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NO. 8

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

(August 29, 1782.)
TOLL for the brave—
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!
 Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel
 And laid her on her side;
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was over-set;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.
 Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done,
 It was not in the battle,
 No tempest gave the shock,
 She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock;
 His sword was in the sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.
 Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreading by our foes!
 And mingle with your cup
 The tears that England owes;
 Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main:
 But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.
 WILLIAM COWPER,
 (1731-1800.)

WHY NOT TAKE OVER THE TIDES?

"YOU don't consider it at all probable," he said wistfully, "that the Government will be taking over control of the tides before Labor Day, do you?"
 "That depends," I replied smartly. "I understand that Mr. McAdoo is usually disengaged between 7:17 and 7:36 A. M."
 "I have looked up the legal side of the question," he went on, smiling faintly at something he glimpsed outside of my window. "There are no legal difficulties. The Federal Government has jurisdiction of all navigable waters. Of course, at low tide you couldn't navigate anything very considerable off our beach, but you might at high water. At any rate, something has to be done to systematize things. It's absurd the way they carry on now."
 "The tides?" I said.
 "The tides," he said. "As a war measure, you know, I am not in the army, but to the extent of my abilities I am trying to do my bit. That's why we came out to Dingle Cove, so that I might get a bath in the sea, my wife said, after these hot days in town. In a way she's right. If I can't keep myself decently fit up to Labor Day, what'll happen to the Government when it comes around next June collecting my income tax? I pointed that out in a letter I wrote to the Collector of Internal Revenue, which he hasn't answered yet. And how am I to go on buying War Savings Stamps? I could go on saving on sugar, of course, but I want to do something more than that for my country. There are half a hundred men of about my age out in Dingle Cove who are in the same fix."
 "You haven't specified it," I said.
 "It's very simple," he replied. "Take the women and children who stay out all day at Dingle Cove. They can go bathing any time between nine and seven, and so assure themselves of a sufficient quantity of water in the bay. But how is it with us who go into town every day? I leave my office to make the 5:44. Say I am fortunate and make the 5:44. By the time I get down to the shore, the water is somewhere on the other side of the Sound, at New Rochelle, I suspect. We made a mistake in coming down to Dingle Cove for the summer. We should have gone to New Rochelle."
 "You don't suppose that when it's low tide at Dingle Cove it's high at New Rochelle?" I said.
 "Then where does all the water go to?" he asked.
 I sniffed contemptuously, as the safest thing to do. "Oh, back into the ocean, I suppose."
 "That's just it," he said. "It's this total failure to regulate distribution I have in mind. There's plenty of water in the sea as it is; enough to float our transports across and our food ships; it will be some time before Mr. Schwab crowds it up. It's different in our bay, by the time the 5:44 gets in."
 "There's surely one way," I said rather impatiently. "Think of your income tax and your War Savings Stamps and walk out a bit from the end of the dock. Other people do more for their country."
 "It isn't serving my country to go and

develop callouses on the soles of my feet," he replied with some asperity. "And when I cut myself on the mussel shells I consume a considerable amount of peroxide that General Gorgas needs badly enough. You said walk out a bit. But when I have been an hour and three-quarters on the cars, I am in no condition to walk half a mile under difficulties."
 "Oh, half a mile," I said.
 "Half a mile," he insisted, "and it gets shallower as you keep on. You might swim out, of course, but then you get abrasions on the knee. Shall I show you?"
 I agreed to let him read his statement into the record without further proof.
 "No," he said firmly. "It must be plain on a moment's reflection that a man somewhere in the neighbourhood of 190 pounds cannot swim in eleven inches of water with ease, dignity, or moral satisfaction. So you walk out, and before you know it you are top of the mussel beds."
 "Mussel beds?" I said.
 "The mussel," he observed, "is a succulent bi-valve whose food value, as the Department of Agriculture regrettably points out, has not yet begun to be appreciated by our people. But I think I can understand why. Its food value may be all that the Department of Agriculture claims, but taken externally, on the soul of the bare foot, the mussel leaves much to be desired. It has the extraordinary peculiarity of being at the same time exceedingly slippery and developing a razor edge. That is to say, when you step on one bunch or flock or bevy or whatever name is for an assembly of mussel shells, you slip off and land on another Soviet of shells with the edge uppermost. You will say, of course, that it's rather odd that when you slip off a smooth congregation of shells, you should invariably land on a chisel-edge combination. To which I reply that it isn't a coincidence at all. If, having tobogganed from one smooth bunch, you merely go on slipping until you find the sharp ones. It is an invariable rule. As a result, I have frequently been tempted to miss the 5:44 on purpose and come home and tell my wife that I was too late to go into the water."
 "Oh," I said.
 "A moral crime, no doubt," he said, "considering the sacrifices my wife has made—she prefers the mountains every time—in order that I might get my sea bath after the day's grind in the office. But there's another side to the moral problem. Consider. You leave the office in the thought of the jolly time you are going to have in the cool, fresh sea. You miss your Subway train, but you think of the silver glint of the sun on the water and are consoled. You get to the station just in time to see the tail lights of the 5:06, but you think of the cold shower after the bath. The trolley is jammed, and you hang on perilously to the foot-board, but the first glimpse of the ripple on the water—what there is of it—makes you forget. Then you get into your bathing suit, step out, and the first one to greet you is the succulent and nourishing mussel. If the army regulations weren't strict about civilians in uniform, I have often thought that a pair of Cordovan—"

"But look here," I said, quite out of patience; "you know as well as I do that the tides vary an hour every day."
 "That's just it," he interrupted; "I thought if the Government took them over—because it's absurd, you see, that the women and children and other non-producers like life-guards and such should have the best of it, while we who pay income taxes and buy thrift stamps—"

"I was saying," I remarked severely, "that with the tides varying at least an hour every day, there must be times when your 5:44 brings you down to Dingle Cove at high tide—say only three or four days a month."
 "Those are the days when there is something wrong with the third rail and I get in at 7:45," he said.
 "I knew I had him then."
 "And who is it runs the railroads?" I said.
 "The Government, to be sure," he admitted manfully. "And that's what I had in mind when I wanted the Government to take over our bay at Dingle Cove. Under the same administration the two things might be adjusted."
 "You mean they might regulate the 5:44 so that it gets in on time when there is high water?"
 "Oh, I am not as optimistic as all that," he replied. "But I thought they might regulate the tide."
 "They'd have to regulate the moon, then," I said caustically. "And the moon is hardly within Federal jurisdiction."
 "The moon?" he said.
 "I had spoken on the basis of faint memories of my school geography, so I replied curtly that I was busy, and he would have to take my word for it. But he would not be put off. "How the moon?" he said.
 Briefly I outlined to him how the moon, in its revolution around the earth at an angle of 43 degrees to the ecliptic in the

ascendant angle of the Zodiac close to the Little Dipper drew up the tides towards itself and let them go again, especially in the northern hemisphere. As he evinced some difficulty in following my argument I showed him the tide table on a pocket folder together with the train schedule, trolley schedule, and the best place to get your fresh butter and eggs.
 "I see," he said. "If I can put it up either to the moon or the Government, it might get by my wife."
 SIMON STRUNSKY,
 —in *The New York Evening Post*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 21—The steam trawler *Triumph*, fitted with two guns, and wireless and manned by sixteen Germans from the U-boat which captured her yesterday, is raiding the banks of the coast of Nova Scotia and the crews of the schooners sunk by the *Triumph* have arrived here. The vessels known to be sunk are the *Una P. Saunders*, of Lunenburg, the *E. Pyatt Andrew*, of Gloucester, Mass., and the *Francis J. O'Hara*, of Boston.

Captain Wallace Bruce, master of the Gloucester schooner, told the Canadian Press that his vessel was held up by the *Triumph* yesterday afternoon and that he and his crew were given ten minutes to leave the ship. The Germans then sunk her with bombs. The *Triumph* then moved over to the Boston and Lunenburg vessels, sinking them in turn. The dories from the three vessels reached here this morning. The fishermen say that while making for this port they heard shots and they believe that other fishing vessels have been sunk.

Capt. Myhre, master of the *Triumph*, who landed here with his men, told the Canadian Press that the captain of the submarine said that his was only one of six U-boats operating on this coast. "We intend to destroy the fishing fleet," the German commander said to Capt. Myhre.

Captain Myhre and his crew were taken aboard the submarine yesterday afternoon and photographed by the Germans, who offered them refreshments and cigarettes. They say that they started for shore sixty miles away later in the afternoon. Before they left the scene the Germans had put two light guns on the *Triumph*, fore and aft, and fitted up a

small wireless apparatus. The *Triumph* set off in company with the submarine for fishing vessels in the vicinity.

Motor boats have gone out from here to meet the survivors of other fishing vessels which are believed to have been sunk by the *Triumph*, but do not venture far off shore for fear of themselves falling victims to the improvised sea-raider.

Captain Myhre left on this morning's train for Halifax and his crew are proceeding to that port on a small schooner.

Boston, Aug. 21—Fishermen here said today that if the submarine made use of the trawler *Triumph* as a raider they would have to re-coal the craft at least every ten days. The *Triumph* is manned entirely by a Canadian crew, and is owned by a Canadian company. She is 125 feet long, fifteen feet deep, with a twenty-two foot beam, and registers about 250 tons gross.

Washington, Aug. 21—Strong forces of swift naval patrol boats and destroyers sped to-day to the North Atlantic fishing banks, where the trawler *Triumph*, captured yesterday by a German submarine, which armed and manned, is reported raiding fishing fleets. Naval officers here think recapture of her or her enforced destruction by the German crew is a certainty.

A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 21—A fourth and probably a fifth vessel last evening were sunk by the converted trawler *Triumph*. Word has just been received from Canso that the crew of the *Lucille Schnare*, of Lunenburg, ninety tons had arrived there at 6 o'clock this evening in their row boats. The crew consisted of eighteen men, under Captain Schnare. They met the *Triumph* while on the Banks about 10 o'clock last night. They plainly recognized her. She had two small guns, like machine guns, mounted upon pivots. Several shots were fired at the *Lucille Schnare*, apparently to intimidate the men, as they did not fall near the ship. A submarine lay close to the *Triumph*, but was inactive.

Two men from the converted trawler came on board the *Lucille Schnare*, and gave her crew five minutes to take to their dories. The crew, however, were treated civilly, and no more shots were fired at them. The Germans took all the papers and provisions. Before leaving the vessel they slung two bombs over the side.

The crew rowed away in the darkness

BONNIE DUNDEE

"COME fill up, Y cap, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
 And its room for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver's who spoke:
 "Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke
 So let each cavalier who loves honor and me,
 Come follow the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
 But the Provost, douce man, said: "Just e'en let him be,
 The guid toun is well quit of that dail o' Dundee."

As he rode down the street, the people of the Bow
 Lik carline was flying, and shaking her pow;
 But the young lads of aince they look'd couthe and slee,
 Thinking, plank to the bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd,
 As if half the west had set trust to be hang'd;
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,
 As they watch'd for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,
 At the toss of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.

He spur'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,
 For the love of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

"There are hills beyond Pentlands, and lands beyond Forth;
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
 There are wild Dunelmassals three thousand times three,
 Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

"There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hie;
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
 The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
 At a toss of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the hornmen rode on,
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
 Died away the wild warnotes o' Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cap, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
 Come open your gates and let me gang free,
 For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 (Born August 15, 1771; died September 21, 1832.)

as rapidly as possible. They saw no explosion and so are uncertain as to the definite fate of their craft. They sailed and rowed until they reached Canso.

Capt. Schnare states that he believes that another ship, the *Pasadena*, port and captain unknown, which was lying close to him, was also sunk. The Canso correspondent doubts this, as with the favorable weather conditions the crew should have already arrived in Canso.

Eighty men from the four vessels sunk yesterday will leave Canso to-morrow morning for Halifax. The members of the two American crews may change at Truro for Boston. A report in Canso that the *Triumph* had been sunk could not be confirmed.

—Sydney, Aug. 13—Encountering a violent squall before he had sailed more than a few hundred yards off shore on his way to the fishing grounds, William Wadden was drowned off New Waterford yesterday almost within sight of his home. The body has not been recovered.

—Boston, Aug. 15—Four survivors of the fishing schooner *Progress*, sunk by a German submarine Saturday, were brought here to-day, after being adrift in a dory seventy-two hours without a compass and with little water and food. Others of the crew were landed earlier in the week.

—Washington, Aug. 15—The American tank steamer *Frederick B. Kellogg* torpedoed Tuesday evening by a German submarine, is still afloat sixteen miles off Barnegat, N. J., the Navy Department was advised to-day, and there is a chance that she will be brought into port.

—Halifax, N. S., Aug. 15—A dispatch from Westport, Digby county, says that what is believed to be the float of a hydroplane has been found by fishermen of that place about two miles out from the Bay of Fundy shore and towed into Westport. The float is described as of very superior manufacture, coppered, and having six water-tight compartments. One side has been stove in.

—Boston, Mass., Aug. 15—Twenty-five survivors of the crew of the British steamer *Penitence*, sunk by a German submarine off the Massachusetts coast Sunday, landed at Cape Cod port to-day and reported that another boat containing members of the crew had been lost. Four of the survivors were badly burned, and injured, which indicated that the vessel had been attacked before the crew had a chance to escape.

Navy Department reports earlier in the week did not explain how the *Penitence* had been sunk, and first advices from the cape to-day failed to clear up this point, as it was said that naval authorities had taken charge of the ship's crew. The men were in two boats, which had drifted since Sunday. They were well-nigh exhausted from exposure and lack of food. The number in the boat reported lost was not stated.

—Washington, Aug. 16—The American schooner *Dorothy Barrett* was sunk by shell fire from a German submarine yesterday near Cape May, N. J. Seaplanes and submarine chasers sent to the scene dropped depth bombs on the spot where the submarine was believed to have submerged. A report to the Navy Department to-day says when the submersible appeared and opened fire on the schooner the crew took the small boats and have landed at Cape May. The schooner was set on fire by shells. When the planes and the two submarine chasers were sighted the submarine submerged. One of the planes, flying low, dropped a depth charge where bubbles, presumably from the wake of the submarine, were observed. The chasers then closed in and let go several bombs. There was no evidence of wreckage, but the submarine did not reappear.

—Washington, Aug. 16—The American schooner *Sybil*, recently reported sunk by a German submarine, has arrived safely at an Atlantic port, the Navy Department to-day was informed.

The Department also announced to-day that the remainder of the crew of the schooner *Progress*, one of the fishing vessels sunk off the New England coast, has been reported rescued.

—Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 16—A large oil tank steamer is afire about twenty-five miles off Cape Hatteras, according to reports brought here to-night. A submarine is lying close by. The members of the crew have been taken off by life guards. It is presumed the submarine is a German, and the tanker was on fire by shell fire.

—New York, Aug. 16—The Associated Press carries the following:
 Brazilian motor-ship *Madrugada*, 1,613 tons gross register, has been sunk by a German submarine off the American coast. Captain Frederick Rouse, and his crew of twenty-one men told of the destruction of the vessel upon being landed here to-day by a steamer which picked them up. The captain and crew escaped in life-boat and were rescued after rowing

about for four hours. The *Madrugada* left New York two days ago, carrying a cargo consigned to Santos, Brazil.

According to Captain Rouse, the submarine appeared at 7:30 a. m. yesterday, emerging about two hundred yards from his vessel and opened fire without warning, sending eleven shells into her. The crew immediately took to the boats and the ship went down within a few minutes. No attempt was made to molest the life-boats, of which there were two, according to the captain's statement. He said that the undersea boat was about 400 feet long. She carried two guns, fore and aft.

—London, Aug. 17—Two destroyers struck mines and sank Thursday, according to an announcement made by the Admiralty to-night. Twenty-six men are missing.

—New York, Aug. 17—The Associated Press carries the following dispatch: The British tank steamer *Mirlo* was torpedoed by a German submarine off Cape Hatteras last night and, according to reports reaching here to-day, nine members of her crew were drowned. All the other members of the *Mirlo*'s crew were saved by coastguards and have been brought safely to shore. They said the torpedo struck the vessel amidships and that soon afterwards the cargo of gasoline exploded, setting the fire to the ship which compelled them to jump for their lives. The surface of the sea for five miles around was covered with burning gasoline. It is presumed that the *Mirlo* sank, although reports received here did not say so definitely.

—Paris, August 17—The old French cruiser *Dupetit Thouars* has been sunk by a German submarine; it is officially announced to-day. Thirteen of the crew are missing. American destroyers rescued the remainder. The *Dupetit Thouars* was cooperating with United States naval forces in protecting Atlantic navigation.

The *Dupetit Thouars* was an armored cruiser built at Toulon in 1899. The vessel was 452 feet long, and had a displacement of 4,367 tons, an indicated speed of 22 knots per hour, and carried an armament of two 7-inch, eight 6-inch, and four 3-inch guns. The ship was also equipped with two torpedo tubes. The normal complement of the *Dupetit Thouars* was 540 men.

—Washington, Aug. 19—The Norwegian bark *Nordhay* was sunk by a German submarine 125 miles off the Virginia Capes, Saturday. Her crew escaped in small boats, and have been brought into an Atlantic port by an American warship.

—Washington, Aug. 22—The American steamer *Montana*, of 6,659 tons gross, was torpedoed and sunk in foreign waters on August 16 with the probable loss of three members of the civilian crew and two members of the naval armed guard, the Navy Department announced on Wednesday. Eighty-one survivors were landed.

—Paris, Aug. 22—Official announcement is made that the French mail steamer *Polyestien*, 6,373 tons, bound from Biserta to Saloniki, was sunk by a mine on the morning of Aug. 10. Six Serbian passengers, eleven Indian firemen, and two sailors are missing.

It is also announced officially that the French steamer *Balkan*, 1,709 tons, on her way from France to the Island of Corsica, was torpedoed and sunk on the night of August 15-16. One hundred and two persons are known to have been saved.

—Montreal, Aug. 22—Practically the entire fleet of the Maritime Fish Corporation has been destroyed by the trawler *Triumph*, which was captured by a German submarine and armed, according to reports to the company's office here to-day. The fleet was operating off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. It was composed of boats of both Canadian and American registry.

The exact number of vessels destroyed is not known, but the fleet attacked generally composed eight or nine ships, it is said.

—Aricat, N. S., Aug. 22—A power dory containing Captain Jeff Thomas, master of the Gloucester fishing schooner *Sylvania*, and two of his crew, arrived here last evening, reporting that their vessel had been sunk by the armed trawler *Triumph* at 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning when on the fishing banks ninety miles southeast by south of Canso. The remainder of the crew of the schooner, nineteen men and a boy, have not yet been reported, but Capt. Thomas believes that they have landed safely at some small fishing village on the Cape Breton coast.

Captain Thomas said that he sighted the trawler about 5 o'clock and had no suspicions of her until she came close alongside and her commander ordered him to leave his ship and be quick about it. He and his men at once took to the dories. Meanwhile, the Germans placed bombs on the schooner and ten minutes later there was an explosion and the vessel sank. As the men rowed away they saw about two miles to the eastward a large submarine on the surface.

Why Your Savings Are Needed Too. Do not hesitate to open a savings account with us because you can save only a little money. It is the hundreds of savings accounts, small and large, that enable Banks to lend large sums to the Government for the prosecution of the war. Open a savings account here to-day. THE Bank of Nova Scotia

CAMPOBELLO August 19 Mrs. Sadie Cokeran, of Boston, Mass., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Calder, will leave this week, after a pleasant stay, for her western home. Miss Buchanan, who has been the guest of the Misses Lizzie and Lina Kelly, will leave for St. Stephen this week. Mr. Charles Batson, of Pembroke, Me., is the guest of his brother, Mr. Thomas Batson. Miss Lavera Calder spent the past week with relatives at Eastport. Mrs. Carroll Mitchell was a passenger to St. Andrews on Saturday last. Mrs. Amelia Lank is very ill at her home, to the deep regret of her relatives and friends. The ladies of St. Anne's Guild and Sewing Circle held their annual sale of goods and confectionaries on Wednesday, realizing the sum of \$212, for church work. Pte. William Townsend, of Sussex, is home on leave of absence. Miss Etta Mitchell, nurse-in-training, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mitchell. Miss Evelyn Townsend returned from the Chipman hospital last week, much better. She was accompanied by her uncle, Milton Townsend. Schr. Mavis, Capt. Shepherd Mitchell, sailed on her maiden trip for the fishing grounds one day last week. Miss Gertrude Mitchell has supplied the vacancy as assistant at the Post Office made by the resignation of Miss Hattie Calder. Miss Gertrude Lank, of Watertown, Mass., is visiting at her home here. Mr. G. M. Byron, who some time ago was appointed Judge of Probate, has also had a recent appointment in the record office of St. Andrews, N. B. Those from Eastport to visit friends here this week were: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Calder, and son, Earl, and Mrs. Etta Calder and friend, Miss Helen Lord.

WHITE HEAD, G. M. August 19. We are having some fine weather, and haymakers are busy in the fields. Dulce gatherings are also busy, but dulce is said to be very scarce. The number of summer visitors has been much smaller than in previous years. Mr. and Mrs. John Cossaboom and family have returned home from Cape Tormentine, where they had been engaged since early spring in the fishing business. Mrs. Roy Morse and family have returned from Nova Scotia. Corp. Thos. Morgan and Pte. Gerard Trecarten are home on furlough. Corp. Claude Morse has gone to Halifax, and will probably go overseas soon. Miss Elva Morse had a birthday party of her young friends on Tuesday evening last. Games were played and ice-cream and cake were served. Miss Morse received many useful presents, and a very jolly time was enjoyed by all. Mrs. Cleveland Wilson has returned from Boston, accompanied by her sister and little daughter. Mr. Thomas Maxwell, of Calais, Me., is visiting his cousins here.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I. August 21. Mrs. Chas. Humphrey, of Mohannes, is a guest this week of her mother, Mrs. J. K. Fountain. Russel Fountain, who was called to the colors and left for Camp Sussex last week, returned on Saturday on a short leave of absence. Elsmore Fountain left on Monday for

St. John, in the interest of the Swiftie work. Mr. and Mrs. Neill Stuart, of Lubec, Me., were guests on Sunday of Capt. and Mrs. Ingalls. Mrs. Herman Creamer and little daughter, Winnifred Mae, returned to their home at Machias Port, Me., on Friday last. Mrs. Ingalls accompanied her sister. Mr. Geo. Welch, of Leonardville, spent Sunday with Mrs. Elsmore Fountain. The many friends of Mrs. John Wentworth, of Fairhaven, are very sorry to hear of her illness. A lady speaker gave an address to the audience at the Institute on Saturday evening last. Ice-cream was sold, the proceeds to be used for war work. Mrs. W. Hatheway Fountain visited her aunt, Mrs. Hurley, at Leonardville, on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Willis Doughty and Mrs. Allan Mosher visited Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Calder at the Pond Hole on Sunday. Miss Flora C. Fountain is much better in health than when she returned from Boston, and is at present the guest of her friend, Miss Annie Justason, at Eastport. Pte. King Simpson was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Arthur Haney, on Sunday last. Miss Charlotte Chaffey, of Eastport, is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Muriel Dixon. Miss Mabel Chaffey spent the week-end with her sister, Miss Alma, at Eastport.

ST. GEORGE, N. B. August 21. A social dance was held in Coult's Hall on Friday evening. Music was furnished by Mooney's Orchestra, and a large number enjoyed themselves. The Town Council decided at the last regular meeting to install a number of new lights in the town limits. The old paraffine lamps will be done away with and replaced by gas. Several auto parties attended the play "Every Woman," at St. John last week. A number made the trip by train and enjoyed the play on Friday evening. A young son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. O'Neill on Monday. Mrs. Jimmey, of St. John, has joined her husband here. The latter is in charge of the Station, while Station Master Boyne is on his holidays. Rev. Ralph Sherman, of Toronto, who was a guest here, at the Victoria, left last week for his home. George Campbell and wife, of Boston, are guests at the Victoria. Mrs. Dan Gallagher and Mrs. Flynn, of St. John, are guests of Mrs. Harry Chaffey. Miss Lena Britt, of Calais, was a recent guest of her cousin, Mrs. Neil McMillan. Jas. McCormick, of St. Stephen, is enjoying a few days in his old home. Mrs. Leon Keith, of St. John, is a guest at Hillcrest. Miss Florence O'Leary, after a few days' visit, left for her home in St. John accompanied by Mrs. James Southard. Mrs. T. Moran and Miss Gert. Tayte visited the Border Towns last week. Mr. and Mrs. James Kane motored from St. John on Saturday, and were week-end guests of Mrs. J. McGrattan. Miss Joe Kane, of Boston, who accompanied them, remained to visit her sister, Mrs. McGrattan. Miss Olive Mitchell, of Deer Island, is the guest of Mrs. L. McGrattan. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brydon and their two children, and Mr. Colin Spear motored to St. John on Saturday. Miss Marguerite Graham, of St. Andrews, is in Telephone Central, while Miss Grace Doyle is enjoying her vacation. Dr. Ruddick, of St. John, was the guest

of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. Coburn last week at "Bryn Derwyn" cottage, Lake Utopia. Dr. Bentley and wife and daughter, with Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, motored from St. Martins last week, and were the guests of Mrs. Arthur Phelan and Mrs. D. Gilmor at "Ben Laures." Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gilmor left for Montreal this week. Miss Dorothy Day, of St. John, is the guest of Miss Alma Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Connors, of Sydney, are visiting their old home at Black's Harbor. Mrs. Fred McLeod visited relatives in Milltown last week. Her daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, of the Florenceville Telegraph office, came home with her and is enjoying a vacation. Mrs. Thomas MacIntyre, Mrs. Robert Dods, and Miss Laura Meating motored to the Border Towns on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McGrattan and family, and Mrs. Owen MacIntyre and children, of Montreal, are enjoying a few days at Lake Utopia at one of the Bryn Derwyn cottages. Mrs. Guy Miner, of Calais, is the guest of Mrs. Jno. McGrattan. A white porcupine was killed by Steven Maloney at the mouth of the river on Monday last. Woodsmen in this part of the country never knew of a porcupine of this color, and many old time lumbermen never heard tell of one. The animal was pure white and will be mounted. Mrs. Frances Murphy is visiting friends in St. John. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brydon and two children spent last week at Lake Utopia. H. R. Lawrence left yesterday for St. John by auto. Sardines are reported schooling along the coast, and weirs in different sections are beginning to take fish. The past month has been one of the quietest in the business. J. A. Young, Inspector of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is making his annual audit of the bank.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B. August 20. The farmers are taking advantage of the dry weather to get the hay. The crop is not as good as that of last year. Burpee Bates, of Campbellton, is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Bates. The Red Cross Society was entertained at the lighthouse by the president, Mrs. Melvin Eldridge, last Wednesday afternoon. A very pleasant time was spent, and the bountiful supper was much enjoyed. This week the Society shipped to St. John a box containing—3 dozen pairs socks, 3 doz. towels, 3 doz. face cloths, 15 doz. handkerchiefs. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Connors, of Sydney, N. S., who are visiting friends in Black's Harbor, were calling on friends in the village recently. Miss Carrie Chubb, of Letite, is the guest of Miss Theresa Taton. The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Wright, on Sunday, and left a baby boy. Congratulations. Miss Amelia Dakin, of Boston, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Archie Harvie and Mrs. Clifford Nodding. Mrs. Roy Sparks is very seriously ill. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Budd motored from St. Stephen and spent a day in the village. Miss McAllister and Mr. Low, of Lornerville, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barry. Mrs. Frank Cross and daughter, Myrna, accompanied them to their home.

Up-River Doings August 21. St. Stephen, N. B. Mrs. William Berryman has been quite ill this week, and confined to her room. Major Gillespie, of Boston, is making his annual summer visit in Calais. Dr. W. F. Ganong, of Smith College, spent last week in St. Stephen and was the guest of Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong. Miss Edith Newnham, who is a professional surgical nurse in Boston, has arrived home to visit her parents, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Newnham. Miss Newnham expects soon to leave for overseas and will be at an American Hospital in France to care for wounded soldiers. She has been in France before, and spent three months in an American Hospital some two years ago. Mrs. F. A. Davenport and children, who have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Laura Talbot, have returned to their home in Meudon, Mass. Mrs. Maria Burton is enjoying a pleasant visit in Chipman with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Burton. (It is reported that the congregation of Trinity Church have invited the Rev. Mr. Cotton, of New Glasgow, N. S., to accept the rectorship of Trinity Church, the position being vacant since the resignation of Rev. W. Tomalin, who became rector at Shediac. Mr. F. W. Andrews has rented his handsome residence to the United States government to be used as the Consulate. Miss Jennie Stuart, Miss Nellie Wheelock, and Miss Margaret McWha have returned from a much-enjoyed visit at Wilson's Beach, Campobello. Mrs. Charles Sibley, who has been visit-

ing Calais friends, has returned to her home in Bangor. Rev. Ralph Barker and Mrs. Barker are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chase Barker in Calais. Mrs. Wilfred Eaton has returned from Pennfield. Mr. H. D. McKay has gone to New York City, called there by the death of her brother-in-law, Mr. W. Davidson. Mr. Frank Baker, who has been visiting old scenes and friends for the past month, has returned to his home in British Columbia. During his stay he was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Hodgins, in Calais. Mrs. David Maxwell is visiting her brother, Mr. Charles H. McKenzie, in Phillips, Me. Miss Alma B. C. Douglas has won, and been presented with the prize of ten dollars in gold given by Mr. M. N. Cockburn, K. C., for the pupil in the St. Stephen High School making the highest marks in the Matriculation examinations. Miss Douglas is a clever young lady, and her friends predict a bright career for her in the future. Mrs. James Rosborough, of Lynn, Mass., is spending a week or two with St. Stephen friends. Mr. and Mrs. David R. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Manfred Robinson have been recent visitors in Kentville, N. S. Miss Edna St. Clair, of Boston, is the guest of her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Ashley St. Clair. Stephen Webber, of the U. S. Quartermaster's Naval Reserve, at Provincetown, Mass., is in Calais for a short furlough. He is the second son of the late Dr. Stephen Webber. Guy Benton, U. S. N., of Hingham, Mass., is visiting relatives in Calais. Mrs. Phillip Lambe, of Boston, has arrived in Calais to visit her family. Mrs. Harold Burbank, wife of Professor Burbank, of Harvard College, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Geo. F. Eaton, in Calais. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Newnham, of Woodstock, are visiting Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. Newnham this week, and receive a cordial welcome from their St. Stephen friends. Miss Alice Fancie, of Boston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fancie. The Congregational Church held their annual Sunday School picnic on Thursday afternoon at the Golf Links, which are not in use this summer, and make a fine picturesque place to picnic. Mr. Alfred Matthews, of New York City, is expected to arrive in Calais to make arrangements to build vessels there. A number of master shipbuilders and shipcarpenters who have been in Belfast, Me., and Dover, N. H., are expected to return to the St. Croix to be employed. Mrs. Clayton Hunter has gone to Grand Manah to visit friends for a week or two. Motor parties to the Rural districts to pick wild raspberries have been quite the fashion during the past week, and every day automobiles filled with ladies, each with a pug, can be seen starting away from town to enjoy the fashionable pastime; and at evening tide they return well-laden with the pretty, toothsome fruit which is very plentiful this year. Mr. Alfred Macpherson has finished his visit with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Algar, and returned to Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Ralph Clarke, widow of Lieut. Ralph Clarke, who was killed in action in France several months ago, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Laughlin. Mr. and Mrs. John Mowatt and the Misses Mowatt are visiting St. Stephen friends, arriving from Pictou on Monday evening. Miss Kate Washburn is the guest of Mrs. Maxwell at her cottage in St. Andrews.

Mr. Edgah M. Robinson, of the Boys' Y. M. C. A. of New York State, is sojourning at Oak Bay with his wife and children. They are occupying the Robinson Cottage, Mr. Robinson leaves this week for New York, but Mrs. Robinson will remain a short time longer. The Misses Lockary have been at their comfortable summer cottage near the Waweig River during the past three weeks. Mrs. Clayton Hunter is at Welshpool, Campobello, this week. Miss Mary Eaton, of Pittsburgh, Vermont, is visiting Calais friends. Miss Newton, who has been Miss Theo Stevens' guest, has returned to her home in Grand Manah. PROFITS OF THE GOLD MINES "In a decade," reports Lloyds Bank of London regarding the Transvaal gold production, "the gold output has advanced by \$10,600,000, or by 40 per cent, but dividends are \$400,000 less than they were in 1907. Meantime, the expenditure has advanced from about \$14,000,000 to \$26,129,000 in 1917, in spite of the lessened scale of work as indicated by tonnage milled. In 1908, when the Chamber of Mines first collated profits, the gold output was \$28,810,393, or some \$8,220,000 less than last year, but the dividends were \$8,537,000, or nearly two millions more."

Merchandise Shipping Losses IN JULY London, Aug. 21.—The following are the July mercantile losses, all gross tons: British 176,479 Allied and neutral 136,532 Total 313,011 Compared with the adjusted June losses, these figures show a British increase of 10,975 tons, and an allied and neutral increase of 20,552 tons. Compared with the adjusted May losses they show a British decrease of 55,301 and an allied and neutral increase of 3,829. Compared with July of last year, the combined British, allied and neutral decrease is 262,938. The British losses during July exceeded building figures in the United Kingdom yards by 34,531. But during the same month a total of 12,220 was completed abroad on British account, reducing the July deficit to 22,311, as compared with the average monthly deficit during the first six months of this year of nearly ninety thousand tons. The sailings to and from Great Britain during July were more numerous than ever, being 7,718,898 gross tons for steamship exceeding 500 tons, representing an increase of 288,512 compared with June.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL CENTENARY The hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Charlotte County Grammar School was celebrated in St. Andrews, on Friday evening, Aug. 16th, by a most enthusiastic gathering in the assembly hall of Prince Arthur School. Many old students from all parts of the Province, and in fact some from other parts of Canada and from the United States, were present and were glad of the opportunity of meeting so many old associates as well as of showing their respect for the fount of their learning. The Chairman for the evening was Dr. Wallace Broad, the present Chairman of the School Board, who called on Rev. J. R. Kerr to open the meeting with prayer, after which an elaborate programme, consisting of speeches by former pupils and teachers, and appropriate music by a choir of former pupils, was carried out. A most interesting feature of the programme, which thrilled every heart in the hall, caused the pulse to quicken, and even the unbidden tear to come, was the ringing of the old school bell which hung in the old building from its erection in 1818 until it was sold and removed from the school grounds about six years ago. The bell has been installed in the Prince Arthur School, where it will ring out its welcome to the children of succeeding generations as it has done to those of the past. The first speaker of the evening was Rev. C. M. Sills, D. D., the oldest living master of the school. He sat in the same chair that he had occupied forty-six years ago as teacher. In his remarks he first referred to some amusing incidents he could recall of the old school days. He said that at that time he was a very busy man, being bent on three separate pursuits, viz: "Teaching school, preparing for college, and making love." He spoke about the many friends he had made during his school work here, and that he had retained throughout all these years during his annual visits to St. Andrews. Dr. Sills then favored the audience with a most scholarly address on "How best to meet conditions arising after the war," dealing particularly with educational matters. Dr. W. S. Carter, Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick, was introduced by the chairman as "the oldest living inspector of the Charlotte County Grammar School." It was in that capacity that Dr. Carter became interested in the school, and when his shift worked to greater fields he still retained the same interest, and the chairman spoke of the pleasure his presence would afford to all, and of how his kindness in coming was appreciated. In the course of his remarks Dr. Carter suggested that the old school building which was now crumbling into decay, be made the centre of an Historical Society, to keep alive the traditions of St. Andrews and vicinity and hand them on to future generations. Father Howland, a graduate of the Grammar School, paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Brodie, his former teacher, who was also present on the platform. He then gave a short discourse on the meaning and value of true education. He said that true education was the harmonious development of every side of child nature, the physical, mental, and spiritual. He thought that the great war now going on in Europe was the result of the Godless education of the German people. Mr. Wm. Brodie, Architect, of St. John, and for many years Principal of the Grammar School at St. Andrews, was given a most cordial reception when he arose to speak, as the audience was largely composed of former pupils of his. He said he noticed by the programme that he was down for "reminiscences," but he had not known that he was old enough to become reminiscent. However, he recalled many pleasant incidents of the old days and brought back many happy memories to those present. He said, "How about 'The Grammar School Literary and Debating Society,' wasn't that a high-sounding name? And how about the school magazine, and the monthly newspaper?" He suggested that should an Historical Society be formed, that copies of the old magazine and paper should occupy a place of honor among the archives. Mr. S. A. Worrell, Inspector of Schools, of Sussex, said that like the previous speaker he had not realized that he was old enough to become reminiscent until he did a little calculation in subtraction and found that it had been twenty-six years since he had graduated from the old school. He hoped that he would not be giving away Mr. Brodie's age if he should say that the latter was teaching the Grammar School at that time. He spoke of the fine discipline in Mr. Brodie's school and the sense of honor among the pupils, relating incidents to bear him out. He closed his remarks with a few lines from that beautiful little poem by Henry Newbolt, "The Best School of All." "We'll honor yet the school we knew, The best school of all; We'll honor yet the rule we knew Till the last bell call; For working days or holidays, Or glad or melancholy days, They were great days and jolly days At the best school of all." Mr. E. A. Smith read the "Autobiography of the Charlotte County Grammar School." In thus relating the history of

its own life the old building recalled many interesting events of by-gone days. Mr. Jas. Vroom gave a sketch of the schools in St. Andrews previous to the founding of the Grammar School in 1818. He said that one of the first schools was called "The Mission of St. Andrews," and that probably it was from this school that the town derived its name. He said that the schools at that time were devoted chiefly to the education of the Indians, and told some interesting things about the language and grammar of the Passamaquoddy Indians. M. N. Cockburn, Esq., read a long and very interesting historical sketch of the Grammar School, which appeared in full in last week's issue of the BEACON. Mr. Cockburn is the grandson of Mr. Cassilis, the first Head Master of the Grammar School. The names of the principals of the school in chronological order are: Messrs. John Cassilis, Donald Morrison, Randal Smith, Francis Partridge, Chas. M. Sills, Jos. A. Wade, James Covey, Arthur Wilkinson, J. T. Horsman, Wm. Brodie, Thos. Colpitts, Fred Day, J. A. Allen, Geo. Sherwood, Geo. Trueman, Samuel Worrell, Wm. Woods, Wm. Morrow, Geo. Carpenter, Miss Edna Giberson, and Miss Salome Townsend. The Assembly Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and much credit is due to the committee of the school board, Mrs. Andrews, and Mrs. Everett, for the success of the evening. The programme was fittingly closed by the singing of the National Anthem. FINE "PRO" GOLF LAST SATURDAY At St. Andrews on Saturday the exhibition game of golf at the Algonquin Hotel Links in aid of the Red Cross, given by the well-known "pro's" Charlie Murray, Kan awaki, A. Woodward, St. Lambert, and John Peacock, the popular Algonquin coach, came off before an appreciative, gallery of some 300 devotees of the ancient and honorable sport. Charles Murray and John Peacock were pitted against Albert Murray and A. Woodward in a four ball match which resulted in the latter winning, five and four. The lowest individual score was made by the Kanawaki crank, who turned in a 74 against a par of 72, which under the prevailing high wind was remarkable. C. Murray had, however, played the like in the morning "look over the course." A Murray's drive from No. 5 tee, a long carry over the trees, to the left and from a bad lie, to the green, holed out in four, elicited rounds of applause from the spectators. John Peacock holed out the only two of the day, which he laid down to his credit at No. 15, and at which the audience showed their pleasure, and the accurate and steady play of the St. Lambert representative was remarked upon all sides. The visitors expressed themselves as highly pleased with the course, its beautiful situation, natural hazards, its possibilities, and they no doubt thoroughly appreciated the difficulty of pitching dead on most of the greens, which is a feature of the Algonquin course. The amount realized for the Red Cross was \$400 for which, needless to say, the local branch is most grateful, giving as it does the wherewithal to provide its members with materials to work up many comforts the coming winter for the boys at the front. Expressions of pleasure are heard from the guests of this beautiful resort, for a very entertaining afternoon, and at the good work done by the "pro's" generally in their Red Cross drives.—St. John Telegraph. MERCHANT SHIPPING LOSSES IN JULY London, Aug. 21.—The following are the July mercantile losses, all gross tons: British 176,479 Allied and neutral 136,532 Total 313,011 Compared with the adjusted June losses, these figures show a British increase of 10,975 tons, and an allied and neutral increase of 20,552 tons. Compared with the adjusted May losses they show a British decrease of 55,301 and an allied and neutral increase of 3,829. Compared with July of last year, the combined British, allied and neutral decrease is 262,938. The British losses during July exceeded building figures in the United Kingdom yards by 34,531. But during the same month a total of 12,220 was completed abroad on British account, reducing the July deficit to 22,311, as compared with the average monthly deficit during the first six months of this year of nearly ninety thousand tons. The sailings to and from Great Britain during July were more numerous than ever, being 7,718,898 gross tons for steamship exceeding 500 tons, representing an increase of 288,512 compared with June.

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove



Cove

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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PROLOGUE.

Mystery-detective-love story, all in one, and each of the three good—that's "The Secret of Lonesome Cove." There's more in this book; there's a very interesting example of the effect of the study of heredity on a man's mind.

If you are romantic, read it for the pretty love story; if you're fond of mystery-detective stories, find out how Chester Kent, clever, learned scientist and investigator, searched out the "secret." If psychology's in your line, here's a case of the influence of the past on the present that is worth looking into.

From the time of the finding of the handcuffed body of the dead woman on the beach until Chester Kent clears up the mystery and the patient artist-lover has his reward this tale is worth reading. It is one of the cleverest books of its well known author, Samuel Hopkins Adams.

CHAPTER I.

LONESOME COVE is one of the least frequented stretches on the New England seaboard. From the land side the sheer hundred foot drop of Hawkliff cliffs shuts it off. There is no settlement near the cove. The somber reputation suggested by its name has served to keep cottagers from building on the widely beautiful uplands that overbrood the beach. The straggling pathways along the edge afford the only suggestion of human traffic within half a mile of the spot. A sharp cut ravine leads down to the sea by a near treacherous descent.

Near the mouth of this opening a considerable gathering of folk speckled the usually deserted beach at noon of July 8. They centered on a dark object a few yards within the food tide limit. Some scouted about, peering at the sand. Others pointed first to the sea, then to the cliffs. From some distance away a lone man of a markedly different type from the others observed them with an expression of displeasure. One of the group presently detached himself and ambled over to the newcomer.

"Swabby," he ejaculated, "if it ain't Professor Kent! Didn't know you at first, mister whippers. You remember me, don't you? I used to drive you around when you was here before."

"I've just come out of the woods, Jarvis. And as you have some very interesting sea currents just here, I thought I'd have a look at them. Nobody really knows anything about coast currents, you know. Now my opportunity is spoiled."

"Spelt? I guess not. You couldn't have come at a better time," said the local man eagerly. "Ah, but you see, I had planned to swim out to the eddy and make some personal observations."

"You was going to swim into Dead Man's eddy?" asked the other, aghast. "Why, professor, you must have turned foolish. They ain't a man on this coast would take a chance like that."

"Supposition," retorted the other curtly. "On a still day such as this there would be no danger to an experienced swimmer. The conditions are ideal except for this crowd. What is it? Has the village gone picnic-ing?"

"Not so early! Ain't you heard? Another one's come in through the eddy. Lies over yonder."

Professor Kent's eyebrows went up as he glanced toward the indicated spot. They gathered in a group. "Not washed up there, surely?" he said.

"Some time early this morning," "Faww!" said the other, turning to look at the curving bulwark of rocks over which the soft slow swell was barely breaking. "If it were the other end of the cove, now, I could understand it."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, "they mostly come in at the other end of the cove. Mostly? Always? The professor's tone was positive. "Unless my charts are wrong. But this—well, it spoils at least one phase of my theory."

"Theory?" exclaimed the liverman, his pale eyes aghast. "You got a theory? But I thought you didn't know anything about the body till I told you just now."

thinking he was the thousand dollar reward thief last year."

Professor Kent advanced and bent over the manacled corpse. "Have to ask you to stand back, professor," said Jarvis. "Len's appointed me special deputy till he comes back."

"Wonder if Len knows the corpse?" suggested somebody in the crowd. "Tell you who did it he didn't," said another man.

"Who, then?" "Elder try Dennett. Didn't none of you hear about his meeting up with a strange woman yesterday evening?"

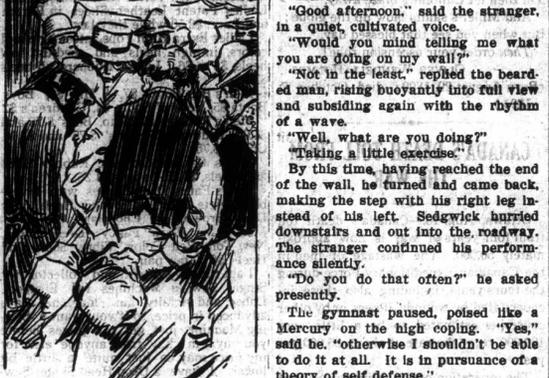
"Shucks! This couldn't be that woman," said Jarvis. "How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck to-been last night and this morning?"

"How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck anyway?" countered Sailer Smith. "The ain't been no storm for a week, an' this body ain't been dead twenty-four hours."

"It plumb beats me," admitted Jarvis. "Who is this Dennett?" asked Professor Kent.

"Try? He's the town gab of Martindale Center. Does a little plumbing an' tinkering on the side. Just now he's up to Cadystown. Took the 10 o'clock train last night."

"Then it was early when he met this woman?" "Little after sundown. He was down the hill beyond the Nook—that's Sedgwick's place, the painter feller—when she come out of the shrubbery—pop



"How'd she come to be washed ashore?" countered Sailer Smith. He quizzed her. Trust the elder for that. But he didn't get much out of her until he mentioned the Nook. Then she allowed she guessed she'd go there. An' he watched her go.

"You say a man named Sedgwick lives at the Nook. Is that Francis Sedgwick the artist?" asked Kent.

"That's him," said Sailer Smith. "Paints right purty pictures. Lives there all alone with a Chinese cook."

"Well, the lady went down the hill," continued Jarvis. "Just as Sedgwick come out to smoke a pipe on this stone wall. Iry thought he seemed surprised when she bespoke him. They passed a few remarks, an' then they had some words an' the lady laughed loud an' kinder scornful. He seemed to be pointing at a necklace of queer, fery pink stones that she wore and tryin' to get somethin' out of her. She turned away an' he started to follow, when all of a sudden she grabbed up a rock an' let him have it—blip! Keeled him clean over. Then she ran away up the road toward Hawkliff cliffs."

"Well, this corpse ain't got no pink necklace," suggested somebody. "Bodies sometimes get robbed," said Sailer Smith.

Chester Kent stooped over the writhen face, again peering close. Then he straightened up and began pulling thoughtfully at the lobe of his ear.

"Say," said Sailer Smith, "what's them queer little marks on the neck under the ear?"

Back came Kent's eyes. "Those," he said smiling, "why, those are, one might suppose, such indentations as would be made in flesh by forcing a jewel setting violently against it by a blow of strong impact."

"Then you think it was the woman?" began the old seaman when several voices broke in.

"There goes Len now!" The sheriff's heavy figure appeared on the brow of the cliff, moving toward the village.

"Who is it with him?" inquired Kent. "Gaussett Jim," answered Jarvis. "An Indian?"

"Gosh! You got good eyes!" said Jarvis. "He's more Indian than anything else. Comes from down Amagappett way and gets his name from it."

"H-m! When did he arrive?" "While you was trapesin' around up yonder."

"Did he see the body?" "Yep. Just after the sheriff got whatever it was from the pocket Gaussett Jim bore in sight, Len went over to him quick, an' said somethin' to him. He come and give a look at the body. But he didn't say nothin'.

Only grunted. The sheriff tells me to watch the body. Then he says, 'An' I'll need somebody to help me. I'll take you, Jim. So he an' the Indian goes away together.'"

Professor Kent nodded. He looked seaward where the reefs were now daring their teeth more plainly through the racing currents, and he sighed. Then he bade the group farewell and set off on the beach.

CHAPTER II.

Professor Kent Makes a Case. "LEGGY!" The artist had whirled at the name. "Nobody's called me that for ten years."

"Just ten years ago that you graduated, wasn't it?" "Yes. Then I knew you in college. You must have been before my class."

The bearded one nodded. "Senior to your freshman," said he. The younger man scrutinized him. "Chester Kent?" said he softly. "What on earth are you doing behind that bush?"

Kent crossed the malignant whiskers. "Ugh!" he explained. "Patent, impenetrable mosquito screen. I've been off in the wilds and am—or was—going back presently."

"Not until you've stopped long enough to get reacquainted," declared Sedgwick. "Just at present you're going to stay to dinner."

"Very good. Just now you happen to be in my immediate line of interest. It is a fortunate circumstance for me to find you here—possibly for you too."

Old interests sprang to life and speech between them. Presently Francis Sedgwick was telling his friend the story of his feverish and thwarted ten years in the world. Within a year of his graduation his only surviving relative had died, willing to him a considerable fortune, the income of which he used in furtherance of a hitherto suppressed ambition to study art.

Paris, his Mecca, was first a taskmistress, then a temptress, finally a vampire. Before succumbing he had gone far in a few years toward the development of a curious technique of his own. Followed then two years of dissipation, a year of travel to recuperate and the return to Paris, which was to be once more the taskmistress. But to his terror and self-loathing, he found the power of application gone. The muscles of his mind had become flabby.

"All by virtue of a woman's laugh; the laugh of a woman without virtue," he told Kent. "It was at the Moulin de la Galette—perhaps you know the dance hall on the slope of Montmartre—and she was one of the dancers, the wreck of what had once been beauty and one must suppose, innocence. Probably she thought me too much abstinent soaked to hear or understand as I sat half asleep at my table. At all events she answered, full voiced, her companion's question. 'Who is the drunken foreigner?' by saying: 'He was an artist. The studios talked of him five years ago. Look at him now! That is what life does to us, mon ami. I'm the woman of it. That's the man of it.' I staggered up, made her a bow and a promise and left her laughing. Last month I redeemed the promise; sent her the first thousand dollars I made by my own work and declared my debt discharged. How about yourself?"

"Postgraduate science. Agricultural department job. Lectures. Invention. Signed, Chester Kent. Ten words—count them—ten."

"Interesting, but unsatisfying," retorted his friend. "Can't you expand a bit? I suppose you haven't any dark secret in your life?"

"No secret, dark or light," sighed the other. "The newspapers won't let me have."

"Oh? Won't let you? Am I to infer that you've become a famous person? What are you, anyway?"

"What I told you, an expert in the service of the department of justice. I like to flatter myself that my pursuit is scientific."

"Pursuit? What do you pursue?" "Men and motives."

Sedgwick's intelligent eyes widened. "Wait," he said; "something occurs to me, an article in a French journal about a wonderful new American expert in criminology who knows all there is to know and takes only the most abstruse cases. I recall now that the article called him 'le Professeur Chetre Kennat.' That would be about as near as they would come to your name. The Frenchman made you out a most superior species of highfalutin detective, working along lines peculiarly your own."

"Rot!" interjected Kent. "The only lines a detective can work along successfully are the lines laid down for him by the man he is after."

"Sounds more reasonable than romantic," admitted the artist. "Come now, Kent, open up and tell me something about yourself."

"You remember I got into trouble my senior year with the college authorities by proving the typhoid epidemic direct against a forgotten defect in the sewer system. It nearly cost me my diploma, but it helped me, too, later, for a scientist in the department of agriculture at Washington learned of it and sent for me after graduation. He snapped out for me a three years' postgraduate course, which I had just about enough money to take. While I specialized on botany, entomology and bacteriology, I picked up a working knowledge of other branches—chemistry, toxicology, zoology, mineralogy, physiology, and most of the natural sciences."

"Once in the department I found myself with a sort of roving commission. I worked under such men as Wiley, Howard and Merriam and learned from them something of the infinite and scrupulous patience that truly original scientific achievement demands. At first my duties were largely those of minor research. Then, by accident largely, I chanced upon the plot to bull the cotton market by introducing the boll weevil into the uninfested cotton area and checked that. Soon afterward I was put on the 'de-odorized meat' enterprise and succeeded in discovering the scheme

whereby it was hoped to sell spoiled meat for good."

"What spare time I had I devoted to experimenting along mechanical lines and patented an invention that has been profitable. Sometime ago the department of justice borrowed me on a few cases with a scientific bearing, and more recently offered me incidental work with them on such favorable terms that I resigned my other position. The terms include liberal vacations, one of which I am now taking. And here I am. Is that sufficient?"

"What about your forty horsepower kick? You don't practice that for drawing-room exhibitions, I take it?" "Sometimes," confessed the scientist. "I have found myself at close quarters with persons of dubious character. The fact is, that an ingenious plot to get rid of a very old friend, Dr. Lucius Carter, the botanist, drew me into the criminal line, and since then this phase of investigation has been fairly to outride itself on me, officially and unofficially. Even up here where I know," he said, breaking off, "that you have a most interesting case of ocean currents heretofore."

"Of course, Lonesome Cove. But kindly finish that 'even up here.' I recollect your saying that you were waiting for me. Haven't traced any scientific crime to my door, have you?"

"Let me forget my work for a little while," pleaded his visitor, "and look at yours."

Sedgwick rose. "Come upstairs," he said and led the way to the big, bare, bright studio.

From the threshold Chester Kent delivered an opinion after one approving survey. "You really work, I see."

"I really do. Where do you see it, though?"

"All over the place. No draperies or fripperies or toppers at art here. The bare room the more work done in it."

He walked over to a curious contrivance resembling a small hand press, examined it, surveyed the empty easel, against which were leaning face in a number of pictures all of a size and turned half a dozen of them over, ranging them and stepping back for examination.

"Good work," pronounced Kent quietly, and in some subtle way the commonplace words conveyed to their hearer the fact that the man who spoke them knew.

"It's the best there is in me at least," said Sedgwick. Kent went slowly around the walls, keenly examining, silently appraising. There were landscapes, genre bits, studies of the ocean in its various moods, all the varied subjects handled with a firmness of truth and drawing and colored with a clear softness quite individual.

"Have you found or founded a new system of coloring?" asked Kent as he moved among the little masterpieces. "No; don't tell me." He touched one of the surfaces delicately. "It's not paint, and it's not pastel. Oh, I see! They're all of one size, of course." He glanced at the heavy mechanism near the easel. "They're color prints."

Sedgwick nodded. "Monotypes," said he. "I paint on copper, make one

of the surfaces delicately. "It's not paint, and it's not pastel. Oh, I see! They're all of one size, of course." He glanced at the heavy mechanism near the easel. "They're color prints."

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Adv. in the Beacon

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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.
Saturday, 24th August, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[August 15 to August 21]
THE Western campaign in the week
under review again yielded results
satisfactory to the Entente Allies, who
lost ground at no point, and made impor-
tant advances on several sectors. The
French throughout the week continued
their steady advance northward between
the Aisne and the Oise, and at the week's
close had occupied Lassigny, and were
only a short distance south of Noyon;
and their front eastward had advanced
across the Ailette as far as Coucy. The
French took many prisoners and some
guns. The German opposition was the
fiercest possible, the ground contested
being of great strategic importance. Fur-
ther to the north, in Picardy, the British
continued their pressure between the
Avre and the Somme and made some
progress. They also made some gains
west of Arras, and east of Ypres.
Towards the week's close they began an
extensive drive on the Ancre, northeast-
ward from Albert, with Bapaume as an
immediate objective. Rapid advance was
being made and the drive was still in
progress. Between Soissons and Reims
there was practically no change in posi-
tions. In Alsace the Americans made
some gains.

No changes of consequence were re-
ported in the Austro-Italian and Balkan
campaigns.

The situation in Russia could not be
gauged by the meagre and untrustworthy
news received during the week, but it
would seem that the whole country is in
a state of unrest, if not of anarchy and
revolution. The Bolsheviks were prob-
ably still in the ascendancy, but their
power seemed unlikely to last much long-
er. The Entente Allies were sending
troops to Vladivostok to support the
Czecho-Slovaks, the troops including
Americans, British, and Japanese; while
on the border of Manchuria the Chinese
had a large body of troops assembled. It
looked as though the Czecho-Slovaks, as-
sisted by the Allies, were masters of
Siberia eastward from Irkutsk; and there
was a prospect of their soon extending
their sway westward to the Ural Moun-
tains.

Except for the reported arrival of a
British force at Baku, on the Caspian Sea,
little news was received during the week
from any of the other theatres of the war.

Throughout the week aerial operations
of great magnitude were conducted, and
the steadily increasing superiority of the
Entente in this now vitally important arm
was being manifested. And much of the
success of the Allies in their advances
was due to the use of "tanks," military
engines of extraordinary utility and ir-
resistible power.

German submarines were active during
the week, and their activity among the
fishing fleet of the western Atlantic has
brought home to us strikingly the serious-
ness of this menace. Under "News of the
Sea" appear the reports of marine
disasters that were given out by the
daily press during the week, some of the
reports being belated, having reference
to occurrences that took place more than
a week ago.

A HISTORIC EVENT

The Centenary of the Charlotte County
Grammar School which was celebrated on
Friday evening, August 16, was one of the
most interesting and successful events
within the recollection of the oldest resi-
dents of St. Andrews. We print this week
a summarized account of the proceedings
handed to us by one of our most valued
contributors. We printed last week the
very interesting and much appreciated
historical sketch by M. N. Cockburn, K.
C., and we regret that we are unable to
print this week, in extenso, the addresses
of the other speakers on the occasion.

The audience assembled, while large,
was not quite so great as might have
been expected, and a number of promi-
nent people of St. Andrews were conspic-
uous by their absence. This was manifest,
however, that the people of St. Andrews,
generally have a veneration for their old
institutions, and that the love of learning
and respect for members of the teaching
profession have not become extinct.
Those who are directly concerned with
the Town Schools will be greatly encour-
aged in their work by the Centenary
exercises.

Minard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria.

GEOLOGY OF ST. ANDREWS

We recommend to our readers the in-
teresting sketch of the geology of St.
Andrews and vicinity that appears in to-
day's issue, written by the distinguished
scientist, Dr. L. W. Bailey, Professor
Emeritus of Natural Science, University
of New Brunswick. The map accom-
panying the sketch will be useful in locat-
ing the places mentioned.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

August 24.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle
and Martyr. Massacre in France, 1572.
Mons. 1914. Robert Herrick, English
poet, born, 1591; Letizia Bonaparte (nee
Ramolini), mother of Napoleon, born,
1750; William Wilberforce, English phil-
anthropist, born, 1759; Theodore Hook,
English novelist, died, 1841; Johns Hop-
kins University, Baltimore, incorporated,
1867.

August 25.—Thomas Chatterton, the
English "boy poet," died, 1770; David
Hume, Scottish historian and philosopher,
died, 1776; Mary Washington, mother of
Gen. George Washington, died, 1789;
James Watt, Scottish engineer, improver
of steam engine, died, 1819; Brete Hart,
American novelist and poet, born, 1839;
Bill Nye, American humorist, born, 1850;
Victoria Bridge, Montreal, opened by
Prince of Wales, 1860; Michael Faraday,
English chemist, electrician, and natural
philosopher, died, 1867; Louvain destroy-
ed, 1914.

August 26.—Crecy, 1346. Lope de Vega,
Spanish dramatist, died, 1635; Sir Robert
Walpole, English statesman, born, 1676;
Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria,
born, 1819; Treaty of Peace between
Great Britain and China, 1842; Prof.
Robert H. Richards, American metallurg-
ist, born, 1844; Haiti proclaimed an
Empire, 1749; First Petroleum Well open-
ed at Titusville, Pa., 1856; First Treaty
between Great Britain and Japan, 1858.

August 27.—James Thomson, Scottish
poet, died, 1748; Fort Frontenac, Canada,
surrendered to the British under Gen.
Bradstreet, 1758; First hydrogen balloon
ascent, 1783; Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-
President of United States during Presi-
dent Lincoln's first term, born, 1809;
Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, "Nova
Scotian," author of Sam Slick, died, 1865;
Sir Rowland Hill, English schoolmaster,
printer, and civil servant, advocate of
penny postage, died, 1879.

August 28.—St. Augustin, Kassassin,
1882. Helligoland Bight, 1914. Count
Tolstoy, Russian novelist, born, 1828;
Leigh Hunt, English essayist, died, 1859;
Brigham Young, Mormon leader, died,
1877; William Lyon Mackenzie, leader in
Canadian rebellion of 1837, died, 1877;
Montenegro became a Kingdom, 1910.

August 29.—Beholding of John the Baptist,
John Locke, English philosopher, born,
1632; Edmund Hoyle, English writer on
whist and other games, died, 1769; Loss
of the Royal George, 1782; Dr. Oliver
Wendell Holmes, American scientist,
author, and poet, born, 1809; Rt. Rev.
William Dollard, first Catholic Bishop of
New Brunswick, died, 1851; Sir Charles
James Napier, British General and Indian
administrator, died, 1853; Maurice
Maeterlink, Belgian poet and dramatist,
born, 1862.

August 30.—Plevna, 1877. Cleopatra,
Queen of Egypt, committed suicide, 30 B.
C.; John Bunyan, English preacher,
author of The Pilgrim's Progress, died,
1688; William Paley, English theologian,
born, 1743; Sir John Ross, British Admi-
ral and Arctic explorer, died, 1856; Vol-
canic eruption of Mount Pelée, Martin-
ique, 1902.

AN EXPLANATION

At the Grammar School Centenary on
Friday evening, August 16, when I called
on Mr. T. A. Hart, M. P., whose name
appeared on the programme as one of the
speakers, there was no response; upon
which I made some remarks upon the
regretted absence of our parliamentary
representative on that historical occasion.
Those who were present will recall what
I said.

When calling on each speaker in turn
I had no reason to suppose otherwise than
that everyone whose name was printed on
the programme had been invited to speak
and had accepted the invitation. It was
not till the afternoon of Wednesday,
August 21, that I learned definitely that
Mr. Hart had not received a formal
invitation to participate in the Centenary,
and of course had neither accepted nor
declined. That the invitation was not
sent was no fault of mine; and that I was
not informed of the facts of the case
before the proceedings began, was an un-
fortunate oversight the responsibility for
which it is not for me to locate.

Had the information which I should
have had been given me at the proper
time, I would simply have explained the
circumstances to the audience and ex-
pressed my great personal regret that Mr.
Hart was not present. What I did say
was said under the impression that Mr.
Hart had put a slight upon the occasion
or upon those who had the arrangements
in-charge. As it turns out, the slight,
wholly unintentional, was upon Mr. Hart
himself. It was just one of those un-
fortunate oversights for which no one in
particular can be blamed yet everybody
regrets.

WALLACE BROAD.

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

WHEN legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts
and locks,
When berries—whortle, rasp, and straw—
Grow bigger downwards through the
box—

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light—

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake—

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof—

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special
care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac Tunnel's
bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(Born August 29, 1809; died October 7,
1894.)

CANADA'S DEATH TOLL FROM THE WAR

Ottawa, Aug. 16.—Canada's death toll
from four years of war is now approxi-
mately 50,000. The wastage of men in
the Canadian Expeditionary Force during
the four years, including also those in-
capacitated by wounds, illness, or by other
causes, is estimated to be a little over
100,000, or at the rate of about 25,000 per
year.

The operation of the Military Service
Act, which has so far directly produced
58,713 men, not including 23,523 men who
reported for duty under the act, and have
been either discharged for medical unfitness
or other reasons, or who have been
granted leave of absence for necessary
agricultural or other work, has thus pro-
duced a reinforcement reserve that should
secure under average conditions of wastage
the maintenance at full strength of the
divisions at the front for a consider-
able period to come.

It may be noted also that in addition to
the 58,713 draftees actually put into train-
ing, voluntary enlistment since November
last has added 19,477 men to the Canadian
army.

The figures of wastage up to the recent
Picardy offensive, in which the Canadians
were heavily involved, and from which
the total of casualties is not yet available
for publication, include, in round numbers,
27,200 killed, 9,350 died of wounds, 2,300
died of disease, 4,350 presumed dead, and
400 missing. This makes a total of 43,
200, to which may be added 2,774 prison-
ers of war and the fallen in the battles of
last month, bringing the approximate ab-
solute wastage for these categories up to

Cheap Sale!

Beginning Wednesday, Aug.
28th., of DRY GOODS and
FANCY GOODS. Great
Bargains.

MRS. G. CLARK,
Chamcook, N. B.
8-2wp.

Plumbing, Heating

Sheet Metal work, Gal-
vanized Eavetroughs
and Flashings.

Special attention given to
all repair work.

Estimates cheerfully giv-
en.

Roy A. Gillman
Market Sq. - St. Andrews, N. B.

about 50,000. In addition to these ap-
proximately 50,000 men have been returned
to Canada as being unfit for further
service through wounds or other causes.

The total number of pensions already
granted to returned soldiers is now ap-
proximately 30,000, involving an annual
payment of over \$4,000,000.

In these figures, no account has been
taken of the wastage through desertions,
transfers to the Air Service or other
branches of the Imperial army, which, of
course, has made necessary the recruiting
of many thousands more to take their
places in all the various units of Canada's
army. The figures are given only to in-
dicate the war's actual toll from Canada
in lives lost or men disabled.

BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, Aug. 21.—British casualties
reported in the week ending to-day total-
ed 8,411, compared with an aggregate of
8,620 reported in the previous week.
They are divided as follows: Killed or
died of wounds, Officers, 210; men, 1,307.
Wounded or missing—Officers, 685; men
6,809.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

I absolutely must—if a possible thing—
sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rub-
bers and Rubber Boots, on or before Decem-
ber 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.

Ladies Extra High Tops, latest style and
colors, in high heels and medium low
heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels
\$1.

Men's Hip Boots \$7, Hip \$6, Boys,
Boots \$5, Youths' Boots \$4, Children's \$2.
Men's Rubbers \$1.25 up, Boys' \$1.75 and
\$1.00, Youths' \$1.75, Girls' \$1.75 and \$1.00,
Child's \$1.75.

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

Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisi-
ble Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new
Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5.
Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes,
New 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 Sew-
ing Machine, just get my prices before
you buy a machine from anyone else for
my price may be just quite a little bit
lower. I have a Drop Head Singer Sew-
ing Machine, in good running order, the
Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine
will work as good as any, and the
price for cash is only \$22. Another one
with better looking Cabinet, this is a Sing-
er also, in first class condition, for cash
\$30. A few Box Top Machines, different
makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10.

I keep Shuttles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Slides,
Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, every-
thing for the Singer right on hand. Need-
les, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing ma-
chine, including New Williams and Ray-
mond.

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

Telephone 426. 3 ply Roofing \$3.

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE
Beyond Post Office
131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Clearing out last of season's
Wear-All

SILK SKIRTS

in Plaid, Satin Stripes, Silk
Moires. Worth \$4.98 to \$7.50

One price to clear

\$3.65

1 All-Wool Shepherd Check
Suit, size 36, regular \$15.00,
to clear \$7.98.

3 White Corduroy Coats,
collar and pockets, Old Rose,
regular \$6.50, to clear \$2.75.

Other small lots

C. C. GRANT

ST. STEPHEN

ONLY 30 DAYS

We must clear out the balance of our stock before the first of October,
and are offering astonishing BARGAINS in Men's and Boy's SHOES, Wom-
en's RUBBERS, Men's SHIRTS and COLLARS, Balbriggan UNDERWEAR,
in 1 and 2 piece suits, White OVERALLS, HATS and CAPS; a few SUITS
and RAINCOATS left.

Money is only worth what it will buy, but in these Bargains it doubles
its value.

R. A. STUART & SON

ST. ANDREWS, August 24th, 1918.

We have put on our Counter some special
bargains in

DINNER SETS
AND TEA SETS

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

Call and See them while they
last.

R. D. Ross & Co.
Near Post Office St. Stephen, N. B.

SPRING GOODS

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

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

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

Buy a BICYCLE and enjoy good health. It saves you
many a step and a lot of time. Call and see the
"CLEVELAND." We will be pleased to quote you
on Accessories or any repair work you may contemplate.

Columbia Batteries, Rope, Spikes, Nails, etc. for Weir build-
ing, and a full line of general household Hardware.

J. A. SHIRLEY.

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by
Getting Your

SCREENS

On Your DOORS and WINDOWS

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

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

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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

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Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social

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Social and Personal

Mrs. Fred Marshall and little daughters, Ruth and Fern, of Montreal, are the guests of Mrs. John E. Marshall, Bayside. The Misses Winifred and Ethel Hughes, of Milltown, Me., are the guests of Mrs. Roy Gilman. Miss Wetmore, who has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Elliot at the Rectory, has returned to St. John. Mr. R. B. Clarke, B.Sc., of Toronto, is spending his vacation with his mother, Mrs. O. Clarke. Miss Florence Dixon, of St. John, is the guest of Miss Phyllis Cockburn. Lieut. Fred Davies, of the R. F. C. formerly of the 4th Pioneers, is spending a few days at the Algonquin. Lieut. Davies, who has seen service in Egypt, is on a ten-weeks' furlough in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Holmes received word on Tuesday that their son, Preston, had been seriously wounded in the chin. Miss Otie Smith entertained a number of her friends by a picnic on Pendleton's Island on Saturday. On Saturday members of the Red Cross held a Tag day at the Golf Club in connection with the tournament. The response to the appeal was most liberal. Over four hundred dollars was realized. Pte. Larsen has returned from Fredericton, where he was receiving treatment. Mrs. Elmer Rigby and children are visiting in Machias, Me. Mr. and Mrs. John Wade have returned to their home in Melrose, Mass. Mrs. Percy Anning and children, who have been visiting Mrs. Adelaide Anning, have returned to their home in the States. Mr. Henry Joseph returned from Montreal on Tuesday. Mrs. F. P. McColl, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Howard Grimmer, has returned to her summer home at the head of Chamcook Lake. Miss Ramona Osburn has gone to Washington, D. C., to engage in war work. A number of young people of the Town enjoyed a moonlight sail to St. Stephen, on Tuesday evening. Henry R. Bowser, 1st Lieut. A. S. A. P. of the United States Army, is spending two-weeks' leave with his parents at Cedar-Croft. Mrs. John McCullough went to St. John on Wednesday morning, to visit her sister for a few days. Miss Pearl Frye, of Back Bay, is visiting Mrs. Sherry French. Mrs. F. P. Barnard, Mrs. George Smith, and Miss S. A. Algar entertained their friends on a moonlight sail on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Howard Grimmer entertained on Wednesday afternoon for her guest, Mrs. F. P. McColl. Dr. Edward Elliott is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Edwin Odell. On the invitation of Mrs. Percy Hanson and Mrs. Richard Key a number of their friends enjoyed an all-day picnic to Pendleton's Island on Wednesday. Mr. Earl Bown, of Plaster Rock, N. B., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Stinson. Miss Wendell is the guest of her brother-in-law, Mr. Geoffrey Wheelock. Miss Mary McLaughlin, of Fredericton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. W. Babbitt. The many friends of Mr. Douglas Everett are sorry to hear that he is ill with scarlet rash. Mrs. W. Vernon Lamb entertained at Bridge on Thursday afternoon. The prize winner was Miss Kathleen O'Neill. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brown and son, Frederic, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Stinson, left on Friday morning for their home in Plaster Rock, N. B. Miss Muriel Davis entertained at a Movie party on Thursday evening. A. B. Connell, K. C., G. O. D. Otty, K. C., and Felix Michand, the Public Utilities Commissioners of New Brunswick, who had been holding a session in St. Stephen came to St. Andrews on Thursday with M. N. Cockburn, K. C., by automobile. They left by train the same evening. Mr. R. W. McLeod has closed his summer cottage and left for his home in Monticello, Me. Mr. F. P. McColl, of Ridgewood, N. J., arrived on Thursday and is making a stay at his summer residence at Chamcook Lake. Mr. A. M. Budd, of Brownville Junction, Me., paid a week-end visit to St. Andrews, returning on Monday. Mrs. Sarah Glass, of Milltown, is making a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. William J. McQuoid. Prof. A. B. Macallum, Director of the Advisory Research Council, Ottawa, spent the week-end at the Biological Station. Dr. L. W. Bailey has completed his investigations at the Biological Station, and returned to Fredericton on Thursday. Lady Egan returned to Ottawa last week. Mr. Henry E. Hill, of St. Stephen, accompanied by Mrs. DeWitt and her son, of Montreal, Miss Kathleen Hill, and Mr. LeRoy Hill, were in St. Andrews on Sunday. Mr. Roy Sheenan and daughter, Doris, of Montreal, are visiting relatives in town. Miss Kaye Cockburn entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday for her friends, Mrs.

Local and General

Norman Christie, Minneapolis, and Miss Margaret Mahon, Toronto. Mrs. G. H. Elliot entertained by a motor boat party on Monday evening. A number of young people enjoyed a moonlight sail to St. Stephen on Tuesday evening. Sapper Stanley Duggan has returned to the Convalescent Home in Fredericton. Mr. John Magee, of Moncton, was in town on Friday last to attend the Centenary of the Charlotte County Grammar School. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Worrell, of Sussex are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Worrell. Miss Nellie Gardiner, who has been spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gardiner, has returned to Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Percy McAvity, of St. John, were in town for the Golf Tournament. Mrs. Theodore Holmes, Mrs. Thos. Coughy, Mrs. Shier Johnson, and Mrs. Fred Williamson are attending the Pythian Convention in Charlottetown. Mr. J. Hopps, and Miss Mina Hopps, of Calais, gave a very pleasant motor sail to St. Andrews on Thursday afternoon. The party returned to their home by moonlight. Mr. R. D. Rigby has returned from a trip to Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLeod and Mrs. Robt. McLeod, who have been spending their vacation here have returned to their home in Montecello, Me. Mrs. Sullivan, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. W. F. Kennedy.

SUNDAY CONCERT AT THE ALGONQUIN

The following is the programme of a much appreciated Concert given at the Algonquin Hotel on Sunday evening last. 1. Allegro non troppo "Ballet Egyptian" Luigi. 2. Valse Triste Jean Sibelius. 3. Cello Solo Miss Sarah E. Ames. Romanza de l'Eclair par Halévy. 4. Whispering Flowers Blon. 5. Violin Solos Mr. Jules Hambrour. Praeludium & Allegro Pugnani-Kreisler. Indian Lament Dvorak-Kreisler. 6. Contralto Solo Mrs. Henry F. Joseph. Meditation Religioso "Teach me to Pray" Jessie Mae Jewett (trio accompaniment arranged by Miss Ames). 7. Piano Solos Mr. Dan Tierney. 4th Ballade in A Chopin. A la bien-aimée Valse Schütt. 8. Grand Opera Selection Puccini. "Madame Butterfly". 9. L'Amour S'Endort Song Reba Goltman. National Anthems of the Allies. God Save The King. The orchestral numbers were played with perfect ensemble showing the individual temperament of each artist. Miss Ames showed marvellous insight in bringing out the thoughts of the composer. Her quality of tone was both broad and sweet, and she can truly be said to "sing on the cello." The Violin solos by Mr. Hambrour were played with clear intonation and showed to advantage his remarkable bow technique. Mrs. Joseph, a prominent society woman of Montreal, sang with her usual expression. Her singing is always appreciated by lovers of the art. The clever arrangement of the accompaniment for trio was an added pleasure. Mr. Tierney's piano solos were enjoyed by all, and displayed his technique. He is a favorite of the young boys of the hotel, and we are told he has "tennis technique" as well. If a true account of the concert is given in full one must not neglect to mention the arrival of the "uninvited guest" who, seizing the opportunity of an open door, cantered a la prestissimo several times around the concert room, thereby contributing his share of the programme by his presence. Miss Goltman's song composition was programmed here, for the first time, and met with great success. The hotel has the honor and distinction of having this "coming composer" from Montreal as a guest. A special cello obligato was written by Miss Ames for the song, and played as a surprise to the composer who was present at the concert. (Contributed.)

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

Mrs. G. H. Stickney, President of the St. Andrews Red Cross Society, gratefully acknowledges the sum of \$405.45 from Golf exhibition arranged by Mr. C. Murray, Mr. A. H. Murray, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. John Peacock, on August 17th, also from two friends \$5.00 each, Lord Shaughnessy \$25.00 and Professor Copeland, \$10.00.

LORD'S COVE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Mrs. Thos. Trecarten, Secretary of the Lord's Cove Women's Institute, reports that during the financial year ending July 30, 1918, the sum of \$104.74 was sent for Patriotic purposes; and on August 12, \$36.45 was sent for the Halifax Blind Fund.

Local and General

Rev. John A. Clark, D. D., Minister of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, will conduct the services in Greenock Presbyterian Church to-morrow. Rev. A. S. Bishop, of Fairville Baptist Church will preach in the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening at 7.30. Subject "In a World War is there an opportunity for Optimism?" Mr. Bishop will also give a Missionary Lecture on Wednesday evening at 7.30. All are cordially invited. Collection for expenses. Mr. Bishop will also give a missionary lecture at Bayside on Thursday evening at 7.30. Another pretty, daring, dashing Tom Mix picture at the King St. Theatre to-night, Friday and Saturday. The attraction for Wednesday and Thursday is Frederick Warde, Shakespearean actor, and Jeanne Eagels, most charming leading woman on the stage, in "Under False Colors." Story of the Russian Revolution and fall of the Czar. On Thursday of last week the ladies of St. Andrew's Church held a most successful sale of fancy articles and food. Over eight hundred dollars were taken in. On Saturday evening fire broke out in a defective flue in the chimney of the Paul House occupied by Alex. McCurdy. Owing to the prompt response of the firemen the fire was put under control before it made much headway. It was soon extinguished. Little damage was done. A Grand Moonlight Dance will be given at Indian Point Park Pavilion, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 28, under the auspices of Seaside Lodge, No. 9, K. of P. Dancing begins at 8.30 p. m. Music by Mooney's Orchestra. Gentlemen's Tickets 75cts. Refreshments on the grounds. Committee:—A. McFarlane, David Johnson, James McQuoid, Howard Greenlaw, Frank Miller.

BORN

Born, on Campobello, Aug. 13, to the wife of Albert Allingham, a son.

DIED

On 26th July, at the "Beacon" School, Crowborough, England, in his ninth year, John Remington, second son of Lieut. G. V. Osburn, A. S. C., and Norah Osburn (late of Edmonton, Alberta), and grandson, of the late Henry Osburn, of St. Andrews, N. B., Canada.

OBITUARY

SERGEANT FRED A. WOODBURY The sad news was received here on Wednesday morning that Sergt. Fred A. Woodbury, of St. George, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James Woodbury, had been killed in action in France. He was a member of the famous 26th N. B. Battalion, being among the first to enlist when the war broke out in 1914. He was once wounded, being struck in the shoulder by a sniper's bullet in Feb. 1916. With that exception he had spent the most of the four years of war in the trenches. He enlisted as a private and has been twice promoted during the past year, first as Corporal and a few weeks ago to Sergeant. He was the only one left in his platoon the 13th of D. Company, of the original 26th, which has been in many engagements. He was a native of St. George but spent the past eight years of his life in St. Andrews before enlisting. He was a printer by profession having been employed in the "BEACON" office up to the time he enlisted. He was a graduate of the St. George High School and commenced his career as a printer in the "Beacon" office in his native town. Of a quiet and generous nature, he made many friends in St. Andrews, where so many pleasant years of his life were spent who will sincerely regret his loss. Besides his parents, he leaves to mourn a sister, Mrs. Ernest Fisher, and one brother, Daniel, both residing in St. George. He was a member of the K. of P. Lodge of this place, and in which he took a great interest. His family have the sympathy of all in the loss of one so dear to them.

ALEXANDER SIMPSON

Campobello, Aug. 19. The death of Alexander Simpson, aged 73 years, of cancer, occurred on Tuesday, August 13, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, Lubec, Me. The deceased will be remembered as a native of this place who removed some years ago to Bangor, Me., where some members of the family still reside. On Thursday morning the remains were conveyed here by ferry, and the funeral service was held from the Episcopal church. Hymns "Forever With The Lord," "Rock of Ages," and "On The Resurrection Morn" were sung by the choir, Miss Anna Mitchell presiding at the organ. A brief address was given by Rev. G. E. Tobin, and burial in the Episcopal cemetery followed. Mrs. Oliver Allingham and Mr. Leonard Simpson, of the Island, are sister and brother, Mr. James Simpson, of Eastport, a brother of the deceased. Those from afar to attend the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Simpson and daughters, Misses Agusta and Nettie, of Lubec, Me., Mr. James Simpson, Mr. David Simpson, Mrs. Rebecca Harris, Mrs. Eudoria Wakefield, and Mrs. Cora Rutherford, of Eastport, Me., Miss Emily

Simpson, Mrs. Henry Lawson and son, and Miss Hortense Newman, of Bangor, Me.

MRS. FRANK BROWN

St. George, N. B., Aug. 21.—The remains of Mrs. Frank Brown were brought from St. John on Monday and taken to the home of her aunt, Mrs. Jane Murray. The funeral will be held on Wednesday morning, services in St. George's Catholic Church, interment in the new Catholic cemetery. Mrs. Brown was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. Hennessy, for the past few years she has resided in Black's Harbor. Stricken some weeks ago she was taken to the hospital at St. John where she died. She leaves besides her husband, three daughters, Mrs. Justison, Mrs. Wallace, and Myrtle, all residing at Black's Harbor. Caleb Hennessy, of St. George, is a brother, and two married sisters reside in the States.

MISS BELLA STOOP

On Thursday morning at her residence in St. Andrews there passed away Miss Bella Stoop, in the sixty-eight year of her age. Miss Stoop was the daughter of the late William Stoop, of the Customs Service, and Margaret, his wife, and was born in St. Andrews, where she lived all her life. She had her home for many years with her two sisters, who predeceased her. She had been an invalid for a very long time. She was a devoted member of the Greenock Presbyterian Church, and when her health permitted took an active interest in church affairs. She is survived by one brother, James Stoop, P. M. who is the last survivor of a family of seven children.

The funeral takes place this (Saturday) afternoon at 2.30, from the late residence of the deceased. In the absence of the minister, Rev. Wm. Fraser, B. Sc., the services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Clark.

GEORGE FINNIGAN

St. George, Aug. 21.—The remains of George Finnigan who died yesterday in the Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen, will be brought here this afternoon for interment. He was fifty-three years of age, the eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Finnigan. In his young days he followed the sea and visited nearly every quarter of the globe. Coming home twenty years ago he settled down, learned the granite cutting business, which he has since followed, stricken early in the summer he was obliged to give up work, entering the Chipman Hospital a few weeks ago, with the hope of obtaining relief. Five brothers and three sisters survive him.

THE SCHOOLS OPEN

The Town Schools, with the exception of the Grammar School, open on Monday morning next, August 26. The Primary School will be in charge of Miss Anderson this term; Grades III and IV will be in charge of Miss Thompson; Grades V and VI in charge of Miss Young; Grades VII and VIII in charge of Miss Richardson, and Grades IX, X, and XI in charge of Mr. McMonagle, the new Principal. Mr. McMonagle will attend the Maritime

Education Convention at Moncton next week, and his School will not open till Monday, September 2.

K. OF P. CHURCH AND DECORATION DAY

The Knights of Pythias will meet at Castle Hall at 10.30 a. m., on Sunday, Aug. 25th, ready to attend the morning service at the Baptist Church, Rev. Wm. Amos, pastor. The K. of P. Memorial Services will also take place that day, when the graves of the departed brothers and deceased soldiers will be decorated with flowers. Knights are requested to meet at the hall at 1.30 p. m. and bring flowers. Others wishing to contribute flowers can do so by leaving them at the hall.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Dr. GOVE

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

A WORD OF WARNING!

ALL KINDS OF

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

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

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

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

THE WREN DRUG STORE

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS



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

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES

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Always on Hand

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

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PLUMBER & TINSMITH

Locks Repaired Keys Fitted BICYCLES REPAIRED

H. G. Browning

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO. (Canada Food Board License 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.

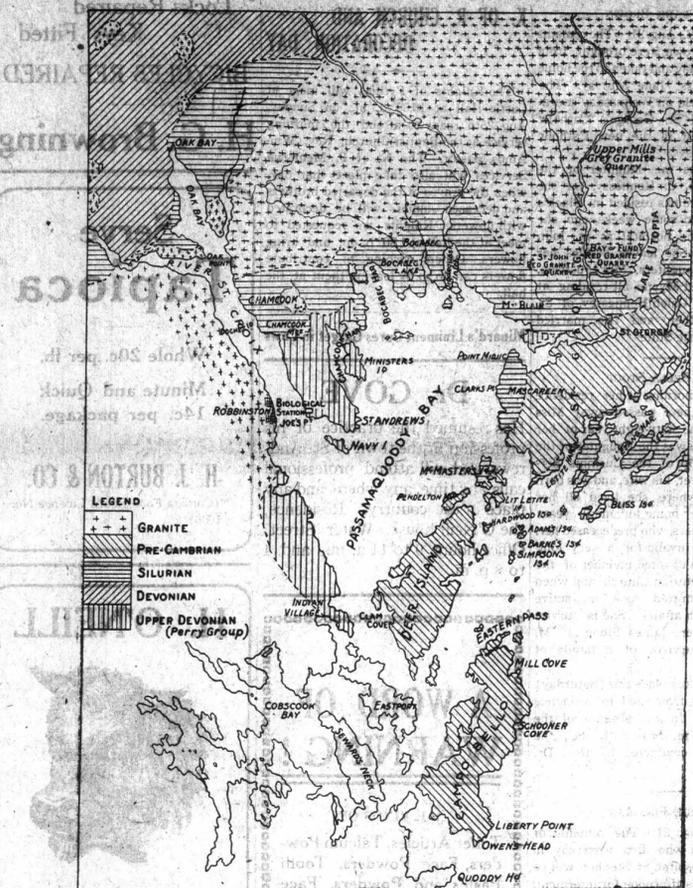
WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE COCKBURN BROS., Props. Cor. Water and King Streets

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)

MAP OF ST. ANDREWS AND VICINITY



THE SURROUNDINGS OF ST. ANDREWS FROM THE VIEW-POINT OF A GEOLOGIST

By L. W. BAILEY

Can it be wondered that St. Andrews is just becoming, indeed that it has already become, a place of favorite summer resort?

Situated by the seaboard, almost surrounded by the water of Passamaquoddy Bay and but a few miles distant from those of the Bay of Fundy, with a temperature which is never very hot and an atmosphere which is made bracing by almost constant sea breezes; not too often obscured with fog; with scenery combining in a most fascinating way the attractions of landscape and sea-scapes; with beautiful drives and every opportunity for boating and yachting or for deep sea fishing; not large enough to have developed the noise and bustle of town or city life, but embracing, apart from its big hotel and summer cottages, many garden-enclosed residences, indicative of a time when the now sleepy little village enjoyed a considerable West Indian trade; easily reached by rail or water and having close by one of the experimental Stations of the Biological Board of Canada; St. Andrews certainly presents attractions which few places can surpass.

To look down upon St. Andrews from the piazzas of the big hotel, "The Algonquin," or, better, from the summit of Chamcook Mountain, which at no great distance rises to a height of some 600 feet or more, is to have laid out before one a picture of unusual beauty and interest. On two sides, to the north and east, the view embraces, as far as the eye can see, only an assemblage of rugged forest clad hills, among which, and almost at our feet, nestles the beautiful Chamcook Lake, a favorite resort of the angler and of picnic parties. Turning to the west the hill descends rapidly, and in places precipitously, to the valley of the St. Croix River, forming part of the boundary between Canada and the United States, on the western side of which is the pretty little village of Robbinston, while further up stream, but conspicuous in the distance, is the bold eminence known as the Devil's Head, and near-by the rocky islet known as Doucett's or St. Croix Island, on which, attacked by scurvy and beset by Indians, Champlain and his associates spent their first winter in Canada. Finally to the south one looks over the peninsula and town of St. Andrews, dominated by the towers of the Algonquin, and the broad expanse of Passamaquoddy Bay, bounded on the further side by the picturesque chain of the Western Islands, separating this latter Bay from the Bay of Fundy. The picture is certainly a most enchanting one, especially towards evening, when the sun, descending behind the Devil's Head, lights up with its beams the bright red rocks of McMaster's Island.

But most pictures, especially landscapes if they are good ones, have an interest connected with them arising from other considerations than those of mere beauty. They suggest inquiries as to the history of the picture; how the features of the latter came to be just what they are;

what possible events may have been connected with their origin; why mountain and valley, river and lake, bays and islands have had their positions and rotations determined; how and by what agents the special features of each have been brought into being; and especially whether the scene which they now present has always been what it is to-day.

Let us endeavor to answer some of these questions in the case of the picture which we have just described.

The first feature to which attention may be directed is that of the origin of the rocks which now constitute the shores of St. Andrews peninsula, and which are well exposed at low tide in the reefs near the Block House or in the bluffs near the Biological Station. These will be at once recognized as conglomerates or pebble beds. That is to say, they are mainly made up of rolled fragments or pebbles such as may be seen in process of accumulation along any shore exposed to the action of winds and waves and tidal currents. The occurrence of similar beds all around the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay as well as at Point Lepreau and elsewhere on the borders of the Bay of Fundy, shows clearly that they are not of fluvial origin, but are the result of vast accumulations of rolled pebbles piled up, layer upon layer, by the action of the sea. They could not have been formed in the deep sea, for the floor of the latter is never composed of such materials, and the agents of their production are there wanting, but they are coastal deposits of shallow water origin, such as may be seen almost anywhere, where shores are being attacked and undermined by marine activities. This is further evident from the occasional occurrence of plants in the beds, terrestrial vegetation which must have been blown or drifted by winds or currents to their place of burial. The thickness of the whole series of beds is not definitely known, owing to the possible existence of unrecognized faults, but is certainly very great, and as the earlier as well as the later beds must have alike been produced in shallow water, it follows that during the whole time of their accumulation there must have been a progressive subsidence of the coast, with a corresponding submergence of the adjacent land.

And this gives us a clue to the source of the material composing the beds. We have only to remove a few pebbles from the conglomerates and with them in hand go back to the hills, Chamcook and others which look down upon the Bay, to recognize the fact that it was from these that the pebbles came, and the aggregate mass of the conglomerates, now exposed along several miles of shore and with a thickness of at least a thousand feet, shows further how much these same hills must have lost by this process of removal.

Thus Passamaquoddy Bay must have been at some period of the history a vast subsiding trough, bordered by rocky shores, which shores were being subjected to powerful and long continued marine erosion, the materials thus set free being distributed over its beds by equally powerful marine currents.

But not oceanic action alone marked the era to which we refer. Among the deposits which constitute the St. Andrews peninsula and which are exposed on its shores, especially in the vicinity of the Biological Station, are others of very different origin. Instead of being red, like the conglomerates, they are black; they contain no rolled pebbles but are massive and crystalline, or are filled with numerous cavities, giving to them the aspect of the slags of a furnace; they are not bedded like the associated rocks, but either penetrate them in the form of dykes or lie between them in irregular lenticular sheets, forming what are known as "sills." All these features clearly show that they owe their origin to igneous action, that fire rather than water has been the agent concerned in their production. Being harder and more homogeneous than the rocks which they penetrate, they yield less readily to destructive agencies and have thus determined a marked influence upon the topography of the region. To their influence is to be ascribed the prominence of Joe's Point, as similarly, on the other side of the Peninsula, they doubtless helped to originate "the bar" now connecting McMaster's Island with the mainland. The frequency of their occurrence, especially about the Biological Station, whose foundations rest upon and are built of them, and their somewhat wide distribution point clearly to the fact that at the time that the conglomerates were being picked up on their ancient shores, molten rock from deep seated sources, was welling up from below, sometimes reaching the surface and spreading over it, but at other times failing to lift or penetrate the overlying burden, merely separating the beds and forming irregular sheets or "laccoliths" between them. They are of course more recent than the rocks which they invade, but it is probable that they are to be referred to the latter part of the Devonian Age, a period which antedates our own by some millions of years.

But what about the hills from which, as has been stated, all the vast amount of water formed materials, conglomerates and sandstones, now constituting the peninsula of St. Andrews, have been derived? An excellent place to study them is to be found along the eastern side of the Chamcook lakes, where for a distance of several miles, the cuttings on the line of the C. P. R. afford an almost complete section of the rocks which form the high hills overlooking the latter. The rocks consist partly of dark sandstones and partly of reddish felspar porphyry or rhyolite, the latter of volcanic origin. This porphyry is very fine grained, of a color varying from salmon to chocolate, and susceptible of high polish, making one wonder that with the granite works of St. George so near, no attempt has yet been made to use it for ornamental purposes. On the opposite side of the lake the Chamcook hills are similarly constituted, the lower half of Chamcook mountain being composed mainly of dark sandstones, while the upper half is volcanic, its prominence being due to the fact of its greater hardness and consequent power of resisting erosion. On the steep western side of the second mountain is a place where the relations of the two may be well seen, the hard volcanics showing a projecting ledge over the softer beds, while the under side of the former is scored with glacial striae, produced by

the action of ice in a long subsequent period.

Strata similar to the above may be seen in the promontory between Chamcook and Bocabec, in hills, (such as Troak's mountains) between the latter and the mouth of the Magaguadavic, on the Mascarene shore, south of the river, on McMaster's Island, the conspicuous redness of the latter being due to the weathering of the felspar porphyry of which it is composed, and finally on Moose Island, on which the town of Eastport rests. At several points, such as the Mascarene shore and Eastport (Broad Cove), the underlying sandstones and associated rocks are highly fossiliferous (containing lamp-shells, etc.), and showing that these beds belong to the Silurian age and that deposits containing them are of marine origin accumulated around the shores of an old depression, indicating even at that time, the beginning of what is now Passamaquoddy Bay; while the disposition of the porphyries and other volcanic rocks suggests that subsequent to their disposition, this same bay was a great focus of volcanic activity, surrounded by vents from which, from time to time, poured forth streams of molten lava, or became buried beneath the floods of volcanic ashes. What a contrast is that exhibited to the composition quiet of to-day, and what an opportunity is thus afforded to any one interested in such things, personally to study the facts from which the statements thus made have been derived!

It only remains to say that not only water and fire have been active agents in the evolution of the features which now constitute the surroundings of St. Andrews, but that ice also has played an important part in making these surroundings what they are. One reference to this has already been made in connexion with Chamcook Mountain, but we may now add that the St. Croix River and the Magaguadavic were probably, in part at least, at one time occupied by old glacial streams, being terminal portions or relics of the great continental ice-mass which at one time buried nearly all eastern America to a depth of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet. The entire duration of the great ice period has been estimated (1908) as at least 500,000 years, and its close 50,000 years distant from the present. At what time Man first began to occupy the region which we are now discussing we do not know, but evidence of his presence here at the time of the first European occupation of these shores may be found in the old shell heaps which mark the site of his former encampments. An interesting example of these may be found on the eastern side of the Bocabec river near its mouth, and another on the eastern shore of Oak Bay, near its head.

The oldest rocks about Passamaquoddy Bay are those of Letite and Deer Island. These are partly Silurian and partly, as is believed, much more ancient. If the latter, as thought probable, are of Archean or Pre-Cambrian Age, they must date back at least 30,000,000 years.

CANADIAN CROP REPORT

Ottawa, August 14, 1918. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics issued to-day the usual crop report compiled from the returns of Crop Correspondents made on July 31, 1918.

YIELD OF FALL WHEAT AND OF HAY AND CLOVER

The preliminary estimate of the yield per acre of fall wheat for Canada is 13½ bushels as against 21½ bushels in 1917 and in 1916 and 23 bushels, the decennial average for 1908-1917. Upon the harvested area of 340,700 acres, this gives a total yield of 5,275,700 bushels as compared with 15,363,450 bushels in 1917 and 17,590,000 bushels in 1916. In Ontario, where the bulk of the fall wheat crop is grown, the estimated total yield for 1918 is 4,435,200 bushels from 277,200 acres, a yield per acre of 16 bushels, as compared with last year's estimate of 14,114,800 bushels from 656,500 acres, a rate per acre of 21½ bushels. The total yield of hay and clover for Canada is placed at 10,064,100 tons from 8,015,200 acres, representing a yield per acre of 1¼ ton. The corresponding figures of 1917 were 13,084,700 tons from 8,225,034 acres, or 1.66 ton per acre.

CONDITION OF SPRING-SOWN GRAINS

In the Prairie Provinces the drought remained unbroken until towards the end of July, and serious damage to wheat in the blossom stage was caused by heavy frosts which occurred from the 23rd to the 25th of the month. Conditions were improved by rains that fell during the last week of the month. For the whole of Canada the condition of crops on July 31 was worse than at the end of June. Spring wheat, measured against 100 as representing the average decennial yield, is 77, compared with 85 on June 30 and 93 on July 31, 1917; oats are 85 against 91 and 90; barley is 86 against 93 last month and 93 on July 31, 1917; and rye is 83 against 89 and 95. Peas and mixed grains are 101, or one above average; beans are 95, buckwheat is 93, flax is 71, corn for husking is 86, potatoes are 95, turnips and mangolds are 96, corn for fodder is 85, sugar beets are 92, and pasture is 92. In the Prairie Provinces, spring wheat in Manitoba 85 p. c. of the average, oats are 86, barley is 89, and rye is 84. In Saskatchewan the figures are spring wheat 75, oats 75, barley 78, and rye 79. In Alberta

spring wheat is 69, oats are 68, and barley 70 p. c. of the decennial average. Potatoes are for Canada 95 p. c. or 5 p. c. below average, as against 98 p. c. on July 31, 1917. In the Maritime Provinces and in Quebec spring wheat is 101 in Prince Edward Island, 104 in Nova Scotia, 105 in New Brunswick, and 106 in Quebec, conditions generally having improved during July. Other grain crops in these provinces are equally satisfactory. In Ontario, spring wheat sown to 158,000 acres is marked 118 p. c., as against 101 a month ago and 111 on July 31, 1917. The figures expressing condition for the whole of Canada indicate a total yield in 1918 for wheat of nearly 232 million bushels as compared with 233,742,850 bushels in 1917 and for oats a total yield of about 416 million bushels as compared with 403 million bushels in 1917. For the three Prairie Provinces the yield indicated by condition is for wheat 216,498,000 bushels and for oats 254,930,000 bushels.

CONDITIONS IN ALBERTA

A telegram from the Alberta Department of Agriculture, dated August 10 states that recent rains throughout the southern country have made a material improvement in crop conditions. In certain districts of the south where the prospect was poor two weeks ago heavy rains have fallen and the grain is now filling nicely. On account of this moisture the seed situation in many localities is greatly relieved, and conditions are much more encouraging than they have been for some time. After the frost it was apparent that the greater portion of the wheat and barley crop was destroyed, but as the season advances some improvement is noticeable.

PUBLIC NOTICE
FUEL ADMINISTRATION
NEW BRUNSWICK

The Fuel Controller of Canada has advised me under date of Aug. 8th, that it is probable that the Maritime Provinces will not receive 50 per cent. of the normal requirements of anthracite coal from the United States for the coming winter. He urgently requests that the consumers of ANTHRACITE COAL in the Province of New Brunswick take immediate steps to procure a supply of bituminous or soft coal to make up this shortage in anthracite, and if they neglect to do this, they will unquestionably suffer from cold in the coming winter season. By ordering or providing now, it will insure a supply of fuel. If neglected it means that in the cold weather, when rail transportation is difficult, and railways and equipment are crowded with export and local goods, and vast quantities of munitions are being forwarded, that coal will not be moving from the mines. By ordering now it gives an opportunity to dealers to release storage for new supplies, and thus make room for coal demands which must come later.

This statement is not made by the Fuel Controller without full knowledge of the facts, and it is to be hoped that this appeal will not remain unheeded, and that consumers of coal will take advantage of the opportunities now offering for obtaining soft coal which may be denied them at a later day.

JAMES H. FRINK,
Fuel Administrator for New Brunswick
8-3w.

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THE EXECUTION OF THE TSAR

Charles I, Louis XVI, Nicholas II—three sovereigns put to death by the decision of revolutionary tribunals! All of them were weak men who suffered their fate because they had not the intelligence to recognize the social and popular changes that had made the old order impossible.

The execution of Charles Stuart and of Louis Capet were historical events of the first importance. England and France could never again be as they were before those events, even though in both countries the monarchy was restored. The shooting of Nicholas Romanoff, on the other hand, is a matter of no political importance whatever. The daily press gave it a smaller amount of space and less editorial comment than it gave to the war news of the day.

The neglect was neither unnatural nor undeserved. The former Tsar had ceased to be a personage. When one who has been a millionaire dies in an almshouse we read of it with mild interest, but the money markets of the world show no tremor. The death of Nicholas changed nothing. We read about it with only a mild feeling of pity. The advance or retirement on the Marne on the day when he was put to death meant far more in

the history of the world than his fate. He was not made of the stuff that produces heroes, and outside of his immediate entourage he had few friends. His former allies did not trust his loyalty. To the Kaiser he was "Nicky"; but the Kaiser was more concerned about establishing Teutonic supremacy in "Nicky's" empire than he was in the Tsar's personal safety. The Russian people were tired of him and his rule.

In both England and France a counter-revolution followed the execution of the king. The republics did not last. It was nearly a hundred years before France finally threw off an imperial rule that was little short of absolute. How it will be in Russia we do not know. The conditions do not seem favorable to government that is popular and that at the same time is orderly and efficient. Popular government must have behind it a strong wall of education, and Russia is illiterate; it requires executive wisdom, and Russia has not yet produced any evidence that the people have it. On the other hand, neither has Russia an imperial family that inspires popular enthusiasm and loyalty. The strength of the present rulers of Russia lies almost wholly in the weakness of their opponents, and that kind of strength is no bulwark against anarchy.—*The Youth's Companion.*

OVERPRACTICE IN GOLF 'BAD' AS NOT ENOUGH

It is not necessary to be always on the links, as many seem to think, in order to carry out the golfing motto of "far and sure" and play up to what each man calls "his game." Of course, cases differ, and some men will always need more practice than others. To a certain extent this may be said to hold good in proportion to his handicap—the smaller the allowance, the less practice required.

The so-called short game needs more practice than the long. With the latter not so much accuracy nor judging of distance is required; so if you play easy at first, till you get warmed up and the muscles slackened, it is wonderful how soon you are driving well. A man who is not bodily fit cannot golf well, and even worry will spoil the game. In other words, "Never worry, never hurry."

Many golfers, when living at or near some course, are apt to play far too much, and this is worse for them than too little. They keep at it every day and all day, like men on a treadmill, round and round, perhaps three or even four in a day. This is a great mistake. Two rounds a day is ample for anyone.

Practice makes perfect, it is said; so instead of trying to cram a month's golf into ten days, why not stroll out to some convenient holes in company with your favorite iron clubs, drop half a dozen balls fifty or sixty yards from the green, and try how near you can put them to the pin? Do this first on a flat, open green; then try it over a hazard; longer distances can also be practised up to the half-club shot.

PRACTICE IN PUTTING

The old saying, "Never under-club a shot," is a good golfing axiom. Easy control gives accuracy; the less physical effort required with the rubber-core the better. After having practised approach shots, it is time to turn attention to the most important item of the game—putting. To practice correctly, start at a distance of three feet from the hole, and gradually increase this distance up to the edge of the green, from which a golfer should not be satisfied till he can at least hole four out of the six balls in two putts. This practice will be found to give confidence, and that produces consistency.

Having mastered to a certain extent the approaching and putting, take one or two old balls to the nearest bunker, and try that most useful shot, the good recovery. Make up your mind to be out, and don't hit the ball as so many do, but strike down with a slight forward motion a few inches behind it, the distance to be regulated by nature of the sand, hard or soft. After practicing this shot, be careful to smooth over the marks you have made with feet and mashie, so as not to leave a trap for the next man that visits that bunker.

VARIETY OF GRIPS

The subject of the grip of the club is one of the most thorny connected with the game of golf. No hard and fast rules can be made concerning it, as variety in the method of gripping is only equalled by the measure of success with which the various men play. The only safe rule laid down by the majority is to preserve the supple wrist. The crux of the subject, however, lies in the grip with the left hand. To use the hackneyed phrase of instruction, players are requested to "grip tight with the left hand." It is in the interpretation of the word tight that the troubles begin. Players are seen holding on to the end of their shafts as if their lives depended on it, with the result that all the grace is taken out of the movement of their wing, and the most patent result is that they are generally troubled with severe pains in their left forearm.

On the other hand, large numbers are rather bothered with gripping too slackly with the left hand. They do not seem to be able, try as they may, so to embed the end of the shaft in the palm of their hand that in the words of a high authority "the club apparently becomes a part of the body." The defect with other players is that their grip fails them at the point where club meets ball, which is the most vital part of the whole swing. The general effect of these three varieties of grip is that the ball is not sent in a straight line, and no amount of practice will make the players steady drivers. He with the tight grasp of despair, as it might be called, will be badly troubled with pulling his shots, and if the monotony of this irritation is broken it will only be to find that a tendency to top has been developed.

He of the slack grip, on the other hand, will find that his ball goes no distance; even if struck with apparent perfection they will have that tendency to heel which will mean disaster now and then. Wherein lies the proper left hand grip? The whole movement of making a shot calls for an easy pose of the body, combined with muscular control, and of all the muscles those of the wrist must be left with their natural pliancy. Combined with that, the club should be grasped in the palm of the hand in such a manner that the back of the hand faces in the direction in which it is proposed to make the ball travel, and held with such a degree of firmness that the face of the club is not deflected when it meets the ball. If this grip be followed accurately the ball should fly straight in the desired direction, while at the end of the follow-through the club should be as firm in the hand as when the ball was being addressed.—*The New York Evening Post.*

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

The domestic moralist is apt to under value lost opportunities. They are not mere occasions of regret. We have known many men and women who got great pleasure out of the recollection of them. The successes they might have had had they not refused such-and-such a chance, the persons they might have married, the bargains they might have driven, the fine figures they might have cut, are to them favorite subjects of cogitation. We are not speaking of those who nurse a grievance against fate. We mean cheerful people who have made or are making a fairly satisfactory career for themselves, but who like to think that they might have done still better. People often say to some younger friend with whom they are intimate that they in their youth were offered such-and-such a post which so-and-so afterwards took, and how this chance led him to fortune. Obviously the same chance might not have led a less capable man there; but that they do not think of. Or perhaps we might more truly say that, though they put the thought aside, they like to regard the chance as everything. They watch the man who stands, as they feel, in their shoes without envy but with interest, and enter, as they think, into the pleasant experiences peculiar to his situation. There can be no doubt that many women reflect with real satisfaction upon the brilliant careers of men whom they might have married. A few of course lament the refusal, and consequent loss of worldly prestige, with considerable bitterness; but the majority, while satisfied with their own less successful partner or sufficiently contented with no partner at all, keep and cherish the lost opportunity among their precious memories. In some way they seem to share a success which they forwent, and take credit for an abnegation which, indeed, was no abnegation at all but a simple matter of choice and inclination. In much the same way men dwell upon their mistakes in speculation. "Had I but had courage to buy then," they say, "had I but acted upon my own intuition, how different would my financial position have been at the present moment!" For one man who says this in bitterness of spirit ten seem to take a certain pleasure in the reflection.

Among smaller lost opportunities we may count opportunities of cheap purchase. "I could have got that house," or those chairs, or that picture for a song twenty years ago," we may hear an old man declare, and perhaps we get tired of the recitation of the missed chances, which seem to give the teller more pleasure each time they are told. Some of us who feel our own insignificance are considerably consoled by the thought of missed opportunities of shining. It is a curious fact about these lost chances that those who hear about them never quite believe in them. Do we ever seriously think that our friend's career, or character, or even position, would have been quite different had he taken at the flood what he imagines to have been the tide in his affairs? We listen to what he tells us on the subject, we may even be greatly interested because of the light which his own belief in the matter throws upon his personality or his ambition, but that is all. Proposals of marriage, for instance, are matters about which very great scepticism prevails. "I wonder if he really did want to marry her?" is the comment which nine times out of ten the younger members of a family make upon any tradition of courtship which has for its subject the refusal by some woman of the family of any embryo celebrity or person of exalted rank. All these stories of lost opportunities tend to grow in the telling because their authors, perhaps unconsciously, gloat over them so much.

We suppose the explanation of these rather odd phenomena is to be found in the fact that we all resent our limitations, of whatever sort they may be. The long, straight, often very dull road of ordinary life stretches in front of us, and we like to look back and point out the turnings which we might have taken, and which would or might have led into different scenery. We do not really regret that we did not explore them. We are glad that something unexplored still comes within our field of vision. In our hearts we suspect that the lanes whose opening we love to look at would only have led back into the dull, straight road. In our time we have taken risks and explored turnings, and they all led back to the same high way; but the unexplored ones preserve their romantic possibilities.

The present writer knew at one time a poor woman who, being exceedingly intelligent and having no education, greatly exaggerated, at any rate in talk, the beneficial effect of education upon the mind: "Had I but been educated," she would say, "I should have understood"—some of the subtleties of theology or some insoluble philosophic difficulty like the reconciliation of free will and predestination. Just as short-sighted people will ask a person of average sight to read a clock or describe some object at an impossible distance, so she seemed to misjudge the power of those who had enjoyed the opportunities denied her. She got, however, considerable satisfaction out of the thought that her parents had refused on her behalf an offer of adoption from a rich woman who would have had her taught. She had, through no fault of her own, lost an opportunity which would

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have given her—so she dreamed—mental delectation and freedom from the tyranny of puzzle for ever. The thought was an ever-present comfort to her when the limitations of her ignorance irritated her active mind. Wisdom had been near to her, she fancied, and had lent her a certain dignity while not enlightening her. She liked to think of the glorious solutions which had so nearly been hers, as she stood among the puzzles of life. Her lost opportunity, as is so often the case, was a subject of self-congratulation under the guise of a grievance, and perhaps in her heart she knew that it would have been of no great use to her if she had not lost it.—*The Spectator.*

UNITED STATES PLACE NAMES
OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE

The United States Official Postal Guide is a severe, black-bound book, its sole ornamentation being a medallion in white of a pony-express rider plugging along, regardless, apparently, of any scalp-lifting Indians who may be in hiding just around the corner between the solid paper-board covers. The outside of this substantial volume shows nothing to warn the casual reader that he is, on opening it at random, likely to encounter such astonishing words as Skedee, Ala.; Skeels, Mich.; Skerry, N. Y.; Skog, Minn.; Skiddy, Kan.; Skelt, W. Va., and all on the same page, too.

No explanation is given of the meaning of these words—no glossary graces the final pages—further than the bald statement, "alphabetical list of post offices." Research brings to light Jerry and Viola, Mike and Tex, Maggie and Lester, Elsie and Sadie, and even Jack, Mo. These names may have been thrown in to impart a "human interest" to an otherwise categorical, statistical, plotless publication, and so relieve the deadly dull monotony of its leaves. There should, one would think, be intense dramatic interest, also, somewhere about it, because it is a difficult matter to confine Toms and Jerries and Leilas and Alices within such a narrow space without furnishing material for a first-class play.

And think, too, of the latent possibilities for strenuous doings in 13 Murphys (all, fortunately, in separate States), three Mosbys, six Napoleons, one Moe (in New Jersey), three Muldoons (in Mississippi, Idaho, and Texas), and seven Kellys. It is, obviously, a wise precaution of the Post Office Department which prohibits two places in the same State having the same name.

GOOD AS A TIME TABLE

But aside from these provocations to a great story which the author (or compiler) has failed to develop, the Guide is fully as good reading as the Long Island Railway Time Table or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, although the latter is several pounds heavier and offers material for the method of expression employed by competent writers. Mr. Burleson's book is not only a guide to post offices; it is a guide to American taste in nomenclature, and betrays, incidentally, national characteristics hitherto unsuspected by some of us. For instance, one discovers the vogue in Christian names.

There are 27 post offices named Lawrence, 1 Jep (in Ohio), 1 Jed (in West Virginia), 1 Leila (in Missouri), 3 Lalais, 4 Lydias, 3 Maggies (North Carolina, Virginia, and West Virginia), 5 Medoras, 1 Medusa (in New York), 3 Madges, 2 Maes (in Minnesota and Washington), 7 Millards, 1 Moe (in New Jersey), 15 Myrtles, 1 Nell (in Kentucky), 3 Ophelias (in Mississippi, Virginia, and West Virginia), 3 Agneses, 14 Alexanders, 20 Almas, 2 Alicias, no Annies, but an Anner (in Mississippi), 19 Augustas, 2 Aurelias, 2 Arabellas, 2 Bens and 4 Belles, 10 Beulahs,

19 Charlottes, 11 Cecils, 3 Edwards 4Effies, 1 Elihu (in Kentucky), 24 Elizabeths or derivatives of the name, 11 Ednas, 5 Enids, 13 Ellens, 6 Evas, 5 Enochs, 2 Fredas, 8 Georges, 1 Gertie (in Kentucky), 14 Henrys, 9 Graces, 8 Gregorys, 10 Hazels, 5 Herberts, 7 Hildes, 8 Inezes, 9 Idas, 6 Hugos, 8 Iras, 3 Jacobs, 5 Jameses, 3 Sadies, 1 Triah (in Pennsylvania), and 1 Mike (in Louisiana).

16 ROOSEVELTS

Prominent among well-known names are 18 Blaines, 7 Bismarcks, 13 Adamases, 19 Bentons, 2 Brutuses, 6 Cobbs (none of them named for Ty or Irvin), 10 Fords (not Henrys), 32 Hamiltons, 19 Grants 23 Lafayettes, 16 Roosevelts, 12 Rogeres, 12 Rosses, 7 Ryans, 19 Russells, 20 Sheridans, 19 Shermans, 25 Websters, 38 Washingtons or derivatives of the name, 20 Tafts, 2 Teslas, 5 Togos, 2 Voltaires, 15 Wellingtons, and many Jeffersons and Jacksons, or names derived from them.

There is a Bullton, a Ballclub, an Acorn, and there are Bald Eagles, Bald Knobs, and Bald Mountains, 6 Barbers, 7 Antelopes, 30 Bluffs of various kinds, 1 Billmeyer (in Pennsylvania), 1 Biss (in West Virginia), a Blue Jay (in West Virginia), 52 kinds of Beavers, 15 Bears, a Bullrun and a Cowrun, a Coward (in South Carolina), 3 Cranberries (in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia), 2 Didos, a Ditto (in Texas), 3 Combs, 9 Cooks, 4 Crows, a Dahlia (in New York), a Contra (in Virginia), 64 Eagles of various kinds, 4 Fifes, a Fate (in Missouri), a Fame (in Kansas), 2 Flags, a Gip (in West Virginia), 6 Gays, 3 Inks, and a Hero (in Pennsylvania).

There are also many kinds of "Bigs," from Big Stone and Big Willow to Big Trail. There is a Cash Corner in North Carolina and plain Cash in Arkansas, Kentucky, South Dakota, and Texas, California has a town called Cool, and Oregon and Wisconsin have Cornucopias. There are 20 Diamonds in the United States in addition to those worn by "Them as has 'em," to quote "Fingy" Connors, and the residents of no less than 25 towns have the right to cry "Eureka" when asked where they live. Missouri has a Lone Jack, Oklahoma a Lone Wolf, Idaho a Lone Tree, Kansas a Lone Elm, and Montana a Lo Lo, whatever that may be.

There is a Nabob in West Virginia, a Not in Missouri, and a Sopotchopy in Florida—which seems to be a good name to stop on.—*The New York Evening Post.*

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS IN CHARLOTTE COUNTY

- Additional list published in the Royal Gazette, Aug. 14.
- 9525 P. Hilland, Flume Ridge.
 - 9577 Marshall Hodgman, St. Andrews.
 - 9589 John Colbert, Rollingdam.
 - 9591 A. B. O'Neill, St. Andrews.
 - 9592 Levi Stewart, Baillie.
 - 9593 Beryl McGlinchy, Canous.
 - 9598 Mrs. Mabel Cowans, St. Andrews.
 - 9606 Wentworth Quigley, Back Bay.
 - 9601 J. S. Lord, Richardson.
 - 9621 Fred W. Johnston, Rollingdam.
 - 9649 Victor Sayles, Pomeroy Ridge.
 - 9650 C. M. Gillespie, Pennfield.
 - 9658 Fred S. McLean, Letite.
 - 9676 H. C. Purves, St. Stephen.
 - 9682 Fred Noddin, Rollingdam.
 - 9689 Robert Gill, St. Andrews.
 - 9740 Thos. R. McIntyre, St. George.
 - 9748 J. M. Scovil, St. Stephen.
 - 9749 Alex. W. Moore, Moore's Mills.
 - 9750 John A. Bell, Milltown.
 - 9751 Burton Johnston, Rollingdam.
 - 9754 Neiman & Boxer, St. Stephen.
 - 7807 Allen Parker, Oak Hill.
 - 7348 Clarence S. Fisher, Elmville.
 - 7486 Gratz Joseph, Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews.
 - 5146 Mrs. Edmund Holt, Second Falls.
 - 3535 C. C. Grant, St. Stephen.
 - 5419 A. S. Turner, St. Andrews.
 - 3485 Geo. A. Young, Pennfield.



WINGED WARFARE

Winged Warfare: Hunting the Huns in the Air. By MAJOR W. A. BISHOP, V. C. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

MAJOR BISHOP, one of Canada's brilliant aviators, has written a wonderful book about his fighting in the air. A man who last year won the Victoria Cross, having destroyed forty-five enemy aeroplanes and two balloons in less than five months, would presumably know his subject. We are delighted not merely with Major Bishop's courage and good fortune in the air, but also with his literary power. His description of his duels and "dog-fight" are nearly as thrilling as the combats themselves. He tells his readers simply and clearly what happened in those meteoric encounters, which seldom took more than a few minutes, and were often to be measured by seconds. Most aviators, like their comrades in the trenches, cannot or will not recall their experiences in detail, but Major Bishop, a sportsman, born, has the sportsman's excellent memory for every incident in his daily "hunting of the Hun," and sets them down with unfeigned satisfaction. Every boy who reads this book will certainly want to join the Air-Force. Those of us whose youth is past will be grateful to Major Bishop for describing the sensations of an expert in the most exciting form of warfare that man has invented.

"It was the mud, I think, that made me take to flying." The author confesses that his early days in Flanders with the Canadian Cavalry were miserable. He exchanged into the Flying Corps in 1915, served as an observer for a few months, and then, after a spell in hospital, began to learn flying in November, 1916. He gives an amusing account of his first "solo," in which, at forty feet and then at eight feet from the ground, he did everything he had been told to do at two feet from the ground, so that at last the "exasperated old machine" dropped of its own accord. He found his first flight in darkness especially trying. He tells us that there is no greater test of a pilot's skill than his ability to fly at night in formation, "with a lot of machines about you in the dark, their little navigation lights looking for all the world like so many moving stars," while the cold of the higher altitudes is "agonizingly intense." The aviator who helps to defend London and the night-bombers at the front deserve this indirect tribute to their devotion, as the true nature of this work is little known to the public. The author had no luck in Zeppelin-hunting, but his luck changed when he went to France in March, 1917, and joined the late Captain Albert Ball's squadron of fighting planes. The first time he crossed the enemy lines with his squadron he was nearly hit by a shell from "Archie," ever after he seemed to bear a charmed life. To illustrate the spirit in which our young aviators approach their task, he says that his patrol leader that day was teased because he had dived at an enemy artillery machine which "was very old, had a very bad pilot and a very poor observer to protect him," and was known as "the flying pig."

"It was a sort of point of honor in the squadron that the decrepit old 'pig' should not actually be shot down. It was considered fair sport, however, to frighten it. Whenever our machines approached, the 'pig' would begin a series of clumsy turns and ludicrous manoeuvres, and would open a frightened fire from ridiculously long ranges. The observer was a very bad shot and never succeeded in hitting any of our machines, so attacking this particular German was always regarded more as a joke than a serious part of warfare. The idea was only to frighten the 'pig,' but our patrol leader had made such a determined dash at him the first day we went over, that he never appeared again. For months the patrol leader was chided for playing such a nasty trick upon a harmless old man."

Major Bishop began his patrolling just before the German retreat from the Somme, and the business of his squadron was to fly low over the enemy's country, drawing his fire, and thus discovering his new positions. On March 25th he had his first fight and first victory. An enemy attacked one of his companions—

"I flew straight at the attacking machine from a position where he could not see me and opened fire. My 'tracer' bullets—bullets that show a spark and a thin little trail of smoke as they speed through the air—began at once to hit the enemy machine. A moment later the Hun turned over on his back and seemed to fall out of control. . . . When my man fell from his upside-down position into a spinning nose-dive, I dived after him. Down he went for a full thousand feet and then regained control. I had forgotten caution and everything else in my wild and overwhelming desire to destroy this thing that for the time being represented all of Germany to me. I could not have been more than forty yards behind the Hun when he flattened out, and again I opened fire. It made my heart leap to see my smoking bullets hitting the machine just where the closely-hooded pilot was sitting. Again the Hun went into a dive

and shot away from me vertically towards the earth. Suspecting another ruse, and still unmindful of what might be happening to my companions in their set-to with the other Huns, I went into a wild dive after my particular opponent with my engine full on. With a machine capable of doing 110 to 120 miles an hour on the level, I must have attained 180 to 200 miles in that wrathful plunge. Meteor-like as was my descent, however, the Hun seemed to be falling faster still and got farther and farther away from me. When I was still about 1,500 feet up, he crashed into the ground below me. For a long time I had heard pilots speaking of 'crashing' enemy machines, but I never fully appreciated the full significance of 'crashed' until now. There is no other word for it."

When the victor regained his presence of mind, he found that his engine, choked with oil during the long dive, had stopped, and that he must land. When he reached the ground at the end of a long glide, he found that by sheer good fortune he was just clear of the enemy outposts, and some of our men crawled out and rescued him. Then it came on to rain, and Major Bishop took nearly three days in conveying his machine back to the aerodrome, fifteen miles away, so thoroughly had the retreating enemy destroyed all the roads. In the early days of April our air patrols were furiously active in preparation for the great offensive of Easter Monday north and east of Arras. The author recalls the concern with which the public learned that in two days the Flying Corps had lost twenty-eight machines and destroyed fifteen enemies. He does well to point out once more that our aviators never report an enemy machine as "brought down" unless it has been seen to "crash," and that as the fights almost always take place over the enemy lines, any slight accident to a British aeroplane, compelling the aviator to descend, means the loss of the machine, whereas the German machines, being "brought down" or "driven down" within the enemy lines, are not counted as "missing" though they may be totally destroyed. This explanation needs to be borne in mind by those who study the daily air reports. At Arras the British air offensive contributed in no small degree to the success of the attack; hundreds of our machines patrolled the sky and the enemy was blinded. The author on Easter Sunday brought down three enemies in a series of fights. He was detailed with others, when the battle began, to fly low over the advancing infantry, firing into the enemy trenches, and dispersing any groups of men behind the lines. One day, as he was hovering above, he noticed that the line was being sadly thinned at one point. Then he discovered five Germans with two machine-guns hidden in a flanking trench. He dived almost vertically at them, and from a height of thirty feet swept them with bullets from his machine-gun. In a few minutes our infantry had resumed their advance and occupied all the ground that they were expected to take. Such tactics, which were new fifteen months ago, are now practised in every action. The author reminds us that the aviator who thus lend direct assistance to the infantry are exposed to the greatest danger from our own rolling barrage as well as from the enemy's fire, and that at Arras some British machines were hit by British shells.

The author soon became an "Ace," having brought down more than five machines, and was accordingly presented by the sergeants with a "nose" for his propeller-head, which he had painted blue. On "Blue Nose" he had a remarkable series of fights in the next few weeks, and soon found himself trying to keep second to Captain Ball! "So I was over the enemy's lines from six to seven hours every day, praying for some easy victim to appear." One day he had a fight nearly four miles above the earth, where the air was so rarefied that he found it difficult to get his breath, while the propeller would not "bite" into the thin atmosphere with very much of a pull. Another day he had nine fights in an hour and three-quarters, and a tenth before tea with the German champion Richt-hofen and three others on scarlet planes. He made up his mind, he tells us, that two things were needed for success in the air—"one was accuracy in shooting, and the second was to use one's head and take no unnecessary risks." Later he was able to boast that in three summer months he had only lost one member of his patrol, and that unlucky man was shot down in the author's absence. In June Major Bishop took to hunting alone whenever he had a day's holiday. One morning early he started alone in his single-seater to attack an enemy aerodrome, and, taking the Germans by surprise, shot down three machines out of seven as they rose in pursuit of him. In a single week he accounted for five enemies. Everything went well with him, even in the most desperate encounters. A fortieth victory gained him the Victoria Cross, and he was ordered home, presumably lest he should exhaust his strength and his good luck. But with characteristic pertinacity, he went on hunting, and on the very last night before leaving France he attacked and destroyed two out of three German planes that came his way. Major Bishop's admirable book will help people at home to realize the full significance of Sir Douglas Haig's brief daily reports of the air-fighting which is helping in so great a measure to gain victory for the Allies.—The Spectator.

NEW INDIAN TRIBES FOUND

Philadelphia, Aug. 19.—The University of Pennsylvania expedition to the hitherto unknown Indian tribes in the mountains between Venezuela and Colombia returned yesterday having accomplished its purposes in a much shorter time than was believed possible. This was due largely to the assistance of the Venezuelan Government according to Theodore De Booy, curator of the University museum, who was in charge of the expedition. No white man had ever entered the mountains. The many Indian tribes with which he came in contact, Mr. De Booy reported, belong to the Macoa family, but whether they are Carib or Arawak could not be determined until he has made a philological study of the material gathered. The tribes, according to Mr. De Booy, are in constant warfare with each other and keep their trails hidden. They live on the mountain heights in a land of perpetual mist, and although within ten degrees of the equator it is extremely cold, especially at night. Mr. De Booy brought back abundant ethnological records for future study, and collected many rare and valuable specimens.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Washington, Aug. 20.—The merchant steamer Proteus, of 3,000 tons, was sunk Sunday night in collision with another steamer, about 34 miles southwest of Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras, N. C., the Navy Department, to-day, was informed. The other vessel, which was not seriously damaged, stood by and rescued the crew of the Proteus.

—Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 21.—Captain Wallace Bruce, of the schooner A. Platt Andreu, reports in a message to the John Chisholm Corporation, the owners here, to-day, that his vessel was sunk by a German submarine yesterday. The message made no reference to the sinking of the schooner by the trawler Triumph.

—Christiana, Norway, Aug. 21.—The Dutch steamer Gasconier, operated by the Belgian relief commission and en route from New York to Rotterdam with flour, struck a mine in the North Sea, caught fire and sank. Six lives were lost. A guard ship took the survivor to Hugesund, on the west coast of Norway.

The Gasconier, is listed as a Belgian steamer, but was formerly under the Dutch flag and at that time bore the name of the Fruithandel. She was built at West Hartlepool, England, in 1906, and was 320 feet long, with a beam of 47 feet and a depth of 22 feet. She was owned by the Lloyd Royal Beige of Antwerp.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 22.—Sixteen of the crew of the fishing schooner Bula Garde have landed at Gabarus, C. B., reporting that their vessel was sunk on the banks by a submarine. One of the men is injured. A dory containing three men is missing.

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Mr. Roy Stover, and Mr. Calder, of Fair Haven, were visitors to Black's Harbor on Friday. Mr. Frank Holmes, of Deer Island, with his wife and family, who have been making a tour through Princeton and other places in his automobile, on his return called on friends in this place on Thursday.

A pleasure party from Digdeguash composed of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Grant A. Stuart, Mr. Bruce Butler, and the Misses Alice Lord and Flossie Barker motored to Black's Harbor on Wednesday and spent the afternoon with friends here.

A number of young folk from this place enjoyed a grand picnic at L'Etang, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Frank Connors with his wife and children, are welcome visitors to this town after an absence of 15 years. Mr. Stanley Budd, traveller from St. Stephen, and other travellers gave the merchants of this place a call on Tuesday. Mr. Merrill Hooper, of Back Bay and Miss Levenia Martin, of this place formed a party.

LAKE UTOPIA Camps to Let

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

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.

erly from Letite, were made man and wife in St. George on Monday afternoon. The stork arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. Theriault, Aug. 21, and left a bouncing baby boy.

Mr. V. Calder, Miss V. Barker, and Charlie Barker were visitors to their homes in Lord's Cove on Sunday.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every-day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN. Schr. Storke, St. Andre, Kamouraska.

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

LOST.—A Small Brown Purse containing money and a Registration Card signed: Mary Walker. Finder please notify BEACON Office.

LOST.—A top off an ice-cream freezer, between McKay's Lane and Town. Finder please leave at Mr. William J. McQuoid's residence. 6-tf

WANTED.—Second Class Female Teacher. Apply, stating salary, to H. H. BARTLETT, R. R. 1, St. Andrews, N. B. 2-tf

ST. Andrews, N. B. Attractive cottage to let for the summer months. Completely furnished. Eight rooms and bath. Hot and cold water. Address Miss MORRIS, St. Andrews, N. B. 50-tf

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

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

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 seven rooms, and large attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply to THOS. R. WREN, St. Andrews, N. B. 44-tf



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MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

August New Moon, 6th 5h. 30m. p.m. First Quarter, 14th 8h. 16m. p.m. Full Moon, 22nd 2h. 2m. a.m. Last Quarter, 28th 4h. 27m. a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Day of Month, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for August 24-30.

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, Westpool, Campo., Eastport, Me., L'Etang Harbor, Lepreau Bay.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

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

OUTPOSTS

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

SHIPPING NEWS

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

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

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

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

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

BELGIAN HARES FLEMISH GIANTS

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

The Fall Term of The FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

WILL OPEN ON Monday, August 26, 1918 There is a greater demand for our graduates than ever. Get particulars regarding our courses of study, tuition rates, etc., and prepare to enter on our opening date. Descriptive pamphlet on request. Address: W. J. OSBORNE, Prin. Fredericton, N. B.

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

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

S. Kerr, Principal

SUMMER BOARDERS AT THE SEASIDE

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

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, boat of this line will leave Grand Manan, Monday, 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, Letite or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 8 a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr. Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services 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 p. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

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

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during office hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5-cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces. Arrives: 11.55 a.m.; 10.55 p.m. Closes: 6.25 a.m.; 5.40 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 11 a.m. Closes: 12.30 p.m. All Mails for Registration must be Posted before 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.

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BERNARD APPEAL

REFLECTION DUBLIN Mr. Bernard for bread possible and when asked the children of "pounded with a 'Star,' in which makes some reflections, among give up asking questions as to whether the like" and most statistics of infant grant's country. JUDGE HENRY native town properly ashamed children there; his appeal to how many thou stockings to clo It is certainly ing them handke effect of bare feet advice to Ameri cent to Ireland anything else. Ireland is per and cloth be ch is a mistake to she is only an is not the sam you that except where a handker hers build sh she is penniless. IRELAND The trade of butter, cattle, a represents far m yards and mills can develop this leaps and bounds Ireland can affo and a couple of stockings every her children; and prefers to footed and hung herself at hunt shows, and the fashion generally America should e It is true that thing, and worse poor little slaves Carolins, on who to solicit not from heaven (se Germans supply if America wants poverty and slav at home, and no fious demonstra eyes of a fool are. I do not want clothed by the ha be fed by the hand When an Irish pairs of trousers not yet ordered have Justice (qu cultured Justice