



The Beacon



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NO. 31

COMIN' HAME

Clap your han's, my bonnie bairnie,
Clap your han's and caw,
Sing a song to welcome daddy—
Lang he's been awa'.

Noo, I see his boatie comin',
Ou' the snaw-white faem,
Clap your han's, my bonnie bairnie,
Daddy's comin' hame.

A' nicht lang, when you are sleepin',
Snaug in bed and warm,
Daddy's boat was tossin' sairly,
In the ragin' storm.

But you kent na' o' his danger,
Smilin' as you slept,
You were daffin' wi' the angels,
While your mammy wept.

Lang I watched for mornin' dawnin',
Thro' the winnock wee,
While the waters lood were rushin',
An' the winds were hie.

A' the time my he'rt was prayin',
For your daddy dear,
That the Lord wad guide his boatie—
Guide it safely here.

Yon's my answer, bonnie bairnie,
Yon's your daddy's boat,
Sune into the peacefu' harbor,
It will safely float.

Sune you'll hear him owre the water
Cry his laddie's name;
Clap your han's my bonnie bairnie,
Daddy's comin' hame.

CANDLEMAS

FROM a very early, indeed unknown date in the Christian history, the 2nd of February has been held as the festival of the Purification of the Virgin, and it is still a holiday of the Church of England. From the coincidence of the time with that of the *Fébruation* or purification of the people in Pagan Rome, some consider this as a Christian festival engrafted upon a heathen one, in order to take advantage of the established habits of the people; but the idea is at least open to a good deal of doubt. The popular name *Candlemas* is derived from the ceremony which the Church of Rome dictates to be observed on this day; namely, a blessing of candles by the clergy, and a distribution of them amongst the people, by whom they are afterwards carried lighted in procession. The more important observances were of course given up in England at the Reformation; but it was still, about the close of the eighteenth century, customary in some places to light up churches with candles on this day.

At Rome, the Pope every year officiates at this festival in the beautiful chapel of the Quirinal. When he has blessed the candles, he distributes them with his own hand amongst those in the church, each of whom, going singly up to him, kneels to receive it. The cardinals go first; then follow the bishops, canons, priests, abbots, monks, &c., down to the sextons and menials officers of the church. According to Lady Morgan, who witnessed the ceremony in 1820—"When the last of these has gotten his candle, the poor *conservatori*, the representatives of the Roman people, receive theirs. This ceremony over, the candles are lighted, the Pope is mounted in his chair and carried in procession, with hymns chanting, round the ante-chapel; the throne is stripped of its splendid hangings; the Pope and cardinals take off their gold and crimson dresses, put on their usual robes, and the usual mass of the morning is sung." Lady Morgan mentions that similar ceremonies take place in all the parish churches of Rome on this day.

It appears that in England, in Catholic times, a meaning was attached to the size of the candles, and the manner in which they were burned during the procession; that, moreover, the reserved parts of the candles were deemed to possess a strong supernatural virtue:

This done, each man his candle lighteth
Where chiefest seemeth he;
Whose taper greatest may be seen;
And fortunate to be,
Whose candle burneth clear and bright;
A wondrous force and might
Doth in these candles lie, which if
At any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm
Nor tempest doth abide,
Nor thunders in the skies be heard,
Nor any devil's spite,
Nor hurts of frost or hail, &c.

The festival, at whatever date it took rise, has been designed to commemorate the churching or purification of Mary, and the candle-bearing is understood to refer to what Simon said when he took the infant Jesus in his arms, and declared that he was a light to lighten the Gentiles. Thus literally to adopt and build upon metaphorical expressions, was a characteristic procedure of the middle ages. Apparently, in consequence of the celebration of Mary's purification by candle-bearing, it became customary for women to carry

candles with them, when, after recovery from child-birth, they went to be, as it was called, *churched*. A remarkable allusion to this custom occurs in English history. William the Conqueror, become, in his older days, fat and infirmly, was confined a considerable time by a sickness. "Methinks," said his enemy the King of France, "the King of England lies long in childbed." This being reported to William, he said, "When I am churched, there shall be a thousand lights in France!" And he was as good as his word; for, as soon as he recovered, he ordered a great number of the French territory, which he wanted wherever he went with his army.

At the Reformation, the ceremonies of *churching* were not retained in honor. Henry VIII. proclaimed in 1534, "On Candlemas day it shall be declared, that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom Simon did prophesy, as it is used in the church that day." It is curious to find it noticed as a custom down to the time of Charles II. that when lights were brought in at night, people would say—"God send us the light of heaven!" The amiable Herbert, who notices the custom, defends it as not superstitious. Somewhat before this time, we find Herriot, alluding to the customs of Candlemas eve; it appears that the plants put up in houses at Christmas were now removed.

'Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway,
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter day
Or Easter's eve appear.

The youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to enveer,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honor Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler calken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.

These things, which were once
Does hold;
New things succeed, as former things
grow old.

The same poet elsewhere recommends very particular care in the thorough removal of the Christmas garnishings on this eve:

'That so the superstitious find
No one least branch left there behind,
For look, how many leaves there be,
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.'

He also alludes to the reservation of part of the candles or torches, as calculated to have the effect of protecting from mischief:

'Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn,
Which quenched, then lay it up again,
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
'And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.'

There is a curious custom of old standing in Scotland, in connection with Candlemas day. On that day it is, or lately was, a universal practice in that part of the island, for the children attending school to make small presents of money to their teachers. The master sits at his desk, or table, exchanging for the moment his usual authoritative look for one of bland civility, and each child goes up in turn and lays his offering down before him, the sum being generally proportioned to the abilities of the parents. Sarcasm and a shilling are the usual common terms in most schools; but some give half and whole crowns, and even more. The boy and girl who give most are respectively styled King and Queen. The children being then dismissed for a holiday, proceed along the streets in a confused procession, carrying the King and Queen in state, exalted upon their best formed of crossed hands which, probably from this circumstance, is called the *King's Chair*. In some schools, it used to be customary for the teacher, on the conclusion of the offerings, to make a bowl of punch and regale each with a glass to drink the King and Queen's health, and a biscuit. The latter part of the day was usually devoted to what was called the *Candlemas Mass*, or Mass, namely, the conflagration of any piece of furze which might enter in their neighbourhood, or, were that wanting, of an artificial bonfire.

Another old popular custom in Scotland on Candlemas day was to hold a football match, the one end of a town against the west, the quarrelled men against the married, or one parish against another. The *Candlemas Bait*, as it was called, brought the whole community out in a

EVENING SONG

LOOK off, dear Love, across the shallow sands,
And mark yon nesting of the eun and eun,
How long they tarry in sight of all the lands,
Ah! longer, longer, we.

Now in the sea's red tinge melts the sun,
As Egypt's pearl dissolved in rosy wine,
And Cleopatra might drink all, 'Tis done,
Love, lay thine hand to mine.

Come forth, sweet stars, and comfort heaven's heart;
Glimmer ye o'er waves, and the unlighted sands,
I might almost say, 'twere sky above,
Navel on sea, but vain.

—SUNNY LAMER.
(Born February 7, 1842; died September 7, 1881.)

THE DRY SEAS

WONDER why that Flying Dutchman never flies to-day
Swinging idly in the offing where his lost luggage stay,
Wonder would our jetties weaken, if he should appear,
If the gods should meet the goblin, wouldn't it be queer?

Wonder why that old sea serpent keeps himself so dark;
Heaving ash cans on his coils—that would be a task!
If our navy ever sights him, that old lobster called the kraken,
Bet a bomb he will be potted, or uncomely badly shaken.

Wonder if there is a reason why that saily humber vanished,
Why the mermaid and the merman and the Hollander are banished,
Was it grog that made 'em see things, 'twas the dry seas lost their wonder?
Did old Davy close his locker when John Bartleycorn went under?

—Chicago Tribune

state of high excitement. On one occasion, some years ago, when the sport took place in Jedburgh, the contending parties, after a struggle of two hours in the streets, transferred the contention to the bed of the river, and there fought it out amidst a scene of fearful splash and babblement, to the infinite amusement of a multitude looking on from the bridge.

Considering the importance attached to Candlemas day for so many ages, it is scarcely surprising that there is a universal superstition throughout Christendom, that good weather on this day indicates a long continuance of winter and a bad crop, and that its being foul is on the contrary, a good omen. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, quotes a Latin distich expressive of this idea:

'Si sol splendens, Maria purificante,
Major erit placies post festum quam fuit ante.'

which may be considered as well as translated in the popular Scottish rhyme:

If Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

In Germany there are two proverbial expressions on this subject: 1. The shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his stable on Candlemas day than the sun. 2. The badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas day, and when he finds snow, walks abroad; but if he sees the sun shining, he draws back into his hole. It is not improbable that these notions, like the festival of Candlemas itself, are derived from pagan times, and have existed since the very infancy of our race. So at least we may conjecture from a curious passage in Martin's *Description of Western Islands*. On Candlemas day, according to the following curious custom: "The mistress and servants of each family take a sheet of oats and dress it up in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call *Brid's Bed*, and then the mistress and servants cry three times, "*Brid is come; Brid is welcome!*" This they do just before going to bed, and when they rise in the morning they look among the sheets, expecting to see the impression of *Brid's* club there; which, if they do, they reckon it a true presage of a good crop and a prosperous year, and the contrary they take as an ill omen."—*Chambers' Book of Days*.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER

P. McLaughlin, Esq., of St. George, who is now visiting his daughter in St. John, in renewing his subscription to *THE BEACON*, writes as follows:

"I have been a subscriber for *THE BEACON* for six years. I subscribed for A. W. Smith's paper, 'The Standard,' and for J. G. Lorimer's 'Bay Pilot,' and continued my subscription when J. S. Magee edited it, and when E. R. Armstrong took it over and renamed it 'THE BEACON.' I remained a subscriber, and am still keeping on, but it cannot be too long.

We sincerely hope that Mr. McLaughlin, who is so well known and so much esteemed in St. George and throughout Charlotte County, may be long spared to subscribe to *THE BEACON*, or whatever name the St. Andrews paper may be or whoever may edit it. It is such a constant and appreciative subscriber as Mr. McLaughlin who gladden the heart of editors and give them the much needed encouragement and inspiration. May their numbers increase and their lives be greatly prolonged.

NON-INDURIOUS
"Do you think that cigarettes are injurious?"
"They have never hurt me."
"How many do you smoke a day?"
"None."

SHOWING UP HIS FAMILY
A grammar school teacher having obtained for a short essay employing certain words ending with "ion," a pupil handed in the following production:
"Father's habit is a collection; mother's is an aggregation; sister's is an aggregation; brother's is a conflagration; and baby's is a promissation."

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 25.—The bark *John*, of Newfoundland, which sailed from Cadiz, Spain, on December 13, was reported a derelict and a menace to navigation by the steamer *Hanington Court* to-day. The *John* was sighted on January 20, with mismanagement standing in latitude 46.29 north, longitude 48.40 west. The *Hanington Court*, twenty-three days out from Portland, England, arrived here last night. She encountered heavy weather and sustained some damage.

—Boston, Jan. 26.—The British steamer *Trinidad*, which arrived today from Calcutta and Colombo, reported the death of a Chinese sailor and injury to seven others of the crew, when a great

wave struck the vessel during a storm last Friday. Engineer C. H. Rawlings and several men had sought shelter on the lee side of the ship, when a great comber broke over the starboard side, washing the men along the deck, wrecking staterooms, smashing two of the lifeboats, starting seams, flooding compartments and carrying steel stanchions away. None of the forty passengers carried by the *Trinidad* were hurt.

—New York, Jan. 28.—Information received from the crew of the schooner *Augusta H. Babcock* were lost when she consumed the vessel at sea last week, was conveyed to the United States shipping commissioner here yesterday by St. Clair Wilson, one of the survivors. Wilson, on his arrival, said the other two saved were in a Philadelphia hospital, convalescing from injuries received when a barrel of gasoline exploded when the ship was two hundred miles off Bermuda, on a voyage from New York to Las Palmas, Canary Islands. Captain J. E. Reading was killed while carrying a pipe into the fore castle deck. Wilson said, and his body was blown into sea. Six of the crew were burned to death or jumped overboard.

At that time, on the evening of January 21, the crew had for two days been fighting the flames. The three survivors reached Philadelphia Saturday on a Chinese cargo ship.

lished, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes, and how right my friends turned out to be, every body now knows.

"Box," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Moses, and being shortened, became "Box." Box was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.

It has been observed of Mr. Pickwick that there is a decided change in his character, as these pages proceed, and that he becomes more good and more sensible. I do not think this change will appear forced or unnatural to my readers, if they will reflect that in real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first, and that it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him.

Let there should be any well-intentioned persons who do not perceive the difference (as some such could not, when *OLD MORRILLITY* was newly published) between religion and the cant of religion, piety and the pretence of piety, a humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture and an audacious and offensive obtrusion of its letter and not its spirit in the commonest discussions and meanest affairs of life, to the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds, let them understand that it is always the latter, and never the former, which is satirized here. Further, that the latter is here satirized as being, according to all experience, inconsistent with the former, impossible of union with it, and one of the most evil and mischievous falsehoods existent in society—whether it establish its head-quarters, for the time being, in Exeter Hall, or Ebenezer Chapel, or both. It may appear unnecessary to offer a word of observation on so plain a head. But it is never out of season to protest against that coarse familiarity with sacred things which is busy on the lip, and idle in the heart; or against the confounding of Christianity with any class of persons who, in the words of SWIFT, have just enough religion to make them hate, and not enough to make them love, one another.

I have found it curious and interesting, looking over the sheets of this reprint, to mark what important social improvements have taken place about us, almost imperceptibly, even since they were originally written. The licence of Counsel, and the degree to which juries are ingeniously bewildered, are yet susceptible of moderation; while an improvement in the mode of conducting Parliamentary Elections (especially for counties) is still within the bounds of possibility. But legal reforms have pared the claws of Messrs. Dodson and Pegg; a spirit of self-respect, mutual forbearance, education, and co-operation, for such good ends, has diffused itself among their clerks; places far apart are brought together, to the present convenience and advantage of the Public, and to the certain destruction, in time, of a host of petty jealousies, blindnesses, and prejudices, by which the Public alone have always been the sufferers; the laws relating to imprisonment for debt are altered; and the Fleet Prison is pulled down!

With such a retrospect, extending through so short a period, I shall cherish the hope that every volume of this Edition will afford me an opportunity of recording the consummation of some wrong or abuse set forth in it. Who knows, but by the time the series reaches its conclusion, it may be discovered that there are even magistrates in town and country, who should be taught to shake hands every day with Common-sense and Justice; that even Poor Laws may have mercy on the weak, the aged, and unfortunate; that Schools, on the broad principles of Christianity, are the best support for the length and breadth of this civilized land; that Prison doors should be barred on the outside, not less heavily and carefully than they are barred within; that the universal diffusion of common means of decency and health is, as much the duty of the poorest of the poor, as it is indispensable to the safety of the rich, and of the State; that a few petty boards and bodies—such as the Poor Law Board, and the various boards, which roam around them—are not to let loose Fever and Consumption; God's creatures as their will, or always to keep their little addles going, for a Dance of Death!

And that Cheap Literature is not to be hind-hand with the Age, but hold its place, and strive to do its duty. I trust the series in itself may help much worthy creatures as their will, or always to keep their little addles going, for a Dance of Death!

—London, England.
—London, February 1, 1832. (Quoted by G. S. Smith.)

PREFACE TO THE FIRST CHEAP EDITION OF "PICKWICK PAPERS"

AN Author who has much to communicate under this head, and expects to have it attended to, may be compared to a man who takes his friend by the button at a Theatre Door, and seeks to entertain him with a personal gossip before he goes in to the play.

Nevertheless, as Prefaces, though seldom read, are continually written, no doubt for the behoof of that so richly and so interestingly endowed personage, Postscript (who will come into an immense fortune), I add my legacy to the general remembrance; the rather as ten years have elapsed since the *Pickwick Papers* appeared in a completed form, and nearly twelve since the first monthly part was published.

It was observed in the Preface to the original Edition, that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered very feasible by the Author in connexion with the desultory mode of publication adopted; and that the machinery of the Club, proving cumbersome in the management, was gradually abandoned as the work progressed. Although on one of these points, experience and study have since taught me something, and I could perhaps wish now that these chapters were strung together on a stronger thread of general interest, still, what they are they were designed to be.

In the course of the last dozen years, I have seen various accounts of the origin of these *Pickwick Papers*, which have, at all events, possessed—for me—the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), wrote upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by-the-by—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof sheets of which, Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and untimely death before the second number was pub-

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CAMPOBELLO

The junior branch of the Welshpool Red Cross Aid Society recently organized a membership of ten. Miss Winnifred Alexander was elected president of the Society, and Miss Helen Calder Secretary.

Mr. Joel Mitchell, who for some months has been employed in the Newfoundland fisheries, has returned home.

Mr. Chesley Allingham was a passenger to St. John on Monday, upon business.

Mr. Ezekiah Mitchell of Woodland, Me., spent the week-end, the guest of his brother, Capt. Shepherd Mitchell.

WILSON'S BEACH, C-BELLO.

Three babies have been born here in the past two weeks: A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Searles; a son to Mr. and Mrs. Austin Porter; and a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Porter.

Mrs. Russell Newman, of Lubec, spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Newman.

The Misses Georgie Cline, Jedro Brown, Esther Corey, and Lydia Brown visited St. Andrews recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes McGilvray are home from a lengthy visit with relatives in St. John.

After a pleasant visit with friends here, Miss Choras-Brown returned on Sunday to her home in Lubec.

Mr. W. B. Lank and Mr. Godfrey Calder spend Sunday in Welshpool.

Mrs. Grosvenor Urquhart, of Grand Manan, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Searles.

Councillor J. W. Matthews returned on Saturday from attending the County Council at St. Andrews.

Mr. Vernon Brown, of Lubec, is visiting relatives here.

Messrs. John Calder and Merton Newman, who spent a few days with their families here, have returned to their work in St. John.

Mrs. Laura Townshend and little son, of Perry, Me., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Gilvray.

A reception in honor of our returned hero, Pte. Sumner Newton, was held in the hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 25. Mr. Grey, in behalf of the citizens of the place, presented him with a watch. Speeches were made by Mr. A. Judson Mitchell and Pte. Lyman Langmaid.

A recitation by Miss Christine Porter. A monologue by Rev. Mr. Corey. Solo by Messrs. Clarence Newman and Clifton Fitzgerald. Refreshments of cake and coffee were then served.

GRAND HARBOR, G. M.

Mr. Fred McLaughlin, of Seal Cove, spent Monday afternoon visiting his business friends here.

Misses Flora O'Neill, Hazel Newton, Hilda Guphill, Ethel Wooster, Maud Guphill, Verona Green, Gladys Cheney, Annie Ingalls, and Lottie Green, were appointed by the committee to solicit funds for the Salvation Army Campaign, realizing the sum of \$128.65 for Grand Harbor.

Mr. Grosvenor Wilson has purchased a fine white horse from Mr. Colin Frankland.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Russell, of Russell's Is., have gone west to make an extended visit to their former home at

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

The Weirmen's Association meets tomorrow in the Imperial Theatre. A large number of delegates are expected from St. John and our own county. Bait fishermen have been doing very well along the new river shore. Some good catches have been made in that vicinity recently.

Lumbermen operating near Mill Lake are handicapped in hauling their cut by scarcity of snow.

Edward Mullen, George Kenny, Harry Phillips and James McCarten returned this week from Fredericton having received their discharge from the army. Don Maxwell returned this week from Overseas.

Mayor McGrattan lost a valuable horse on Monday. While being watered at the Town Pump the animal became frightened, tossed his head and the check rein, tangled in the pump, pulled the bridle off. The horse free, turned and ran down Portage Hill, unable to make his stable, about half-way down, he kept on gaining speed every moment. He ran full into a number of weir stakes piled at the foot of the hill and on attempting to turn one of the stakes pierced his side. The sleigh was a total wreck. The horse attempted to get back to his stable, but died on the way.

Several parties, taking advantage of the beautiful winter weather, spent the week-end at Lake Utopia and many of the summer camps were filled with visitors.

An alarm of fire startled the citizens on Sunday morning; three long blasts of the pulp whistles echoed over the town at about nine o'clock. The blaze started in the roof of the wood mills and was extinguished before any damage resulted.

The dress carnival at the Broadway Theatre on Saturday afternoon drew a large audience. Many of the costumes and nearly all the celebrated stars of the movies and the well-known characters of the comic section of the papers were represented. Prizes were given for the best costumes. Alderman McAdam and Mr. and Mrs. Brydon were the judges.

The following were among the winners—Miss Phoebe Moran—a Colonial Lady—1st prize.

Master Clarence Pattle—a Hindu Prince—1st gentleman's prize.

Leo McGrattan and Miss Reta McGrattan—Mr. Chas. Chaplain and bride—1st combination prize.

Among other prize winners were: Miss Josephine McGee, Madame Butterfly; Stanley Maxwell, Pifrette; Margie Boone, Valentine Girl; Ruth MacIntyre, Flower Girl; The Misses O'Halloran, Day and Night; and Master Roy Jackson as Jiggs. Another carnival will be held on Feb. 8th.

The Girls' Branch of the W. A. St. Mark's church held a very enjoyable social in the basement of the church on Monday evening, at which they entertained a number of their friends.

Private Hugh Monohan, of Elmville, who returned recently from overseas, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. D. Maxwell.

Steven Conley spent the week with his sister Mrs. Thomas Coyne, St. Stephen. Chas. Epps is visiting his daughter Mrs. Joy in New York City.

Harry McGrattan, of St. John visited his old home last week.

MASCARENE, N. B.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Chambers, of Eastport, Me., and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holmes, of Letite, are visiting their mother, Mrs. Lizzie Chambers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lambert returned to their home on Deer Island, on Monday, after spending a week with Mrs. John McKenzie.

Miss Bessie Hinds, of L'Etang, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Percy Stewart.

Harold McNichol and Fred Armstrong spent Sunday in St. George.

Misses Lillian Hoyt and May Simpson of Letite, were calling on friends here on Sunday.

On Tuesday evening of last week the young people enjoyed a sleigh ride to Caitness and spent the evening with Miss Audrey McKenzie.

Atta McKenzie went to Deer Island on Monday for a short visit.

Miss Josephine Stewart is spending a few weeks in Letite, with her sister, Mrs. William Matthews.

OAK BAY, N. B.

Miss Minnie A. Hill has returned to her home here after a delightful visit with friends and relatives in Elmville.

Mrs. Thomas Hill and son, William, spent Sunday with friends at Old Ridge.

Miss Katherine Gilman has taken charge of the McMinn school.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Hill spent Thursday with relatives at Elmville.

Miss Gladys Raymond, of Bayside, was calling on friends here Sunday.

Master Max Hill spent Sunday with friends at Upper Oak Bay.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Up-River Doings

Dr. Frank I. Blair has returned from a brief visit in Boston.

Mrs. Hattie Mirdock has returned to Salem, Mass., after a pleasant visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mirdock.

Ven Archdeacon Newnham is in St. John this week, for a visit of a few days, attending meeting connected with the Synod.

Rev. Mr. Marshall, rector of St. Anne's Church, Calais, conducted the service and preached in Trinity Church on Sunday evening, and the rector of Trinity, Rev. Percy Cotton, took charge of the service in St. Anne's Church.

Mrs. G. O. Dibblee, wife of Dr. Dibblee, of Moore's Mills, is a patient at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

The Sailors' Club will meet this evening with Mrs. Wallace Towers at Elm Hall.

Mr. Fred Bolz is quite ill with a severe cold, and is confined to his home.

Miss Helen Scovil went to Boston this week to spend several weeks.

The play, "The Rivals," is being rehearsed by a member of talented young people who will present it to the public in the Bijou Theatre some time in February.

Mrs. G. H. Kuhring, of St. John, is to address the Women's Canadian Club on Thursday evening in the Council Chamber.

Mr. G. A. Levy, the well-known ladies' tailor in Calais, is a patient in the Calais Hospital.

Dr. Dyas has returned from Halifax where he spent last week.

Sergt. Albert Frye, a returned wounded soldier is very ill with pneumonia at his home in St. Stephen.

Mr. Hugh McBride and his young son, Wallace, who have been in St. Stephen during the past three weeks left on Monday evening for their home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Maynard McKinney and Mrs. Samuel Scott are guests of Mrs. Ernest Graham at Moore's Mills today.

On Monday Evening Oddfellows Hall was the scene of a most brilliant party given by the Women's Canadian Club. Bridge was the evening's entertainment. The prizes were won by Misses Maude Bonness, Lelia McVay, Mary Bonness, and Mildred Todd and Mrs. J. M. Flewelling. The gentlemen's prizes fell to the lot of Messrs. E. W. Ward, Chester Gregory, Thomas Toal, Roy Hill and Lieut. Frank Nicholson. After the games, refreshments of cake and coffee were served. There were some lovely gowns worn; and every one was in the highest spirits and enjoyed themselves greatly, as it has been the first large social affair for four long years. Later in the evening there was a short programme of dancing. The money realized from the party will be given towards the fund for the Soldiers' Memorial which is the hope of the Women's Canadian Club to erect in St. Stephen to the memory of the brave men of Charlotte County who gave up their lives on the battlefields of France.

The election of town officers for St. Stephen during the year of 1919 took place today with the following result: David W. Johnson was elected Mayor, with a majority of 21 votes over Walter G. DeWolfe. For Councillors, Dukes Ward James B. Brown J. Bert Polley Kings Ward George H. Boyd D. A. Nesbitt Queens Ward A. R. McKenzie Eugene Thornton

There was no election for assessors as they were returned by acclamation.

Mr. Lewis F. Mills has returned from an enjoyable trip, and is in Boston.

BOCABEC COVE, N. B.

Mr. E. Wetmore, of St. John, was called here last week to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Stephen Thompson, and Mrs. Stephen Thompson, whose deaths occurred within twelve hours of each other, on Sunday Jan. 12.

Miss Poole, R. N., of St. John, returned to her home, accompanied by little Ruby Thompson, who is to live with her aunt, Mrs. E. Wetmore, of St. John.

The "flu" has been visiting around here lately just a little too freely. Some of those on the sick-list are Mr. and Mrs. George Holt and two children, Mrs. Albert Johnston, Mrs. James Holt, Misses Rachel, Louisa, and Luella Holt, and Messrs. Robert Holt, Albert Hanson, and Milton McCullough, also little Miss Hattie McCullough, and LeRoy Holt. We are glad to say all are convalescing and we trust all will soon be completely recovered.

Mr. Randall Fiander, of Eastport, spent a few days here at the home of R. A. Holt.

Miss Mary Holt, of Port Elgin, West Co., spent a few days at her home here recently, on account of the illness of her brother, Robert, returning on Monday to her school.

Miss Annie Holt, of Chamcook, was

SOLD WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN



The Dominion of Canada

offers

War-Savings Stamps

at \$4.00 each during this month

And will redeem them for \$5 each on Jan. 1st, 1924

Every dollar will be worth more.

W-S.S. can be registered against loss

THRIFT STAMPS 25 cents each

16 THRIFT STAMPS exchangeable for one W-S.S.

called to her home here owing to the illness of her mother and sisters. She returned to her duties on Monday last.

Miss Florence Cunningham, R. N., who was in attendance on Mr. and Mrs. George Holt, returned to her home in Upper Bocabec on Saturday last.

Mrs. Harold Mitchell spent last week here, helping care for her mother, brother, and sisters.

Mrs. Margaret McCullough, of St. Andrews, is caring for her daughter, Mrs. Albert Johnston, who is a victim of the "flu."

Miss Elizabeth Groom, G. N., is in attendance at the home of Mr. Matthew McCullough.

Dr. Taylor paid another professional visit to Bocabec on Monday, and we have now a few more patients to add to the list of those suffering from the prevailing epidemic. These are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John Brownrigg, and we understand the entire family of six are in some stage of the disease, but are not seriously ill.

Much rejoicing is going on at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McCullough over the return of their son, Pte. R. LeRoy McCullough, who has just arrived from overseas. We are all glad to welcome Pte. McCullough back home once more.

ROLLINGDAM, N. B.

George McShane, with a crew of men and teams has started logging at Piskehegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Orr, of Waweig, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mitchell.

Alfred Mitchell and Barton Wrigley have gone to the lumber woods for George McShane.

James McShane who has been in the lumber woods at North Brock made a short visit to his home recently.

Miss Ethel Mitchell and Miss Ada Lord, of Saint Stephen visited Mrs. Alfred Mitchell recently.

A carload of phosphate belonging to the St. Andrews and St. Croix Agriculture Society was unloaded at Hewitt Station recently.

The remains of Miss Leela McKinney were laid to rest in the Presbyterian churchyard on the 21st of January.

Arthur Glaxton, of St. David, was at Rolling Dam on business recently.

DAY OF INTERCESSION FOR PEACE OF WORLD

Ottawa, Jan. 22.—Sunday, Feb. 16, has been fixed by the Government as a national day of intercession, that the deliberations of the Peace Conference may result "in the establishment of a worldwide peace on a just and permanent foundation."

THE NEW RED SHOE STORE IS NOW OPEN

The new Shoe Store is now opened in the corner store formerly occupied by Buckman & Colwell. It is right at the head of the Public Slip or landing place, and right at the head of Ferry Wharf, so for out-of-town customers in a hurry it is the nearest place. It has always been my policy to make prices very low and I expect to do enough more business in the new red store to make it possible to quote even lower prices. Following are a few specials:

- Ladies' Rubbers, all styles, 75c. Ladies' 12 Button Gaiters, \$1.25. Ladies' 9 Button Gaiters, \$1.00. Ladies' Extra High Cut Shoes, Brown, Black, and other colors, \$5. Ladies' Extra High Cut Top Shoes, Browns, and Grays, \$4. Men's Dark Brown Shoes, Fibre or Leather soles, \$5. Men's Heavy Work Shoes, \$2.50 up. Extra High Cut Shoes with Straps and Buckles, for Men and Boys. Needles, Belts, Oil, and new parts for any Sewing Machine. Only agent for Singer Sewing Machines. Keep a large supply on hand, and make extra special low prices for cash. Any make Sewing Machine repaired. Three Ply Roofing, \$3.25. Two Ply, \$3.00. Plenty on hand.

Remember the color of my new store is bright red, can't miss it, and don't forget that I am making special prices on goods to introduce my new store to the public.

THE RED STORE IS THE STORE EDGAR HOLMES

52 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE. Open Evenings

We have had information that prices on China and Crockery will not drop for some time to come, so you might as well buy now as any time. We have everything to set or decorate a table in

CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASSWARE

At the most reasonable prices possible.

When in town call and see us, or write and we will be glad to send prices.

R. D. Ross & Co.

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

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By TAR

Copyright, Page

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Minard's Liniment

PENROD

By **BOOTH TARKINGTON**

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It was Penrod's turn. He stepped back from his chair, the table between him and the audience, and began in a high, breathless monotone:

"I fight Sir Lancelot du Lake, the Child, Gentle-hearted, meek and mild. What though I'm but a little child, Gentle-hearted, meek and mild, I do my share, though but—though but—"

Penrod paused and gulped. The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was heard from the wings, prompting irritably, and the Child Sir Lancelot repeated: "I do my share, though but—though but—"

"Pray you knight Sir Lancelot!"

This also met the royal favor, and Penrod was bidden to join Sir Galahad at the throne. As he crossed the stage Mrs. Scholfield whispered to Margaret:

"That boy! He's unspined his mantle and—axed it to cover his whole costume. After we worked so hard to make it becoming!"

"Never mind. He'll have to take the cape off in a minute," returned Margaret. She leaned forward suddenly, narrowing her eyes to see the better. "What is that thing hanging about his left ankle?" she whispered uneasily. "How queer! He must have got tangled in something."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Scholfield in alarm.

"His left foot. It makes him stumble. Don't you see? It looks—it looks like an elephant's foot!"

The Child Sir Lancelot and the Child Sir Galahad clasped hands before their child king. Penrod was conscious of a great uplift; in a moment he would have to throw aside his mantle, but even so he was protected and sheltered in the human garment of a man. His stage fright had passed, for the audience was by an indistinguishable blur of darkness beyond the dazzling lights. His most repulsive speech (that in which he proclaimed himself a "foe") was over and done with, and now at last the small, moist hand of the Child Sir Galahad lay within his own. Suddenly his brown fingers stole from Maurice's palm to the wrist. The two boys declaimed in concert:

"We are two children of the Tabul Round, Strengthen kindness all around. With love and good deeds striving ever for the best."

May our little efforts e'er be blest, Two kind hearts we offer, See, United in love, faith, hope and char—Ow!"

The conclusion of the duet was marred. The Child Sir Galahad suddenly stiffened and, uttering an irrepressible shriek of anguish, gave a brief exhibition of the contortionist's art. ("He's twisted my wrist! Dear no, leggo!")

The voice of Mrs. Lora Rewbush was again heard from the wings. It sounded bloodthirsty. Penrod released his victim, and the Child King Arthur, somewhat disconcerted, extended his scepter and, with the assistance of the enraged prompter, said:

"Sweet child friends of the Tabul Round, In brotherly love and kindness abound; Sir Lancelot, you have spoken well, Sir Galahad, too, as clear as bell. So now pray doff your mantles gay, You shall be knighted this very day."

And Penrod doffed his mantle.

Simultaneously a thick and vast gasp came from the audience, as from 500 banners in a wholly unexpected surf. This gasp was punctuated irregularly over the auditorium by imperfectly subdued screams both of dismay and incredulous joy and by dismal shrieks. Altogether it was an extraordinary sound, a sound never to be forgotten by any one who heard it. It was almost as unforgettable as the sight which caused it, the word "sight" being here used in its vernacular sense. For Penrod, standing unannounced and revealed in all the medieval and antique glory of the jousting blue overall, falls within its meaning.

The leader was a heavy man, and his overall upon Penrod were merely comic. The boy was at once swaddled and lost within their blue girths and waist sashings, and the left leg too hastily rolled up, had descended with a distinctively elephantine effect, as Margaret had observed. Certainly the Child Sir Lancelot was at least a sight.

It is probable that a great many in that hall would have had even then a consciousness that they were looking on at history in the making. A supreme act is recognizable at sight; it bears the birthmark of immortality. But Penrod, that marvelous boy, had begun to declaim, even with the gesture of flinging off his mantle for the occasion:

"I first, the Child Sir Lancelot du Lake, Will volunteer to knight you take. And kneeling here before your throne I vow to you."

He finished his speech unheard. The audience had recovered breath, but had lost self-control, and there ensued something later described by a participant as a sort of cultured riot.

The actors in the "pageant" were not so dumfounded by Penrod's costume as might have been expected. A few

precocious geniuses perceived that the overall was the Child Lancelot's own comment on maternal intentions, and these were profoundly impressed. They regarded him with the grisly admiration of young and ambitious criminals for a jail mate about to be distinguished by hanging. But most of the children simply took it to be the case (a little strange, but startling) that Penrod's mother had dressed him like that—which is pathetic. They tried to go on with the "pageant."

They made a brief, painful effort. But the irrepressible outbursts from the audience bewildered them. Every time Sir Lancelot du Lake the Child opened his mouth the great shadowy house fell into an uproar and the children into confusion. Strong women and brave girls in the audience went out into the lobby, shrieking and clinging to one another. Others remained, rocking in their seats, helpless and spent. The neighborhood of Mrs. Schofield and Margaret became tactfully a desert. Friends of the author went behind the scenes and encountered a hitherto unknown phase of Mrs. Lora Rewbush. They said afterward that she hardly seemed to know what she was doing. She begged to be left alone somewhere with Penrod Schofield, for just a little while.

They led her away.

CHAPTER IV. Evening.

THE sun was setting behind the back fence (though at a considerable distance) as Penrod Schofield approached that fence and looked thoughtfully up at the top of it, apparently having in mind some purpose to climb up and sit there. Debatable, he passed his fingers gently up and down the backs of his legs, and then something seemed to decide him not to sit anywhere. He leaned against the fence, sighed profoundly and gazed at Duke, his wistful dog.

The sigh was reminiscent. Episodes of simple paths were passing before his inward eye. About the most painful was the vision of lovely Marjorie Jones, weeping with rage as the Child Sir Lancelot was dragged, insatiate, from the prostrate and howling Child Sir Galahad, after an onslaught delivered the precise instant the curtain began to fall upon the demoralized "pageant." And then—oh, pangs! oh, woe!—she slapped at the ruffian's cheek, as he was led past her by a resentful janitor, and turning, flung her arms round the Child Sir Galahad's neck.

"Penrod Schofield, don't you dare ever speak to me again as long as you live!" Maurice's little white boots and gold tassels had done their work.

At home the late Child Sir Lancelot was consigned to a locked clothes closet pending the arrival of his father. Mr. Schofield came, and shortly after there was put into practice an old patriarchal custom. It is a custom of inconceivable antiquity—probably primordial, certainly prehistoric, but still in vogue in some remaining citadels of the ancient simplicities of the republic.

And now, therefore, in the dusk, Penrod leaned against the fence and sighed.

His case is comparable to that of an adult who could have survived a similar experience. Looking back to the sawdust box, fancy pictures this comparable adult a serious and inventive writer engaged in congenial literary activities in a private retreat. We see this period marked by the creation of some of the most virile passages of a work dealing exclusively in red corpses and huge primal impulses. We see this thoughtful man dragged from his calm seclusion to a horrifying publicity; forced to adopt the stage and, himself a writer, compelled to exploit the repulsive sentiments of an author not only personally distasteful to him, but whose whole method and school in belles-lettres he despises.

We see him reduced by desperation and modesty to stealing a pair of overalls. We conceive him to have ruined, then, his own reputation and to have utterly disgraced his family; next, to have engaged in the duello and to have been spurned by his ladylove, thus lost to him (according to her own declaration) forever. Finally, we must behold imprisonment by the authorities, the third degree and flagellation.

We conceive our man deciding that his career had been perhaps too eventful. Yet Penrod had condensed all of it into eight hours.

It appears that he had at least some shadowy perception of a recent faultness of life; for, as he leaned against the fence gazing upon his wistful Duke, he sighed again and murmured aloud:

"Well, hasn't this been a day!"

But in a little while a star came out, freshly lighted, from the highest part of the sky, and Penrod, looking up, noticed it casually and a little drowsily. He yawned. Then he sighed once more, but not reminiscently. Evening had come; the day was over.

It was a sigh of pure ennui.

Next day Penrod acquired a dime by a simple and antique process which was without doubt sometimes practiced by the boys of Babylon. When the teacher of his class in Sunday school requested the weekly contribution Penrod, fumbling honestly (at first) in the wrong pockets, managed to look so embarrassed that the gentle lady told him not to mind and said she was often forgetful herself. She was so sweet about it that, looking into the future, Penrod began to feel confident of a small but regular income.

At the close of the afternoon services he did not go home, but proceeded to squander the funds just withheld from China upon an orgy of the most pungently forbidden description. In a drug emporium near the church he purchased a five-cent sack of candy consisting for the most part of the heavily flavored hoofs of horned cat-

tle, but undeniably substantial, and so generously capable of resisting solution that the purchaser must needs be savorious beyond reason who did not realize his money's worth.

Equipped with this collation Penrod contributed his remaining nickel to a picture show, counted upon the seventh day by the legal but not the moral authorities. Here, in cozy darkness, he placidly insulted his liver with jawbreaker upon jawbreaker from the paper sack and in a surfeit of content watched the silent actors on the screen.

One film made a lasting impression upon him. It depicted with relentless pathos the drunkard's progress, beginning with his conversion to beer in the company of loose traveling men, pursuing him through an inexorable lapse into evening clothes and the society of some remarkably painful ladies. Next, exhibiting the effects of alcohol on the victim's domestic disposition, the unfortunate man was seen in the act of striking his wife and, subsequently, his pleading baby daughter with an abnormally heavy walking stick. Their flight through the snow to seek the protection of a

relative was shown, and, finally, the drunkard's picturesque behavior at the portals of a madhouse.

So fascinated was Penrod that he postponed his departure until this film came round again, by which time he had finished his unnatural repast and almost, but not quite, decided against following the profession of a drunkard when he grew up.

Emerging, satiated, from the theater, a public timepiece before a jeweler's shop confronted him with an unexpected dial and imminent perplexities. How was he to explain at home these hours of dalliance? There was a steadfast rule that he return direct from Sunday school, and Sunday rules were important because on that day there was his father, always at home and at hand, perilously ready for action. One of the hardest conditions of boyhood is the almost continuous strain put upon the powers of invention by the constant and harassing necessity for explanations of every natural act.

Proceeding homeward through the deepening twilight as rapidly as possible at a gait half skip and half canter, Penrod made up his mind in what manner he would account for his long delay and as he drew nearer rehearsed in words the opening passage of his defense.

"Now, see here," he determined to begin. "I do not wish to be blamed for things I couldn't help nor any other boy. I was going along the street by a cottage and a lady put her head out of the window and said her husband was drunk and whipping her and her little girl, and she asked me wouldn't I come in and help hold him. So I went in and tried to get hold of this drunken lady's husband where he was whipping her baby daughter, but he wouldn't pay any attention, and I told her I ought to be getting home, but she kept on asking me to stay."

At this point he reached the corner of his own yard, where a coincidence not only checked the rehearsal of his eloquence but happily obviated all occasion for it. A cab from the station drew up in front of the gate, and there descended a troubled lady in black and a fragile little girl about three.

Mrs. Schofield rushed from the house and unfolded both in hospitable arms. They were Penrod's Aunt Clara and Cousin Clara, from Dayton, Ill. and in the flurry of their arrival everybody forgot to put Penrod to the question. It is doubtful, however, if he felt any relief; there may have been even a slight, unconscious disappointment, not altogether dissimilar to that of an actor deprived of a good part.

In the course of some really necessary preparations for dinner he stepped from the bathroom into the pink and white bedchamber of his sister and addressed her rather thickly through a towel.

"When'd mamma find out Aunt Clara and Cousin Clara were coming?"

"Not till she saw them from the window. She still happened to look out as they drove up. Aunt Clara telegraphed this morning, but it wasn't delivered."

"How long they goin' to stay?" "I don't know."

Penrod ceased to rub his shining face and thoughtfully tossed the towel through the bathroom door. "Uncle John wouldn't try to make 'em come back home, I guess, will he?" (Uncle John was Aunt Clara's husband, a successful manufacturer of stoves, and his lifelong regret was that he had not entered the Baptist ministry. "Hell 'em stay here quietly, won't he?")

"What are you talking about?" demanded Margaret, turning from her mirror. "Uncle John sent them here. Why shouldn't he let them stay?"

Penrod looked crestfallen. "Then he hasn't taken to drink?"

"Certainly not!" She emphasized the denial with a pretty peal of soprano laughter.

"Then why," asked her brother gloomily, "why did Aunt Clara look so worried when she got here?"

"Good-gracious! Not people worry about anything except somebody's drinking? Where did you get such an idea?"

"Well," he persisted, "you don't know it ain't that."

She laughed again, whole heartedly. "Poor Uncle John! He won't even sit grape juice or ginger ale in his house. They came because they were afraid little Clara might catch the measles. She's very delicate, and there's such an epidemic of measles among the children over in Dayton. Uncle John got so worried that last night he dreamed about it, and this morning he couldn't stand it any longer and packed them off over here, though he thinks it's wicked to travel on Sunday. And Aunt Clara was worried when she got here because they'd forgotten to check her trunk and it will have to be sent by express. Now, what is the name of common sense put it into your head that Uncle John had taken to—"

"Oh, nothing!" He turned helplessly away and went downstairs, a newborn hope dying in his bosom. Life seems so needlessly dull sometimes.

CHAPTER V. School.

NEXT morning, when he had once more resumed the dreadful burden of education, it seemed infinitely duller. And yet what pleasanter sight is there than a schoolroom well filled with children of those sprouting years just before the teens? The casual visitor, gazing from the teacher's platform upon these busy little heads, needs only a blunted memory to experience the most agreeable and exhilarating sensations. Still, for the greater part the children are unconscious of the happiness of their condition, for nothing is more pathetically true than that we "never know when we are well off."

The boys in a public school are less aware of their happy state than are the girls, and of all the boys in his room probably Penrod himself had the least appreciation of his felicity.

He sat staring at an open page of a textbook, but not studying, not even reading; not even thinking. Nor was he lost in a reverie. His mind's eye was shut, as his physical eye might have been, for the optic nerve, flaccid with ennui, conveyed nothing whatever of the printed page upon which the orb of vision was partially focused. Penrod was doing something very unusual and rare, something almost never accomplished except by colored people or by a boy in school nothing at all. He was merely a state of being.

From the street a sound stole in through the open window, and abhorring nature began to fill the vacuum called Penrod Schofield, for the sound was the spring song of a month or more coming down the sidewalk. The windows were intentionally above the level of the eyes of the seated pupils, but the picture of the musician was plain to Penrod, painted for him by a quality in the rums and trills partaking of the oboe, of the calloped and of cats in anguish—an excruciating sweetness obtained only by the wallowing, wallowing yellow-pink palm of a hand whose back was Kong's black and shiny. The music came down the street and passed beneath the window, accompanied by the care-free shuffling of a pair of shoes scuffling/synceptions on the cement sidewalk. It passed into the distance, became faint and blurred: was gone. Emotion stirred in Penrod a great and poignant desire, but (perhaps fortunately) no fancy godmother made her appearance. Otherwise Penrod would have gone down the street in a black skin, playing the month organ, and an unprepared colored youth would have found himself enjoying educational advantages for which he had no ambition whatever.

Roused from perfect apathy, the boy cast about the schoolroom an eye weary to nausea by the perpetual vision of the neat teacher upon the platform, the backs of the heads of the pupils in front of him and the monotonous stretches of blackboard threateningly defaced by arithmetical formula and other insignia of torture. Above the blackboard the walls of the high room were of white plaster, white with the qualified whiteness of old snow in a soft coal town. This dismal expanse was broken by four lithographic portraits, votive offerings of a thoughtful publisher. The portraits were of good and great men, kind men, men who loved children. Their faces were noble and benevolent. But the lithographs offered the only rest for the eyes of children fatigued by the everlasting sameness of the schoolroom. Long day after long day, interminable week in and interminable week out, vast month on vast month, the pupils sat with those four portraits beaming kindness down upon

them. The faces became permanent in the consciousness of the children; they became an obsession. In and out of school the children were never free of them. The four faces haunted the minds of children falling asleep. They hung upon the minds of children waking at night; they rose forebodingly in the minds of children waking in the morning; they became monotonously alive in the minds of children lying sick at fever. Never while the children of that schoolroom lived would they be able to forget one detail of the four lithographs. The hand of Longfellow was fixed for them forever in his beard. And by a simple and unconscious association of ideas Penrod Schofield was accumulating an antipathy for the gentle Longfellow, and for James Russell Lowell, and for Oliver Wendell Holmes, and for John Greenleaf Whittier which would never permit him to peruse a work of one of those great New Englanders without a feeling of personal resentment.

His eyes fell slowly and implicitly from the brow of Whittier to the braid of reddish hair belonging to Victorie Rordan, the little octocorn girl who sat directly in front of him. Victorie's back was as familiar to Penrod as the necktie of Oliver Wendell Holmes. So was her gayly colored braided waist. He hated the waist as he hated Victorie herself without knowing why. Enforced companionship in large quantities and on an equal basis between the sexes appears to sterilize the affections, and schoolroom romances are few.

Victorie's hair was thick and the brickish glints in it were beautiful, but Penrod was very tired of it. A tiny knot of green ribbon finished off the braid and kept it from unraveling, and beneath the ribbon there was a final wisp of hair which was just long enough to repose upon Penrod's desk when Victorie leaned back in her seat. It was there now. Thoughtfully he took the braid between thumb and forefinger and, without disturbing Victorie, dipped the end of it and the green ribbon into the inkwell of his desk. He brought hair and ribbon forth dripping purple ink and partially dried them on a blotter, though, a moment later, when Victorie leaned forward, they were still able to add a few picturesque touches to the plaid waist.

Rudolph Krauss, across the aisle from Penrod, watched the operation with protuberant eyes, fascinated. Inspired to imitation, he took a piece of chalk from his pocket and wrote "Tats" across the shoulder blades of the boy in front of him, then looked across appealingly to Penrod for tokens of congratulation. Penrod yawned.

Half the members of the class passed out to a recitation room, the em-purpled Victorie among them, and Miss Spence started the remaining half through the ordeal of trial by mathematics. Several boys and girls were sent to the blackboard, and Penrod, spared for the moment, followed their operations a little while with his eyes, but not with his mind; then, sinking deeper in his seat, limply abandoned the effort. His eyes remained open, but saw nothing. The routine of the arithmetic lesson reached his ears in familiar, meaningless sounds, but he heard nothing, and yet, this time, he was profoundly occupied. He had drifted away from the painful land of facts, and floated now in a new sea of fancy which he had just discovered.

Maturity forgets the marvelous realism of a boy's day dreams, how colorful they glow, rosy and living, and how opaque the curtain closing down between the dreamer and the actual world. That curtain is almost sound proof, too, and causes more throat trouble among parents than is suspected.

The nervous monotony of the schoolroom inspires a sometimes unbearable longing for something astonishing to happen, and as every boy's fundamental desire is to do something astonishing himself, so as to be the center of all human interest and awe, it was natural that Penrod should discover in fancy the delightful secret of self levitation. He found, in this curious series of imaginings, during the lesson in arithmetic, that the atmosphere may be navigated as by a swimmer under water, but with infinitely greater ease and with perfect comfort in breathing. In his mind he extended his arms gracefully, at a level with his shoulders, and delicately paddled the air with his hands, which at once caused him to be drawn up out of his seat and elevated gently to a position about mid-way between the floor and the ceiling, where he came to an equilibrium and dozed; a sensation not the less exquisite because of the screams of his fellow pupils, appalled by the miracle. Miss Spence herself was amazed and frightened, but he only smiled down carelessly upon her when she commanded him to return to earth, and then, when she climbed upon a desk to pull him down, he quietly paddled himself a little higher, leaving his toes just out of her reach. Next he swam through a few slow soursuits to show his mastery of the new art, and with the shouting of the dumfounded scholars ringing in his ears, turned on his side and floated swiftly out of the window, immediately rising above the housetops, while people in the street below him shrieked, and a trolley car stopped dead in wonder.

With almost no exertion he paddled himself many yards at a stroke, to the girls' private school where Marjorie Jones was a pupil—Marjorie Jones of the amber curls and the golden voice! Long before the "Pageant of the Tabul Round" she had offered Penrod a hundred proofs that she considered him wholly undesirable and ineligible. At the Friday afternoon dancing class she consistently incited and led the laughter at him whenever

Professor Bartel singled him out for admonition in matters of feet and decorum. And but yesterday she had chided him for his slavish lack of memory in daring to offer her greeting on the way to Sunday school. "Well, I expect you must forget I told you never to speak to me again! If I was a boy I'd be too proud to come hanging around people that don't speak to me, even if I was the worst boy in town!" So she flouted him. But now as he floated in through the window of her classroom, and swam gently along the ceiling like an escaped toy balloon she fell upon her knees beside her little desk and, lifting up her arms toward him, cried with love and admiration:

"Oh, Penrod!"

He negligently kicked a globe from the high chandelier and, smiling coldly, floated out through the hall to the front steps of the school, while Marjorie followed, imploring him to grant her one kind look.

In the street an enormous crowd had gathered, headed by Miss Spence and a brass band, and a cheer from a hundred thousand throats shook the very ground, as Penrod swam overhead. Marjorie knelt upon the steps and watched adoringly while Penrod took the drum major's baton and, performing sinuous evolutions above the crowd, led the band. Then he threw the baton so high that it disappeared from sight. But he went swiftly after it, a double delight, for he had not only the delicious sensation of rocketing safely up and up into the blue sky, but also that of standing in the crowd below, watching and admiring himself as he dwindled to a speck, disappeared and then, emerging from a cloud, came speeding down, with the baton in his hand, to the level of the street-tops, where he beat time for the band and the vast throng and Marjorie Jones, who all united in the "Star Spangled Banner" in honor of his aerial achievements. It was a great moment.

It was a great moment, but something seemed to threaten it. The face of Miss Spence looking up from the crowd grew too vivid—unpleasantly vivid. She was beckoning him and shouting, "Come down, Penrod Schofield! Penrod Schofield, come down here!" He could hear her above the band and the singing of the multitude. She seemed intent on spoiling everything. Marjorie Jones was weeping to show how sorry she was that she had formerly slighted him and throwing kisses to prove that she loved him, but Miss Spence kept jumping between him and Marjorie, incessantly calling his name.

He grew more and more irritated with her. He was the most important person in the world and was engaged in proving it to Marjorie Jones and the whole city, and yet Miss Spence seemed to feel she still had the right to order him about as she did in the old days when he was an ordinary schoolboy. He was furious. He was sure she wanted him to do something disagreeable. It seemed to him that she had screamed "Penrod Schofield!" thousands of times.

From the beginning of his aerial experiments in his own schoolroom, he had not opened his lips, knowing somehow that one of the requirements for air floating is perfect silence on the part of the flier; but, finally, irritated beyond measure by Miss Spence's clamorous insistence, he was unable to restrain an indignant rebuke and immediately came to earth with a frightful bump.

Miss Spence—in the flesh—had directed toward the physical body of the absent Penrod an inquiry as to the fractional consequences of dividing seventeen apples fairly among three boys, and she was surprised and displeased to receive no answer, although to the best of her knowledge and belief he was looking fixedly at her. She repeated her question crisply without visible effect; then summoned him by name with increasing asperity. Twice she called him, while all his fellow pupils turned to stare at the glaring boy. She advanced a step from the platform.

"Penrod Schofield!"

"Oh, my goodness!" he shouted suddenly. "Can't you keep still a minute?"

CHAPTER VI. Uncle John.

MISS SPENCE gasped. So did the pupils. The whole room filled with a swelling, conglomerate "O-o-o-h!"

As for Penrod himself, the walls reeled with the shock. He sat with his mouth open, a mere lump of stupefaction. For the appalling words that he had hurled at the teacher were as inexplicable to him as to any other who heard them.

Nothing is more treacherous than the human mind; nothing else so loves to play the Iscariot. Even when patiently bullied into a semblance of order and training it may prove but a base and shifty servant. And Penrod's mind was not his servant. It was a master, with the April wind's whims, and it had just played him a diabolical trick. The very jolt with which he came back to the schoolroom in the midst of his fancied flight jarred his day dream utterly out of him and he sat open mouthed in horror at what he had said.

The unanimous gasp of awe was protracted. Miss Spence, however, finally recovered her breath, and returning deliberately to the platform, faced the school. "And then, for a little while," as pathetic stories sometimes recount, "everything was very still." It was so still, in fact, that Penrod's new-born notoriety could almost be heard growing. This grisly silence was at last broken by the teacher.

"Penrod Schofield, stand up!"

(Continued on page six.)



Equipped With This Collation Penrod Contributed His Remaining Nickel to a Picture Show.

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

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Countries, per annum \$2.00
If payment is made strictly in advance a
discount of 50 cents will be allowed in
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The best advertising medium in Charlotte
County. Rates furnished on applica-
tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 1st February, 1919.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

IN the past week the Peace Conference held a number of important meetings in Paris, and much progress was made and perfect unanimity seems to have prevailed. The most important decision reached was not to restore the conquered colonial possessions to Germany, but to apportion their control among the Allies, subject to the ultimate supervision of the League of Nations, the formation of which is a certain consummation of the Peace Conference. Representatives of British dominions and colonies do not seem to endorse entirely the decision reached, but their fears may prove unfounded. So long as Great Britain is a member of the prospective League of Nations the whole world can be assured that any control exercised over colonies by the League will be used in a manner conformable to the traditions and custom of British colonial practice, which has always been to safeguard the interests of the native races.

While the Conference is working hard, and successfully, in bringing about a permanent and just peace, unhappy Russia is still in the throes of revolution and war. Fighting occurred in several places in European Russia and Siberia, the Bolsheviks being successful at some points, and those opposed to them succeeding at others, the net result, apparently, being the further weakening of the Bolshevik power.

The opposing factions in Poland have reached a basis of cooperation, and the new Republic, under the Presidency of Paderewski, has been recognized by the Powers represented at the Peace Conference.

Counter revolutions in Germany have not altogether ceased, the government is becoming stronger daily, and the prospect of the power being firmly, speedily, and universally supported is very bright. Extremists must give way to the control of moderates.

Canadian troops have continued to arrive in large numbers from their campaigns overseas, and St. Andrews has again had the pleasure of welcoming home a few more of her returned heroes. It is announced that in future returning Canadian soldiers will be transported in units, which will facilitate their transportation by railway to their homes in Canada; and it will also make it possible to have the welcome accorded to the men embrace a large number, instead of only one or two at a time, as has been the case.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR ST. ANDREWS

SOME enterprising citizens are organizing a Company for the purpose of establishing an electric lighting plant in St. Andrews, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will succeed in their undertaking. That St. Andrews has been no long without electric light for general users and for street illumination, is a source of wonder not only to the visitors but to the mass of the townspeople as well. There is not the slightest doubt that if electric light were available it would soon be installed in every house in town; and our streets have been so long in total darkness on those nights when the moon does not shine brilliantly, that all the residents of the Town will hail with joy the lighting of the streets by electricity. The wretched old and dim kerosene lamps that were used for a time to light(?) the streets were justly discarded, as their maintenance was only a waste of money; but they served the purpose of showing the greater advantage of having streets lighted properly by electricity.

The gentleman who are organizing the Company are among our most public-spirited and enterprising citizens; and we are confident that the object they have in view is to supply a much needed public utility rather than to exploit the public for private profit. They should receive every encouragement.

There ought to be no hesitation, on the part of the Town Council to arrange with the Company to light the streets. The Company will have to get permission from the Council to erect poles, and when that permission is granted it would be well for the Council to arrange with the Company that the Town shall have the right to take over any time after a definite

period the plant to be installed by the Company at a valuation be fixed by expert agreement confirmed by the Provincial Public Utilities Commission. Let there be Light.

A PERSONAL NOTE

AS is announced in another column, there will be no issue of the BEACON for four or five weeks, as I am due to leave next week for England on a business trip that concerns me personally and will have a direct ultimate bearing on the future of the paper. For nearly five years I have carried on the BEACON at a very considerable pecuniary loss, but in spite of the unsatisfactory financial condition, the paper has been enlarged to its present size, and has provided weekly a large amount of interesting news and other reading matter. The readers of the paper have been highly appreciative of my efforts, and have given me great encouragement. The subscription list is quite satisfactory, and the number of subscribers was beginning to show an increase, but the commercial interests of St. Andrews have not used their local paper to the extent they should do, both for their own advantage and for the benefit of the community at large. Advertisements in any well-balanced newspaper should occupy nearly one-half the whole space; but at present the reading matter in the BEACON takes up nearly three quarters of the space. Such a paper cannot possibly pay unless the number of subscribers is very largely increased. It is true that the war years have been very hard on all country weekly newspapers throughout Canada, but in no town in Canada have conditions been so hard for a local newspaper as they have been in St. Andrews; for in other towns it is the practice for all merchants to advertise, and extensively, but here many of the merchants, mechanics, and professional men do not advertise at all, and some of those who do advertise use only a very small space. The loss falls on the whole community, for buyers go where they are invited to go by merchants who advertise; so St. Andrews fails to get the share of outside trade to which it is entitled by its geographical position, and many people in St. Andrews buy largely from outside sources from mail order houses and merchants who advertise.

I have striven hard for nearly five years to revive the spirit of enterprise and cooperation that used to prevail in St. Andrews, but there are so many here who are so self-centred, so inclined to work only for their own individual profit and to ignore the general interests of the community, so prone to invest their savings and profits in enterprises in other places rather than help to build up industries in their own community, that much missionary work remains to be done. Just how these selfish and indifferent people can be reached is a problem, but it ought to admit of a solution.

For myself, the trip I am about to take is not for pleasure or recreation, though I know of no one who has earned a holiday more than myself, by nearly five years of the very hardest kind of work without any relaxation whatever; but I hope by my visit to England to interest some capitalists in an enterprise I have long had in contemplation and which the war has held up for four years. The enterprise contemplated includes the continuation of the BEACON, and its further improvement; and I am confident that all its readers are well-wishers for my success.

I am extremely sorry that I have been unable to get someone to carry on the paper in my absence, but my efforts in this direction failed. I sincerely hope that the patrons of the paper, both advertisers and subscribers, will wait patiently for my return, which will be as soon as possible, probably in not more than five weeks at the most.

St. Andrews has a brilliant future if its people will work together for the common good, and will show their faith in, and regard for, the Town by endeavoring to expand present business and to develop new enterprises. I wish to do all in my power to this end, and have already made large sacrifices in time and money with this sole object in view.

WALLACE BROAD

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

The Editor has received several letters from Correspondents that require an answer, but this will have to be deferred, until his return from England in March.

Thrill Stamps are "quarters"

NO RECEIPT NECESSARY

Subscribers sometimes make requests for a receipt for remittances made in renewal, and such receipts are sent when a stamped addressed envelope accompanies the request. But no receipt is necessary, as the date on the address slip shows the time up to which the paper is paid, and the date is always changed when the money for renewal is received. The mailing list is now corrected to January 29, and the next correction will be made three days before the next issue of the BEACON.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL

(Concluding Report.)

The sessions of County Council were continued at St. Andrews until Friday afternoon.

Coun. Mawhinney, of Lepreau, who had missed connexion at St. John Tuesday morning, took his seat at the Wednesday afternoon session, thus completing the personnel of the Council.

Coun. Douglass placed the Town Hall in St. Andrews at the disposal of the Council for a recreation room.

The committee to whom had been referred the matter of the salaries of the sheriff and jailor, reported, recommending that the salary of the sheriff be increased from \$600 to \$700, and that of the jailor from \$420 to \$500, and it was so ordered. The report pointed out that the jailor also received free light, fuel, and rent, valued at \$200.

Nearly all of the afternoon was spent in finance committee, in consideration of bills in connexion with the old "health districts," which have gone out of existence under the new Health Act. Those from District No. 14, parish of Grand Manan, were properly certified and were ordered to be paid and the required assessment of \$570.07 ordered levied on the parish. Those for districts 15 and 28 were not certified by the recent chairman and were, after careful consideration, left for further action.

THURSDAY MORNING

When Council reassembled, Coun. Connors, of Penfield, moved that the regulations against cattle running at large in that parish be enforced after June 1 of the present year; and the motion was seconded by Coun. McVicar. Coun. Connors presented a petition in favor of the change signed by 123 residents, and one against the change signed by 50 residents.

Coun. Hawkins urged that no change be made, as the matter would be decided by the residents of the parish at the election next fall, when two councillors would run on each side of the question.

Coun. Connors urged that the matter be determined at this time. On the question being put, fifteen voted in favor of putting the cattle regulations in force in June, and seventeen against, and the motion of Coun. Connors was declared lost.

Coun. Grimmer, chairman of the committee on County Property, explained that new carpet ordered to be placed in the court house had not been purchased because it could not be secured. They would endeavor to have the work done during the present year.

Coun. Hawkins introduced a resolution placing the "day pay" of councillors at \$5, instead of \$3, and stated that because of the increased cost of travelling, board, etc., the councillors could not "get by" at the present pay. This was seconded by Coun. Monahan, who stated that the motion was not made in the interests of the present councillors as of those who would follow them.

Coun. Morrell, Pollard, and McMillan spoke against the resolution, the latter remarking that, judging by the way the councillors stayed in the Shire Town, they must feel that they are getting enough. Coun. McNeill, Richardson, and Johnson spoke in favor of the resolution.

On the motion being put, five councillors Calder, Donald, Pollard, Morrell, and McMillan, voted against the increase, and the other twenty-eight voted in favor.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

The secretary read a petition of the Bay of Fundy, Red Granite Co., Milne Coutts & Co., asking for a reduction of the valuation of their property in the parish of St. George, claiming over assessment.

Coun. Maxwell advised against interfering with the work of the assessors, as it was difficult to get men to do the work, and he thought that the assessment was right.

On motion, the matter was referred to a committee consisting of Couns. Hawkins, McCann, and Pollard, who subsequently reported, recommending that the valuation be reduced from \$6000 to \$4000, and the recommendation was adopted.

The Council then went into finance committee, when the bills from Health District No. 15, amounting to \$554.04, and No. 28, amounting to \$485.26, were ordered to be paid and assessed upon the parishes concerned.

Then the demand for the current year for the purposes of the new Board of Health, \$3500, was ordered to be assessed upon the towns and parishes of the county. This was a new "baby," born of the provincial government and rather forced upon the county without any choice on their part. It was not cordially received, but the secretary assured the council that to refuse the demand of the board would accomplish nothing other than to bring further expense on the county, and the child was reluctantly adopted. There are no party politics at the Charlotte County Council, few members know or care what party the others belong to, and as a consequence matters are considered solely on their merits. None were heard to approve of the new Health Act, but none were inclined to contend against it when that would only mean increased cost to the county.

Coun. McNeill spoke of a health bill of \$236 for furniture destroyed in the home of Mrs. McKinney on Deer Island—follow-

ing an outbreak of smallpox, that was not paid at the last session of the council. As other bills of a like nature had been passed at this session, he thought this account should now be paid. After investigation, it was ascertained that the amount charged in this bill for clothing and furniture destroyed was \$125, and this was ordered to be paid.

This concluded the work of the finance committee, and it then reported to council, the report being adopted and its recommendations ordered to be carried out.

Coun. Pollard asked the secretary for information as to the liability of returned soldiers in the matter of taxes.

The secretary stated that he knew of no provision in the Assessment Act or the Military Service Act which, in any way, exempted soldiers from liability in this matter. They could not arrest or detain a soldier in uniform for taxes or any other cause, as the state has first claim upon his services. In some towns and parishes, the soldiers have been exempted from taxes, and he believed properly exempted, but the assessors and the collectors have no authority in law to exempt, unless they choose to do, as many do, just close their eyes to the exactions of the law and deal generously with the soldiers. He was strongly of the opinion that they do not become non-residents because of their absence on duty, for their home is still their home and their names should be kept on the voting lists. It is a case where generosity should rule.

Coun. Douglas thanked the members of council who showed their sympathy by going with him to the train that day to assist in the welcome to his son returning from overseas. Coun. Douglas stated that the citizens of St. Andrews had been considering the matter of a memorial to the soldiers of the town who have fallen in battle, and many favored the erection of a monument, though this has not been decided. If such a memorial is decided upon, they would like permission to erect it on the vacant square in front of the county building and would like to have the lot deeded to the town for that purpose. If the county was to erect a county monument, the people of the town would gladly work and contribute to that object, rather than to one for the town only. The matter was very fully discussed.

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Bowling Alley
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When in town we are pleased if we can show you the goods.

C. C. GRANT
St. Stephen, N. B.

at this and subsequent sessions, Thos. A. Hart, M. P., being among those to speak. The opinion was general that, while the towns were able to erect such memorials as they choose, many of the parishes are too small to accomplish what they would desire to see, but that by uniting as one a creditable memorial could be provided for the county, and that the proper place for such a memorial is in the shire town.

After reference to a committee composed of Couns. Hunter, Hawkins, and Johnson, the following resolution was heartily adopted.

"The war being over and our soldier boys returning home, and while we rejoice that so many of them have been spared to us after their noble defence and splendid victory gained in the cause of liberty, it comes to us that while so many of our brave boys have fallen we should, at this time, take steps to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument to keep their memory ever green. Therefore be it—

Resolved, that this council take immediate steps to that end by appointing

(Continued on page 5)

H. O'NEILL

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Come and see what our Canadian Boys have
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Social and Personal

Miss Emma Greenlaw, nurse-in-training at the Calais Hospital, spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Greenlaw.

Mr. Cleveland Mitchell and family have moved into Red Cliff cottage on Water Street.

Lieut. Phillip Hodder and Mrs. Hodder have been the guests of Mr. Thos. Sharp, Minister's Island.

Miss Marjorie Babbitt has been visiting in St. Stephen.

The Misses Rigby entertained at a sewing party on Monday evening.

Judge Byron was in St. Stephen this week.

Miss Freda Wren entertained at the tea hour on Tuesday for Lieut. and Mrs. Hodder.

The Evening Bridge Club met with Mrs. Ralph Goodchild on Tuesday evening. Miss Bessie Grimmer held the highest score.

Miss Hazel McCurdy is recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Bessie Grimmer has returned from a visit to St. John.

Rev. Father O'Keefe has returned from St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman are visiting in Florenceville.

Signaller Hugh Monahan, of Elmsville, visited relatives in town on Friday.

Mr. John F. Calder, Inspector of Fisheries, of Campbell, and Mr. Carson, of the Customs, were in town on Monday.

Mrs. G. H. Stickney entertained the members of All Saints Guild at the tea hour on Tuesday.

Mr. Warren Stinson is in McAdam.

Mrs. F. H. Grimmer entertained the members of All Saints Apron Guild on Tuesday.

Miss Melba Calder entertained a number of her friends at a birthday party on Monday evening. Those present were Phyllis and Lois Thompson, Mary O'Neill, Edith Finigan, Ruth Graham, Eleanor Snell, Gretchen Graham, Mildred Rigby, and Mary Newton.

Mr. Guy Sutherland was a visitor in town for a few days this week. Mr. Sutherland has resigned from the Bank of Nova Scotia, St. Stephen, and is returning to his home in Oxford, N. S., where he will enter into business with his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwill Douglas entertained a number of friends on Monday evening in honor of their son, George, who has just recently arrived home from overseas. Dancing was enjoyed during the evening, after which refreshments were served.

Mrs. Robert Slater has received word that the Schri. Cashier, on which her husband sailed, has arrived safely in Montevideo, South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilman spent Sunday with relatives at Bayside.

Mrs. R. Slater, Miss Annie Ross, and Forest Ross were guests of Mrs. E. H. Rigby at Bayside.

Miss A. McDonald has returned home from a pleasant visit in St. John.

The Misses Grace and Annie Stinson, who have been the guests of Mrs. T. Richardson, returned to Boston on Thursday.

Mrs. E. A. Cockburn entertained at the tea hour on Wednesday.

Miss Annie Richardson is confined to her home by the prevailing sickness.

On Thursday evening the President and other officers of the Y. W. P. A. entertained the members in the Town Hall. In the guessing contest Mrs. W. F. Kennedy and Miss Bessie Grimmer were the prize winners.

Mrs. Howard Rigby entertained on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gillman entertained the orchestra and their friends at a dance on Thursday evening.

Miss Marjorie Babbitt has returned from St. Stephen.

Miss Bessie Wren is ill with bronchial pneumonia.

Mrs. Edward Larsen has gone to the Chipman Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Elmer Rigby entertained at a sewing party on Friday evening.

Mrs. E. N. Heney, Sherbrooke Street West, is entertaining at a small luncheon on Friday.—Lady Tait, Sherbrooke Street West, is entertaining a few of her friends at luncheon on Thursday.

—Montreal Herald, Jan. 28.

SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREAR will greatly oblige by remitting at once. Since January 1, over 300 bills have been sent out, and only 100 recipients have so far responded. We want the money, the amount is small in each case, but in the aggregate it is very considerable. Of all the difficulties with which country newspapers have to struggle, delinquent subscribers constitute one of the most serious. So, please pay up.

Local and General

There will be an Organ Recital in the Presbyterian church on Monday evening next, February 3, at 7:30. Mr. Frank Lane will be the organist, and Miss Georgie Nesbitt, soloist. A silver collection will be taken in the church for the benefit of the St. Andrews Band. All lovers of good music should make an effort to be present.

The Women's Canadian Club will open the campaign for raising a Memorial Fund, by a Card Party, Dance and Candy sale in Andraeleo Hall, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 4th. Doors open at 7:30, cards at 8 o'clock. Prizes will be given and refreshments served at 11 o'clock, after which the orchestra will furnish music for dancing. If you do not dance or play cards, come and bring your knitting and help along a good cause. Tickets 50 cents.

The Canadian Club is also planning an Olds Folks Concert to be held on Easter Tuesday, to raise money for the same cause.

"A Woman Defeats a Rascal" see Virginia Pearson in the Photo drama "The Liar" showing at King St Theatre this week-end.

Rev. James Ross, of Halifax, conducted the service in Greenock Church last Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Fraser will preach at both services in Greenock Church next Sunday.

The rink at the corner of Queen and Princess Streets is now in excellent condition, and a large number of people, both young and old, are enjoying the skating.

On Sunday last Mrs. J. G. Handy received a telegram conveying the sad news of the death of her sister, Mrs. D. B. Kinne, in Boston, Mass. Mrs. Kinne was the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William McLeod, of this town, and her many St. Andrews friends will hear of her sudden death with much regret.

On Monday Pte. Bernard McMullin of the 112th Batt., and Pte Wm. Nicholas, of the 42nd. Batt., returned from Overseas. They were met at the station by Mayor and Council, The Town Band, and a crowd of citizens. Both boys had had a large share in the fighting. Pte. Nicholas had won a medal for his skill as a sniper. Pte. McMullin is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McMullin. Pte. Nicholas is a son of John Nicholas, the head of the settlement of Indians.

On Tuesday Pte. R. McCullough, of Bocabec, arrived home. Although not a St. Andrews boy, he was welcomed with the same reception accorded the town boys. Pte. McCullough is a son of Mr. Mathew McCullough, of Bocabec.

RED CROSS

The President, gratefully acknowledges from Mrs. Charles Chapman \$15.00.

MARRIED

MITCHELL ANDREWS

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, Jan. 15, at Devon Court, when John Boswell Mitchell and M. Elizabeth Andrews, of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, were united in marriage by the Rev. M. Laidlaw, of Knox Church, Winnipeg. Mr. Mitchell has just returned from the front after four years in France. The happy couple plan to reside in Winnipeg.—Saskirk Weekly Record.

OBITUARY

SARAH ANN KENDALL

Campobello, Jan. 27—Died, Thursday 23rd Jan., Sarah Ann Kendall, widow of the late George Kendall, of Massachusetts, aged 87 years. Deceased will be remembered as Miss Sarah Ann Batson, of Campobello. Mrs. Etta Vennell, a resident here, is a sister of the deceased, but on account of illness was unable to attend the funeral service, which was held on Saturday from the home of the Misses Lina and Elizabeth Kelley, where the aged lady has been kindly cared for several months. Rev. G. E. Tobin conducted the service, and interment took place in the Episcopal cemetery.

W. B. TRE CARTIN

White Head, G. M., Jan. 25.—The remains of W. B. Trecartin were brought home for burial on Tuesday last and laid to rest beside those of his first wife and three children. Mr. Trecartin was at work in a shipyard at Plymouth, N. H., where he was taken ill with pneumonia, and died on Sunday. He leaves his second wife, and two sons, Archie, who resides here, and Berdell, in Lubec; and two brothers and two sisters.

The funeral service was held at the Church, and was conducted by Mr. Cleveland Wilson. The choir sang "Asleep in Jesus," "There will be no tears in Paradise," and "Does Jesus Care?" At the grave they sang "Christians Good Night." A flower pillow was presented by friends.

HUBERT STINSON

The body of the late Hubert Stinson, who died in Boston on Sunday, was brought to St. Andrews for burial on Tuesday. The funeral services were

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS AND SUBSCRIBERS

There will be no issue of the BEACON for four or five weeks, owing to the absence of the Editor-Manager, who leaves next week for a short visit to England. Mr. W. F. Mallory will attend to all business matters of the Company during the Manager's absence.

Subscribers in arrears will kindly make prompt payment to the Company. Accounts have been sent out to all who were in arrears on Jan. 1. A number of new subscribers have recently sent in their names, and we hope they, as well as all old subscribers, will not be inconvenienced by the temporary suspension of the paper, which is unavoidable.

Advertisers will kindly make payment of accounts due on Dec. 31 last, whether rendered or not. They will know the amounts due.

St. Andrews, N. B. February 1, 1919.

BEACON PRESS COMPANY

held in All Saints Church by the Rev. G. H. Elliot. Interment was made in the Rural Cemetery. The pall-bearers were Robert Stinson, Ira Stinson, Warren Stinson, Alphonso Cummings, William Carson, and Egbert Carson. The deceased was a son of the late Angus Stinson, of this town. Although for a great many years he had been a resident of Boston, he always took a keen interest in the affairs of his native town. He is survived by two brothers, Jarvis and Allan, and a sister, Miss Grace.

be made for sheep killed by dogs owned by the persons making the claim. The council adjourned sine die, and with the singing of the National Anthem.

A CHEQUE IS NOT MONEY

In spite of printed instructions on all bills sent to subscribers, that cheques drawn on any Bank outside of St. Andrews are subject to a 'Bank charge, or commission, for collection, some subscribers ignore the instructions and send cheques on their local Banks for the net amount of the subscription due. In all cases we can only give credit for the amount received by us at the Bank here. American subscribers must also kindly remember that all cheques, wherever drawn, when presented for payment at any Bank in

CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL

(Continued from page 4)

a memorial committee consisting of the whole council and an executive committee of five members of this council, to start a campaign throughout the county to raise funds to provide a monument to be erected on the county lot in front of the court house at St. Andrews. Councillors Hawkins, Hunter, Grimmer, Matthews, and McCann were appointed a central committee to have charge of the matter of the soldiers' monument, with F. H. Grimmer, county secretary, to be treasurer of all funds collected. Coun. Hunter was appointed secretary to the committee.

Coun. Connors presented a petition asking the provincial government to establish a separate polling place for provincial elections at Black's Harbor, and moved its adoption, seconded by Coun. Hawkins. It had unanimous passage.

Members of the July committee were elected as follows: Couns. McMillan, McLain, Simpson, and Maxwell; Substitutes, Couns. Monahan and Russell.

FRIDAY MORNING

Frank Mallory was reappointed county auditor.

Coun. Hunter introduced the following. Resolved, that we recognize the New Brunswick Prohibitory Act as a factor making strongly for the happiness and prosperity of the province, and that we hereby express our approval of the same and of its efficient enforcement in Charlotte county.

Coun. Hunter said that he had pleasure in presenting this resolution, though he thought some amendments to the act would improve it. As at present the act is working like the Game Law, in setting one man against his neighbour. He particularly objected to the work of some inspectors in holding innocent as well as guilty up to ridicule by stopping them and searching their grips, often in an offensive manner. He had not encountered this in Charlotte county, but had seen it in other parts of the province, and would like to see the law amended in this particular.

The resolution was seconded by Coun. Moprell and adopted unanimously.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

On motion of Couns. Calder and Johnson, the first week in May was appointed as the time when the county valuers shall begin their work with the reports to be furnished by the assessors at that time.

STUBBORN COUGHS

Are Promptly Relieved by the use of

NYAL'S CREOPHAS

This remedy is of great value in irritable Chronic Bronchitis, and is an excellent tonic when there is a tendency to loss of flesh, and whenever the system is run down. When there is a disposition to weak lungs and abnormal expectorations, no better preparation can be employed.

This remedy acts as a stimulating tonic, renewing the tissues, combating the disease germs, promptly increasing the appetite, and improving the general condition.

Guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

—FOR SALE AT—

THE WREN DRUG STORE

The committee to whom had been referred the matter of claims for sheep killed by dogs, reported, recommending that the secretary treasurer be authorized to pay all claims only when duly attested by oath, and their recommendation was adopted and ordered to be carried out. It was pointed out that no payment could

Canada, must have on each a 2-cent Canadian War-Tax stamp. This we have to affix, as the stamps are not obtainable in United States. Therefore all cheques must have added to the amount of the bill, 15 cents to cover Bank charges. The cheapest way to remit small amounts is by Money Order.

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR
MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS
Water St. ST. ANDREWS

**Adv. in the Beacon
For Results**

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH

**GUARANTEED
FOR
TWENTY YEARS**



DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST

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

We Have in Stock

A Seasonable Line of Goods

SUCH AS

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

J. A. SHIRLEY

St. Andrews, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL

STOCK FOOD

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

PRATT'S ANIMAL REGULATOR

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

MORE EGGS

International Poultry Tonic, 25c.

Pratt's Poultry Regulator, 30c.

Watch the increase in Eggs.

DR. DANIEL'S HORSE REMEDIES

G. K. GREENLAW

GROCER SAINT ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

SEED IMPORTATION REGULATIONS

Canada farmers and gardeners are protected from the evils of planting inferior seed of many kinds of crops imported from other countries.

In Pamphlet S-12 of the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, and obtainable from the Publications Branch, unfit seed is described as that which does not comply with the Seed Control Act requirements respecting the sale of seed in Canada, or if it had been refused admittance into any other country on account of low vitality.

The regulations will be carried out through the Customs officials who are required to take and forward to the Dominion Seed Laboratory for examination, sample of lots of seeds of the classes named entered for consumption in Canada. Seed that has arrived in Canada and found to be unfit shall be deported under Customs supervision. The penalty for failing to comply with these regulations is \$500 for the first offence, and not exceeding \$1,000 for the second and each subsequent offence.

Buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

HATCH CHICKS EARLY IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES

(Experimental Farms Note)

From records kept at the Experimental Farm, Nappan, as well as throughout the Experimental Farm system, it is evident that the early-hatched pullets are by far the most profitable ones, for they are producing eggs at that period of the year when the demand is greatest and the highest prices realized.

This is an important factor in successful poultry raising. When one considers the high prices paid for all feeding material the object should be to produce pullets that would lay during the winter months, in order to reduce to a minimum the cost of maintaining the flock through the most expensive period in the year.

Now the question arises "Can early chicks be produced in the Maritime Provinces successfully?" The answer is, "Yes." But in order to do so the poultryman must start with the parent stock, that is, with the flock that is to produce the eggs.

The fertility of the egg, and also the vitality of the germ, must be kept up to its maximum if the best results are to be obtained. This can be done only by judicious feeding and careful attention to the flock, that the birds may be healthy and vigorous during the breeding season; for birds lacking in vigor and health will produce chicks low in vitality. Such chicks will not withstand the extremes in weather conditions experienced in these provinces during the early spring.

The eggs should be collected promptly before they become chilled, and stored in a room where the temperature is about 55 to 60 degrees, avoiding extreme cold or heat. Best results are obtained where eggs can be set from two to three days after they are laid, and should not be kept longer than one week, especially for early hatches.

All incubators should be thoroughly disinfected and cleaned before the eggs are set, and an even and normal temperature kept throughout the period. If hens are used for setting they should be in a good healthy condition and free from lice, otherwise they will be uneasy, and perhaps leave the nest and allow the eggs to get chilled. Greatest care and attention should be given them during this period.

When chicks are hatched artificially they should be put into a clean, warm brooder where the temperature will be from 85 to 100 degrees. They require plenty of fresh air, and as they grow older they need all the sunshine possible. Unfortunately there is very little at this season of the year. With hen-hatched chicks, put the hen in a coop and place it in a comparatively warm place for the cold weather.

Have plenty of clean, wholesome feed for chicks. Dried bread crumbs are an excellent feed to start on; plenty of milk may be given at all times, green feed in the form of sprouted oats or such-like is most essential for young growing chicks. Don't feed too much of any kind of feed at one time, but just what they will clean up in a few minutes, little and often, especially during the first few weeks.

Just as soon as the ground is dry enough and the days are warm and sunny let them out for a short time during the middle of the day. Plenty of exercise is absolutely necessary for vigorous and healthy chicks. To make poultry pay, winter eggs are necessary. These can be secured from well-matured pullets only, and the early chick is the only one that matures before winter. Therefore, if you want to succeed hatch early. April 1st to May 15th is the best time for the Maritime Provinces.

Misner's Liniment Cures Distemper.

PENROD

(Continued from page three)

The miserable child obeyed. "What did you mean by speaking to me in that way?"

He hung his head, raised the door with the side of his shoe, swayed, swallowed, looked suddenly at his hands with the air of never having seen them before, then clasped them behind him. The school shivered in ecstatic horror, every fascinated eye upon him, yet there was not a soul in the room but was profoundly grateful to him for the sensation—including the offended teacher herself. Unhappily, all this gratitude was unconscious and altogether different from the kind which results in testimonials and loving cups. On the contrary!

"Penrod Schofield?" He gulped. "Answer me at once! Why did you speak to me like that?"

"I was—" He choked, unable to continue. "I was just—thinking," he managed to stammer.

"That will not do," she returned sharply. "I wish to know immediately why you spoke as you did."

The stricken Penrod answered helplessly: "Because I was just thinking."

Upon the very rack, he could have offered no ampler truthful explanation. It was all he knew about it.

"Thinking what?" "Just thinking."

Miss Spence's expression gave evidence that her power of self-restraint was undergoing a remarkable test. However, after taking counsel with herself, she commanded: "Come here!"

He shuffled forward, and she placed a chair upon the platform near her own.

"Sit there!" Then (but not at all as if nothing had happened) she continued the lesson in arithmetic. Spiritually the children may have learned a lesson in very small fractions, indeed, as they gazed at the fragment of sin before them on the stool of penitence. They all stared at him attentively, with hard and passionately interested eyes in which there was never one trace of pity. It cannot be said with precision that he writhed. His movement was more a slow, continuous squirm, effected with a ghastly assumption of languid indifference, while his gaze, in the effort to escape the marble-headed glare of his schoolmates, affixed itself with apparent permanence to the waistcoat button of James Russell Lowell just above the "u" in "Russell."

Classes came and classes went, grilling him with eyes. Newcomers received the story of the crime in darkling whispers, and the outcast sat and squirmed and squirmed and squirmed. (He did one or two things with his spine which a professional contortionist would have observed, with real interest.) And all this while of freezing suspense was but the criminal's detention awaiting trial. A known punishment may be anticipated with some measure of equanimity—at least, the prisoner may prepare himself to undergo it—but the unknown torments more monstrous for every attempt to guess it. Penrod's crime was unique. There were no rules to aid him in estimating the vengeance to fall upon him for it. What seemed most probable was that he would be expelled from the school in the presence of his family, the mayor and council and whipped afterward by his father upon the state house steps, with the entire city as audience by invitation of the authorities.

Noon came. The rows of children died out, every head turning for a last unflinchingly speculative look at the outcast. Then Miss Spence closed the door into the classroom and sat at her desk, near Penrod. The tramping of feet outside, the shrill calls and shouting and the changing voices of the older boys ceased to be heard—and there was silence. Penrod, still affecting to be occupied with Lowell, was conscious that Miss Spence looked at him intently.

"Penrod," she said gravely, "what excuse have you to offer before I report your case to the principal?" The word "principal" struck him to the vitals. Grand inquisitor, grand khan, sultan, emperor, czar, Caesar Augustus—these are comparable. He stopped squirming instantly and sat rigid.

"I want an answer. Why did you shout those words at me?" "Well," he murmured, "I was just—thinking."

"Thinking what?" she asked sharply. "I don't know."

"That won't do!" He took his left ankle in his right hand and regarded it helplessly.

"That won't do, Penrod Schofield," she repeated severely. "If that is all the excuse you have to offer I shall report your case this instant!"

And she rose with fatal intent. But Penrod was one of those whom the precipice inspires. "Well, I have not an excuse."

"Well," she paused impatiently—"what is it?"

He had not an idea, but he felt one coming and replied automatically in a plaintive tone: "I guess anybody that had been through what I had to go through last night would think I had an excuse."

Miss Spence resumed her seat, though with the air of being ready to leap from it instantly.

"What has last night to do with your insolence to me this morning?"

"Well, I guess you'd see," he returned, emphasizing the plaintive note. "I don't know what I know?" "Now, Penrod," she said, in a kinder voice, "I have a high regard for your mother and father, and it would hurt me to distress them, but you must tell me what was the matter with you or I'll have to take you to Mrs. Honston."

"Well, ain't I going to," he cried, spurred by the dread name. "It's because I didn't sleep last night."

"Were you ill?" The question was put with some dryness. He felt the dryness. "No'm; I wasn't."

"Then if some one in your family was so ill that even you were kept up all night, how does it happen they let you come to school this morning?"

"It wasn't illness," he returned, shaking his head mournfully. "It was lots worse'n anybody's being sick. It was—it was—well, it was just awful."

"What was?" He marked with anxiety the incredulity in her tone. "It was about Aunt Clara," he said. "Your Aunt Clara?" she repeated. "Do you mean your mother's sister who married Mr. Farry of Dayton, Ill.?"

"Yes—Uncle John," returned Penrod sorrowfully. "The trouble was about him."

Miss Spence frowned a frown which he rightly interpreted as one of continuing suspicion. "She and I were in school together," she said. "I used to know her very well, and I've always heard her married life was entirely happy. I don't."

"Yes, it was," he interrupted, "until last year when Uncle John took to running with traveling men."

"What?" "Yes'm." He nodded solemnly. "That was what started it. At first he was a good, kind husband, but these traveling men would coax him into a saloon so his way from work, and they got him to drinking beer and then wine, liquors, and cigars."

"Penrod?" "Ma'am?"

"I'm not inquiring into your Aunt Clara's private affairs. I'm asking you if you have anything to say which would palliate."

"That's what I'm tryin' to tell you about, Miss Spence," he pleaded, "if you'd jest only let me. When Aunt Clara and her little baby daughter got to our house last night—"

"You say Mrs. Farry is visiting your mother?" "Yes'm—not just visiting—you see, she had to come. Well, of course, little baby Clara, she was so bruised up and mauled, where he'd been hittin' her with his cane!"

"You mean that your uncle had done such a thing as that?" exclaimed Miss Spence, suddenly disarmed by this sound.

"Yes'm. And mamma and Margaret had to sit up all night nursin' little Clara. And Aunt Clara was in such a state somebody had to keep talkin' to her, and there wasn't anybody but me to do it. So I—"

"But where was your father?" she cried. "Ma'am?"

"Where was your father while?" "Oh, papa?" Penrod paused, reflected, then brightened. "Why, he was down at the train waitin' to see if Uncle John would try to follow 'em and make 'em come home so's he could persecute 'em some more. I wanted to do that, but they said if he did come I mightn't be strong enough to hold him, and—"

The brave lad paused again modestly. Miss Spence's expression was encouraging. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, and there may have been in them also the mingled beginnings of admiration and self-reproach. Penrod, warming to his work, felt safer every moment.

"And so," he continued, "I had to stit up with Aunt Clara. She had some pretty big bruises, too, and I had to—"

"But why didn't they send for a doctor?" However, this question was only a flicker of dying incredulity.

"Oh, they didn't want any doctor!" exclaimed the inspired realist promptly. "They don't want anybody to hear about it, because Uncle John might reform—and then where'd he be if everybody knew he'd been a drunkard and whipped his wife and baby daughter?"

"Oh!" said Miss Spence. "You see, he used to be upright as anybody," he went on explanatively. "It all begun."

"Began, Penrod."

"Yes'm. It all commenced from the first day he let those traveling men coax him into the saloon." Penrod narrated the downfall of his Uncle John at length. In detail he was nothing short of pletoric, and incident followed incident, sketched with such vividness, such abundance of color and such verisimilitude to a drunkard's life as that had Miss Spence possessed the rather chilling attributes of William J. Burns himself, she would have vanished from her mind.

Besides, there are two things that will be believed of any man whatsoever, and one of them is that he has taken to drink. And in every sense it was a moving picture which, with simple but eloquent words, the virtuous Penrod set before his teacher.

His eloquence increased with what it fed on, and as with the eloquence so with self-reproach in the gentle bosom of the teacher. She cleared her throat with difficulty once or twice during his description of his ministering night with Aunt Clara. "And I said to her, 'Why, Aunt Clara, what's the use of takin' on so about it?'"

"I said, 'Now, Aunt Clara, all the crying in the world can't make things any better.' And then she'd just keep catchin' hold of me and sob and kind of boister, and I'd say, 'Don't cry, Aunt Clara. Please don't cry!'"

DESIRABLE CHARACTERS IN GRAIN VARIETIES

DESIRABLE CHARACTERS IN GRAIN VARIETIES

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The desirable characters of any variety are those that enable it to thrive in the environment in which it is placed, or give it commercial popularity. The undesirable ones are those that prevent it from achieving its best, whether on the farm or in the market. According to conditions, a desirable character in one locality may be an undesirable one in another.

In any kind of grain, yield is, and always will be, a desirable character; but in many localities the variety must primarily depend on other characters, such as drought-resistance, early maturity, and tightness of chaff, to give it value. In localities where conditions are less severe, these again may be of actual harm, as a larger yield could be obtained with a variety that was later in maturing, having a looser chaff and being more adapted to a humid climate.

Earliness exceeds yield in importance in all of the northern districts of Canada, and wherever it is a question of maturing grain before the time of frost.

Tightness of chaff in wheat is necessary wherever high winds prevail at the time of ripening, as on our prairies. In eastern Canada, however, where no loss is experienced from winds, and the threshers are not used to threshing tight-chaffed wheat, considerable grain may be lost over the rear of the mill.

Varieties that have the ability to resist drought do not, as a rule, succeed where there is an abundance of moisture.

High baking strength is absolutely essential wherever wheat is grown for export, but for domestic use a variety may be grown to advantage that has only moderate baking strength, if it gives a high yield.

Thinness of hull in oats is a desirable character under all conditions. Hulllessness in oats is only desirable for a few special purposes. The husk facilitates the commercial handling of the grain and protects the kernel from injury.

Bears on wheat and barley are most undesirable, but in the case of barley it has not as yet been possible to produce a beardless variety giving a yield that will equal the best of the bearded sorts.

Awns in oats are unnecessary and are not in any way connected with yield.

The color of grain is most important, not that it has any intrinsic value, but because the market demands a certain color of kernel in wheat, oats, and barley.

The attention of farmers, seed growers, and others living within the Province who have for sale or wish to purchase common farm seeds, is called to the following offer made by the Provincial Department of Agriculture, Fredericton.

The Division of Soils & Crops will list the name and address of any person who has for sale, or wishes to purchase, seed of the common farm crops, the quantity and price per bushel or pound, and will refer correspondents who wish to purchase to those whose names are listed as sellers who have the kind variety, and quantity asked for by the inquirers.

No general Municipal or Government action for the purchase of farm seeds is anticipated in the Province this spring, as there is evidence of a sufficient seed supply of oats, wheat, and barley now in the farmers' hands, though there is scarcity in many parishes due to damaged crops by bad harvest weather.

There is a general scarcity of seed oats in the Prairie Provinces, and a large demand for seed in Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan and in south-western Manitoba. It is estimated that the Canadian Government Purchasing Commission has to provide approximately 3,000,000 bushels of seed oats.

Shipments from Eastern Canada and the United States have already started westward to fill orders from the western provinces.

In this Province the plan of bringing the buyer and the seller together should solve the difficulty in those parishes where only a limited quantity of seed is available, and where an increased area may, in consequence, be placed under crop.

The forehanded farmer will have made a calculation of the quantities of fodder and grain required to carry his stock through till spring, and the quantity which he will have to buy. He will have satisfied himself whether or not his home-grown seed is suitable and of sufficient quantity for his own seeding requirements, and if a surplus is on hand.

An inventory of this sort should be made by every farmer not later than the month of February, and preparations be made for selecting, screening, and fitting for seed all grain of good quality. Already a quantity of seed oats, wheat, buckwheat, turnip, and clover seed has been listed, besides a list of names who have high-grade potato seed stock for sale.

Correspondence is invited from members of Agricultural Societies and others who wish to avail themselves of this offer of assistance in the marketing or buying of farm seeds.

If you have sound, clean, plump seed for sale, or if you wish to purchase home-grown, high grade farm seeds, write to the Division.

NINE PRINCES' ISLANDS

The Princes' Islands in the Sea of Marmara, which have been designated by the Peace Conference as the place where delegates from the congress may meet representatives of Russian and Siberian factions, on February 15, have figured in history chiefly as places of banishment.

Nine islands make up the group, commonly called the "Red Islands" from the ruddy color of the rocks. Prinkipo, the largest, has served as the place of exile for three Byzantine empresses, and Antigone, another of the group, was the prison of the patriarch Methodius. The islands are a favorite summer resort and are noted for the mildness of their climate, but are subject to severe earthquakes.

The population of the Princes' Islands numbers about 10,500, half or whom are Greek, and the whole group forms a caza of the prefecture of Constantinople. A Greek commercial school, a school of theology, a naval college, and numerous monasteries have been built on the islands. The islands were chosen as a meeting place, it is said, because they are outside the zone of any contending factions. If the meeting takes place it will be held on Prinkipo.

The demand has arisen from the association of a certain color with an outstanding variety, such as the red color of the Red Fife and Marquis wheats, etc.

Enough has been said to show the fallacy of the idea that any variety of wheat or oats or barley is superior under all conditions to other varieties. The truth is that every variety has its limitations, and it is up to the grower to procure a variety which possesses characters that will enable it to thrive under his conditions. If in doubt, consult the superintendent of your nearest Experimental Station, or write directly to the Dominion Cerealist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, describing your climatic conditions and requesting his advice as to the variety that will succeed best in your locality.

London, January 23—Great Britain was preëminent in the air at the close of the war, when the British Air Force was the largest in the world, according to a report made public to-day. It fought on more fronts than the air service of any other nation, and its successes were proportionately greater, it is said.

In August, 1914, the British naval and military air services together mustered only 285 officers and 1,853 men of other ranks. In November, 1918, there were 30,000 officers and 264,000 men. At the outbreak of the war Great Britain had 196 airplanes, forty-five seaplanes, and seven airships, while, at the close of hostilities she had 21,000 airplanes, 1,300 seaplanes, and 103 airships. Besides this, there were 25,000 airplanes and seaplanes being built, and 55,000 airplane engines under contract.

The Women's Royal Air Force, which was not in existence in 1914, numbered at the close of hostilities 23,000.

We Save Systematically.

A Kidney Remedy

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by badly digested food which overtaxes these organs to eliminate the irritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15 to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, sold as Mother Selig's Curative Syrup, and your kidney disorder will promptly disappear. Get the genuine.

McLAUGHLIN

McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-HEAD CARS

Economy Power Durability

Now is the time to get ready for the 1919 season.

J. L. STRANGE

Agent for Charlotte County

Border Garage ST. STEPHEN

Animal Traps

Raw Furs command a high price to-day and trapping is a profitable business. We carry a large line of traps in stock, and list here a few of the popular sellers.

MUSKRAT OR MINK TRAPS

Single Spring with Chain

Suitable for Spread of Jaws, inches, Victor Traps each

FOX OR BEAVER TRAPS

Double Spring with Chain

Suitable for Spread of Jaws, inches, Victor Traps each

STAR JUMP TRAPS

Single Spring with Chain

Suitable for Spread of Jaws, in

T. McAvity & Sons LIMITED

St. John, N. B.

AUSTRIAN FLO

"Twas a bloody day the wounds of the Peti Sakhian and G fellow-countryman the bluggy business the spring, summer home of Manchyk, result was the sold costs apiece for. The bunch had intimacy finding it the bottle. This, ac who were down on accounted for their ed as if he had been meat chopper. On forehead was shape The balance of h tree stump after pi carving their initials looked as if a dog, goods, had been m The heads of the need some time to contour and beauty soldiers had first ask for \$500. He claim knives. And his s

Wise Whis

"A Doctor's Prescription for Males"

JOHNSON Anodyne L

(Internal as well)

This wonderful o quickly conquer Grippes, Sore Throats, Sprains, Strains, common ills. So

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AUSTRIAN BLOOD FLOWED

It was a bloody affair, gore oozing from the wounds of the three contestants, Pres. Peti Sklihan and George Korpuk, and a fellow-countryman, Basil Manchuk, and the buggy business was all pulled off at the spring, summer, autumn, and winter home of Manchuk, Centre ave. The net result was the soldiers were fined \$20 and costs apiece for assaulting Manchuk. The bunch had been intimate, said intimacy finding its source or origin in the bottle. This, according to the soldiers who were down on the book as Austrians, accounted for their visit. Manchuk appeared as if he had been through a large-sized meat chopper. One of the cuts of his forehead was shaped like an iron cross. The balance of his head looked like a tree stump after picnickers had finished carving their initials on it. His overcoat looked as if a dog, interested in woollen goods, had been making an inspection. The heads of the men in the dock will need some time to recover their pristine contour and beauty. Manchuk said the soldiers had first asked for whiskey, then for \$500. He claimed that both had knives. And his wife, via interpreter

Shontoff, said she dropped in just as the prisoners were "cutting off" her husband's head.

The tale of the defence, conducted by Austin Ross, was quite different. The prisoners put all the blame on Manshuk, who, they said, insulted the King's uniform and accused them of going to kill his darling brothers. They claimed that Manchuk was the only one to use a knife. The police found no knives within a radius of half a block. The inference remained that the gallant souls had been trying to eat each other. Mr. Ross pointed to the bloody scars on his clients' bodies, one at a time, after the fashion of a lecturer on anatomy, and called it "an equal battle." Assistant Crown Attorney McFadden didn't see it in that light, and reminded Magistrate Ellis that Manchuk had been attacked in his own house.

The soldiers were fined \$20 and costs of 60 days. They paid.

A ROMANCE

The consuming ambition of Lawrence Kirkham was to get into the newspapers, to see there a fine picture of himself, and a story of heroic deeds, and to lean back and think of the hundreds of thousands of people who would regard him as a dashing, daring hero. To achieve this fame he bedecked himself in naval uniform, three gold bars, signifying wounds received during action, and to cap all, he decorated his manly chest with the D. C. M. Thus equipped he sallied forth to find an impressionable newspaperman, and he didn't have to go further than the corner of Yonge and Melinda. Next day's issue of the *Globe* contained a nice half-tone of himself and a glowing story of his famous exploits on H. M. S. *Byrnie*. But his fame was short-lived. To-day the gay trappings of distinction were stripped from his youthful person. The fierce light of cold fact pierced his stately grandeur, and he stood revealed before the police magistrate as a poor sailor, but a first-class romancer. As a matter of fact he served on H. M. S. *Niobe* from Jan. 4, 1917, to Jan. 25. Then he joined H. M. S. *Pembroke*, became an invalid and was discharged Aug. 5, 1917. There is no record of any service on H. M. S. *Byrnie*, and he dreamed all his wounds, which would spare him a lot of pain.

"A chap like that prevents decent men

from getting jobs," said Magistrate Kingford. "He'll be fined \$25 and costs of 60 days. This will be a warning to other humbugs."—Police Court News in the *Toronto Telegram*.

DISCOVERY OF GREAT HERRING FISHERIES IN FAR NORTH WATERS OF CANADA

The discovery by the Stefansson expedition of great herring fisheries in the Far Northern waters of Canada is announced in a statement which was issued through the Naval Department the other day.

The statement asserts that an abundance of herring has been found along the arctic coast of Canada, east and west of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and that this will have an important bearing on Canadian Northwest Fisheries. If the difficulties in transportation can be overcome, the herring fisheries discovered may develop rapidly.

DRIED FISH

Since many factors in the dried fish trade have been looking for a weakness in this market, the condition lately developed in Newfoundland as well as in Porto Rico and Cuba was no surprise to the trade. Although the local market shows no signs of a weakening, there is expressed the opinion that dried fish generally is due for a decline. This view is not shared by all factors in the trade here, but those far-sighted merchants who have foretold conditions in the past seem to be of one mind on the subject. Soft cured codfish in Newfoundland has reached a very low level and stocks are not selling. With heavy stocks of hard-cured codfish on hand, merchants and shippers in St. John's are reported to have little immediate business in sight. The European situation is none too hopeful at present, for Norwegian codfish is already in many markets and it has found a demand where other supplies have not. There are indications that some Norwegian cod, perhaps a heavy supply, will be exported to this country within the next few months. Supplies of codfish, haddock, hake and pollock are generally light in New York and holders are not making any concessions in prices because of their inability to procure desirable lots to replace those now on the spot. Most grades offering through this market are held at the quoted prices of a few weeks ago; and, despite the weakness in the West Indies there is no cutting of prices as yet. Newfoundland and American Porto Rico are held at \$70@71 for medium, while large have reached \$78 in some instances, but not for this market. Cuban codfish remains at the levels of a few weeks ago, with few offerings. There is a supply of haddock available, but little hake and pollock. On these latter grades prices are held firm.—*Fishing Gazette*, New York.

PROTECTION FOR DEER ON DEER ISLAND

Deer Island, Jan. 27th, 1919.

Editor "BEACON":

Sir—

Would you please grant me space in your valuable paper to call the Chief Game Warden's attention to violation on Deer Island, of the Game Law, in regard to the hunting and killing of deer? About four years ago a family of deer took up their residence on Deer Island, and that family has grown so that at present it numbers some eight or ten. It has been reported that parties from Eastport, Me., with two hounds, have hunted and killed one or two of the deer. Now the good people of the Island would like to have these deer protected in such a way that hounds or gunners would not disturb them for some ten or fifteen years.

There has been notices posted up through the centre of the Island, warning gunners hunting deer to look out for the Game Warden on the island; so it is supposed that there are Game Wardens looking out for the gunners, so if these law breakers get caught they can blame no one but themselves. Trusting, Mr. Editor, that the Chief Game Warden will take this matter up more fully, and that the deer may have perfect protection for the next ten or fifteen years from hounds and hunter, I thank you for this favor.

Yours Respectfully,
F. W. RICHARDSON.

ADVICE TO PTE. JARVIS WREN

To the Editor of "THE BEACON":

Sir—When Private Wren wrote the war-letter from Germany recently printed in your paper he seems to have had a mind for general fault-finding and swearing at large. One in that mood should keep as far as possible from writing materials, lest he do himself an injustice. Who in his normal mind would care to be held responsible for the following:—

"Although war has its horrors, peace has them also, and I am beginning to think those of peace are worse?" One would think that he desired to reverse Sherman's aphorism by substituting the word "peace" for "war." As for the Belgians he seems to dislike; they are no more nearly perfect than the rest of us. Their country was ruthlessly invaded, their property destroyed, and their women and children subjected to untold indignities. During the first rush of invasion the civilians fought back with any weapons they could get, and we respect them the more for it; but Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, says they did not "snipe the army of occupation," and the majority of us believe him.

The amusing part of Pte. Wren's letter is the complaint as to the condition of his underclothing. The old fellows who have knocked about lumber camps for half a century or so, know that while there is an excuse for a soldier being infested with "cooties" or "bolshheviks," when he is in the trenches, there is none for him when he has little else to do but keep clean. Then, if he associates with "bolshheviks" he is either ignorant or indifferent and deserves no sympathy. There are many remedies available to one who has access to a drug store; but he who has not, may, with the aid of a little gasoline or kerosene, put the enemy out of business in a very short time. In this world the Lord only helps those who try to help themselves, and Lord help those who can't or won't.

Though Pte. Wren is right in the war-zone, he seems to be laboring under a strange delusion. An armistice is not a peace (see any good, bad, or indifferent dictionary), as he seems to think. He is one of an army occupying an enemy country. As such, any man of open mind and common-sense can see that "court-courteous aloofness" is the only correct attitude. Pte. Wren seems to want to mix up with the Germans and have what he mistakes for a good time. While we

BELTED EARL WEDS MISS DYE OF CHICAGO

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Jan. 27.—The marriage took place on Saturday afternoon in St. James Anglican church, Sault Ste. Marie, of the third Earl of Dunblane, of Nottingham, England, to Miss Sarah C. Turngren Dye, of Chicago. The Earl and Countess were guests to-day at the New Windsor Hotel, in this city. After a few days in the Algoma district they will visit the bride's home in Chicago. From there they will go to England.

The Earl of Dunblane met the Countess first in Chicago, last summer.

The above appeared on the front page of the *St. John Telegraph* on Tuesday, and is an illustration of much news that is published in the daily press from time to time.

Who the couple are whose marriage is thus announced, we do not know, but the man is not the third Earl of Dunblane. There never was, and there is not now, any Earl of Dunblane in the British (or any other) peerage, and if there is a man masquerading under the fictitious title he ought to be exposed; and we are surprised that a newspaper so well informed as the *Telegraph* should give currency to such inaccurate news items.—Ed. BEACON.

PROHIBITION A FAILURE IN NORWAY

New York, Jan. 27.—An account of how Norway settled the "bone-dry" question was given yesterday by Brederic Lyndsig, who returned to the United States after six months' sojourn in that country, on the Norwegian Line steamship Stavangerjord, which left Christiania on Jan. 11 and docked at the foot of 30th street, Brooklyn, this morning.

"Norway went bone-dry in 1915," he said. "In 1917, after almost a state of

BUY U.S. SAVINGS STAMPS

revolution caused by the scarcity of red liquor, the people threw out the Storting Congress bodily and elected a new set of delegates, who were pledged to reinstate the liquor traffic." Speaking of the scarcity of food and other necessities of life, Mr. Lyndsig said that no one more than 10 years old in that country was permitted to drink milk, and that last winter no fuel of any kind was available. There is no gasoline, and motor cars are driven by carbide gas, the manufacture of which requires little fuel.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[The opinions of correspondents are not necessarily those of the BEACON. This newspaper does not undertake to publish all or any of the letters received. Unsigned communications will not be noticed. Write on one side of paper only. Communications must be plainly written; otherwise they will be rejected. Stamps should be enclosed if return of manuscript is desired in case it is not used. The name and address of the writer should be sent with every letter as evidence of good faith.—Editor BEACON.]

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

To Mrs. Lucy Stuart
Lambertville, Deer Island.

Whereas it has pleased God in his wisdom to remove from our midst your beloved husband, Hazen, and our brother we the Officers and members of Eureka L. O. L. No. 129, desire to extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in your loss, which we realize is so hard to bear. The removal of such a life from our midst leaves a vacancy which is hard to fill.

We mourn for one esteemed by all and whose memory we shall ever cherish but we pray that the great loss may teach us to look to the Giver of all good for comfort in this deep sorrow remembering always that "He doeth all things well."

MESTY STUART W. M.
ANDREW STUART R. S.
Signed in behalf of Eureka L. O. L. No. 129.

STANDING OF PARTIES IN GERMAN ASSEMBLY

Paris, Jan. 27.—The Frankfort Gazette gives as the definite results of the elections to the German assembly, 165 Social Democrats, 91 Catholics, 75 Democrats, 38 Conservatives, 22 National Liberals, and 22 Independents.

MAJOR AITKEN ON TRIAL

Calgary, Jan. 23.—Major R. T. Aitken, Canadian Army Service Corps, brother of Lord Beaverbrook, is being tried here on two charges, first, neglect to the prejudice of good order and military discipline in that he did not inspect the company canteen and see that a proper audit was made, and second that he was using canteen funds. The accused pleaded not guilty to both charges, but admitted that the canteen was not run according to military law and that purchases were made for him, but denied knowledge that canteen funds were used for the purpose.

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Canada Food Board License No. Cereal 2-009 Flour 15, 16, 17, 18

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More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry

FOR BETTER PORRIDGE USE PURITY OATS

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"A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION, FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS"

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

(Internal as well as External use)

This wonderful old family medicine quickly conquers Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Croup, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills. Soothes, heals, and

Stops Suffering

Save by the W. S. S. plan

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B.

A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS.

Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.

Closed for the winter.

Rates quoted on application.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

LEADING HOTEL AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

Conducted on European Plan in Most Modern and Approved Manner.

NEW GARDEN RESTAURANT

200 Rooms 75 With Bath

THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., PROP.

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND

As if by a miracle, that master inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has given mankind Music's Re-Creation—not a flimsy imitation, but music re-born, by means of

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul"

which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them.

HEAR THE NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.

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

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COAL!

EGG STOVE CHESTNUT

All Government Regulations have been removed.

15 weeks more of Winter weather. Why suffer with the cold?

Orders will receive prompt attention. Get a supply now.

Price, \$14.75 per ton

S. B. Stuart & Co.

LUBEC, Me.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CENTENARY OF JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN, the famous English writer, art critic, social reformer, lecturer, and philanthropist was born in London on February 8, 1819, therefore this year occurs the centenary of his birth, and it will doubtless be fittingly commemorated in England and other parts of the world.

RUSKIN JOHN (1819-1900), English writer, came into general notice in Modern Painters and other treatises on the fine arts; in later life he was best known as a lecturer and essayist on ethics, education, and philanthropy.

In 1883 he was again re-elected Slade professor at Oxford, and lectured on The Art of England, and next year on The Pleasures of England. His health again failing, he resigned, and wrote little further besides chapters of autobiography entitled Præterita (1885-8).

Venice, and lectured upon the ancient buildings; but the publication of these was prevented by his election in 1869 to the Slade professorship of fine art at Oxford. Lectures on Art and Architecture were given in 1870, Lectures on Landscape in 1871, The Eagle's Nest and Ariadne Florentina in 1872, Love's Meisnie and Val d'Arno in 1873, while at the same time he was writing his monthly Letters to the Working Men of England, under the title of Fors Clavigera.

At the annual meeting of the Groler Club, 47 East Sixtieth Street, on Thursday evening there will be a private view for members and their guests of an exhibition of early printed liturgical books, including many books of private devotions, which will be open to the public from ten until six every day thereafter until March 15.

In the long history of the club, its announcement says, it is doubtful whether it has ever held a more important or more beautiful exhibition of printed books. Of nearly 150 books to be shown more than 100 are on vellum, by far the great majority are illustrated, and many are illuminated.

The most important book in the exhibition is also one of the most important books in the world—the celebrated Psalter printed at Mayence in 1459 by Fust & Schoeffer, who had several years before succeeded to the business of John Gutenberg the inventor of printing with movable types.

Among the other early monuments of typography are a Missal printed in 1489 by Jean du Pré, the first Parisian printer, a Breviary printed at Venice in 1479, Missals printed at Venice and Nuremberg in 1483 and 1484, respectively, and a unique and undated Book of Hours printed by Caxton about 1477, which may not improbably be the first book printed in England.

Several of the volumes shown have most interesting provinces, as there are, for instance, a beautifully illuminated copy of Gerard's "Hours" of 1504, which was specially prepared for King Francis the First of France, with he was a "little boy; and another printed by Pignouret about 1495, which at one time belonged to Cardinal Struzzi and again to Catherine de Medici, the daughter-in-law of King Francis. It is not improbable that he may have used it during the night of the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew in 1572.

1497, with its charming wood-cut of the Annunciation. Florentine art is represented by one of the handsomest illustrated books that the city produced, the Treatise on the Mass by Savonarola, printed by Libri about 1496, which contains one of the most beautiful wood-cuts made during the Italian renaissance.

German book decoration of the early period is represented by the very rare Psalter of Hermann Nitschewitz printed at the Cistercian Monastery of Zinna, near Magdeburg, about 1494, in honor of the Emperor Frederick and his son, the future Emperor Maximilian, which Mr. Pollard has called "the most richly decorated German book of the fifteenth century."

Two-thirds of the exhibition (some ninety volumes) is given up to those Parisian books of hours, frequently referred to as Hours, which have long been considered by amateurs of fine typography and beautiful illustration to be among the most delightful books ever printed.

The exhibition winds up with three groups of books of English interest, there being eight Books of Hours according to the Sarum usage, which were printed in Paris; nine books printed in England or in English, among them the "Sarum Hours," printed by Caxton about 1477, no less than five primers, and two editions of the famous "Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book," and three of the earliest editions of the "Book of Common Prayer," including the first book of Edward VI of 1549 and the "first book of Queen Elizabeth" of 1559.

The walls of the gallery have been decorated with facsimiles of pages from many of the more famous books not included in the exhibition.—The New York Evening Post, Jan. 21.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

February 2.—Purification, CANDLEMAS. Sir Owen Tudor, founder of Tudor dynasty of England, died, 1461; New York City incorporated, 1653; Talleyrand, French diplomat, born, 1754; First Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, 1801; California and New Mexico ceded to United States by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848; Lord Lisgar assumed office of Governor General of Canada, 1869; Sir William S. Bennett, British composer and pianist, died, 1875; U. S. S. Kearsarge wrecked in Caribbean Sea, 1894; Funeral of Queen Victoria, 1901.

February 3.—St. Blaise. Sweyn, King of Denmark, died, 1014; John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, died, 1399; King Charles X of Sweden died, 1660; Horace Greely, founder of the New York Tribune, born, 1811; Spanish Cortes abolished the Inquisition, 1813; Marquess of Salisbury, former British Prime Minister, born, 1830; Sidney Lanier, American poet, born, 1824; Hudson Maxim, American inventor, born, 1853; Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, American educationalist, President of Amherst College, born, 1872; Sixth Parliament of Canada dissolved, 1891; George W. Childs, Philadelphia newspaper publisher and philanthropist, died, 1894.

February 4.—John Rogers, first Protestant martyr of Queen Mary's reign, burned at Smithfield, 1555; George Herbert, English poet and divine, died, 1833; Rev. Robert Blair, Scottish poet, died, 1746; Mark Hopkins, American educationalist, President of William's College, born, 1802; W. H. Ainsworth, English novelist, born, 1805; George Brandes, Danish man of letters, born, 1842; Jean Richepin, French author, born, 1849; Sir William Palliser, English artist, died, 1882.

February 5.—St. Agatha. Marcus Cato, Roman philosopher, committed suicide, 46 B. C.; Sir Robert Peel, British statesman and Prime Minister, born, 1788; Lewis Galvani, Italian scientist and pioneer electrician, died, 1799; Thomas Banks, English sculptor, died, 1805; General Paoli, Corsican patriot, died, 1807; Guadalupe capitulated, 1810; Ole Bull, Norwegian violinist, born, 1810; Sir Hiram S. Maxim, artilleryman, born in Maine, U. S. A., 1840; Maxine Elliott, American actress, born, 1871; Thomas Carlyle, British philosopher and historian, died, 1881; Sir Henry Tate, English merchant, founder of the Tate Picture Gallery in London, died, 1899; Hay-Pauncefote Treaty between Great Britain and United States signed at Washington, 1900.

February 6.—Queen Anne of England born, 1665; King Charles II of England died, 1788; Aaron Burr, American statesman, born, 1756; France and United States made defensive alliance, 1778; Dr. Joseph Priestley, English chemist and electrician, died, 1804; William M. Everts, American lawyer and statesman, born, 1818; Sir Henry Irving, English actor, born, 1838; George J. Gould, American financier, born, 1864; Hon. E. B. Chandler,

Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, died, 1880; Ninth Parliament of Canada opened, 1901.

February 7.—Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, born, 1478; Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States, born, 1800; Charles Dickens, English novelist, born, 1812; Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, English author, died, 1823; Alexandre Ribot, French statesman, born, 1842; London & Dover Railway opened, 1844; Pope Pius IX died, 1878; First telephone connection between Boston and New York, 1893; Great fire at Baltimore began, 1904.

February 8.—Queen Mary I of England born, 1516; Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587; Samuel Butler, English poet, born, 1612; Aaron Hill, English poet and projector, died, 1750; John Ruskin, English author and art critic, born, 1819; General W. T. Sherman, American military commander, born, 1820; Jules Verne, French romantic writer, born, 1828; Diocesan Church Society of New Brunswick instituted, 1836; Annexation of California to United States proclaimed, 1847; "Cold Friday" in New Brunswick, 1861; Baron Rothschild, English financier and naturalist, born, 1868; Lord Mayo, Governor General of India, assassinated, 1872; Peace between Russia and Turkey signed at Constantinople, 1879; Fifth Parliament of Canada opened, 1883; Royal Opera House, Toronto, burned, 1883; Behring Sea commission met at Washington, 1892; Union of Greece and Crete proclaimed, 1897; Outbreak of war between Russia and Japan, 1904.

BLUEJACKET TO CAPTAIN

London.—Believed to be the first blue-jacket in the Royal Navy to become captain. Acting-Captain T. J. S. Lyne has been given the substantive rank of captain. The promotion, announced in the official naval appointments, is for special war service.

Thomas John Spence Lyne entered the navy as a boy, and later qualified as a warrant officer in the gunnery branch. In the South African War he commanded No. 60 torpedo-boat, a patrol and dispatch runner on the west coast of Cape Colony. His enterprise in bringing the vessel into port after its propeller shaft had been broken gained for him an urgent recommendation for promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

Since receiving his commission, Captain Lyne did fine work on Chinese rivers being thanked by the Admiralty for his surveying and other work. His directions for the navigation of several rivers are official publications. He was promoted commander in September, 1912. On the outbreak of war he was appointed to H. M. S. Ganges, at Harwich, for special service. It is for this service that he has become a commander on the active list.

No other ranker in the navy, it is stated, has become a commander on the active list. "I have the great pleasure and honor to know very well Captain J. T. Spence Lyne, whom I met frequently in 1910 when he was Commander of the British gunboat Kinsha, which was then engaged in patrol and survey work on the Yangtze River and tributaries. I was living at Changsha, the capital of Hunan Province, situated on the Siang River, and the Kinsha, in command of Capt. Lyne, was several weeks on the River at that place that year. The last time I had the pleasure to meet him was in January 1912, in London, when we had lunch together. Capt. Lyne is highly esteemed in the Navy for his great ability and courteous manner. He is well-read, and in every way a fine type of British naval officer. The friendship of such a man can only be regarded as a great asset, and I so regard it.—W. B.

Spanish Flu Claims Many Victims in Canada and should be guarded against

Minard's Liniment Is a Great Preventive, being one of the oldest remedies used. Minard's Liniment has cured thousands of cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, and similar diseases. It is an Enemy to Germs. Thousands of bottles being used every day. For sale by all druggists and general dealers.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd., Yarmouth, N.S.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Cottage on Adolphus Street. Apply to MRS. ARABELLA HENDERSON, St. Andrews, N. B.

FOR SALE—Spruce piling, lengths 20 to 50 ft. Apply to ERNEST FISHER, ST. GEORGE, N. B.

FOR SALE—A decked boat in good condition, with sails, anchors, etc.—7 1/2 h. p. Mianus engine in good shape. With good living accommodations. Will sell cheap.

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

\$50.00 REWARD \$50.00 REWARD will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who recently broke into the residence of H. M. Merriman, Esq., Welshpool.

Dated this 23d day of January, A. D. 1919. M. N. COCKBURN, St. Stephen, N. B.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

February First Quarter, 7th 2h. 52m. p.m. Full Moon, 14th 7h. 38m. p.m. Last Quarter, 22th 9h. 45m. p.m.

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

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

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W., Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min., Seal Cove, 30 min., Fish Head, 11 min., Welshpool, Campo, 6 min., 8 min., Eastport, Me., 8 min., 10 min., L'Anse-au-Loup, 7 min., 13 min., Lepreau Bay, 9 min., 15 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, CUSTOMS

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

OUTPOSTS

H. D. Ohafeff, Sub. Collector; W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector; Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector; T. L. Theobald, Sub. Collector; D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer; J. A. Newham, Prev. Officer.

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

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

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte: Circuit Court: Tuesday, May 13, Mr. Justice Crockett; Tuesday, October 7, Mr. Justice Barry. County Court: Tuesday, February 4; Tuesday, June 3; and Tuesday, October 28. Judge Carleton.

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS Entered Foreign

Jan. 23 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 23 Schr. Samuel Costner, Jr., Clarke, Eastport. 24 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 29 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport. Cleared Foreign

Jan. 24 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 24 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 29 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport. Entered Coastwise

Jan. 24 Mt. Schr. Fred and Norman, Cheney, Grand Harbor. 27 Stmr. Connors Bros., Warnock, Lord's Cove. Cleared Coastwise

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS Thursday, January 2nd Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

The Winter Term of the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE opens on MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919. Descriptive literature of our courses of study will be sent to any address on request. FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE, Fredericton, N. B. The only school in N. B. affiliated with the Business Educators' Association of Canada.

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company After June 1, and until further notice, the time of departure for Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2 1/2 p. m., returning Wed. 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport.

Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPPILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD

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

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

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

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

Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors.

This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

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

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12:00 p. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7:30.

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

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

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

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt, and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5-cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Tax" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp.

Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

Arrives: 1:30 p.m. Closes: 4:50 p.m.

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

All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Delivery Mail.

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



JEM MACE

Champion and when he died with the old time been broken. Mace's first fight was in the London Bill Thorne in a tremendous sensation was at this time in height—an inch and weighed about 150 lbs. He was very quick, and opinion of many held that he was a very high certainly one of the best covered with blood with them. Ge-fighters, Mace losing his temper that he never forgot his first meeting knocked him out in three minutes, blessing in disguise up and got him a moment when his ebb and he might security. Before ship Mace managed his victor, and known minutes. Another that over—Bob T. lasted 91 minutes, were fought.

Mace's defeat of the Middle-Weight was not satisfied. Sayers had proved time-honored "trad little 'un" can sort big 'un"—he dealt example, and challenge holder of the He-ship. Mace was n-days at any rate, old to start on a None the less, he his opponent—bett-bridge Infant"—w about four stone by Jem Mace had res- was Champion of lost the title as long—his next oppo Tom King. They King was 6ft. 2in., than the champion advantages, Mace rounds, after a same year King he the championship.

Tom King then returned his belt until it had been again. Eventually Mace fought Joe G. ship in September, was about the same was seven years ago ed to be Mace's fa- advantage, in one his opponents. In very powerful strong about the le party of enthusiasts ton at 4 a. m. and ton Bassett, in Will was the ring forme up to the scratch ed, and the stakes Off went the whole away for a four-mill wally got on board don. The referee to be transferred to and on the same 15 hours of travel Goss tried to force Mace showed super the contest, cleverly man's rushes, and punishment when Goss was soon bl fought on with the fused to acknowledged knocked out by a te