series of feasts, potlatches, and ritual dances, in which each leader tried to outdo his rivals with novel things by way of magic and crush them with the quantity and splendor of his largess. Like the Lucky Junk at New Year's in Japan, these Indian canoes brought presents, both magical and material.

Another collection of old models of sailing craft is at Annapolis in the Naval Academy, where great attention is given still to instruction in sailing, notwithstanding the change from sails to steam. All the midshipmen learn to manage a sail as part of the drill in small boats for landing parties in connexion with the needs of a fleet.

There is another source whence collectors of ship models draw, but it is a rather meagre one for obvious reasons. This is the supply of builders' models actually put together with the greatest care and to scale, in order to a complete understanding of the problem. The deck planks and much of the freeboard plankings are left out, so that the construction of keel, stem and stern posts, keelson, ribs, knees, and deck-beams is open to view. Sometimes the rigging is added. Such models would be submitted to an Admiralty or shipping board when the builder is summoned to report and estimate and explain.

A large number of fine old models of frigates sought by collectors proceeded, strange to say, from prisons, where sailors and others captured at sea found time heavy on their hands and money terribly light in their pockets. French captives in England and English sailors taken by the French have produced a host of models in the past, and of these a certain portion have survived domestic shipwreck. Some have drifted into snug harbors like Greenwich-on-Thames, where they are understood, kept oiled, painted and repaired; others have been discovered derelict in garrets, dilapidated and frowsy, whether they have been banished by impatient housewives, dead to all feeling for their decorative quality. The best preserved are those immersed in ancestral bell-glasses where they have lingered more or less immune to the small boy and the housemaid's heavy hand. There is a very fleet of them in India House, New York, for the most part the loan of Willard Straight. But wherever they are found they never fail to catch the eyes of those who love sailing and ships, nor to rejoice the soul of those who are not above appreciating what is decorative and appropriate to a given interior.

Among the more elaborate models built in naval prisons or sailors' snug harbors, homes for retired seamen, are the bone models which are clothed in slabs of white that deft hands have fashioned laboriously from the mutton and sheep bones of the prison or seaman's mess. Naturally, these white frigates brought a higher price to their makers than the ordinary model. Sometimes no small outlay was needed in the way of woods, paint, iron anchors, iron guns, and gear, rigging, and pulleys, and this outlay was beyond one man's purse. Then a syndicate was formed and the subscribers shared in the sum obtained. A well-chosen series of these old models affords a history of naval architecture from the Nor-

man ships that we see on the Bayeux tapestry to the latest fin-keel that led the yacht squadron into Newport harbor. The change from sail to steam, from wooden walls to iron, from auxiliary side-wheel steam-packets to turbine-driven liners, has far from caused men to condemn the old sailing craft, the Spanish argosies, the unwieldy Dutch and English men-of-war, with lofty poops and forecastles, or the clipper ships of the last century at its prime; on the contrary, that change has heightened man's regard for history restores values and age consecrates. So it comes about that there is a demand for models representing the various ages in the evolution of the ship, and since the supply of original and old models is very scant, there is call for modern copies of the old vessels in which their proportions, lines, and rigging are kept true to the naval fashions of long ago.

Two amateurs have responded to this impulse in New York; one is Irving R. Wiles, the portrait painter; the other Henry B. Culver, lawyer—and doubtless there are others. The late Alexander Drake, art director of the *Century Magazine*, included ship models of various fashions among his collections; many of his pieces are at the India House in New York.

The hobby of "little ships" is one that keeps the rider in his saddle, not only because of their decorative nature, but owing to their romantic suggestion of life on the ocean, and perhaps none the less firmly, on account of the historical questions that assail you when comparing rigging and hull, and striving to reconstruct the great ships that once navigated the seven seas.—CHARLES DE KAY, in *The New York Evening Post*.

\*\* In reprinting the above interesting article from *The New York Evening Post* we regret that we are unable to reproduce the three illustrations of ships' models by which it was accompanied, but we have preserved them in our office and shall be pleased to show them to anyone interested who will call.

As was to be expected in a seaport town like St. Andrews, some of our retired mariners amuse themselves and keep alive the memories of their former life, and at the same time earn a substantial sum of money, by making models of sailing craft of various rigs. This work might very well be done by other mariners, who would thereby derive much pleasure and considerable profit from the labor expended. These little ships find ready sale at good prices. We shall be pleased to display, gratuitously, in our office window any that may be sent to us for sale.—Ed. BRACON.

Mrs. Riley—"Are Yez on callin' terms wid our neighbor?" Mrs. Murphy—"Oj am that. She called me 'a thafe an' Oi called her another."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?" "One man did, but he didn't say much." "What did he say?" "All he said was '\$60 and costs.'"—*Baltimore American*.

"Can you loan me this umbrella, old man?" "I don't know. I borrowed it from Flubdub." "He can't object. He borrowed it from me."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—A British Port, Oct. 10.—The American transport S. S. *Otranto* struck the rocks Sunday night south of Saligo Bay, Islay Island, an uninhabited section where the coast line in many places rises straight out of the water to the rocky peaks many feet above, after she had been rammed by the *Kashmir*.

A British Admiralty statement says: "At eleven o'clock on Sunday the armed mercantile cruiser *Otranto*, acting Captain Ernest Davidson in command, was in collision with the steamer *Kashmir*. Both vessels were carrying United States troops."

"The weather was very bad and the ships drifted apart and soon lost sight of each other."

"The torpedo boat destroyer *Mounsey* was called by wireless, and by skilful handling succeeded in taking off 27 officers and 239 men of the crew and 300 United States soldiers and thirty French sailors. They were landed at a North Irish port."

"The *Otranto* drifted ashore on the Island of Islay. She became a total wreck. Sixteen survivors have been picked up at Islay. There are missing and it is feared drowned 335 United States soldiers, 11 officers and 85 men of the crew including men with mercantile marine ratings."

"The *Kashmir* reached a Scottish port and landed its troops without casualties."

The *Otranto* and the other vessels of the convoy were battling with the heavy seas and high winds Sunday morning. The storm was so severe and the visibility so bad that the *Kashmir*, a former Peninsular & Oriental liner, crashed into the *Otranto* squarely amidships. The *Kashmir* backed away badly damaged, but was able to make port. Within a short time the water put out her fires and the *Otranto* drifted helplessly toward the rocky coast of Islay Island, where most of the *Tuscanica* victims met their deaths.

Thirty minutes after the crash, the British destroyer *Mounsey*, herself damaged by the heavy sea, appeared out of the haze in answer to the distress calls of the *Otranto*.

When the destroyer manoeuvred to get alongside, Captain Davidson, of the *Otranto*, warned Lieut. Craven, commanding the destroyer, not to make the attempt.

When it was seen that Craven would make the attempt anyway, the men were ordered to remove their shoes and heavy clothing and try to save themselves as best they could.

The destroyer stood off about a hundred feet and then gradually came nearer against the great odds of high waves and the wind, which threatened momentarily to carry her entirely away from the *Otranto* or dash her to pieces against the side of the wounded vessel.

As the destroyer neared the side of the *Otranto* the men began to jump from thirty to forty feet from her decks. The more experienced sailors of the crew of the steamer had better success than the soldiers, many of whom had never seen the sea until this trip.

As the destroyer steered toward the side of the steamer, many of the men leaped too quickly and missed their reckoning and dropped between the boats. Some of these disappeared in the water, but others of them were caught and crushed to death between the boats and the lifeboats which had been lowered to act as buffers. The destroyer was badly battered. The captain of the destroyer, each time it was brushed away from the side of the *Otranto*, again would push near enough for many more men to jump to the deck of his vessel. He described as a veritable rain the number of men landing on the destroyer.

Many of those who reached the decks of the vessel suffered broken bones or otherwise were hurt. Those who missed the deck of the destroyer, went to almost instant death.

Four times the battered destroyer came alongside, and each time the previous scenes were repeated. At the end of the fourth trip she had 310 Americans, 236 of the crew, 30 French sailors, and one British officer on board. The boat was full, and having done all possible, she started for port.

London, October 12.—More than 360 American soldiers were lost off the transport *Otranto*. This developed from checking the *Otranto*'s list at American headquarters, where it was found the death toll of soldiers stood at 364 or 366.

More than 200 bodies have been recovered up to this morning. The discrepancy between the figures now arrived at and those previously given is due, it was explained, to the mixing up of two identification lists.

A Belfast report states that it was in obedience to orders from the *Otranto*, which was the flagship of the convoy, that the steamer *Kashmir* after the collision

proceeded without attempting to rescue anyone from the *Otranto*.

—An Atlantic Port, Oct. 10th.—News of the sinking by a submarine of a large American steamship, with the probable loss of many of her crew, was brought here to-day by a British freighter. The British ship had aboard twenty-three survivors of the American vessel.

The American steamship, said to have carried a large crew, was shelled and then torpedoed, according to officers of the rescue ship. The attack was made five days ago.

It was reported in maritime circles that the U-boat's victim was the *Ticonderoga*, formerly the German steamer *Comitia Rickmers*, of 5,130 tons gross. The ship was interned at Manila at the beginning of the war.

The remainder of those aboard the *Ticonderoga*, said to number about 250, were reported to have perished. It was said that the ship's boats were shelled by the submarine, accounting for the wounded among the survivors. Seventeen of these were American soldiers, being part of a detachment detailed to care for horses which the ship was transporting. They were transferred to the British freighter about five days ago.

Exactly when and where the *Ticonderoga* was torpedoed could not be ascertained on account of censorship restrictions. She left an Atlantic port on September 22nd, as a part of a convoy. Presumably she fell victim to the U-boat without other protection than her own guns, as, according to previous reports received by the Navy Department, she became separated from the rest of the ships and was not thereafter heard from.

—Dublin, Oct. 11.—The Dublin mail boat *Leinster* has been torpedoed, while making a trip from Dublin to Holyhead.

It is believed that six hundred lives were lost in the sinking of the *Leinster*. It was stated to-day at the office of her owners. Only about 150 persons, it was added, were saved.

A passenger on board the *Leinster* saw the torpedo approaching the ship. He informed the captain but the torpedo was so near that escape was impossible. The projectile struck the side of the boat between the forecastle and the compartment set aside for postal clerks.

The weather was fine but the sea was rough, following a recent storm. According to figures reported here, there were on board 687 passengers and a crew of about seventy.

The steamer sank within fifteen minutes. The passengers, including many women and some children, numbered 650, and the boat carried a crew of seventy.

An incoming mail steamer reports that she passed through the wreckage but was not permitted to stop to do any rescue work, in accordance with the orders of the British Admiralty. Her passengers counted forty dead bodies floating in the water. Of the twenty-one mail clerks on board the *Leinster*, twenty were killed outright by the explosion and the twenty-first was blown through the side of the ship, being picked up at sealer's.

—A British Port, Oct. 11.—The Japanese steamship *Hirano Maru*, of 7,935 tons gross, was torpedoed and sunk on Friday last. It is feared that 300 lives were lost.

The *Hirano Maru* was outward bound for Japan, and carried about 200 passengers. The vessel was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine early on Friday morning when about three hundred miles south of Ireland.

The few survivors who were picked up by the American torpedo-boat destroyer *Sterrett*, have been brought here. They declare that the torpedo struck the steamer in the forward engine-room. Nothing remained for those on board, including the women and children, but to plunge into the ocean. A large number, however, went down with the ship. The vessel disappeared completely within seven minutes after being struck by the torpedo.

Provisionally the commander of the American destroyer *Sterrett* heard the explosion and steered his vessel for the point whence the sound came. He found the ship had disappeared, and he saw a mass of struggling people in the water. There were no small boats available, so the destroyer in the bad weather steamed about picking up those who were still alive. The American warship picked up 30 persons, one of whom died while being brought ashore.

While the *Sterrett* was engaged in the work of picking up the men and women struggling in the water, the German submarine fired two torpedoes at the warship. Both missiles happily missed the mark. After making a thorough search for survivors, the *Sterrett* headed for the submarine, firing several shots and dropping depth charges.

The *Hirano Maru* was built at Nagasaki in 1908, and was owned by the Nippon Yusen Kaishaiki Kaisha, of Tokio. The vessel was 465 feet long, 56 feet beam, and had a depth of 34 feet.



## Steady Savings Bring Real Wealth

A Savings Account, steadily added to, even if only by small amounts, brings increased happiness to oneself and family and adds real wealth to one's country.

Decide to-day to let The Bank of Nova Scotia help you to save by opening a Savings Account here. Interest paid half-yearly.

—THE—

### Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 12,500,000  
Reserve Fund 12,000,000  
Resources 130,000,000

G. W. RABBITT  
Manager  
St. Andrews Branch

#### CAMPOBELLO

Oct. 14.

The event of the week: a tumult of rejoicings on Saturday night last when the premature proclamation of peace was wired, an endless tumult for miles around of steam whistles, bells, horns, guns, music, and torch-light processions.

Public gatherings have ceased in consequence of the prevailing epidemic, Spanish influenza. There have been no new cases for a few days, and as yet no deaths.

Mrs. Horace Mitchell entertained a number of her friends at her home on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Harvey enjoyed the past week at Bayside, N. B.

Mrs. Lydia Lank is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mowat at Bayside, N. B.

Miss Olive Mitchell is visiting friends at St. George.

The Island has been greatly inconvenienced by the laying off of the daily ferry, *Lube*, owing to the illness of the engineer.

Capt. Daniel Malloch, of Lube, visited relatives here on Friday.

A recent dispatch from Boston, Mass., announced the death there of Elizabeth McGillivray, sister of Mr. Leonard Calder, of the Island.

#### ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Oct. 16.

The Town Council was in session last evening. The matter of the St. George Pulp and Paper company's taxes was up for discussion. Alderman Johnson wanted the matter postponed until the next meeting when Manager Murphy would be present. It was decided to engage the services of Mr. MacIntyre, of St. John, in order that the Council might obtain expert advice regarding the value of the taxable property belonging to the company.

The Spanish Influenza has not yet reached St. George. The Doctors are kept busy attending cases on the outskirts. Back Bay seems to have been hit the hardest; a large number of cases are under treatment there, so far there has been no fatalities. There is a great deal of sickness in Pennfield, with serious cases.

Word was received on Monday of the wounding of two St. George young men at the front in France. Joseph Meating, a member of the "Princess Pats" and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meating, was wounded in the face, a gun-shot wound. Joe enlisted in the 140th and joined the "Princess Pats" in France some time ago. William Mersereau, the well-known barber, a member of the heavy artillery received a gun-shot wound in the leg. "Billy" enlisted in the 9th Siege Battery, and has been in France a long time. Both young men have a host of friends who trust their wounds will not prove serious.

Miss Ray Cawley, of St. John, spent the week-end at home.

Misses Annie Brown and Blanche McVicar came down from the city over Thanksgiving.

Harry Doyle, the popular clerk at Mr. A. D. Frauley's, is on his vacation, and is on a hunting trip at New River.

Mr. and Mrs. Feeney were called to Fredericton on Tuesday by the serious illness of their daughter, Edith.

Mrs. Daves Gillmor has returned from Edmundston.

Mrs. Ino, McGrattan and child visited relatives in Calais last week.

Mr. Ernest Graham, of Moore's Mills is in charge of the Welsford Lumber Co's, Saw Mill.

Miss Jennie Dodds, who is a nurse-in-training at Providence, has recovered from a serious illness.

Mr. Warren Dow, of St. Stephen, visited his parents over the week-end.

Mrs. Hattie MacNichol, of St. John has been the guest of her nephew, Mr. Edward McGirr.

Squire McLaughlin has returned from a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Coughlin, St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Harding, who have been summer guests here, have returned to their home in St. John.

Mr. Jack Bates, a former manager of the Bank here, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Kent on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Morton Baldwin has returned from a visit at her old home, Moore's Mills.

Misses Geneva Hennessey and Bessie Spear are home from St. John, the business college having closed for a time.

James Fraser, his many friends will regret to hear, is very low and confined to his bed.

#### BAYSIDE, N. B.

Oct. 16.

Mr. John Greenlaw was called to Fredericton last week by the sudden death of his brother, Mr. Alec Greenlaw.

Mrs. Leigh Campbell and son have returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Bartlett's Mills.

Miss Lena Lawrence entertained a few of her friends at her home on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Harvey, of Welshpool, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Mowat last week.

Miss Mary Daggett has returned to Grand Manan after a pleasant visit with her sister, Miss Belva Daggett.

Mrs. Frances Conley and child, of Eastport, are spending a few weeks with relatives here.

Earle Greenlaw, who has been confined to the house with sickness, is able to be out again.

Inspector McLean visited the schools here on Friday.

Misses Daggett and Scullin have gone to their homes, the schools having been closed on account of the prevailing epidemic.

Mrs. H. H. Bartlett has returned from a pleasant visit with her mother, Mrs. Mersereau, at Fredericton Jct.

The remains of the late Alec Greenlaw arrived here on Friday and were conveyed to the Baptist Church, where Rev. Wm. Fraser conducted the service. Rev. Wm. Amos being unable to attend on account of sickness.

Miss Rachel Lawrence, teacher at Mascarene, and Miss Mabel Bartlett, of the Provincial Normal School, are at their homes here.

Miss Velma Malloch spent the week-end here.

#### TO VALUABLE TO CHIDE

Mrs. Hawbuck—"Hiram, it takes you twice as long to drive the pigs as it used to."

Farmer H.—"I know it. You wouldn't expect me to speak harsh to a lot of critters worth \$50 apiece, would you?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why, ye don't know a beech from an elm. Don't ye know any trees at all?"

"I know a Christmas tree when I see it," said the summer boarder. "There's one over yonder."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

#### Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 16.

Miss Elizabeth Wilson, of the St. Stephen Public School staff, is spending the enjoyable holiday at her home in Rolling-dam.

Mrs. Phillip D. Lambe arrived from Boston last week, to attend the funeral service of her brother, the late William Casey, of Calais, who was a victim of the dread disease, the Spanish gripe.

Miss Jean Thompson, who is taking a course in nurse training at the Lawrence, Mass., Hospital, has been quite ill with the prevailing epidemic, but is now recovering, which is a great relief to St. Stephen relatives.

The family of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Deacon, who have been so very ill with Spanish gripe, are all much better and recovering as rapidly as possible.

Mrs. Walter Crowell, and Misses Alice and Alma Crowell, of Nashua, N. H., are visiting Calais friends.

Miss Gladys Grant has returned to Fredericton after a pleasant visit in St. Stephen.

Miss Thomas, principal of the St. Stephen High School, is in Fredericton spending the two-weeks' holiday at her home there.

Miss Emma Robinson has been spending the Thanksgiving holiday in Wood stock.

Mrs. C. A. Lowe, of Pembroke, Me., is the guest of Mrs. Ella Haycock, Winter Street, Calais.

Mrs. George A. Johnson has returned to her home in Grand Manan, after a visit with Calais relatives.

Mrs. Anna Grimmer, of Houlton, Me., has been the guest for the past few days of Mrs. Walter L. Grimmer.

During the period of being closed owing to the epidemic of influenza, the Calais Opera House is being cleaned, redecorated, and put in order for winter entertainments.

Mr. Albert McMullin, of Quincy, Mass., is spending a few days in St. Stephen with his father, Sergt. John McMullin.

Miss Marion Straghan, is quite ill with the prevailing influenza, at the home of Mrs. S. R. Belyea, St. Stephen.

Miss Mary Henderson has returned from a visit in Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith have rented the Mallory tenement on Union Street, St. Stephen, and will reside there during the winter.

Mrs. D. H. Bates expects to spend the winter in Vermilion, So. Dakota, with her daughter, Mrs. Marshall McKusick.

Rev. Percy Cotton, who went to Amherst, N. S., to accompany his wife and children here, is expected to arrive on Thursday. Trinity Church rectory is being put in readiness for their arrival.

Mrs. Maria Burton, the esteemed matron of the Robinson Memorial Home for nurses, is spending a day or two in St. Andrews, her old home.

Mr. James Vroom, who has been suffering from an attack of gripe, has recovered sufficiently to allow him to go out, and also to attend to some business in town affairs.

Mrs. Jane Todd Higgins, who has been visiting Western cities, has returned to Calais.

Miss Ethel MacNichol, of Boston, has been the guest during the past week of Miss Gladys Blair.

Mrs. Sylvester Young and Miss Amy Young have been guests for several days of Mrs. F. G. McFarlane. They expect to leave soon to make their home with relatives in the Western States.

Mrs. Laura Bogue entertained a party of friends at dinner on Thanksgiving Day at her home on Marks Street.

Mrs. James Asnault, who has been visiting friends in Calais, has returned to her home in Portland, Me.

#### Save money for Victory Bonds!

#### THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The annual meeting of the St. Andrews Red Cross Society was held in All Saints Sunday school room on Friday, Oct. 11th. In the absence of the President, Mrs. Babbitt took the chair. Officers were elected as follows:—

President	Mrs. G. H. Stickney
1st Vice Pres	Mrs. G. H. Elliot
2nd " "	Mrs. S. Shaughnessy
3rd " "	Mrs. G. F. Hibbard
4th " "	Mrs. G. W. Babbitt
Treasurer	Mrs. V. Lamb
Secretary	Mrs. G. F. Andrews

Regret was expressed at the absence of the President through illness, and hope for a speedy recovery.

The treasurer submitted the financial report for the year as follows:—

Cash on hand from last year	\$676.11
Dues, donations, and life member fees	524.32
Pythian Sisters (dance)	20.00
Food sale (from banquet)	7.90
From Chamcook (dances)	52.63
Socks sold	6.75
Mrs. Ayscough's lecture	170.00
Golf tag day	410.45

#### French Red Cross tag day

Total	\$2082.11
Expended	
For supplies	\$549.49
Can. Red Cross	306.12
French Red Cross	186.20
Halifax relief	60.00
Memorial flowers	10.55
Stamps and Stationery	1.85
Cleaning room	2.00
Total	\$1116.21
Balance on hand	\$965.90

ELEANOR C. LAMB  
Treasurer

Meetings have been held on each Friday during the year, when socks have been brought in and material given out. The attendance has been as usual. Several boxes have been packed and sent to St. John to be shipped overseas. Number of articles sent:—

- 817 pairs of socks
- 8 sweaters
- 41 sheets
- 88 hospital shirts
- 108 sponges
- 500 mouth wipes
- 14 wash cloths
- 161 Christmas stockings

Bocabec Red Cross  
Sent through this Society.  
132 pairs of socks  
From Grand Manan  
34 Christmas Stockings

Thirteen life members have been made during the year on payment of the sum of \$25. The year closes with 80 members on the roll. Might I, in closing this report, urge the members to be more earnest in the work than ever before, and I would also ask all who are not members to come now and join us. There is so much to be done and so few to do it, and it is the little from each one that counts, not the big things from a few.

N. R. ANDREWS  
Secretary

#### SIX HUNDRED LIVES LOST

#### FOREST FIRES IN MINNESOTA.

Duluth, Minn. Oct. 15.—More than six hundred bodies of persons burned to death in the forest fires which swept over North-eastern Minnesota last Saturday had been recovered to-day, and it was expected this number would be increased by three hundred and possibly four hundred when the entire devastated district has been gone over.

Searching parties started from Moose Lake, Cloquet and Duluth before daybreak to-day and took up the work where it was left off last night when darkness made it impossible to distinguish bodies from charred and blackened tree trunks.

Business men of Duluth to-day sent out parties of veterinarians in an effort to save the live stock which is wandering through the burned district in search of food.

So far as the forest fire is concerned there is little likelihood of further damage but a soaking rain will be required before the menace is entirely removed.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Property damage by the forest fires in Minnesota amounts to \$72,000,000, and the insurance will total \$23,000,000, according to computations made to-day by insurance men here.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

#### CLEAR THE DECKS!

Get ready for action!  
Forget each attraction  
That leads you away from your part!  
What part'll you have shown  
In this VICTORY LOAN?  
Will you back it with all of your heart?

Canadians fighting,  
Are daily delighting  
There Allies with proof of their skill!  
The foe they're purpuing  
How much are YOU doing  
To give the mad Kaiser his fill?

You know of a way  
You can help win the fray—  
Quite clearly this way has been shown.  
Canadians all!  
Arise at the call  
AND CARRY THIS VICTORY LOAN!

—William F. Kirk.

The son of a rich father decided that he ought to enlist, and went to the recruiting station. He was asked his occupation. "Why-er-well, just running through the e-gyptor's money, don't you know," was the reply. The officer seeming in doubt how

to classify him, when a corporal standing near came to his assistance with a brilliant suggestion. "Put him down as a brass finisher, sir," he said.—*Boston Transcript*.

"What was that selection your daughter played on the piano?" "That wasn't a selection," replied Mr. Cumrox. "No body chose it. It was forced on us."—*Washington Star*.

"How did Solomon get his great reputation for wisdom?" queried Mr. Meekton's wife. "Oh, I am sure, Henrietta, it was not through anything he thought up for himself. You know he had a great many wives and he probably listened carefully to all their advice."—*Washington Star*.

### INFLUENZA!

Should be carefully guarded against. A mild spray and gargle mixture of water and

### JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

ENEMY TO GERMS

## Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



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

### G. V. PAINT

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

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

## T. McAvity & Sons

LIMITED  
St. John, N. B.

## LIGHTEN YOUR WASHDAY LABOR

Comfort and convenience count on washday, perhaps more than on any other day of the week. Anything that will lighten the work is doubly welcome then.

### EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE

#### Wash Tubs and Washboards

are labor lighteners. They save time and strength. Incidentally they cost no more.

Eddy's Fibre wash-tubs are easy to lift and easy to carry. They keep the water hot a long time because they do not radiate heat as galvanized iron or tin will do. They cannot leak, because they are made in one piece, without joint or seam. And the cost is actually less because they will outlast several of the old-fashioned kinds of wash-tubs.

Eddy's Twin Beaver Washboards save time by the special crimp which loosens the dirt easily. A washing surface on each side gives them double the efficiency of the ordinary washboard.



When you buy matches look for the name "Eddy" on the box.  
A kind for every purpose.

**The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited**  
HULL, Canada  
Makers of the Famous Eddy's Matches

### The Lone Samuel

"First, the Kent turned handed him a rose topaz lot of rings sp. With a cry, necklace.  
"Afe all the valuables there.  
"She glanced.  
"I think so.  
"matters to me.  
"These are found on the b.  
"It was you.  
"demanded Blair.  
"Yes," said t.  
"Were you it?"  
"Yes. No. I a man somehw but I never sav.  
"Was Mr. F you that night? measured tones.  
"I never saw day."  
"There was a from where Ma.  
"That may or Alexander Blair word of a man body if, indeed, "I didn't kill.  
"I didn't kill.  
"Jax.  
"How came jewels, then, if from the body?"  
"Who ever sav from the body? "I did take 'em.  
"And what I wa they come to be? What was that with your dang lace? Tell me th.  
"Wait a momen plain to Mr. Blair pose was in tak.  
"To hide 'em, there was on th the better chanc away. I was so was half crazy hear she never ha that right?"  
"Sheriff Schylo chair. "Ain't you Kent?"  
"Kent shook his "Nor you, Mr. E.  
"No."  
"Then I don't se it among ourselv.  
"There is no re ever be known of said Kent, and a ter Blair exhaled relief. "But it is here that she sho follow me throo ten local histor, this story goes ba years, when the Hogg's Haven in since been destr of Captain Hogg, Grosvenor family, evidence of the G torian, who, by th all this from his p most extraordina notum. Not bea sense of the word yond beauty, an chains. Her husb been a weaking nothing in her lif her children. See sing herself into the priestes worshipers, whic the more cultivat ion. Among the man mystic and p ned to this countr ment for political von Mills was his "That's why ab manna," broke in half whisper.  
"Don't jump to said Kent smiling correspondence is signed herself Astr similar to the signa yours, Jax. There no guilt between Judges guilt. The one. But it was u. It culminated in a the details are lost an employment that bags a double suic that their souls w death. There are b old letters in the his and in the library a This much is know barked together in Mills was never ag milla Grosvenor's b Lonesome Cove. S earliest recorded vi which that mischi Dennett, left at y supporting it to be unfortunate creatur the road to your h Elliott sketch for t milla Grosvenor."  
"My God!" Jax bu about I met up w Hawkhill heights?"



# The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"First, the jewels." Kent turned to Preston Jax, who handed him a package. Opening it, Kent displayed the wonderful Grosvenor rose topazes, with a miscellaneous lot of rings sparkling amid their coils. With a cry, Marjorie caught up the necklace.

"Are all the remainder of the lost valuables there, Mrs. Blair?" asked Kent.

She glanced carefully at the rings. "I think so. Yes. But this is what matters to me."

"These are all that Preston Jax found on the body?"

"It was you who found the body?" demanded Blair of Jax.

"Yes," said the astrologer uneasily. "Were you alone when you found it?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. There was a man somewhere near. I heard him but I never saw him."

"Was Mr. Francis Sedgwick with you that night?" pursued Mr. Blair in measured tones.

"I never saw Mr. Sedgwick until today."

There was a little soft sigh of relief from where Marjorie Blair sat.

"That may or may not be true," said Alexander Blair sternly. "It is the word of a man who has robbed a dead body if, indeed, he did not also kill."

"I didn't kill or rob any one," said Jax.

"How came you by my daughter's jewels, then, if you did not take them from the body?"

"Who ever said I didn't take 'em from the body?" retorted the other. "I did take 'em, but it wasn't robbery."

And what I want to know is how did they come to be on the body anyhow? What was that Astraea woman doing with your daughter's rings and necklace? Tell me that!"

"Wait a moment," put in Kent. "Explain to Mr. Blair, Jax, what your purpose was in taking the jewels."

"To hide 'em. I thought the less there was on the body to identify it the better chance I'd have of getting away. I was so scared that I guess I was half crazy anyway. And now I hear she never has been identified. Is that right?"

Sheriff Schlager half rose from his chair. "Ain't you told 'em, Professor Kent?"

Kent shook his head.

"Nor you, Mr. Blair?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't see why we can't keep it among ourselves," said the sheriff.

"There is no reason why it should ever be known outside of this room," said Kent, and as the words Alexander Blair exhaled a pent up breath of relief. "But it is due to one person here that she should know everything. Follow me through a page of unwritten local history. The beginning of this story goes back some seventy-five years, when there lived not far from Hogg's Haven in a house which has since been destroyed an older sister of Captain Hogg, who married into the Grosvenor family. She was, from the evidence of the Grosvenor family historian, who, by the way, has withheld all this from his pages, a woman of the most extraordinary charm and magnetism. Not beautiful in the strict sense of the word, she had a gift beyond beauty, and she led men in chains. Her husband appears to have been a weakling who counted for nothing in her life after the birth of her children. Seeking distraction, she flung herself into mysticism and became the priestess of a cult of star worshipers, which included many of the more cultivated people of this region. Among them was a young German mystic and philosopher who had fled to this country to escape punishment for political offenses. Hermann von Miltz was his name."

"That's why she called me Hermann," broke in Preston in an awed half whisper.

"Don't jump to wild conclusions," said Kent smilingly. "Some of their correspondence is still extant. She signed herself Astraea in handwriting similar to the signature of that note of yours, Jax. There seems to have been no guilt between them as the law judges guilt. The bond was a mystic one. But it was none the less fatal. It culminated in a tragedy of which the details are lost. Perhaps it was an elopement that they planned; perhaps a double suicide, with the idea that their souls would be united in death. There are hints of that in the old letters in the historian's possession and in the library at Hedgerow house. This much is known: The couple embarked together in a small boat. Von Miltz was never again heard of. Captain Grosvenor's body came ashore in Lonesome Cove. She was the Cove's earliest recorded victim. The sketch which that mischief monger, Elder Dennett, left at your door, Sedgwick, supposing it to be a likeness of the unfortunate creature he had seen on the road to your house, is a Charles Elliott sketch for the portrait of Camilla Grosvenor."

"My God!" Jax burst out. "Was it a ghost I met up with that night on Hawk heights?"

"As near as you are ever likely to encounter, probably," answered Kent. "Now, I'm going to make a long jump down to the present. First, then, I want you to follow with me the course of a figure that leaves Hedgerow house on the late afternoon of July 5. By chance, the figure is not seen, except at a distance by Gansett Jim, who suspected nothing then. Otherwise it would have been stopped, as it wears Mrs. Blair's necklace and rings."

"Dressing the part of Astraea," guessed Lawyer Bain.

"Precisely. Our jeweled figure, in a dress that is an old one of Mrs. Blair's and with a package in hand, makes its way across country to the coast."

"To join you," said Preston Jax.

"To join you. Chance brings the wayfarer face to face with that gentleman of the peckaboo mind, Elder Dennett. They talk. The stranger asks—quite by chance, though the elder assumed it was otherwise—about the home of Francis Sedgwick. At the entrance to Sedgwick's place the pair met. There was a curious encounter, ending in Sedgwick's demanding an explanation of the rose topazes, which he knew to be Mrs. Blair's."

"How did he know that?" demanded Alexander Blair.

"Because I had worn them when I sat to him for my picture," said Marjorie Blair quietly.

"The stranger," continued Kent, "refused to give Sedgwick any explanation, and when he threatened to follow stumped him with a rock and escaped. Some distance down the road the wayfarer encountered Simon P. Groot, the itinerant merchant. Sedgwick afterward met him and made inquiries, but obtained no satisfaction."

"Sedgwick was back in his house by 9 o'clock, and we have a witness here who was talking with the wearer of the necklace at that hour. Jax, let us have your statement."

Holding the copy of the confession in his hand in case of confusion of memory, the starmaster told of his rendezvous, of the swift savage attack, of the appalling incident of the manacles, of the wild race across the heights and of the final tragedy.

"I've thought and wondered and figured day and night," he said in conclusion, "and I can't get at what that rope and the handcuffs meant."

"The handcuffs must have come from that dreadful collection of Captain Hogg's things in the big hallway at Hedgerow house," said Marjorie Blair.

"Yes," assented Kent, "and the dim clew to their purpose goes back again, I fancy, to the strange mysticism of the original Astraea. The disordered mind, with which we have to deal, seems to have been guarding against any such separation, as divided in death Astraea from her Hermann."

"It was the other man that killed her," said Preston Jax. "The man I heard yell when she went over. But what became of him?"

"Simon P. Groot spoke of hearing that man's scream, too," confirmed Bain. "Have you got any clew to him, Professor Kent?"

"The other man was Francis Sedgwick," declared Alexander Blair doggedly.

Chester Kent shook his head.

"I've got a witness against that theory from your own side, Mr. Blair," said he. "Gansett Jim at first thought as you do. In that belief he tried to kill Mr. Sedgwick. Now he knows his mistake. Isn't that so, Jim?"

"Yeh," grunted the half breed.

"There was no other man," said Chester Kent. "Don't you understand, Mr. Blair," he added, with significant emphasis, "the source of that cry in the night heard by Jax and Simon P. Groot?"

A flash of enlightenment swept Blair's face. "Ah-h-h!" he said in a long drawn breath. Then: "I was wrong. I beg Mr. Sedgwick's pardon." Sedgwick bowed. Marjorie Blair's hand went out, and her fingers closed softly on the tense hand of her father-in-law.

"No third person had any part whatsoever in the drama which Jax has recounted to us," pursued Kent. "In the morning the body was discovered. Sheriff Schlager was sent for. He found in the pocket something that had betrayed the connection of the body with Hedgerow house."

"A bit of writing paper with the heading still legible," said the sheriff.

"With this he accosted Gansett Jim, who after a night long search had come out on the cliff. Jim, assuming that the sheriff knew all, told him of the identity of the body. The sheriff saw a chance for money in it. If I do you an injustice, Schlager, you'll correct me."

"Go right ahead. Don't mind me. I'll take my medicine."

"Very well. Schlager adopted the ready-made theory which Mr. Jax had prepared for him, so to speak, that the body was washed ashore, and arranged, with the connivance of Dr. Breed, the medical officer, to bury it in an unknown. For this perversion of their duty Mr. Blair rewarded them handsomely. As I understand it, he dressed any publicity attaching itself to Hedgerow house and his family."

"To avoid this, Mr. Blair was willing even to let the supposed murderer, whom he believed to be Sedgwick, go uncaught of justice. By chance I saw the body on the beach. Not until the inquest, however, did I realize the really startling and unique feature of the case. There is where you and Dr. Breed made your fatal error, Mr. Sheriff."

"That's right. You saw the face when we lifted the lid, I suppose."

"No. You were too quick in replacing it."

"Then how did you get on to the thing?"

"From seeing the face after the body was returned to the courtroom."

## CHAPTER XX

### The Face in the Coffin

"HOLD on a bit," interrupted Lawyer Bain. "I remember there was a fuss about the corpse not being publicly shown for identification. Some of us insisted. The sheriff gave in. The coffin lid wasn't quartered off when Reed gave a yell and clapped it on again, and they took the body back to his house and shut themselves in with it for half an hour before they took it to the hall again. I rather opined that some one had changed bodies."

"That's what made you so cussed curious, was it, Adam?" barked the sheriff.

"There was no exchange of bodies," said Kent. "But there was a change in the body itself."

"What kind of a change?" asked Sedgwick.

"Has it ever occurred to you to think that after death the hair grows fast?"

"I've heard it said," said Lawyer Bain, "that it grows faster than in life."

"And that it grows not only on the head, but on the face as well?"

"The face! A woman's face?" exclaimed Sedgwick.

"No—a man's."

"What man?"

"The man in the coffin."

"Have you lost your mind, Chet? The body in the coffin was that of the woman who met me at the entrance to the Nook."

"No. It was the body of the man who, dressed in woman's clothing, met you at the Nook and knocked you down with a stone fung overhand as not one woman in a thousand could have thrown it. That, in itself, ought to have suggested the secret to me long before I discovered it."

"But how did you discover it?" inquired Sedgwick in bewilderment.

"By the cut on the cheek. You see, the sheriff had failed to foresee that telltale beard. They had the body taken to the house and did the best they could. That cut on the cheek was a razor cut. Having realized that much, I had to deal thenceforth with the mystery of a dead man masquerading as a woman and being abetted in the deception by the officers of the law."

"Astraea a man!" broke in Preston Jax, his chin in a spasm. "No wonder she—he put up such a fight. Who was he?"

"My son, Wilfrid Blair," said Alexander Blair.

"You see, Mrs. Blair," said Kent very gently. "It isn't so bad as you feared. There was no other woman in the case, no disgrace, no shame. You feel nothing but pity for an unhappy, wrecked mind, for which death was the happiest refuge."

"But the man's voice!" exclaimed Jax. "The voice of the man on the cliff."

"Wilfrid Blair's," said Kent. "In the final moment he came to himself. At last he resumed his voice. Up to then he had been in voice, manner, thought, purpose, unconsciously playing a part."

"Astraea!" said Sedgwick and Jax in a breath.

"Yes. It was one of those strange and complete assumptions of personality which puzzle the alienists. Wilfrid Blair's diseased mind had fastened upon the strange history of his own mother and broadened on it until he became convinced that her spirit was reincarnated in himself. Undoubtedly his striking likeness to the portrait of Camilla Grosvenor powerfully aided the obsession."

"We thought it melancholia," said Alexander Blair. "As you say, he had been very secretive, very silent too. We kept Gansett Jim with him as a sort of bodyguard."

"I must understand this all," said Marjorie. "Wilfrid's body is where?"

"In Annalaka churchyard."

"Then who—what is buried in his grave at Hedgerow house?"

"Nothing," said Alexander Blair.

"A mock funeral?"

"My dear," said the man—he seemed to have grown suddenly old under the unspoken arraignment—"I could not tell you what I thought the truth. I thought then that Wilfrid had encountered Mr. Sedgwick and that—that there had been a fight, in which he was killed. Rather than face the scandal of a murder trial, a scandal in which the family name would have been dragged through the mire of the public prints again, I chose the part of deceit."

"But you made me believe that Mr. Sedgwick killed Wilfrid," she accused.

"I believed it myself," he retorted.

"But what basis had you for suspecting me of the crime?" cried Sedgwick, turning to Marjorie Blair.

She flushed to her temples. "I—I thought," she murmured, "that he might have known of our acquaintance and have misconstrued; that he might have gone to find you and attacked you and that you killed him in self defense. I mean."

"Thank you for that last at least," said Sedgwick rather bitterly; then, as he saw her wince, "Forgive me! he added in a low tone. "But to be suspected by you, even though you were misled"—he stopped, catching Kent's frowning glance.

"Who discovered that the burial was a false one?" she asked after a pause.

"Professor Kent," said Blair. "He and Mr. Sedgwick exhumed the coffin."

"That was the night"—Her eyes questioned Sedgwick.

"That I found you at Hedgerow house. Yes," he said gently.

"Whatever Wilfrid may have been," she continued after a moment's silence, "he was my husband. I bear his name, and to leave him in nameless grave is to dishonor not him alone, but myself."

"You would claim the body?" cried Alexander Blair.

"What else is there for us to do?" she countered.

"And bring down upon us unavoidably the publicity which we have escaped at so bitter a price?" cried the elder Blair. "Have we not suffered enough from the scandal of his life that we should be further involved in the scandal of his death?"

"He's right, miss. It won't do," said the sheriff kindly.

The tension was broken by a tremendous sigh. All eyes turned to Preston Jax, who had risen and was leaning against the wall, his chin jerking galvanically.

"Well," said Kent.

"What are you going to do with me?"

"You? Oh, you go back to Irene," said Kent, with his half smile. "That's your sentence if Mrs. Blair approves."

The astrologer drew a quick breath. The light of a great relief softened his hard little eyes. A startled look widened them as Marjorie Blair, her own trouble forgotten for the moment, rose and went over to him, the reflection of another's happiness shining in her face and making it doubly lovely. A ring glistened in her outstretched hand.

"Take this," she said softly, "for your Irene. May you be very, very happy together!"

"Wh-wh-what'll I say? What'll I do to thank you, ma'am? I—I'll just tell you this: It's me for the straight and narrow from now on. And if ever you or Professor Kent or any of you want an Al, special charted, extra celestial star reading for self or friends, you—you—you c-c-c-come!" He made a dash for the hallway, and the door banged a period to his emotion.

"I think," said Chester Kent gravely, "that lesson will last."

As Marjorie Blair stood smiling, soft-eyed, at the door whence the overcast starmaster had disappeared, Sedgwick started to pass. With quick and unexpected tact, Alexander Blair drew the sheriff and the lawyer aside, giving to the young people their moment. She looked up at Sedgwick with lifted eyebrows.

"Are you not going to speak to me?" she said sorrowfully.

"What is there to say, except one thing—and that I may not say now."

"No, no," she whispered, in affright. "But say you forgive me."

"You? For what?"

"For having believed, even for an instant, what Father Blair said, that you were the murderer."

Sedgwick smiled bravely. "That is all past."

"And you'll think of me at least kindly?"

"I'll think of you with every beat of my heart," he said passionately.

Across her face passed the look of fairy wistfulness that was all her own. "No," she said, "it would be better—of both of us—that you should forget, for the time."

He leaned over her:

"What shall assuage the unforgettably pain  
And teach the unforgetful to forget?"

he quoted very low.

"And yet," she persisted, "it would be easier, now that I am going away."

"Going away! For long?"

She nodded with compressed lips. Sedgwick turned very white.

"Oh, don't look like that!" she faltered. "I can't bear it! Can't you see that after what has happened I must go? I must have time to forget. There is so much to forget! Surely you can be patient—and trust."

He drew her gaze to his own, held it for the space of a heart beat and was gone.

Summer had waned from the coast and with it had passed the keenness of local interest in the strangest victim of Lonesome Cove. Other subjects of absorbing interest supervened during the long winter, among them the rumor that Hedgerow house was to be sold before summer.

"And young Blair's body along with it," expected, remarked Elder Dennett, "malcontently. Seems to me, if I was a millionaire like Alexander Blair, I wouldn't sell my own flesh and blood, dead or alive."

Of Alexander Blair himself nothing had been seen in the neighborhood since mid-July nor of his daughter-in-law. Hedgerow house was in charge of Gansett Jim as caretaker. Professor Kent had left about the same time as the Blairs, but Francis Sedgwick had stuck to the Nook. Though his work prospered, the worker had paled. Wind borne on the blast of a mid-March gale, Chester Kent, dropped down at the door of the Nook one wild afternoon without warning. As always, he was impecably clad, though his stout boots showed the usage of recent hard wear. Throwing open the door, he called his friend's name.

Instantly the artist came loping down the stairs and had him by the shoulders.

"I've got a caller up above," he said after the usual greetings and questionings were over.

"Yes? Have you gone in for local society?"

"Not exactly local. It's Alexander Blair."

"He-lo!" said Kent in surprise.

"What brings him?"

"Why, he came down to Hedgerow house to look after certain books and papers and ran over here to make his amende honorable in form. Chet, I hate being apologized to."

"Of course. Every one does. Nevertheless, it's good exercise for Mr. Blair. Esquire."

"He's the grim jawed, hard bitten Blair of old. Just the same, he made his apology as handsomely as need be. I'll bring him down here."

The fabric magnate descended from the studio and greeted Kent briefly, then turned to his host. "You will excuse me if I ask Mr. Kent to step out

side. I have some business with him."

"Stay here," said the artist. "I'll go back to my studio. Which he did."

"I need your assistance. Some one has been tampering with my son's grave," said Blair.

"You mean the grave at Hedgerow house?"

"Yes. Gansett Jim reports that there are signs of recent digging. It looks as if ghouls had been at work there with the idea of getting the body and holding it for ransom. They would have had a fine surprise if they had got the coffin out!"

"Because they'd have found no body in it, you mean?"

"Certainly. But suppose they discovered that there were no remains, nothing but a punctured sand bag? Do you see the potentialities of blackmail?"

"Do you know of an old lady named Orcutt in Annalaka?" asked Kent.

"No."

"She owns the house just next to Annalaka churchyard, where your son was buried as Jane Doe. She is a very worthy old lady. But she suffers severely from asthma. In fact, it keeps her awake most of the night. So some interested persons have subscribed money and sent her south to a sanatorium. I'd like to get you interested in her case."

"You wish me to subscribe?"

"Oh, more than that. I think it would be a good idea if you were to assume the entire expense of the proceedings."

"You mean reimburse the subscribers?"

"Exactly."

For a few seconds the millionaire studied Kent's candid face. "Very well," he agreed. "How much?"

"Sheriff Schlager can tell you. He is keeping the accounts. You see, it was necessary to get her out of the way. Her windows overlook the churchyard."

"So you took occasion to indicate before?"

"Repetition of a really relevant point is excusable. She left two weeks ago, very much mystified but pathetically thankful for poor old girl."

"When she was safely out of the way and no longer overlooking Annalaka churchyard by night from her window Schlager, Adam Blair and I paid a visit to the place. What lady, nameless, in Annalaka churchyard now rests in its own place at Hedgerow house. I wish that you might have heard the little prayer made by that simple country lawyer over your son's grave."

Alexander Blair's clinched hands went to his temples in a single gesture and dropped again. "What interest did Schlager and Bain have in the matter?" he added in a low tone.

"Why, Schlager had done some dirty work for you and wanted to even accounts with his own conscience. As for Bain, we needed a third man we could trust. I asked him and got him. It was no small risk for him. If you felt that his risk is worth some reward you might—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the other eagerly. "Do you think a thousand—perhaps more?"

Kent smiled. "By thinking hard I could think a thousand," he said, "but not more in this case. It wouldn't be safe. Bain might not survive the shock. Thank you very much, Mr. Blair."

## CHAPTER XXI

### Reward

"AND now," said Blair, "I am still in the dark as to your interest in the matter."

"Mine? Why, for one thing, I dislike to leave any affair unfinished. Besides, there was a promise made to Mrs. Blair. Is she back from Europe?" asked Kent.

"She is at Hedgerow house." Blair commended with himself for a time then said abruptly. "By the way, do you think your friend, Mr. Sedgwick would come over to a pickup dinner before we leave?"

Kent's face lighted up. "Ask him," said he heartily, "and see."

"I will as soon as I get home. Good day," Blair hesitated. "Kent," he blurted, "I realize now why you won't take my money. I can always buy brains, but I can't buy the bigger better thing. It isn't in the market. Thank you!" He caught the scientist's hand in a swift hard grip and strode off down the road.

Chester Kent went back into the house with a glow at his heart. He shouted upstairs to Sedgwick: "Go on with your work, Frank. I want to loan and invite my soul for an hour. Where's your reading matter?"

Three minutes later Kent was stretched luxuriously on the divan, with the window shade pulled down and the big electric chandelier glowing. Immersed in the joyous nonsense of "Rhyme and Reason" the wind alternately shouted profane protests at the window because it couldn't get in, and then fell silent, waiting for an answer. In one of these lulls Kent heard footsteps outside.

He dropped his book. The footsteps approached the window. Tiptoeing to the door he threw it open. Chester Kent and Marjorie Blair stood face to face.

"I—I beg your pardon!" gibbered Kent.

Feminine wise she built up her self possession on the ruins of his. "I wonder," she said, with a smile, "whether I'm the worse frightened one of us."

"You see," he said lamely, "it was so sudden, your—your coming that way I didn't expect you."

"And for that reason you intend to bar me from the house? It's quite disgustingly wet out here."

With a muttered apology Kent stepped aside, and she entered. Even amid his ill ease he could not but note how the girlish loveliness had ripened and

warmed. But there glinted now in her deep eyes an elfish spirit of mischief.

"What a surprise to find you here, Mrs. Kent," she remarked sweetly. "Or are you calling yourself Mr. Blair nowadays?" His tormentor considered him with malicious eyes.

"Did any woman ever say 'how' to you suddenly, I wonder?" she mused aloud. "May the kindly fates give me to be among those present when you fall in love!"

Kent favored her with an elaborate bow. "Your presence would be the one essential."

"Really," she approved, "you're progressing. I begin to feel repaid for my visit already."

This time Kent looked her in the eye. "You're not very demanding in



"Finished!" he said.

the matter of returns for your trouble," he remarked. "You haven't asked me about Sedgwick."

"Is he well?" she inquired formally, but with quickened breath.

"He is more than that. He is cured—and a man—a man," he added meaningfully, "for any woman to be proud of."

There was a step on the floor above. Marjorie Blair's hand went to her heart.

"I didn't know he was here," she panted affrightedly. "I came just to look at the place."

Chester Kent raised his voice. "Frank," he called, "come down here; quick!"

Not twice in his life had Sedgwick heard that tone in his friend's voice. He took the stairs at a leap and on the landing stopped dead.

"Marjorie!" he whispered.

She shrank back a little from the light in his eyes.

"What do you do here?" he said very low.

Still she did not speak, but stood tremulous, her face half panic, half passion.

Unobtrusively Kent slid along the wall, like a shadow, and vanished into the night.

"Where have you been?" Sedgwick asked the woman of his love.

"Everywhere. Nowhere. What does it matter?" she faltered. "I've come back."

He went forward and took her hands in his; cold little hands that clung as they touched.

"Why did you never write me?" he asked gently.

"I don't know. I couldn't. Don't ask me to explain. It was just that I—I felt I must come back to you as I had come to you first, unexpected and without a word. Can you understand?"

"No," he said.

"No; I suppose not. A man couldn't."

"Good God!" he burst out. "Do you realize what it is to live in such uncertainty and longing as I've lived in since you left, to wait and hope and keep hope and hope and wait again for a word that never comes to eat your heart out with waiting?"

A slow wonderful smile trembled on her lips. "My dear," she said, "I have waited for you all my life."

Suddenly her arms were around him. Her cheek was pressed to his own. The breath of her whisper was at his ear.

"Oh, forgive me! I will make it up to you, my dear, my dearest!"

Out in the wind and the rain Chester Kent drew in the deep breath of satisfied and rounded achievement. He had beheld against the wide window shade two shadows, which, standing motionless for a moment a few feet apart, had drawn slowly together as by some irresistible magnetism, and suddenly merged into one. The unintentional swardropper added in grave gratulation to the house and then turned away.

"Finished!" he said. "Oest conu, Finis. Teles. Das End. And any of all other words of whatever language meaning a sound conclusion!"

THE END.

Adv. in the Beacon  
For Results



The Beacon
A Weekly Newspaper. Established 1889.
Published every Saturday by
BEACON PRESS COMPANY
WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
To all parts of Canada, per annum \$1.50
To United States and Postal Union
Countries, per annum \$2.00
If payment is made strictly in advance a
discount of 50 cents will be allowed in
the rate of annual subscription.

The best advertising medium in Charlotte
County. Rates furnished on applica-
tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 19th October, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[October 10 to October 16]
THE period under review was another
week of most satisfactory results to
the arms of the Entente Allies on nearly
every battle front.

On the Western front a drive in great
force by British, French, and Belgians was
begun in Flanders between Nieupoort and
the River Lys, and a great advance was
made, reaching almost to Thourout and
Courtrai. Over 15,000 German prisoners
were taken, together with over 100 guns
and vast quantities of small arms and
war material. In this sector the Germans
were in retreat, with the apparent in-
tention of abandoning the Belgian coast
South of the Lys the British advanced
their front on the sector between Lille
and Douai, both of which places were on
the point of capture at the week's close.
East and northeast of Cambrai British
and American troops made steady pro-
gress in hard-fought actions. The French
gained to the east of St. Quentin, and to
the south of it they completed the capture
of La Fere. They made further gains in
the St. Gobain forest between La Fere
and Laon, the Italians cooperating with
them in this sector. Further east, from
Craonne northwest of Reims to the Meuse
south of Dun, the French on the west and
the Americans on the east continued their
steady pressure on the strongly-resisting
reinforced Germans and made daily gains.
East of the Meuse, too, the Americans
gained important ground, overcoming
most stubborn German resistance. No
figures are available of the total number
of prisoners taken on the whole Western
front by the Entente Allies during the
week, but it cannot have been less than
50,000. The losses in killed and wounded
inflicted on the enemy were enormous;
but the Allies suffered severely too, as
the casualty lists show, and have shown
for many weeks past. Canadians figure
prominently in the lists, and have gained
further immortal renown in this, the last,
stage of the greatest war in all history.

The Austro-Italian campaign was not
marked by any operations of great ex-
tent of importance, though there was con-
siderable local fighting, with the usual
cannonading and aerial raids.
The Balkan campaign yielded further
satisfactory results to the Entente Allies
during the week. In Albania the Italians
pressed the Austrians back to the north of
Elbasan, and they occupied Durazzo,
which had been used as a naval base by
the Austrians. The Allies occupied all
the Greek territory vacated by the Bul-
garians east of the Vardar river; and they
continued their advance northward in
Serbia, capturing Nish; and moving along
the railway in the direction of Belgrade
they occupied the valley of the southern
Morava River and the dominating heights
on both sides of it. Many German and
Austrian prisoners were taken, and much
booty was secured.

Very little was heard concerning Russia
during the week, but one satisfactory
piece of news was received, that of the
release by the Bolsheviks of British offi-
cials held prisoners or as hostages in
Moscow.

In the Holy Land the forces of General
Allenby took possession of Tripoli, a
Mediterranean port in Lebanon; and they
also took Hama, a town at the junction of
the railway from Tripoli with the Hedjaz
railway, and about 100 miles south of
Aleppo.

The "News of the Sea" this week re-
cords some of the greatest and most
terrible marine tragedies since the war
began. The sinking by German submar-
ines of the Japanese liner Hirano Maru
and the Dublin mail packet steamer
Leinster are on a par with the worst of
the previous German submarine atrocities.
The loss of the Otranto, a transport carry-
ing American troops, was due to collision
with another ship in the convoy. Over
1000 lives were lost from the three
vessels.

The most outstanding event of the week
was the sending by the new German
Foreign Secretary, Solf, another armistice
proposal to President Wilson. The
President's reply was uncompromising.
No armistice could be granted till the
atrocities on land and sea have ceased.
There will be no peace till Prussian
militarism has been wiped out, and auto-
cracy has been done away with forever.
Austria-Hungary, too, had sent peace pro-
posals to President Wilson, who had not
yet replied to the dual monarchy. Turkey
was expected to make a proposal for a
separate peace, but had not done so at
the week's close.

This talk of peace does not prevent the

war from going on, but it shows that the
Teutonic cause is hopeless, and that the
Allies will not stay their hand till the
Germans are driven from all invaded
territory. And it may be necessary for
the Allies to occupy portions of German
territory to guarantee the fulfilment of
obligations which must be imposed as a
condition of peace. All the wrong that
has been done must be righted as far as is
possible, the crimes committed must be
expiated, and the losses and damage in-
flicted must be compensated for. "The
way of the transgressor is hard." Who
can ask to have it made smooth for the
worst transgressor since the world began?

WEIR OWNERS STAND A LOSS

This has not been a good year for the
sardine fisheries. Last year such large
amounts were made in this branch of fish-
ing that more capital than ever before was
invested this spring in the erection of
weirs and the purchase of plants and
equipment. According to a statement
made yesterday by J. Frederick Belyea,
the losses sustained in this district alone
amount to something like \$150,000, and it
will take an extraordinarily good season
next year to begin to square the losses
made owing to the lack of fish this year.
Various theories are advanced to account
for the failure of the season, but the fact
with which the fishermen are chiefly con-
cerned is the absence of the fish, with
the consequent balance on the wrong side
of the ledger.

Owing partly to the great quantity of
fish caught last year, the Booth Fisheries
Ltd., erected a large sardine canning plant
here this year. So far the catch has been
so small that the plant has not been able
to turn out the anticipated stock of sar-
dines, but better luck is hoped for next
year.

Owing to the delay in the arrival of the
usual fall storms, the weirs have not been
dismantled this year as early as usual,
and on this account some of the owners
were able to take advantage of a run
which occurred over the week-end.
Something like thirty hogsheads of fish
were taken from the harbor weirs, but
those outside escaped this run of luck.
As the season practically is over, the fish-
ermen do not expect to take many more
fish this year and there is no chance of re-
couping the losses already sustained.—St.
John Telegraph.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

October 20.—Navarino, 1827. John
Winthrop chosen first Governor of Mas-
sachusetts, 1629; Sir Christopher Wren,
architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London,
born, 1632; Lima, Peru, destroyed by
earthquake, 1687; Copenhagen destroyed
by fire, 1728; Lord Palmerston, British
Prime Minister, born, 1784; Grace Dar-
ling, heroine of Longstone Lighthouse,
Northumberland, England, died, 1842;
Red River Rebellion began, 1869;
Earthquake in Canada, 1870; Bartholdi
Statue of Liberty erected in New York
Harbor, 1886; James Anthony Froude,
English historian, died, 1894.

October 21.—TRAFALGAR DAY. Death
of Admiral Lord Nelson, British naval
hero, 1805; J. C. Scaliger, Italian scholar,
died, 1583; Edmund Waller, English poet,
died, 1687; George Colman the younger,
English dramatist, born, 1762; Tobias
Smollet, Scottish novelist, died, 1771;
Samuel Taylor Coleridge, English poet
and philosopher, born, 1772; Frigate Con-
stitution launched at Boston, Mass., 1797;
John Philpot Curran, Irish orator, died,
1817; Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, Swedish
singer, born, 1821; Sir William Christie,
former English Astronomer Royal, born,
1845; Will Carleton, American poet, born,
1845; Rt. Hon. John Burns, M. P., British
labor leader, born, 1858.

October 22.—Revocation of the Edict of
Nantes, 1685; Admiral Sir Cloudesley
Shovel, English naval commander, died,
1707; Sir Philip Francis, clerk in the Brit-
ish War Office, reputed author of the
Letters of Junius, born, 1740; Peyton
Randolph, first President of the American
Continental Congress, died, 1775; Franz
Liszt, Hungarian pianist and composer,
born, 1811; City of Moscow recaptured
by Russians, 1812; Samuel Houston elect-
ed first President of the Republic of
Texas, 1836; Madame Sarah Bernhardt,
French actress, born, 1845; Captain
Mayne Reid, R. N., Irish novelist, died,
1883.

October 23.—Edgehill, 1642. Ypres, 1914.
Carthage sacked by the Vandals, 439;
Francis, Lord Jeffrey, Scottish judge and
literary critic born, 1773; Charles Fechter,
French actor, born, 1824; Lord St.
Aldwyn, British statesman, born, 1837;
Dr. Robert Bridges, English Poet Laureate,
born, 1844; Marquess of Lansdowne
assumed office of Governor-General of
Canada, 1883.

October 24.—Tycho Brahe, Danish
astronomer, born, 1601; Peace of West-
phalia, ending "Thirty Years' War," 1648;
William Penn first landed in America, at
Newcastle, Del., 1682; Sir Moses Monte-
fiore, Jewish philanthropist and friend of
Queen Victoria, born, 1794; First patent
for a friction match granted to Alonzo
Phillips, Springfield, Mass., 1836; Joseph
Lancaster, English educationalist, died,
1838; Legal fiction of John Doe and Rich-
ard Roe abolished in Great Britain, 1852;
Daniel Webster, American statesman and
orator, died, 1852; Rt. Hon. Sir Horace
Plunkett, British statesman and agricul-

turist, born, 1854; McKensie family
murdered by Slavin and Breen at Mispick,
St. John County, N. B., 1857; Queen Vic-
toria of Spain born, 1877.

October 25.—St. Crispin. Agincourt,
1415. Balaclava, 1854. Demosthenes,
Greek orator, died, 322 B. C.; Alfred the
Great of England, born, 1849; King
Stephen of England born, 1254; Geoffrey
Chaucer, English poet, died, 1400; Dr.
James Beattie, Scottish poet, born, 1735;
King George II of England died, 1760;
William Hogarth, English painter and
engraver, died, 1764; John Hancock chosen
first Governor of Massachusetts under
new constitution, 1780; Lord Macaulay,
English historian, essayist, and poet, born,
1800; Erie Canal completed, 1825; Mrs.
Annie Besant, English theosophist and so-
cial and political agitator, born, 1847; Hon.
Peter Mitchell, one of the "Fathers of
Canadian Federation," a Minister of
Marine and Fisheries, died, 1899; Great
Britain formally annexed the Transvaal,
South Africa, 1900.

October 26.—Sir Godfrey Kneller, Ger-
man portrait painter, died, 1723; Charles
F. Dupuis, French astronomer, born, 1742;
Dr. Philip Doddridge, English divine and
author, died, 1751; Count von Moltke,
German military commander, born, 1800;
Thomas W. Keene, American actor, born,
1840; Captain McClure, British naval
commander, discovered North-West Pass-
age, 1850; Hon. A. L. Sifton, Canadian
statesman, born, 1858; Elizabeth Cady
Stanton, American leader in women's
advancement, died, 1902.

TOWNS DESTROYED AND LIVES LOST

Duluth, Oct. 14.—Twenty-one towns
were destroyed, with a known death list
of 298, by the fire which swept north-
eastern Minnesota Saturday and Sunday.
The injured in Duluth hospitals total 106.
The towns totally or partially destroyed,
are: Cloquet, Moose Lake, Kettle River,
Lawler, Adolph, Munger, Five Corners,
Harney, Grand Lake, Maple Grove, Twig,
Barner, Matthews, Atkinson, French
River, Clifton, Carleton, Brookston,
Brevator, Pike Lake, and Pinehill.

"But why this scornful attitude towards
me? You've known me a long time."
"Isn't that sufficient explanation?"—
Birmingham Age Herald.

"Of course," said Broncho Bob, "I don't
deny that red licker kin be had, even
since prohibition hit Crimson Gulch. For

instance, there's a brand of whiskey cir-
culatin' now known as Telephone Service."
"Why do you call it that?" "Because the
worse it gets the more they want for it."—
Washington Star.

"It does not take a dog long to make a
judgement of a man." "No, but the
trouble is dogs are too much given to snap
judgements."—Baltimore American.

OPENING THIS WEEK ALL OUR

FALL DRESSES

in WOOL, SERGE, and SILK

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

Marked as low as cash
can buy them.

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.



JOB PRINTING TO SUIT YOU

WEDDING INVITATIONS,
DANCE PROGRAMMES
VISITING CARDS AND ALL
KINDS OF SOCIETY, COM-
MERCIAL, 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

Caretaker and Matron Wanted

Tenders addressed to the undersigned
will be received until September 15th,
1918, for Caretaker and Matron for St.
Andrews Town Home, to take charge of
home October 1st, 1918.

G. B. FINIGAN,
Chairman Poor Committee
St. Andrews, N. B.

Custom Grinding

Until Oct. 31st, mill will be open for
grinding Wheat, Buckwheat, etc., on
Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Sat-
urdays. After that date open only on
Thursdays and Fridays.

E. H. Bartlett

BARTLETT'S MILLS
13-2w.

We have put on our Counter some special
bargains in

DINNER SETS AND TEA SETS

These Dinner Sets are \$8.75, 9.75 & 10.00,
which, at the present prices, are give
aways.

Call and See them while they
last.

R. D. Ross & Co.

Near Post Office St. Stephen, N. B.

SPRING GOODS

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

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

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

Buy a BICYCLE and enjoy good health. It saves you
many a step and a lot of time. Call and see the
"CLEVELAND." We will be pleased to quote you
on Accessories or any repair work you may contemplate.
Columbia Batteries, Rope, Spikes, Nails, etc. for Weir build-
ing, and a full line of general household Hardware.

J. A. SHIRLEY

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by
Getting Your

SCREENS

On Your DOORS and WINDOWS

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

Also WIRE NETTING

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

GASOLINE and OILS

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

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

G. K. GREENLAW

SAINT ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Soci

Mr. Dou

school in

Mrs. Mye

Herbert E

home in P

Miss Ma

pupil at th

is home.

Mrs. J. S

Maloney ha

Woodstock.

Miss Flo

McDowell, R

Boone are a

Business Co

Mrs. E. C

Saturday mo

Cecil DeWol

hospital at B

shot wound

Mr. and M

turned from

Mr. F. P

and Master

spending son

Chamcook La

at a week-en

Grimmer, Fra

Miss Lizzie

ing her vacat

minis, has ret

treat.

Mrs. Scott,

ing her sister

Miss Floren

her home owi

Mrs. Stanle

Saturday from

Sapper Stanle

going treatm

Hospital, was

Miss Bessie

spent a few d

Mrs. M. N. Co

Miss Sarah

touch, is at h

Mrs. Geo. E.

ton, of St. Step

with Mrs. E. A

Miss Marie

home from an

Miss Viola

from her vaca

Mr. Lloyd D.

herst, N. S.

Miss Nellie M

obelle.

Mrs. E. Ath

the tea hour on

Mr Langford

from Brownville

Jane, infant d

Herbert McCrac

day. The serv

Rev. Wm. Frase

Miss Dorothy

from the prevail

Mr. McMonag

Arthur School,

this week, and

for St. John, wh

medical examin

authorities.

Mr. Theodore

Harbor, was in

He reports two

seriously, with t

FO

The members

most successful

afternoon. Fort

was realized.

be given to the

Huts and the rec

boxes. The soc

thanks the follo

Mrs. F. Andrews

Mrs. E. E. Od

Mrs. J. Peacock,

Nellie Stuart, Mi

Money:

Mrs. Herbert S. E

Miss Amelia Ken

Miss F. Whitlock

Mrs. G. H. Elliot

Mr. F. P. McColl

Paper, Dr. Wallac

Posters, Mr. Perc

Store, St. Mark's

CARD

Mr. Hugh McQu

thank their neigh

their help and

their recent sad

who so kindly sen

CARD

We wish to ext

who helped in our

Mrs.

"You don't see

regard for Zeb Spi

aven't," replied P

iously, "Zed says

through more th

"Yes. But in orde

have gone so fast

much about wha

Washington Star.



Social and Personal

Mr. Douglas Everett is home from school in Fredericton.

Mrs. Myers, who has been visiting Mrs. Herbert Everett, has returned to her home in Providence, R. I.

Miss Mamie Dick, who has been a pupil at the Normal School, Fredericton, is home.

Mrs. J. S. Maloney and Miss Nettie Maloney have returned from a visit to Woodstock.

Miss Florence Thompson, Miss Fern McDowell, Robert Cockburn, and Teddy Boone are at their homes here while the Business College in St. John is closed.

Mrs. E. Cecil DeWolfe received word Saturday morning that her husband, Pte. Cecil DeWolfe, had been admitted to a hospital at Etaples, suffering from a gun shot wound in the knee.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby have returned from a visit to Deer Island.

Mr. F. P. McColl, Mr. Munn, and Master Kinsey McColl have been spending some time at "Sunny Bank," Chamcook Lake. Mr. McColl entertained at a week-end party Messrs Howard Grimmer, Frank Kennedy, and T. R. Ward.

Miss Lizzie Gow, who has been spending her vacation with Miss Gertrude Cummings, has returned to her home in Montreal.

Mrs. Scott, of Riviere du Loup, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Atherton Smith.

Miss Florence Thompson is confined to her home owing to illness.

Mrs. Stanley Duggan received word Saturday from Montreal that her husband, Sapper Stanley Duggan, who is undergoing treatment in the military hospital, was seriously ill of pneumonia.

Miss Bessie Dunsmore, of St. Stephen, spent a few days in town the guest of Mrs. M. N. Cockburn.

Miss Sarah McCaffery, teacher at Buc-touche, is at her home here.

Mrs. Geo. E. Smith and Mrs. Wm. Burton, of St. Stephen, spent a couple of days with Mrs. E. A. Cockburn.

Miss Marie Douglas is confined to her home from an attack of gripe.

Miss Viola McDowell has returned from her vacation.

Mr. Lloyd D. Murray is visiting in Amherst, N. S.

Miss Nellie Mowat is visiting in Campbell.

Mrs. E. Atherton Smith entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday.

Mr. Langford McDowell has returned from Brownville Jct., Me.

Jane, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McCracken, was buried on Sunday. The services were conducted by Rev. Wm. Fraser.

Miss Dorothy Lamb is ill at her home from the prevailing gripe.

Mr. McMonagle, Principal of Prince Arthur School, was in town a few days this week, and left on Thursday afternoon for St. John, where he has to undergo medical examination by the Military authorities.

Mr. Theodore McConnell, of Black's Harbor, was in town one day this week. He reports two of his children ill, but not seriously, with the prevailing epidemic.

FOOD SALE

The members of the Y. W. P. A. held a most successful Food Sale on Saturday afternoon. Forty-two dollars and a half was realized. Twenty-five dollars will be given to the Knights of Columbus Huts and the rest used for the Christmas boxes. The society acknowledges with thanks the following donations:—Food: Mrs. F. Andrews, Mrs. G. H. Stickney, Mrs. E. E. Odell, Mrs. H. Higgins, Mrs. J. Peacock, Mrs. S. Anning, Miss Nettie Stuart, Miss M. Keay. Money: Mrs. Herbert S. Everett \$2.00, Miss Amelia Kennedy \$1.50, Miss E. Whitlock .35, Mrs. G. H. Elliot .85, Mr. F. P. McColl 1.00, Paper, Dr. Wallace Broad, Posters, Mr. Percy E. Odell, Store, St. Mark's Lodge F. and A. M.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. Hugh McQuoid and family wish to thank their neighbours and friends for their help and kind sympathy during their recent sad bereavement, also those who so kindly sent flowers.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our tribulation to all who helped in our time of tribulation. Mrs. R. H. Purton. "You don't seem to have a very high regard for Zeb Spicer's piety." "Mebbe I haven't," replied Farmer Cornstossel cautiously, "Zed says he has read the Bible through more than a hundred times." "Yes. But in order to do that he must have gone so fast he couldn't stop to think much about what he was reading."—Washington Star.

Local and General

Conditions in the BEACON printing office are much better this week, but there has been a little delay in issuing the paper. It is to be hoped that next week we shall be able to get the paper out on time.

The Biological Station at Joe's Point is closed for the winter. The Curator, Dr. A. G. Huntsman, left on Thursday afternoon for Loggieville, Miramichi, where he will remain for a few days before returning to Toronto for the winter.

Dr. J. D. Lawson, of St. Stephen, the recently-appointed Provincial Medical Officer for this section of New Brunswick, was in St. Andrews on Thursday on official business.

As far as we have been able to learn, the epidemic of influenza is not very serious in St. Andrews, though there are several cases, especially among children. In most instances the cases are but aggravated colds.

Thanksgiving Day was very generally observed in St. Andrews, all places of business being closed. Owing to the regulations in force for the prevention of the spread of influenza, there were no services in any of the Churches.

MARRIED

McROBERTS—ROBERTS At the residence of Mr. Chas. Chapman, on Wednesday, Oct. 16th, by Rev. W. M. Fraser, B.Sc., George Frederic McRoberts, of St. Andrews, to Sarah Roberts, of Montreal.

DIED

MACCRACKEN—On Oct. 12th, 1918, Eliza Jane, daughter of J. Herbert and Jennie A. MacCracken. Aged 11 months and 6 days.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM A. CASEY St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 16.—After a short but severe illness of the prevailing influenza, which ended in pneumonia, William A. Casey passed away in Calais, at the age of thirty-six years. He was a young man of fine character and esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a widow, formerly Miss Genevieve Fitzsimmons, to whom he was married only three years ago, and also an infant son, William, Mrs. Philip D. Lamb, of Boston, and Mrs. Leo Creary, of Eastport, are sisters; and three brothers, Frederick, James, and Charles, of Calais. The funeral service was held from the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Calais on Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

Mrs. JAMES MARRATY JR. St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 16.—After a short illness of the Spanish gripe, Mrs. James Marraty, Jr., passed away at the Chipman Memorial Hospital early Monday morning. She leaves a young child three years of age, and her husband, to mourn her loss. The funeral took place this afternoon from her home, and was conducted by Rev. W. W. Malcolm, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of which the deceased was a member. The interment was in the Rural Cemetery.

MRS. JOHN BELL The funeral services of Mrs. John Bell were held on Tuesday by the Rev. Wm. Fraser. The deceased, who was a victim of pneumonia, leaves a husband, five children, one a few days old, a mother and several brothers and sisters.

DRAFTS ARRIVE SAFELY OVERSEAS

Ottawa, October 16th.—It is officially stated through the Chief Press Cenor's office that the following troops have arrived in England:

Infantry draft 153, First Depot Battalion, Western Ontario Regiment, London, Ont.; infantry draft 167, First Battalion British Columbia Regiment, Victoria, B. C.; infantry draft 176, First Battalion, Eastern Ontario Regiment, Kingston, Ont.; infantry draft 163, First Battalion, Nova Scotia Regiment, Aldershot; infantry draft 163, First Battalion, New Brunswick Regiment; infantry draft 137, First Battalion, Alberta Regiment; infantry draft 121, Second Eastern Interior Regiment, Ottawa; infantry draft 159, Second Quebec Regiment, Montreal; infantry draft 176, Second Battalion, Second Quebec Regiment, Montreal.

Canadian railway troops draft 157 from Niagara, Ont.; Canadian Railway troops, draft 169 from Niagara, Ont.; Canadian Railway troops, draft 174, from St. John, N. B.; Canadian Railway troops, draft 173 from Toronto.

Engineers, draft 158, from Brockville; Engineers, draft 172, from Brockville. A. S. C., draft 170, Petawawa, Ont. Medical draft from London, Ont. Medical draft from Toronto. Medical draft from Montreal. Medical draft from Kingston.

Nursing sisters from London, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, and Calgary. Newfoundland draft: clearing section from Halifax; B. E. F. recruits; Serbian, draft; details. A total of 2,639.

COAL

THE VALUE OF A GOOD FIRE

FOR the first time, we are to realize our utter dependence on coal. It is the veriest common-places of domestic usage, for which we are never sufficiently grateful. Several times in recent years the threat of a coal famine has come near our doors, but it has always passed before the well-to-do actually felt the pinch. Today all classes know its rigors.

Those who have been cut off entirely from the comfort of coal return to it with a thankful heart. Dr. Johnson, after his tour in the Hebrides, where he had had enough of peat, revelled in the more cheerful fuel when he got back to civilization. There is an amusing woodcut, entitled "Dr. Johnson enjoying a sea-coal fire." The great man is seated before a roaring blaze, with his feet held up to a high, old-fashioned grate with hobs, and a look of utter contentment on his face.

The phrase "sea-coal" is intimately bound up with the history of our black diamonds. The term arose in London, because London coal was for a long time imported by sea. "Seaborne coal" is still a recognized phrase of commerce. The ancients do not seem to have known its use as fuel; the fire of coals in the Gospel of St. John was charcoal, and the coals "that touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire" were glowing wood-embers. The Romans may have used coal on the Roman wall, but about 852 A. D. the English certainly used it to some extent as a household commodity. Its general use in London began towards the close of the 13th century.

Like the "caller herring" of the song, coals are, more than any other domestic commodity, "lives of men." But of that the miner does not think, unless he is a poet. Joseph Skispey, the Northumberland pitman-poet, made the tragedy articulate:—

"Get up," the waker cries, "get up," And at the dead of night, To win my bairns their bite and sup I rise, a weary wight. My flannel dudden donned; thrice o'er My birds are kissed, and then I with a whistle close the door I may not ope again.

But like all workers in perilous surroundings, the pitman is a merry fellow and a mighty sportsman. In Scotland he is also an inveterate card-player, and in leisure moments above ground he may be seen at every corner of the mining villages dealing and cutting as energetically as he works on the seam far below. In his card-playing he maintains the attitude of working hours. In the low galleys of the mine he crouches, seated on his heel, and at his "card game" on his heel he still sits, apparently in perfect comfort, for his green-baize table is Mother Earth. The comfort of a coal-fire was fenced about for generations by elaborate duties and restrictions. William III laid a tax on all seaborne coal, an exaction, amounting to 50 per cent. of the price paid to the owner at the pit's mouth, from which the country was not freed until 1830.

We are familiar, in a general way, with the names of many varieties of coal, the precise usefulness of which is roughly understood by the householder, and more instinctively perhaps by his wife. Of the bituminous coals, the best burner is cannel or parrot, called "cannel" from candle, because of its clear bright flame; and parrot because in burning it chatters like that intelligent bird. It is the most usual coal for making gas, and is also the material from which paraffin is extracted. The scientific classification is elaborate and the divisions are less familiar than the cheerful changes that commerce rings on "nuts," "brights," and so forth. Coal is, equally with bread, our staff of life, although another 400 years will see the end of our supply in these islands. Will science by that time have provided an efficient substitute?—The Times, London.

BRITISH LOSSES FOR NINE MONTHS

New York, Oct. 15.—British casualties during the first thirty-nine weeks of 1918 aggregated 700,000 according to a cablegram received by the British Bureau of Information here to-day. This does not include losses in the heavy fighting of the last two weeks.

The message stated that during the period between January 1 and October 1 the lowest casualty list for any single week was 4,126 and the highest over 40,000.

"Have you got a second-hand car, as good as new, for about one-quarter what a new car would cost?" "Yes'm, we've got just the one you want. It's being towed in now."—Life.

"Are you going to take any boards next summer?" "Nope," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "not unless they work in disguised as farm hands."—Washington Star.

"Do you think" he asked, "that you could learn to love me?" "Possibly," she answered, "but if I were a man I'd hate to think I was an acquired taste."

"Sometimes Gwendolyn speaks and sometimes she doesn't," said Maude. "Yes," replied Mymie. "She got that since she took a position in the telephone telephone exchange."—Washington Star.

TO MY PATRONS AND CLIENTS

After November 1st, and during the coming winter months, my office in St. Andrews will be open only by request of clients who may wish to meet me there by special appointment. During said period, my insurance and other agency business at St. Andrews, will be attended to by E. A. Cockburn, and my general practice in all parts of the County will be looked after at my office in St. Stephen. M. N. COCKBURN. St. Andrews, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1918. 15-4w

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

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

Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies' Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button and Lace, \$2.50 while they last. Men's and Boys' High Tops, latest style and colors, in high heels, medium low heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels \$7.

Men's Hip Boots \$7, Hip \$6, Boys' Boots \$5, Youths' Boots \$4, Children's \$2. Men's Rubbers \$1.25 up, Boys' \$75 and \$1.00, Youths' \$75, Girls' \$75 and \$1.00, Child's \$75.

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

Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisible Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5.

Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes, New Toney Red Color, Fibre Soles and Heels, \$6.50 per pair.

I am the only agent and collector for Singer Sewing Machines for Eastport, Lubec, and vicinity, and machines have advanced in price, so if you want a Sewing Machine, just get my prices before you buy a machine from anyone else for my price may be just quite a little bit lower.

I have a Drop Head Singer Sewing Machine, in good running order, the Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine will work as good as any, and the price for cash is only \$22. Another one with better looking Cabinet, this is a Singer also, in first class condition, for cash \$30.

A few Box Top Machines, different makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10. I keep Shuttles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Slides, Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, everything for the Singer right on hand. Needles, Lubricating Oil, for any make sewing machine, including New Williams and Raymond.

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

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

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE

Beyond Post Office

131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

"I can't make out daughter's writing. She seems to want something, but I can't just make out what." "Never mind. Send ten dollars." "She adds a postscript." Send fifteen dollars."—Kansas City Journal.

SAVE FOR VICTORY

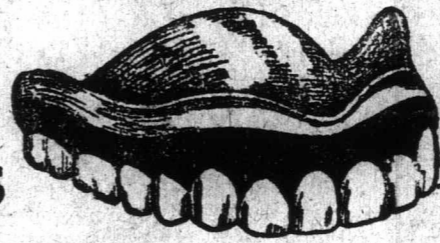
Try a Beacon Adv For Results

Closed on Saturdays

Dr. Worrell has opened a BRANCH OFFICE at McADAM, which will necessitate the closing of his St. Andrews office every Saturday.

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS



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

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES

PROVISIONS

Always on Hand

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

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

A Timely Word

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

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

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

Roy A. Gillman

Market Sq. Phone 16-61

HAVE YOU

Got these Articles on Hand?

Do you keep one or more in your home now?

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

You may possibly need them in a hurry.

THE WREN DRUG STORE

Dr. GOVE

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

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO.

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-18231)

BREAK UP A COLD WITH

NATIONAL BROMIDE QUININE TABLETS

CURES A COLD IN A FEW HOURS 25 CTS.

WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

COCKBURN BROS., Props. Cor. Water and King Streets

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

Water St. ST. ANDREWS

Stinson's Cafe

AND Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE ICE CREAM

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

IRA STINSON ST. ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 10-1207)



LOCATING IGNITION TROUBLE

"Speaking of ignition trouble," says William H. Stewart, jr., president of the Stewart Automobile School, "a conversation I overheard is very interesting." "How is it you always lay your hand right on the trouble every time you go after it?" said my friend to the repair man who was working over his car. "But I don't always find it immediately."

"In the majority of cases you do, and in the other cases after a few minutes search. My engine refuses to run at this instant. I am going to give you ten minutes to get it started. Judging from what I have seen you do previously, that is a liberal allowance. What particular detail are you looking for now?" "I am trying to get a spark."

"But why look for a spark instead of something else? And what other trouble might it be?" The trouble man waved his hand majestically.

"There are five reasons why an engine should run."

"And about five thousand why it shouldn't," said my friend. The trouble man eyed him approvingly and went on:

"The first two are compression and lubrication. I eliminated these two by cranking by hand. The crankshaft moved freely, showing that lubrication was good, and there was a good spring back to the compression. The gasoline I put into the cylinders through the priming cups did not explode—showing ignition trouble. If the engine had started and stopped, carburetion trouble would have been indicated."

"That makes four conditions—ignition, carburetion, lubrication, and compression."

"What is the fifth?"

"Cooling—but that only comes into play after the engine has started, so we need not consider it now."

"Having satisfied yourself that it is an ignition trouble, how are you going to work to locate it?"

"By looking for a spark at the distributor. I disconnect the distributor end of the cable from coil to distributor, and hold it close to some part of the engine so as to ground the spark. A space of about an eighth of an inch is about right. I close the switch and move the spark lever back and forth to interrupt the primary current." He did this while he was speaking.

"No spark! If there had been, the trouble would have been in the distributor. As there is no spark, I must look at the circuit-breaker or interrupter. By moving the spark lever we can make the points open and close. No spark jumps across them when they break. While they are open we'll touch them with a screw-driver. You see we get a good spark. This shows that both points are alive, but that a current doesn't run while the points are closed."

"Then the points need cleaning?"

"Exactly! A piece of fine sandpaper will soon remedy that."

"But if you had found a good spark at the interrupter points?"

"The trouble would have been in the induction coil."

"And if there had been no spark at the interrupter points when you touched both of them with a screwdriver?"

"I should have started at the battery and worked to the coil and then to the interrupter. By considering each part in turn I should have found the trouble."

"But supposing your engine ran, although some cylinders were missing explosions?"

"If one or more cylinders were missing persistently, I should look at the plugs at the distributor, or the wire between. If the miss seemed to run from one cylinder to another it might be weak battery or corroded interrupter points. Here experience is the best guide."

"Experience is a good teacher, but a hard master," said my friend.

"But it becomes a useful servant to the man endowed with persistence," said the trouble man.—The New York Evening Post.

CANADIAN FISHERIES INCREASE IN VALUE

Ottawa, Oct. 9.—An increase of \$13,143,666 in the market value of Canadian fisheries during the year 1917, as compared with 1916, is shown by a statement issued through the Department of the Naval Service. The statement shows that the total marketed value of Canadian fisheries for 1917 was \$52,352,044, to which total sea fisheries contributed \$47,082,695 and the inland fisheries \$5,269,349. The two provinces which were chiefly responsible for the increase were British Columbia and Nova Scotia. The fisheries of the province of Nova Scotia were \$14,468,316 in 1917, against \$10,092,902. The products of New Brunswick fisheries, which came next to those of Nova Scotia, had a marketed value of \$6,143,088 in 1917, and those of Quebec \$3,414,378. All the provinces showed an increase.

Unconscious Humor.—"I think it's a good time to tell that big brute what I think of him. Don't you?" "Well, I don't know. The hospitals are pretty crowded just now."—Judge.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

CANADIAN Y. M. C. A.

The well-known correspondent, Mr. W. Beach Thomas, in wiring his descriptive dispatches of the recent heavy engagements of the Canadian Corps in France to the Continental Edition of the London Daily Mail, writes as follows:

"One village under considerable shelling and still within reach of machine-gun bullets contained a dressing station, and of all things an incinerator, to which large notices directed you. Not far from them was a German notice board. I hear from an Officer who visited the spot, again a day later that another notice, 'This way to the Y. M. C. A.,' was added. A dashing cavalry Officer, very much of the old school, possessing a voice that would carry about two miles, begged me with great earnestness to do him one service. Would I mention the Y. M. C. A.? It had provided his men with hot coffee before riding out."

It has since been authoritatively determined that Mr. Thomas, in this dispatch was referring to the Canadian Y. M. C. A.

FINANCING THE WAR FROM OUR OWN POCKETS

CANADA'S SPLENDID RECORD

The Success of the Four Preceding War Loan flotations.

During the first year of the war Canada was content to secure needed money elsewhere, but as the conflict lengthened and other nations felt the financial pinch the dictates of necessity, as well as self-respect, demanded the flotation of loans at home. The business of raising war loans since then has been of increasing importance. The first domestic war loan, issued in November, 1915, was immediately successful, resulting in bank subscriptions of \$25,000,000 and public subscriptions of \$78,729,500, or a total of \$103,729,500. This in face of an objective of but \$50,000,000 was most gratifying.

By the following summer another domestic loan was needed, and a call for \$100,000,000 brought in \$201,444,800, of which \$50,000,000 was from the banks and \$151,444,800 from the public. In March, 1917, the third Canadian war loan was floated. The call was for \$150,000,000, and \$260,768,000 was realized, of which \$60,000,000 was from the banks and the balance from the public. It will thus be seen that the part played by the public greatly increased in each new issue.

The greatest success was in November, 1917, when the fourth loan was triumphantly floated. The request again was for \$150,000,000, and all from the public, but the subscriptions amounted to \$419,280,000. The interest of the public was demonstrated in remarkable degree, for while there were 24,862 subscribers to the first loan, 34,526 to the second, and 40,800 to the third, in the fourth no fewer than 820,036 subscribers were registered, or one in every 9.62 of the population of the Dominion.

Ontario headed the list of the Provinces, as was natural with her large population. Her 363,000 subscribers were responsible for \$204,185,400, compared with \$94,287,250 from 126,534 subscribers in Quebec, \$32,326,600 from 78,856 subscribers in Manitoba, \$21,777,050 from 73,675 subscribers in Saskatchewan, \$18,814,700 from 50,563 subscribers in British Columbia, \$18,588,150 from 37,521 subscribers in Nova Scotia, \$16,515,150 from 56,117 subscribers in Alberta, \$10,463,350 from 26,469 subscribers in New Brunswick, and \$2,331,350 from 5,300 subscribers in Prince Edward Island. Manitoba slightly led with a subscription from one in every seven people in the Province.

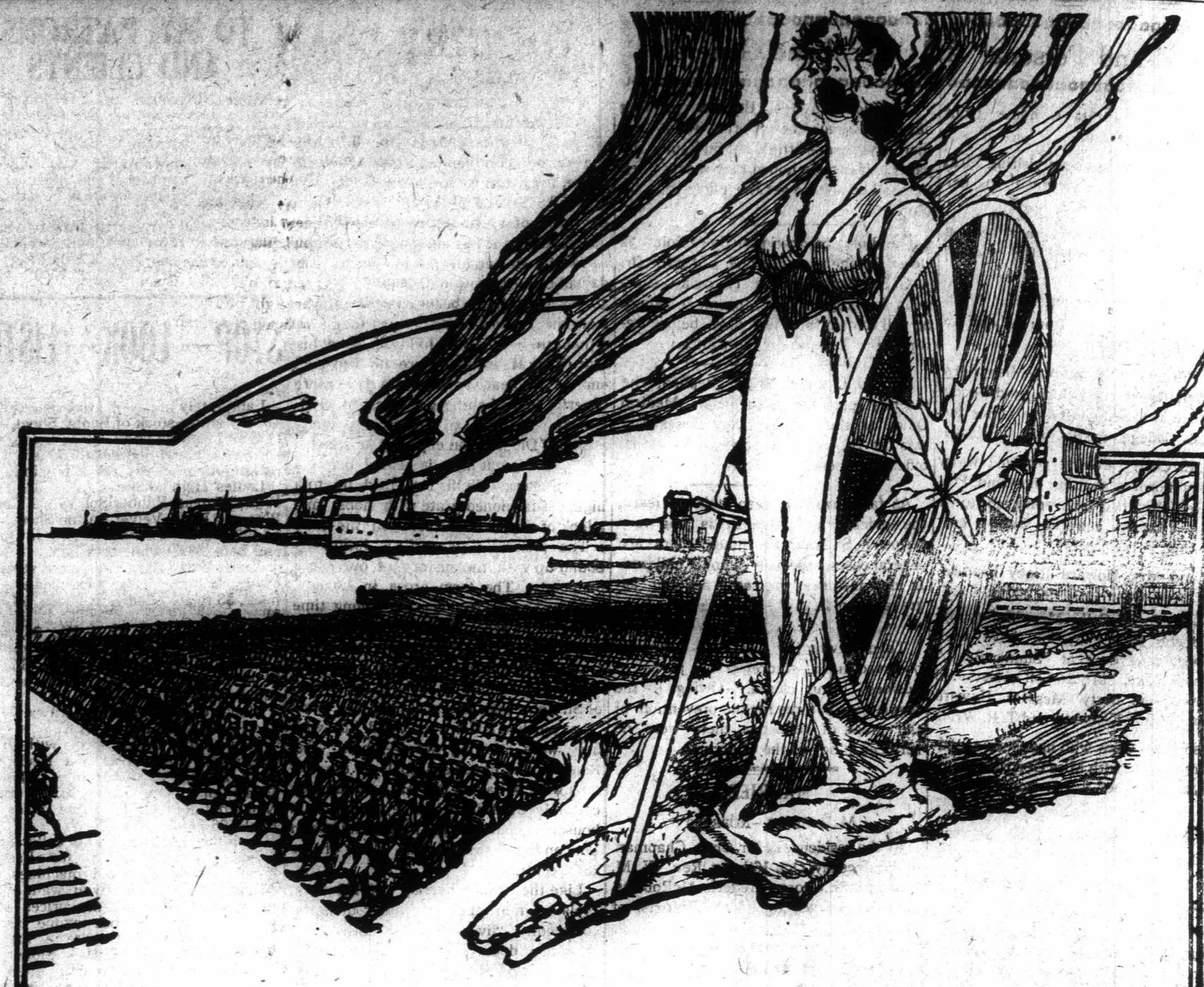
AUTOMOBILE OWNERS IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY

Additional list published in the Royal Gazette of Oct. 9. 6444 Jas. B. Kline, Lord's Cove, Deer Island. 3318 E. G. Beer, St. Stephen. 10146 W. Everett Gray, M. D., Milltown. 3145 Charles Moses, Leonardville, Deer Island. 5889 Manford Conley, Leonardville, Deer Island. 3637 Carl Peterson, Milltown.

BEST ROAD TO SALVATION

A shrewd old countryman was being questioned by the vicar on his religious tenets. He had heard the old man was a Baptist, and although he had nothing to say against the beliefs of this sect, he implied that perhaps the Established Church was the better road to salvation. The old man, after listening to the vicar's fears on his belief, said: "From this village to the market town there are three roads. There's the straight road along the valley, the old coach road over the hills, and the main road running alongside the park wall. When I get my wheat to the market town they don't say to me, 'Hullo, John, which road did you come by?' but 'What's your wheat like?'" —London Chronicle.

"I see where seven Frenchmen on trial in Paris for espionage claim they are 'journalists,' but show no ability to write." "Ahem!" said the practical newspaper man. "That seems to describe a journalist pretty well." —Birmingham Age-Herald.



Why Canada must borrow money to carry on

Because Canada has put her hand to the plow and will not turn back:—

—our country is in the war on the side of liberty and justice and will stay in it till complete victory is won and the unspeakable Hun is smashed and beaten to the ground;

—a nation at war must make tremendous expenditures in cash to keep up her armies and supply them with munitions, food and clothing;

—Canada must finance many millions of dollars of export trade in food, munitions and supplies which Britain and our allies must have on credit;

—for these purposes Canada must

borrow hundreds of millions of dollars—

And, this money must be borrowed from the people of Canada:—

Therefore, Canada will presently come to her people for a new Victory Loan to carry on.

Canadians will loan the money by again buying Victory Bonds.

The national safety, the national honor and the national well-being require that each and every Canadian shall do his duty by lending to the nation every cent he can spare for this purpose.

Be ready when the call comes to see your country through in its great war work

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

106

GERMANS IN SHAMEEN

A correspondent sends us the following notice quoted by the Hongkong Telegraph, which has been issued by Mr. J. W. Jamieson, H. M. Consul-General at Canton:—

Henceforward, except for purposes of proceeding to and from a jetty, enemy subjects are prohibited from making use of the Bund, and the path running parallel therewith, during the hours of daylight.

Their connexion with a nation which adopts as a policy the wanton and foul murders of Red Cross nurses, helpless wounded and defenceless prisoners of war places them in the category of moral lepers and as such their appearance in public is an eyesore and an offence to civilized human beings.

As for some unknown reason, it appears impossible to turn the Germans out of Shameen altogether, this is the next best step. In some ways it is better as tending to make them feel more acutely the moral degradation to which Prussianism has brought Germany. What a pity that the international niceties of Shanghai's constitution prevent us from doing the like.—North China Herald, Shanghai.

\* \* \* Shameen is a small island separated from Canton by a narrow waterway or canal. The island is exclusively a "foreign settlement," and all the foreign Consulates, including the German are there. It is mostly a residential place, with very few shops, but there are large warehouses and offices of foreign merchants. Very few Chinese live on the island.—Ed. BEACON.

LANGUAGE

Magistrate Ellis gave a most important ruling this morning, one that may have world-wide consequences. It seems that the taxi drivers on Toronto street, just like a lot of other people, have an emphatic manner of talking to each other. Patrol Sgt. J. Lundy said that complaints had been many about the peculiar English used by the gasoline Jehus, and he had determined to stop it. This morning the sergeant hauled two of the taxi men to court for using bad language, Harry Broder and Stephen Jeanes. One man had shouted to the other, "Why in—, did you do that?" whereupon the other shouted back, "Why in h—! shouldn't I?" To have been decidedly proper they should have said: "Pardon me, old man, but what was your specific object in doing that?" and in reply, "I'm awfully sorry, old top, but what conceivable objection can you have to my doing so?"

How to Cure Biliousness

Doctors warn against remedies containing powerful drugs and alcohol. "The Extract of Roots, long known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, has no dope or strong ingredients; it cures indigestion, biliousness and constipation. Can be had at any drug store." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.

THE SOLITARY FLOCK

Here is an extract from a hotel prospectus in Switzerland; "Veissbach is the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of it are in fact constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."—The Argonaut.

Mr. Henderson pointed out that everybody was saying "to h—! with the Kaiser," but nobody was being locked up for it. The magistrate remembered that the last time he was at church the minister used the word quite freely.

"It all depends on the tone in which it is said. A quite popular mode of greeting is, 'How in h—! are you?'" said his Lordship.

Then there's the theological end of it. One school of ecclesiastical highbrows vows "there ain't no sich place," while another faction paints lurid pictures of it, until the bewildered bystander doesn't know where in perdition he's at. But Magistrate Ellis has given a ruling which must stand until it falls.

"It all depends on the tone." Broder and Jeanes were remanded till called on.—Police Court News in the Toronto Telegram.

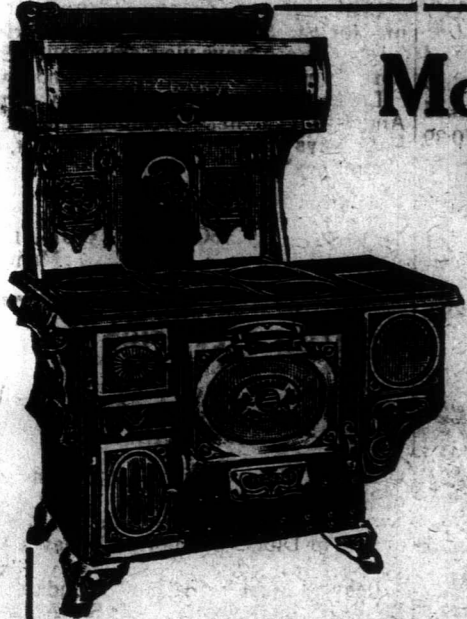
Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including "S f", "K", "L", "S", "HIL", "St", "an", "ron", "cer", "Ou", "list", "HIL".



**Substitute economy for waste.**

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

**BOVRIL**



**Most Heat from Fuel**

One reason why the Kootenay Range gives the most use of the heat generated from the fuel, is that the grates have ample vents to make perfect combustion in the firebox, which is properly and scientifically proportioned according to the needs of the range.

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

**McClary's Kootenay Range**

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

"Are you doing any war relief work?" "I should say I am. I attended so many luncheons and teas in aid of the starving Belgians last week I had to call in a stomach specialist."—*Judge.*

Bix—"What did your wife say to you when you got home at four this morning?" Dix (wearily)—"Say, old man, I've got some work to do to-day."—*Boston Transcript.*

**STIR YOUR TEA**

Stir the pot of Tea a minute or so before pouring. This evenly distributes the tea essence that has been drawn from the leaves, but is lying mostly at the bottom of the pot. You will then get the full flavor of the Orange Pekoe, note when you stir, the delightful fragrance of the infused leaves. Note also the rich color of the Tea when poured—both indications of unusual quality.

**KING COLE Orange Pekoe is different from other Teas.**  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT BY THE FULL NAME SOLD IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY.

**KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE TEA**  
THE EXTRA CHOICE TEA

**HILL'S LINEN STORE**

Still Have a Substantial Supply of **LINENS**

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

Our prices as quoted in the Summer list hold good.

WRITE FOR PRICES  
**HILL'S LINEN STORE**

St. Stephen, N. B.

**A VICTORY LOAN CATECHISM**

Q. What is the Victory Loan, 1918? A. It is Canada's Second Victory Loan and fifth war loan.

Q. What is a Victory Bond? A. It is the promise of the Dominion of Canada to repay the lender the sum named upon it at the time stated.

Q. What security stands behind this bond? A. The entire assets and wealth of the Dominion of Canada.

Q. When was the last Victory Loan raised? A. In November, 1917, when \$420,000,000 was subscribed.

Q. What became of that money? A. It has been used to prosecute Canada's part in the war and to finance and carry on great industries at home.

Q. For example? A. Millions were spent in raising, equipping, and sending forth the Canadian reinforcements.

Q. How was the money spent at home? A. In many ways. The British Government was given large credits and out of these great orders were placed in Canada for munitions, wheat, spruce, salmon, and other things needed by the army.

Q. Why did Great Britain need these advances from Canada? A. They were needed to offset Britain's advances to Canada in army expenses overseas.

Q. How does the loan affect the people of Canada? A. Without our war effort would collapse, our industries would suffer a great break-down, our manufacturers and farmers alike would lose their foreign market.

Q. What has the loan done for the farmer? A. It has brought the greater part of the wheat crop, and provided a market at good prices for his dairy and animal products.

Q. What would happen to these products without the loan? A. Most of the wheat would have been unsold, the price

would have been greatly reduced, and the cheese and bacon would have been a drug in the market.

Q. How has the loan established any new industries? A. It has revived ship-building and created new and bustling ship-yards on the shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It has brought into being great plants for the making of aircraft.

Q. What do these mean to the country? A. The employment of thousands of well-paid men and women and their development into highly skilled workers.

Q. Does the loan reach widely in the distribution of the money? A. It reaches virtually everybody in Canada. All the great industries are benefited, while the financial and mercantile classes all reap their share as middle-men.

Q. Why is it necessary to raise the loan in Canada? A. Because there is no other place to raise it. Our Allies are burdened to the limit, and we must carry our own load.

Q. Why is Germany fighting? A. To dominate the world and crush civilization under her cruel militarism. General Von Bernhardi wrote years ago: "Our next war will be fought for the highest interest of our country and mankind. World power or downfall will be our rallying cry."

Q. Why is Canada fighting? A. To save herself and civilization from this dastardly attack on the world's liberty.

Q. What part has money in this fight? A. While armies of men are indispensable, no country can make war without "silver bullets."

**WHAT IS TONNAGE?**

The question is frequently asked why do we not aim at some uniformity in describing the tonnage of vessels in our shipping news and advertisements. If the same basis were common in all countries this would be an easy matter. As a rule American and Japanese vessels are described by their displacement, British by their net registered tonnage. There are four kinds of tonnage in use in shipping circles and they all mean something different. Deadweight tonnage is what the vessel actually can carry in tons of heavy cargo, plus stores and bunker coal. Gross tonnage is based on the cubic contents of the hull, with certain arbitrary spaces deducted; accordingly it has little bearing upon the cargo-carrying capacity. Net registered tonnage is gross tonnage with further deductions on account of crew space and machinery space, and again has little bearing upon the deadweight figures. Finally, the displacement is the total weight of the vessel when full of cargo, and accordingly represents the weight of her hull plus her deadweight tonnage. These two items can at least be made to appear reasonable to the most hopelessly non-technical mind by thinking of the hull—the ship herself—as live tonnage; displacement then is live tonnage plus the dead tonnage which can be piled on to the vessel. In round numbers a ship of 9,000 tons deadweight would have a gross tonnage of 5,000 and a net registered tonnage of 3,000; she would displace 12,000 tons of water when fully loaded, so that figure represents her displacement.

—N. C. Herald.

**A TORPEDO IN THE BIOLOGICAL MUSEUM**

There has just been received at the Biological Station an unusual and very interesting fish which goes by the name of the Torpedo, and which will be placed upon exhibition in the museum. This rare fish was caught last week in St. Margaret's Bay, near Halifax, by Mr. Frederick Coolen, of Fox Point, the owner of a very large mackerel trap, in which he has been taking large numbers of horse mackerel or albacore during the past summer.

This Torpedo has strayed north from its home in the warmer waters to the south along the coast of the southern States of the Union, for this is the first occasion on which it has been reported from Canadian waters. It has never been known to enter the Bay of Fundy although specimens have been caught off Southern Maine in the vicinity of Portland. The fish in question is about three feet long and weighs about twenty-five pounds, individuals have been known with a length as great as five feet and a weight of two hundred pounds.

The most interesting thing in connexion with the Torpedo is the peculiarity that gave rise to its name—namely its strong electrical properties. On each side between the head and 'wing' or side fin there is a large muscle which has become changed into an immense number of small living batteries with which the fish can give at will a most powerful electric shock, powerful enough, indeed, to disable a man. The paralyzing effect of the shock is responsible for its names, as in addition to Torpedo, it is also called Numbfish and Crampfish. Its scientific name, *Narcocion*, means the same thing, *narko* being the Greek for numbness and appearing in the word narcotic.

The fish is very unprepossessing in appearance, looking like a cross between a skate and a monkfish, which are about the highest fishes we have. Many stories are told of its power. Captain Atwood, a well-known former resident of Princetown, Massachusetts, informed Dr. Storer that he had received a great many powerful shocks from the fish which threw him to the ground; these were produced by touching the animal. He also received shocks by taking hold of a harpoon which was stuck into the fish. Dr. Storer relates an anecdote illustrating the effect produced on a dog.

"Mr. Newcomb, Sr., the oldest fisherman in Boston market, stated to me that his father, who resided at Wellfleet, had a dog which frequently waded into the shallow waters of the coves and brought out flounders which he had seized in his mouth. In one of his fishing excursions he attacked a torpedo, which perfectly convulsed him. He dropped the fish and ran away howling most piteously and could never be persuaded to resume his fishing."

Unfortunately it has not been possible to keep this wonderful fish alive, and as the batteries become 'dead' with the death of the animal, it will not be possible to give each visitor a personal demonstration of just what the creature can do.

"You don't seem to care for speech-making," "Not any more," answered Senator Sorghum. "It happens too frequently now that the man who is making a speech is the only person really interested in it."—*Washington Star.*

**Helping Nature, the Key to Good Health**

Watch for these Symptoms

Kidney or Bladder affections don't develop seriously until Nature has given you plenty of warning that the trouble has commenced.

Constant headaches, dizziness, pains in the back or sides, swollen joints and ankles, brick dust deposits, or painful urination should make you realize positively and beyond doubt that your kidneys are out of order and need assistance.

Nature is wise and never sends out unnecessary or foolish warnings. Her call is for help, and you must do your part by bringing relief to those overburdened kidneys, or suffer the consequences.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gravel, Stones in the Bladder, Neuralgia, etc., are all caused by inflamed or congested kidneys and the consequent deranged kidney action. Don't suffer the agonies produced by these diseases. Help Nature to relieve the congestion—to heal those inflamed kidneys and to make them strong once more—by taking Gin Pills.

Gin Pills are the best remedy for Kidney and Bladder troubles on the market to-day. This is a fact proven by hundreds of testimonials. Try them and be sure of instant relief. For sale everywhere at 50c a box. A sample box free if you write to—

The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, U. S. residents should address Na-Drug Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 17

**KENNEDY'S HOTEL**

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

**THE ROYAL HOTEL**

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

**THE EDISON TONE TEST**

ANSWERS YOUR QUESTION

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

**The NEW EDISON**

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

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

**Newspaper Waifs**

"Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mistress—"Bridget, I'm tired of your carelessness. Only look at that dust on the furniture. It's six weeks old, at the very least." Bridget—"Shure, it's no fault av moine. O'ive been here only three weeks."—*Life.*

"That last speech of yours was a classic." "I'm afraid so," replied Senator Sorghum. "You don't seem gratified." "I feel complimented, but apprehensive. As a rule a classic is something that people admire, but don't understand."—*Washington Star.*

Jeweller—"For cash, madam, I give 3 per cent. discount." Customer (airy)—"Oh, charge it, I've no desire to reduce your profit."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Food is getting more expensive every day." "Yes," answered the man with the cabaret tastes; "and even more expensive at night."—*Washington Star.*

"Are you writing regularly to your boy Josh?" "I dunno," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I kind o' got an idea that I've been writin' to the censor. After the censor takes out the news he wants, he lets Josh keep the change."—*Washington Star.*

"What an extraordinarily long bill that bird has!" "Must be dealing at the same provision store that I do."—*Baltimore American.*

Manager (of Hickville Academy of Music)—"How many girls with your company?" Advance Agent (evasively)—"We advertise twenty-five." Manager—"Tain't no use advertisin' unless you got 'em. The poppulation of this here burg will be at the depot to check 'em up."—*Buffalo Express.*

Pater—"Who is making that infernal angle on the piano?" Mater—"That's Constance at her exercise." Pater—"Well, for heaven's sake, tell her to get her exercise in some other way."—*Boston Transcript.*

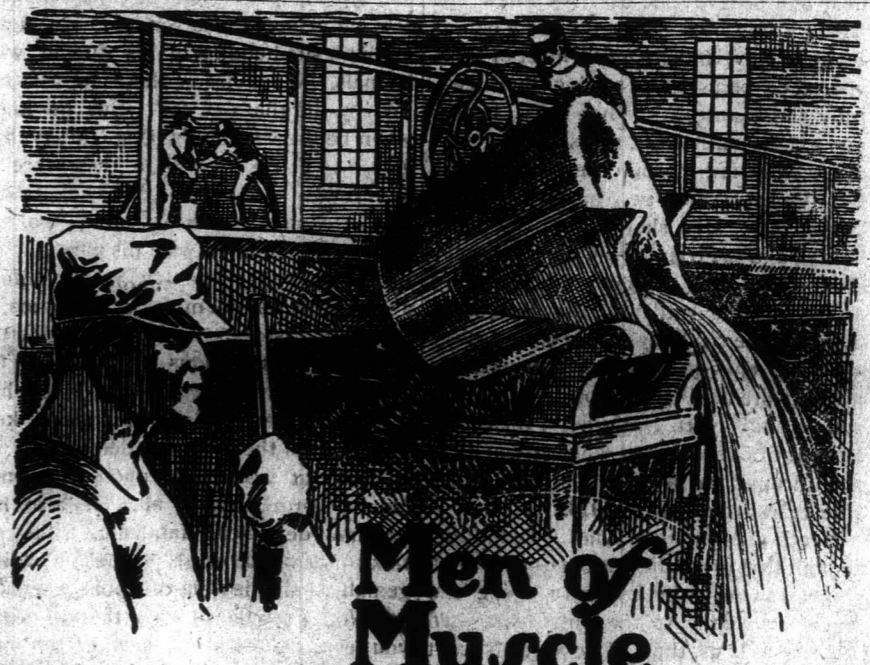
**A GOOD OPPORTUNITY**

There is a vacancy in the BEACON printing office for a Boy to learn the printing business. This is an excellent opportunity for a lad who wishes to become a printer. The BEACON office is splendidly equipped with type and presses, and there is no better office anywhere in Canada for a boy to learn hand-composition and press work.

Only the right kind of Boy need apply, and the applicant must be one who is willing to accept apprentice's pay until he is able to earn journeyman's wages. The difficulty in the way of boys learning a trade in St. Andrews is the fact that they can get easy and big money by acting as Caddies in the summer time on the Golf Links. But this leads to nothing permanent, and in some cases it has a tendency to unfit boys for steady work all the year round. On the other hand, there are not many openings in St. Andrews for boys to learn useful trades that pay big wages and give permanent employment.

Much can be said in favor of the printer's trade, but it requires a person of special qualifications to pursue it successfully. An ideal Boy to become a printer's apprentice would be one who has a fondness for books, a mechanical bent, and some skill in drawing; and if such a boy has parents or friends to help him over his apprentice years they will be amply recompensed if the boy applies himself diligently and with a determination to master all the details of the printer's craft.

The BEACON OFFICE is an excellent one wherein to learn the printer's trade, and there ought to be in St. Andrews or nearby places at least one suitable boy for the present vacancy.  
BEACON PRESS COMPANY.



**Men of Muscle**

like Atlantic Underwear. They like its heavy weight, its warmth—the protection it gives when they have to pass from one extreme temperature to another.

**ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR**

is made particularly for men who work under trying conditions—steel men, builders, seamen, miners, lumbermen, and other men of muscle. It is stout, warm and strong—and guaranteed unshrinkable.

Be comfortable this winter in Atlantic Underwear. See that every garment you buy has the Atlantic Trademark—the guarantee of satisfaction and long wear.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED  
MONCTON, N.B.







KING CONSTANTINE CROSS-EXAMINED

CONSTANTINE: KING AND TRAITOR. By DEMETRA VAKA. London: John Lane, 12s. 6d. net.

A Greek lady may, it appears, emigrate to America while yet almost a child; may marry an American husband and believe herself altogether a piece of the New World; may become more republican than many Republicans and more democratic than most Democrats; and may imagine that she has learned to look upon European nations and their race-feuds with philosophic detachment. Yet, when the flames blaze again in the Balkans, and Greece, after playing an honorable part in war against Turks and Bulgars, is accused of pitiful cowardice and treachery, then the Greek emigrant will find that the spirit of race is unquenchable. For Greece and its people to lie under the stigma of cowardice, and for the King of the Hellenes to be accused of treachery and poptroery, will bring as much anguish to the mind of the Americanized Hellenic as to that of any stay-at-home Athenian. In such a spasm of patriotic feeling we have the genesis of this book. An enthusiastic American-Greek lady, tormented at the aspersions cast everywhere on the land of her birth and on King Constantine, the hero of her fancy, conceived the notion, at the beginning of 1917, of making the journey to Athens and there learning, from the lips of the King and those about him, the very truth about the strange imbroglio in which her countrymen were involved. To this not unambitious scheme our authoress, Mrs. Kenneth Brown, added the even bolder conception of persuading her misconstrued monarch into a reconciliation with Venizelos. All things, we know, seem possible to Transatlantic determination. Great is the power of enthusiasm. Brought to bear with full force, it will almost certainly achieve something, though perhaps not precisely what it set out to do. So if our engaging Greek authoress did not succeed in reconciling her obstinate King to the statesman who had eclipsed him so unparadoxically, she at any rate extracted from her adventurous efforts the matter of a really interesting book.

Arrived in Athens, Mrs. Brown devoted herself to the business of interviewing. Scarcely anyone worth seeing escaped her except Skoloudis, the Premier of the moment, whose friends protected him, and Queen Sophia, who was probably unapproachable. The rest—King, Royal Princes, generals, courtiers, diplomats, politicians, tradesmen, shoeblacks—all fell into Mrs. Brown's net and were found willing to talk politics and to talk freely. The conversations which she regarded as of most importance are set out, sometimes at full length, in her book and make up a great part of it. The reproduction is very skillfully done. Irrelevant stuff is almost always avoided, and the vivid, often picturesque, language of the Greek political talker, with his directness of expression and intense feeling, comes out very well. There is no reason to question the general accuracy of the conversations as reported; they are far too good and life-like to be inventions. The best of them, such as those with General Dousmanis and the demagogue Khalys, would, if they were inventions, be classed as fine works of art. But, we repeat, there is no reason to suppose that the authoress has put into the mouths of her hosts anything that they did not say. For their part, they obviously said what they wished her to hear and believe; and as they knew she was a writer, and almost certainly believed her a Government agent, most of them spared do pains over stating their case fully and plainly. When Mrs. Brown had exhausted Athens, she sailed to Salonika and went through the same process with Venizelos and two or three of his lieutenants. Her sketches of the great Cretan and his friends—all of whom she liked—are not so clear-cut and amusing as those of the Athenian Royalists, most of whom she cordially disliked, but they are good enough. It is not saying too much to predict that her book is one which will be hailed with gratitude by the future student of Greek affairs when groping his way through the labyrinths of the miserable years from 1914 to 1918.

Her final estimate of King Constantine, though that of a disillusioned hero-worshipper, is not unkindly, and is none the worse for that. At the outset she had felt, she tells us, that "if he were innocent then he was the most pathetic figure in this terrible war." He was not innocent, for he wounded the honor of his own people and turned his back on their ideals. But he remains and will remain a pathetic figure, the figure of a man neither deep nor solid, of a bright, well-meaning, inconstant trying to play a part which demanded the force of a grim leader of men. He displaced Venizelos after the fashion in which George III drove out the elder Pitt. He wanted to govern as George governed, through Palace Ministers and by buying and managing his Parliament. But George III, though stupid and not always sane, was resolute and courageous, and knew precisely what he wanted. Moreover, when his misgovernment had brought disaster, he had sense enough to

give way before it was absolutely too late. Constantine had none of these saving qualities. Persistently irresolute, he let himself be led and pushed this way and that by clever, jealous, small-minded politicians, and by foreign diplomatists who cared not a straw either for him or his country. He gave his ear to soldiers whose loyalty and military capacity were undoubted, but whose opinion on matters outside their profession was worthless. And, while he let soldiers interfere with politics, he allowed political theories to decide military questions. Ruined by a desire to govern as well as reign, he lacked the very first quality needed by anyone who would govern in the Near East—tenacity. As for a policy, he had none, unless a dread of the German Army and an ambition to be his own Prime Minister could be called a policy. He began, by shrinking from collision with Germany and ended by shrinking from a clash with Bulgaria, from facing the Entente, and from dealing resolutely with the reactionaries and intriguers round his person. He gave way to his own Queen. Yet for all his mistakes and vacillation it is impossible to withhold a measure of pity for the kindly, gracious, attractive man, once the hero of his people, and drawn by fate into one of the most bewildering plights that have ever been the undoing of a perplexed monarch.

Throughout her book Mrs. Brown sticks steadily to politics, and we are saved the usual tedious—and trivial—banalities of Anglo-Hellenic travel-books. We hear almost nothing of had beds, insects, resins, cream cheese, sweetmeats, and Turkish coffee. We escape the babble of waiters, guides, and mule-drivers. Nor is any second-hand archaeology inflicted on us. Among the illustrations of the volume most of the portraits of Greek notables are above the average, and would make the book worth keeping even if it had not other and greater merits. Though a Greek, Mrs. Brown very seldom quotes from her mother-tongue. It is unfortunate that the one or two scraps of it which she does give us are disfigured by errors or misprints.—The Times Literary Supplement.

LIFE IN AMERICA A JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO 'OLE BILL'

WHERE did that one go?" according to Captain Bruce Brainsfather, who gave the phrase absurd, abiding form in the first cartoon he ever drew, is the one inevitable remark, the typical and universal saying, along the Allied fronts. He has been on every front, fighting with every Allied army, and "that remark runs through the war," he says.

It is not like "They've evidently seen me," which was the second one he made immortal, and which is so absolutely and unmistakably English, with the surprised and courteous face coming out of the top of the narrow chimney, from which the base is being shot away. "Where did that one go?" is just as good in Italy or on the shores of the North Sea. Perhaps, though Captain Brainsfather does not concede this much, "Jerry" is saying it now behind the fast-receding German lines.

But he did not know when he drew it that this was the keynote of the war as it seems to the man who fights it, or that it expressed the whole comic spirit of the soldier, absolutely detached, more or less fatalistic, and seeing the joke grow huger and more unbelievable as things in general get grimmer and worse. The fighting man sits huddled in his dugout with his pals. What else is there to ask but "Where did that one go?" But he knew when he drew it simply that things had gotten to the point where they were so awful they were funny, and he drew what he saw and heard as he, too, sat huddled in a dugout with his pals.

ment. One day I was sitting there, full of depression, looking into the future. Just that morning the Germans had set about us and put a lot of five-point-sights into us. And then I drew, 'Where did that one go?'

Capt. Brainsfather has nervous, long-fingered hands, and as he tells about drawing, he makes sketchy lines in the air with his cigarette. He leans over with his arms on his knees, and darts quick glances up to see if you're getting all the points. He has quick, bright eyes, which surely haven't missed a single quirk in all the war, from which a picture might be made.

"I drew the sketch on an old bit of paper in the dug-out and gave it to some soldier or other who put it up in the dug-out. And a lot of them looked at it and somebody asked me, in that vague way friends have, why I didn't send it up to be published.

"Then, later, I was in St. Ives, a little town which no longer exists. And they had gotten everything then except the place I was living in. All day it was imperative to look as if there was nobody in the house. I drew there all one day, to the accompaniment of machine-gun snacking up against the wall. And then I did send some of them up to London, for it happened that my mother had put some papers into a package she sent out to me, to keep it stiff. And so I got the address of the London Bystander, and sent them off. Then some men and officers began to send me for pictures—and I would make them just for their amusement and my own.

The next step was in front of Messines; the first night out, I had no dug-out, and a colonel who lived in a farm a mile behind the lines asked me to come up and stay with him and decorate the walls. The walls were there right enough, but there was nothing to decorate them with. So I put my arm up the chimney and got down some soot. This I mixed with rifle oil, and charred a stick for charcoal, and so I got along. I put 'They've evidently seen me' and 'My dream for years to come' on his walls.

In the week after that, one terrible night of sniping and machine guns and shells, I came back in the pouring rain to the dug-out, and found the corporal sorting letters by the light of a candle-end stuck in a bottle. And there was one for me from the London Bystander, saying, 'The editor will be pleased to accept etc.' That was the first of my publishing.

It was in the first gas attack in 1915 that Capt. Brainsfather 'stopped a shell' and went home to Blighty to a hospital for awhile. But he got back for the battle of the Somme, and later he went, at the order of the War Office, to fight on all the different fronts, to get material for more drawings. He was with the French at Verdun, with the Italians in the Alps, with the Americans in Alsace-Lorraine, on the North Sea, 'the extreme terminus of the line, where the barbed wire runs out into the sea—and occasionally a German swam around to give himself up.'

For six months he has been with the Americans. 'The English and Americans are very much alike,' he says. 'Here they are different, but they are not so different when they get there. Over there they are much the same. It's the war—a touch of shelling makes the whole world kin. They have the same cheer, determination, and vigor. They do the war in the same way. Their whole outlook and style are the same. And one night when I was with them, in a barn, a shell went off, and I heard several voices say "—he paused dramatically and held the cigarette poised—"Where did that one go?'

NOTICE TO MARINERS NEW BRUNSWICK

(199) South coast—Bay of Fundy—Cape Spencer—New lighthouse tower. Former notice—No. 25 (71) of 1914. New position—On cape Spencer, about 200 feet southeast of the old lighthouse. Lat. N. 45° 11' 55". Long. W. 65° 54' 45". New structure—Octagonal tower; octagonal lantern. Material—Tower, reinforced concrete; lantern, iron. Color—Tower, red, with one white horizontal band; lantern, red. Height—44 feet, from base to top of ventilator on the lantern. Character of light—Flashing white catoptric light, showing two flashes, with an interval of 5 seconds between them, every twenty seconds, thus:—Flash; 5 seconds' interval; flash; 15 seconds' interval. For half the time of revolution, or 10 seconds, the light will be totally eclipsed; for the other half a light of 700 candles, power will be visible, through which the stronger flashes will show. Elevation.—186 feet. Visibility.—19 miles.

Power.—Naked light, 700 candles; flashes, 25,000 candles. Illuminant.—Petroleum vapor, burned under an incandescent mantle. Remarks.—The light will be put into operation in the new tower without further notice. Temporary light.—While the illuminating apparatus is being installed in the new tower it will be necessary to exhibit a temporary fixed white light for a period of about two nights.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I can recommend MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS, St. John.

LOST, a small Boston Fountain Pen. The finder will please leave at the BEACON office. 11-4t

FOR SALE, three good cows. Apply to W. F. KENNEDY. 16-4t

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

FOR SALE—20-hoghead boat "Aeroplane." 45 ft. long, 11 ft. beam. 16 h. p. engine. Five year old. Apply to ALVER L. STUART, Lambertville, Deer Island, N. B.

FOR SALE—House and Lot. A comfortable and well-located cottage, with barn on premises, situated on Douglas Avenue near the water. Cash or easy terms. Apply W. F. KENNEDY. 15-3w

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Sloven, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated Top Surray; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 Sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to WM. J. McQUOID, Grand Harbour, St. Andrews, N. B., Phone 29. 49-4t

FOR SALE—Desirable property, known as the Bradford property, situated on the harbour side of Water St., St. Andrews, consisting of house, ell, and barn. House contains store, seven rooms, and large attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply THOS. R. WREN, St. Andrews, N. B. 44-4t

NOTICE

I, Lawrence E. Parker, do hereby notify the public that my wife, Mary Alice Parker, has left my bed and board without just provocation, I therefore will not pay any bills contracted by her. Dated this day, Oct. 10th, 1918. 46-2wp

Tinsmiths and Plumbers Wanted at Halifax

In order to get the sufferers from the explosion comfortably housed before cold weather sets in many tinsmiths and plumbers are needed. Until Nov. 1st, wages 50c per hour, but after that date 55c per hour. We will pay transportation both ways to those who remain three months or more. This is an emergency call and we hope that many will respond. Write at once. C. R. HOBEN & COMPANY, 34 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 15th November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Back Bay and St. George, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of St. George and route offices, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector. H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector, St. John, N. B., Oct. 2nd, 1918. 15-3w

AMUSEMENT TAX ORDER

All persons promoting or directing entertainments of whatever sort or description to which an admission fee is charged and the proceeds of which are not wholly for patriotic, church or charitable purposes, shall be held without a permit allowing the said entertainment to be held and providing at the same time for a supply of amusement tax tickets necessary in connection therewith. If such entertainment is held without a permit from the Amusement Tax Inspector, the promoters of the same shall be liable to the penalties provided for in the 11th section of the Theatres and Cinematographs Act. Applications for Amusement Tax Tickets, Receipts, and Permits for entertainments to be held should be made to WILLIAM H. McQUOID, Provincial Tax Inspector, P.O. Box 684, St. John, N. B. 15-5w

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for Oct. 20 Sun to 26 Sat.

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

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

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

Thos. R. Wren, Collector. D. C. Rollins, Prev. Officer. D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAYS, 9 to 1. OUTPOSTS: INDIAN ISLAND, H. D. Chaffey, Sub. Collector. CAMPBELLO, W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector. NORTH HEAD, Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector. LORD'S COVE, T. L. Treacart, Sub. Collector. GRAND HARBOUR, D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer. WILSON'S BEACH, J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer.

SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

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

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS. ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George F. Hibbard, Registrar. Office hours 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Daily. Sundays and Holidays excepted.

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

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—CIRCUIT COURT: Second Tuesday in May and October. COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Judge Carleton

The Fall Term of The FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE WILL OPEN ON Monday, August 26, 1918

There is a greater demand for our graduates than ever. Get particulars regarding our courses of study, tuition rates, etc., and prepare to enter on our opening date. Descriptive pamphlet on request. Address W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

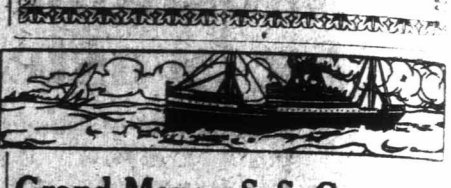
Is the beginning of our busy season, but students can enter at any time, and it is well to get the "Ice Broken" before the rush begins. Tuition Rates and full information mailed to any address.

S. Kerr, Principal

For Sale ENGINEER'S TRANSIT THEODOLITE

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

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company

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

Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. TIME TABLE

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7:30 a.m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 8 a.m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. (7:30 p.m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2:30 p.m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7:30. METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 12:00 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.

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 do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 1:30 p.m. Closes: 4:50 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily. Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1:30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

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

VOL. Ba SOME

INTO a war Where the Wounded by Somebody's Somebody's da Wearing yet Soon to be hid The lingering grace.

Matted and da Kissing the Pale are the lip Somebody's d Back from his Brush all the Cross his hands Somebody's d

'Kiss him once I Murnur a pr One bright curl They are son Somebody's ha Was it a mot And have the li Been baptized God knows best Somebody's h Somebody wait Night and mo Somebody wept Looking so ha Somebody's kiss Somebody's cla

him— Yearning to be And there he lie And the smiling Tenderly bury th Pausing to dro Carve in the wood "Somebody's d

A CONSCIENCE

I do not mind a considerably a William, en passa passes but just on is my wife's brot than that, howe elect, that chose mortals who neve taxis and owes hi and fine linen. W hearing spoken of near as he ever go was swept off my what he had been "William wants thinks that perhap something—fairly He seemed to fanc down."

"Well, for a b forty-seven perh The more I dwel yearning on the pe the more unreson always appeared to thank you, as thing ed in his well-know; ever he ran short; ing (William used a fine and airy dip which enabled him debts, tailors, and solvent humanity. That it all caused u I told him frankly I felt anxious about h

It is not like you pressively. "I am the times a bit too struck you; perhaps on; but don't go an Still, I know of a h wants a man to help But we need no selves. William is a moment he said he himself of my kindn been hasty and hea He had been thinki You will never gu I was outwitted, and William for years an William told me t glass of port—my should have liked this job, but he had the Man Power Act, the chance of being te putting his emplo unfair risk.

This is very nobl William were not qu It comes very expen "Awfully sorry, regretfully," but I ca do it. It would not