



The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1918

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 dreared by our foes!
 And mingle with our 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. McAdoe 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 regretfully 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 footboard, 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 recalled 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

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'ie 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 quell'd of that dell of Dundee."
 As he rode down the street, the people of the Bow
 Lik carline was flying, and shaking her pow;
 But the young pluck o' Dundee, he look'd coutie and slee,
 Thinking, lant to the bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!
 With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cram'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 Dunewassals 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 horsemen 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.)

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

NEWS OF THE SEA

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 today 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 doubt 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

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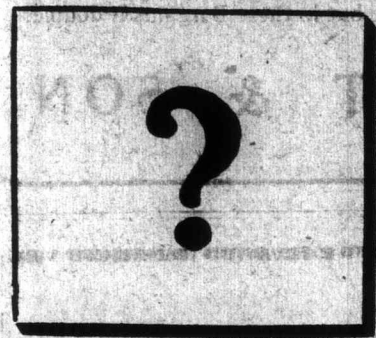
as rapidly as possible. They saw no explosion and so are uncertain as to the definite fate of their craft. They sailed and rowed until they reached Canso.
 Capt. Schnare states that he believes that another ship, the *Passadena*, port and captain unknown, which was lying close to him, was also sunk. The Canso correspondent doubts this, as with the favorable weather conditions the crew should have already have 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 today, 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 today, 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 today 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 today 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 today says when the submarine 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 today was informed.
 The Department also announced today 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 afloat 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 today by a steamer which picked them up. The captain and crew escaped in life-boat and were rescued after rowing

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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 today, 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 today. 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 *Montanan*, 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 *Pobynestien*, 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 today. 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.
 Arichat, 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.

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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 clearest 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 Hawhill 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 wildly 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 rather 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.

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 knewed 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 meefin' up with a strange woman yesterday evenin'?"

"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?"

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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 truck? 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 obtrude 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 fringed or poppers 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.



"How'd she come to be washed ashore?" countered Sailor Smith.

He gulped her. Trust the elder for that. But he didn't get much out of her until she 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 Sailor 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 pointin' 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 Hawhill cliffs.

"Well, this corpse ain't got no pink necklace," suggested somebody.

"Bodies sometimes get robbed," said Sailor 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.



"It's the first one I've given a name to. I call it 'The Rough Rider.'"

Adv. in the Beacon For Results

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

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

The best advertising medium in Charlotte County. Rates furnished on application 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 important advances on several sectors.

No changes of consequence were reported 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.

Throughout the week aerial operations of great magnitude were conducted, and the steadily increasing superiority of the Entente in this new vitally important arm was being manifested.

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 seriousness of this menace.

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 residents of St. Andrews.

The audience assembled, while large, was not quite so great as might have been expected, and a number of prominent people of St. Andrews were conspicuous by their absence.

Minard's Liment Cures Diphtheria.

GEOLOGY OF ST. ANDREWS

We recommend to our readers the interesting sketch of the geology of St. Andrews and vicinity that appears in today's issue, written by the distinguished scientist, Dr. L. W. Bailey, Professor Emeritus of Natural Science, University of New Brunswick.

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 Ramolino), mother of Napoleon, born, 1750; William Wilberforce, English philanthropist, born, 1759; Theodore Hook, English novelist, died, 1841; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, incorporated, 1867.

August 25.—Thomas Chatterton, the English "boy poet," died, 1770; David Hume, Scottish historian and philosopher, died, 1775; 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 destroyed, 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 metallurgist, born, 1844; Haiti proclaimed an Empire, 1749; First Petroleum Well opened 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 President Lincoln's first term, born, 1809; Judge Thomas C. Haliburton, 'Nova Scotia, 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. Heligoland 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 Dorr, first Catholic Bishop of New Brunswick, died, 1851; Sir Charles James Napier, British General and Indian administrator, died, 1853; Maurice Maeterlinck, 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 Admiral and Arctic explorer, died, 1856; Volcanic eruption of Mount Pelée, Martinique, 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 regrettable absence of our parliamentary representative on that historical occasion.

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 unfortunate 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 expressed 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 unfortunate 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 approximately 50,000. The wastage of men in the Canadian Expeditionary Force during the four years, including also those incapacitated 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 produced a reinforcement reserve that should secure under average conditions of wastage the maintenance at full strength of the divisions at the front for a considerable period to come.

It may be noted also that in addition to the 58,713 draftees actually put into training, 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 prisoners of war and the fallen in the battles of last month, bringing the approximate absolute 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, Galvanized Eavetroughs and Flashings.

Special attention given to all repair work.

Estimates cheerfully given.

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

about 50,000. In addition to these approximately 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 approximately 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 indicate 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 totaled 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 6,209.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

I absolutely must—if a possible thing—sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Rubber Boots, on or before December 31st., and in order to do so, I am making my prices as low as possible. Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies' Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button and Lace, \$2.50 while they last.

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 Invisibile Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5. Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes, New Toney Red Color, Fibre Soles and Heels, \$6.50 per pair. I am the only agent and collector for Singer Sewing Machines for Eastport, Lubec, and vicinity, and machines have advanced in price, so if you want a Sewing Machine, just get my prices before you buy a machine from anyone else for my price may be just quite a little bit lower. I have a Drop Head Singer Sewing Machine, in good running order, the Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine will work as good as any, and the price for cash is only \$22. Another one with better looking Cabinet, this is a Singer also, in first class condition, for cash \$30. A few Box Top Machines, different makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10. I keep Shuttles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Slides, Thread Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, everything for the Singer right on hand. Needles, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing machine, including New Williams and Raymond.

I keep a good assortment of New Singer Sewing Machines on hand, and I can make you special cash prices on any I have. Telephone 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, Women's RUBBERS, Men's SHIRTS and COLLARS, Balbriggan UNDERWEAR, in 1 and 2 piece suits, White OVERALLS, HATS and CAPS; a few SUITTS 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 ways. 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 building, and a full line of general household Hardware. J. A. SHIRLEY.

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by Getting Your SCREENS On Your DOORS and WINDOWS We have a full stock of Window Screens and Screen Doors in several sizes. Also WIRE NETTING 28 in. Wide 30 " " 32 " " 36 " " GASOLINE and OILS White Rose Gasoline is the best Gasoline on the market, Auto owners claim. It is cleaner and lasts longer. We carry Motor Oil, Machine Oil, and Separator Oil. G. K. GREENLAW SAINT ANDREWS (Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Social Mrs. Fred Ruth and guests of Mr. The Misse of Milltown, Roy Gilman. Miss Wettr Rev. and Mr. has returned Mr. R. B. O spending his Mrs. O. Clark Miss Flore guest of Miss Lieut. Fre formerly of t a few days Davies, who h on a ten-week Mr. and Mrs word on Tues had been seic Miss Otie S of her friends Island on Satu On Saturday held a Tag da nexion with sponse to the Over four hur Pte. Larsen ton, where he Mrs. Elmer ing in Machia Mr. and Mr to their home Mrs. Percy have been vis have returned Mr. Henry J real on Tuesd Mrs. F. P. M ing a few day mer, has retu at the head of Miss Ramo Washington, I A number o enjoyed a mo on Tuesday ev Henry R. E of the Unitd two-weeks' Cedar-Croft. Mrs. John M on Wednesd sister for a fe Miss Pearl F Mrs. Sherby F Mrs. F. P. B and Miss S. friends on a e evening. Mrs. Howar Wednesday aft F. P. McColl. Dr. Edward Mrs. Edwin O On the invita and Mrs. Rich friends enjoy Pendleton's Isl Mr. Earl Boy is visiting Mr. Miss Wendy brother-in-law, Miss Mary M is the guest of Babbitt. The many Everett are sor with scarlet ras Mrs. W. Ver Bridge on T prize winner w Mr. and M Frederic, who Mrs. Thos. Stir ing for their ho Miss Murie Movie party on A. B. Connell C., and Felix M Commissioners had been holdi came to St. Ar M. N. Cockbu They left by tr Mr. R. W. M mer cottage, Monticello, Me Mr. F. P. Mc arrived on Thu at his summer Lake. Mr. A. M. Bu Me., paid a ve returning on M Mrs. Sarah G a short visit w McQuoid. Prof. A. B. M Advisory Reser the week-end a Dr. L. W. Ba investigations at returned to Pre Lady Egan re Mr. Henry E companied by of Montreal, M LeRoy Hill, we day. Mr. Roy She of Montreal, ar Miss Kaye C tea hour on Tu

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 Ottie 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 Tuesday.

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" Luigini
2. Valse Triste Jean Sibélius
3. Cello Solo Miss Sarah E. Ames
4. Romanza de l'Eclair par Halévy
5. Whisping Flowers Blon
6. Violin Solos Mr. Jules Hambourg
7. Praeludium & Allegro Pugnani-Kreisler
8. Indian Lament Dvorak-Kreisler
9. Contralto Solo Mrs. Henry F. Joseph
10. 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. Hambourg 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 Augusta 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

Local and General

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 STOOPI

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

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.
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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)

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

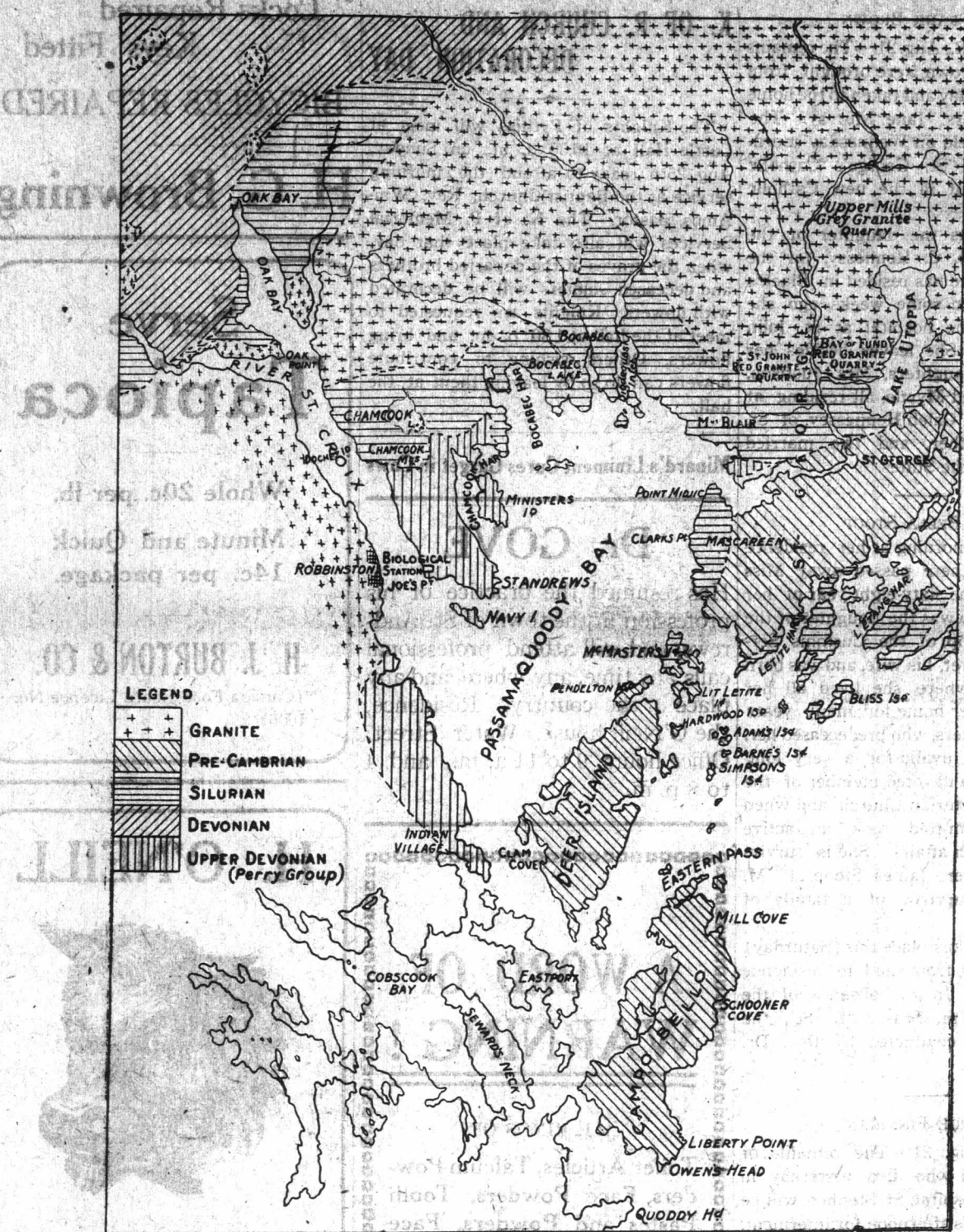
TRUBYTE TEETH

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
—AND—
PROVISIONS
Always on Hand
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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 by 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 Duckell'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 unrecognizable 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 deposition, 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 today, 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

dring 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 conditions 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.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.



Utilizing all the Heat

Any furnace will burn fuel, extract the heat from it. But only a properly built and installed furnace will utilize all the heat to warm your home.

McCarty's Sunshine Furnace installed the McCarty way is guaranteed to warm your home—every room in it.

For Sale by
R. A. GILLMAN

McCarty's Sunshine Furnace

- London
- St. John, N.B.
- Toronto
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PYRO ROOFING

Unaffected by Heat, Cold, Sun, or Rain
Not made with a Coal-Tar composition. Nothing but Felt and Trinidad Lake Asphalt.

PYRO is a first-class roofing in every respect and the best article on the market for covering roofs at low cost. Its advantages over other prepared or "Ready" roofings is due to the fact that there is no coal-tar used in PYRO. This means that it does not dry up and become brittle under exposure to the heat of the sun. For this reason it retains its strength and pliability almost indefinitely, instead of becoming hard and cracking as do roofings made of substitutes for natural Asphalt.

Put up in rolls containing 108 square feet with cement and tacks all ready to put on the roof.

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

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

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

BOVRIL

Take it as Soup before Meals

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 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 forewent, 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 lane 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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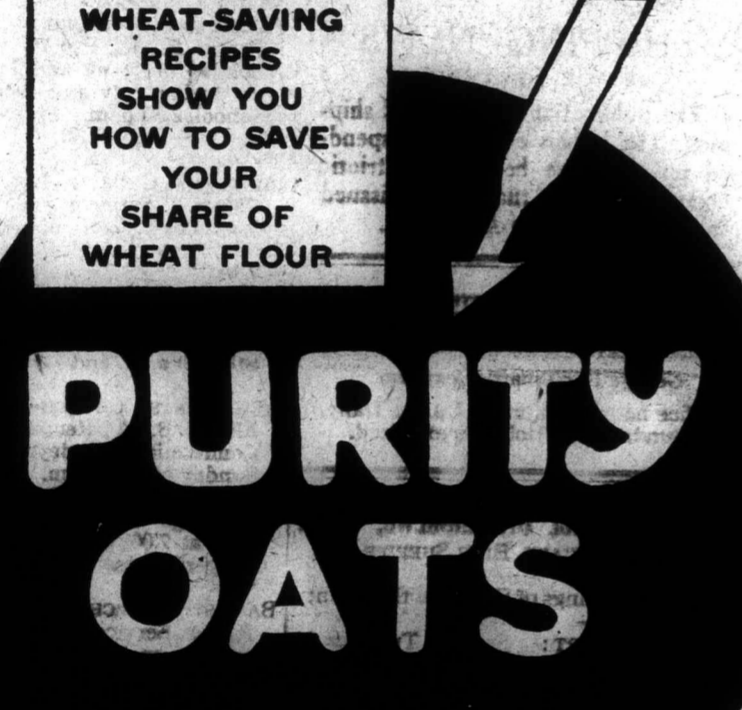
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have given her—so she dreamed—mental delectation and freedom from the tyranny of puzzle for ever. The thought was an ever-present comfort to her when the limitations of her ignorance irritated her active mind. Wisdom had been near to her, she fancied, 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 scald-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 Lalas, 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 4 Effies, 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 Gregories, 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 Adamses, 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 Rogereses, 12 Rosses, 7 Ryans, 19 Russells, 20 Sherridans, 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 Bulltown, 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 Biao (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 Socphoppo 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. Scovill, 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.
 - 7848 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.

