



The Beacon



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NO. 15

WAR TIME

YOU that have faith to look with fearless eyes,
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And trust that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life.
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God has given you for a priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.
That you may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
I saw the morning break."—Punch.

ON THE MOROCCAN FRONT

AN OUTPOST OF FRANCE

TANGIER

ONE of those great, straight, wide roads—of which the French, in such a short period of time, and notwithstanding the war, have constructed so many in Morocco—stretches away south from the old city of Meknes, with its ruined palaces and splendid gates, towards the unknown Central Atlas. Ultimately it will cross the range, and passing by Taflet, link up Central Morocco with Southern Algeria, bisecting the whole country. Through the territory of the Beni Mgild, only recently occupied by the French, our little line of motor-cars passes in absolute security. There is no guard by the roadside, and the military posts are from 15 to 20 miles apart.

A brief visit to the post of Ito, and a longer one to Ain Leuh, with its charming Berber village half in trees, and the last stage of our journey is reached. We set out once more to cover the comparatively few miles that separate us from Ain-Hammam, the most recently occupied of all French outposts, and the farthest point reached in that direction. Although it was only eight days previously that this strong position had been occupied, after a tough skirmish with the "disident" tribesmen, the track from Ain Leuh had already been constructed on its total length of nearly 20 miles. But here the country is not yet secure. Marauders hang about the brushwood-covered hills and snipe the convoys—and from time to time above the road we catch glimpses of the troops stationed on the hillsides to protect our passage. Here it is a handful of Moroccan tirailleurs; there of red-coated Spahis; and here again soldiers of the Foreign Legion, or black Senegalese, or Frenchmen of the Bataillon d'Afrique.

Below the high hill on which the new post of Ain Hammam is being constructed our motor cars stop and horses are mounted for the steep climb up through the trees and brushwood that clothe the mountain side. It is a scene of constant activity, for the crest of the hill is being transformed. Stone walls are springing up in every direction. Steep inclines are being levelled; tracks and roads are being constructed; huts erected, with lime kilns and brickfields and all that is necessary for the improvisation of a strongly defended position. Right and left trees are being felled, and this wild, untouched, primeval spot, never till eight days before trodden by European foot, and seen only at a distance by European eyes, is being called upon to play its part in the stirring history of the age—and become an outpost of the Great War.

INSIDE THE FORT

With the arrival of General Lyautey, Resident-General and Commander-in-Chief in Morocco, all work ceases. Trumpets sound, guards of honor are formed, and for a few minutes all is pomp and circumstance. Then the horses in turn are left behind, and we clamber on foot to the narrow summit, where a fort is constructed, the walls of which, of solid stone, have already risen a yard from the ground. On the small level space within the enclosure are troops—Moroccan tirailleurs, freshly returned from France, bearing the coveted "fourragère" and many medals. In the centre is a little line of officers and men, drawn up to receive from the hands of the Representatives of the French Republic in Morocco the reward of good service. On the breast of each General Lyautey pins the coveted Cross or the well-worn medal. To one and all he speaks a few words of congratulation. Above waves the tricolor flag of France, visible for miles round from the cedar-clad mountain tops.

The work of the day has ceased. The men of many races lie resting in the cool of the afternoon, fatigued with their labors. The still air is broken by the

hum of the camp—a little burst of laughter, the verse of a song—and the horses and mules munching their barley. In an open space General Lyautey is addressing his officers and non-commissioned officers—talking to them in full confidence—telling them what France wants done in Morocco—that great programme of peace and prosperity in collaboration with the people of the country. It is no prepared speech—merely the utterance of the masterful and deep thoughts of a man whose mind is a subtle combination of practical common sense and lofty idealism. He speaks of the German enemy, present even here in Morocco, of the arms and money which reach the tribes who inhabit those very mountains. Then of the fact that they are all so far away from France in her hour of great need. Then again he talks of the front in France; of the French soldiers who are fighting there, and of the British troops who side by side with them share the glories of the war—and of death; of all that England has done for France, and of the Americans who are coming over in their hundreds of thousands to fight alongside of the French and British in this last victorious period of the war. Around their chief the crowd of silent men stand enrapt.

It is the supreme moment of the day. The toil of moving earth and of building, of digging ditches, and of felling trees, is all over. The labor is forgotten and the heat of the day has passed. The camp, clustering on the hillside, the valley far below; the forest-clad mountains and the broken, rugged ranges to the south—all are swathed in a wonderful luminous haze of golden yellow. The smoke of the camp fires curls into the air in columns of pale, transparent mauve. In war there is peace.

SALUTING THE FLAG

A blast of trumpets and every man stands to the salute, all eyes fixed upon one point, where slowly descending inch by inch the glorious flag of France is being lowered from the high flagstaff on which it has flown all day; for it is sunset. A little above us stand a group of Moroccan tirailleurs, recently returned from France, outlined like statues of bronze against the sulphur sky. They had seen the French flag flying at Verdun, these men. The "Joyeux" from the disciplinary "Bataillon d'Afrique" are here too. The clouds that drove them to abandon France for Africa are left far behind to-day, and their sins are forgotten and forgiven. The Senegalese, too, black as the blackest night—and the Legion, with its exiled Germans and others, and yet others still. Of different races, of different religions, they stand, here singly, there in groups, saluting the flag of the country they all so admirably serve. Morning after morning—many for long years—they and their companions of the past have seen it unfurled, and evening after evening have seen it lowered—except such as between morning and evening have given their lives for it—and even those it covers with its folds till the earth receives them—and death is very near in the outposts of Morocco.

For those few minutes—so short and yet so vital—all personal things are forgotten, and the dusky negro, and bronzed Moroccan, and the pale northerner, bound by a tie that is all-absorbing, are united in a spirit of emotion and devoted loyalty to the wonderful flag of France and all it stands for in the world to-day.—WALTER HARRIS, in *The Times*, London.

ST. ANDREWS WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The sixth annual meeting of the Women's Canadian Club was held in Memorial Hall, on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 3rd, the president in the chair. Meeting opened by singing, "O Canada."

The Treasurer then gave a report of the finances for the year, which is printed in full in this paper. This report was accepted.

Mrs. Andrews then gave her presidential address. In this she spoke of the great struggle in which our country is engaged, and of the need of continued earnest work in the Canadian Club. We should not look for pleasure, and should consider any sacrifice, that we are called upon to make, small compared with what our boys are doing for us.

The election of officers then took place, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Hon. Pres., Mrs. R. A. Stuart.
Pres., Mrs. Fred Andrews.
1st Vice Pres., Mrs. C. S. Everett.
2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. Thos. Coughy.
3rd Vice Pres., Mrs. Amos.

Treasurer, Miss A. L. Richardson.
Corresponding Secty., Mrs. P. G. Hanson.

Recording Secty., Mrs. R. D. Rigby.

Additional members of the executive committee:—Mrs. Horsnell, Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Mrs. Keay, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Chas. Mallory, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs.

JUDGEMENT

NOW that death fills the granaries with grain,
And endless files of valiant dead men go
To their immortal seats among the slain—
What part have we to this great weal and woe?

If, while the line of battle swings and sways
And nations drink of victory and defeat,
If one should keep his feet in shameful ways,
Can any triumph deem itself complete?

Empty the boasting written on our sword—
Which was in such a quarrel nobly drawn—
If at the end of night the Thing abhorred
Still rear its mighty self at the dawn!

A new and sterner Rhadamanthus stands
Holding our doom or splendid destiny,
Our shame or glory, in its awful hands
Before the judgement bar of Liberty.

There are the balances and there the voice
By whose decree each man of us is judged!
There sentence sharp and swift upon our choice
Whose doubt is known and every coin begrudged!

Let none, then, think his service little worth
In this high hour, beneath the iron rod
Are broken all the craven souls of earth
Before the indignation of their God!

THEODORE MAYNARD

(Written for the New York Liberty Loan Committee.)

HANS DANS AN' ME

HANS Dans an' me was shipmates once an' shared the wind an' weather,
An' many a job o' work in them old days we done together;
I've stood my trick with Hans afloat an' drunk with him ashore,
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, Lord love you, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, we couldn't 'elp but be,
E'd shov'ed 'is bloom'ing nose in every ship as sailed the sea;
For Hans'd sign for three pun' ten when union-rates was four,
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, you bet yer, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, an' 'e'd fought us clean,
Why, shipmates still when war was done might Hans an' me 'ave been;
The truest pals a man can have are them 'e's fought before,
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, d'ye get me, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once—but long's I sail the sea
There'll be no foe's 'e big enough to 'old Hans Dans an' me,
An' all the seas an' all the years 'on't wipe out Hans's score
Nor drive away the dirty words 'e's 'e called it was!

No, never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, so 'elp me, never no more!

CICELY FOX-SMITH, in *Punch*.

Thrift is the surest rudder in
this time of national peril

**SAVE COAL
LIGHT
GASOLINE
MONEY**

Fuel Saved is Fuel Made
"Save until it Hurts"

Elliot, Miss K. O'Neill, Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Carrie Rigby, Mrs. Stickney, Mrs. Theodore Holmes, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Bessie Thompson, Miss Alice Anderson, and Miss Bessie Wren.

Mrs. Andrews then spoke of the waste paper scheme. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Coughy, a great amount has been collected during the summer, and she hopes soon to have a cartload ready to ship.

The matter of registration was taken up. Any organization, in order to collect money for patriotic work, must be registered. The matter was left until further information could be secured.

A number of Food Board books had been revised, to be placed in the homes of the town. These were distributed.

Mrs. Andrews stated that Mr. Hayter Reed had donated the vegetables from his garden to the Club. These are to be sold and the money used for patriotic work. Moved by Mrs. Lamb, seconded by Mrs. B. Hanson, that the thanks of the Club be extended to Mr. Reed for his kindness. Carried.

An offer had been received for the cards left from the "Yard of Pennies" scheme. It was moved by Mrs. Hanson, seconded by Mrs. Odell, that these be sold. Carried.

It was moved by Mrs. Odell, seconded by Mrs. Keay, that the Club send \$100 to the Field Comforts Association. Carried. Moved by Miss Wren, seconded by Mrs. Odell, that this money be used for lonely soldiers. Carried.

The President then spoke of Mrs. Van der Flier who is to give an interesting

lecture in St. John at an early date. It was moved by Miss Richardson, and seconded by Mrs. Hanson, that the Club engage this lady to lecture in St. Andrews.

A vote of thanks and appreciation was tendered Mrs. Andrews and Miss Richardson, for their untiring efforts in behalf of the Club.

The sympathy of the meeting was extended to the former Secretary, Miss Wren, for the loss she had sustained in the death of her mother. Also, to Mrs. Rowland, and Mrs. J. D. Grimmer, for their great loss.

The executive committee was requested to meet at the Anchorage on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 8th, at 3.30 o'clock. Meeting adjourned.

LOTTIE E. RIGBY, Recording Secty.

Oct. 8th, 1918.

The Executive Committee of the Women's Canadian Club met at the Anchorage.

A letter was read by the President containing suggestions for soldier's boxes.

A letter was also read from Mrs. Kuhring of St. John, stating that Miss Van der Flier could lecture for the Canadian Club at St. Andrews at an early date. It was necessary to refuse this offer on account of the restrictions at present placed on public gatherings.

The following committees were then

Minnard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

appointed, the conveners being named first.

Lecture:—Mrs. Mallory, Miss Anderson, Miss Bessie Thompson.

Music:—Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Miss Bessie Grimmer, Miss Carol Hibbard.

Educational:—Miss Richardson, Mrs. Odell, Mrs. Rigby.

Hall:—Miss Dorothy Lamb, Miss Elsie Finigan, Miss Viola McDowell.

It was decided to sell the "Yard of Pennies" cards at \$4.00 per hundred. Meeting adjourned.

Lottie E. Rigby, Recording Secretary

Treasurer's Report, for the Year Oct. 3, 1917—Oct. 3, 1918.

Receipts

Cash carried over from year 1917-1918	\$30.39
Membership and visitors' fees	66.00
Sales of Vegetables and Food per Mrs. Andrew	13.00
Professor Southwick's Entertainment	56.25
Rev. Mr. Kuhring's Evening	17.00
Gift of members Charlotte Co. Chorus Club Entertainment	25.30
Sale of Tags Navy League Fund	400.56
"Yards of Pennies" cards	214.00
Total	\$833.55

Expenditures

For General Expenses of Club	
Rest of Memorial for Professor Southwick's Evening	\$8.00
Professor Southwick for Entertaining	40.00
Rev. Mr. Kuhring's Expenses	4.80
Making Coffee for season	5.00
Rent of Paul's Hall for season's meetings	21.00
Canada Food Board Receipt books	5.60
"Beacon" Co. for Penny cards	45.90
Postage	.14
Total	\$130.44

For Patriotic Work	
Christmas Dinners for 26th New Brunswick Reg.	\$25.00
National Young Women's Christian Association	50.55
Mrs. Mallory Study Y. M. C. A. Fund for Town	50.00
Navy League Fund per Mrs. E. A. Smith	400.00
Total for Patriotic Work	\$525.55
Total for General Expenses	130.44
Total Expenditure	\$655.99
Cash on Hand	177.56
Total	\$833.55

Annie L. Richardson, Treasurer

VISION

I'VE seen her, I've seen her
Beneath an apple tree;
The minute that I saw her there
With stars and dewdrops in her hair
I knew it must be she.
She's sitting on a dragon-fly
All shining green and gold;
The dragon-fly goes circling round
A little way above the ground—
She isn't taking hold.

I've seen her, I've seen her,
I never, never knew
That anything could be so sweet;
She has the tiniest hands and feet,
Her wings are very blue.
She holds her little head like this
Because she is a queen;
(I can't describe it all in words)
She's throwing kisses to the birds
And laughing in between.

I've seen her, I've seen her—
I simply ran and ran;
Put down your sewing quickly, please,
Let's hurry to the orchard trees
As softly as we can.
I had to go and leave her there,
I felt I couldn't stay,
I wanted you to see her too—
But oh, whatever shall we do
If she has flown away?

—ROSE FYLEMAN, in *Punch*.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The President gratefully acknowledges gifts as follows:—from Mrs. John Peacock, \$3.00; from two friends, \$6.00.

Are you saving for Victory Bonds?

It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station. "Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones. "I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—*Judge*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—WASHINGTON Oct. 8th.—The Cargo vessel *Lake City* sank yesterday off Key West, following a collision. No lives were lost.

—WASHINGTON Oct. 8th.—Sinking of the Italian steamship *Alberto Treves* an enemy submarine, 300 miles off American coast on October 3rd, was reported to-day to the Navy Department. Thirteen survivors in a boat were picked up by the steamer *Oriaba*, but two other boats containing twenty-one men were escaped when the *Treves* was sunk; are still to be accounted for.

—WASHINGTON, Oct. 3rd.—The American steamer *Westgate*, of the naval overseas transportation service, has been sunk at sea with the loss of six members of her crew, in collision with the steamer *American*. The *American* picked up the survivors and is proceeding to port.

A dispatch to the Navy Department to-day reporting the sinking, said it occurred about 500 miles off the Atlantic Coast, but did not give the time. The *Westgate* was a cargo carrier of 5,300 gross tons.

—WASHINGTON, Oct. 3rd.—The United States steamer *Tampa*, a former coast-guard cutter in naval service, was lost off the English coast September 26th, with all on board, while on convoy duty. Ten officers and 102 enlisted men of the crew, one British officer and five civilian employees, lost their lives.

A Navy Department statement to-day announcing the disaster, says the ship was sunk at night in the Bristol Channel and that reports indicate that she was struck by a torpedo while escorting a convoy.

—Washington, Oct. 4th.—The American steamer *Herman Frasch*, a small cargo-carrier, manned by a navy crew and in the overseas supply service, has been sunk in collision at sea with a loss of probably fifty of her crew. The vessel collided at night with the American tank steamship *George G. Henry*, about 150 miles southeast of the Nova Scotia coast, and went down in seven minutes. She carried a crew of about 13 officers and 76 men, and survivors reported number only 11.

The *Henry*, with a hole stove in her bow above the water-line, picked up the survivors and stood by all night hunting for others. When daylight came she abandoned the search and resumed her voyage.

There were few details, in a brief dispatch upon which the Navy Department to-day based an announcement of the disaster, and the date was not given.

The American steamship *Herman Frasch* was owned by the Union Sulphur Company and formerly plied between New York and Freeport, Tex. The tanker *George G. Henry*, with which she collided, is owned by the Petroleum Transport Company.

—Madrid, Oct. 4th.—The Spanish steamer *Franconi* has been torpedoed by a German submarine, according to an announcement made by the Minister of Marine. The *Franconi* was an iron steamer of 1,241 tons. She was built in 1865 and was 236 feet long. Her home port was Barcelona.

—Madrid, Oct. 5th.—Dispatches received here say that 25 survivors from the torpedoed Spanish steamer *Franconi* have been landed at Alicante. The survivors told the Maritime Perfect that the submarine emerged and began shelling the *Franconi* without warning. The crew succeeded in leaving the steamer on a raft.

A few minutes later a French convoy appeared and the submarine directed its fire against the French boats. These vessels replied vigorously, whereupon the submarine rapidly disappeared.

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 9.

Mr. Harry Simpson, of Lord's Cove, was a visitor here on Tuesday last.

Miss Irene Treccarten visited her aunt, Mrs. McDowell, of Penfield, on Sunday.

The stork arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whittier on Tuesday last and left a baby boy.

Carroll Barker narrowly escaped fatal injuries on Friday, being caught in the engine at No. 2 factory, fortunately no bones were broken but he received a bad shaking up.

A large number are on the sick-list here at present.

The school has closed here as a preventive measure against the spread of influenza.

Some people are leaving the village for their several homes as the cold weather approaches.

The moving pictures have closed down until further notice.

Thrift is the Maker of Character

Thrift is patriotic at this time. It is more—it is evidence of practical common sense, sound judgment and prudence, because it shows you are willing to make present sacrifice for future competence.

This Bank will gladly open a Savings Account for you, and deposits may be made by mail or in person.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,500,000
Reserve Fund 12,000,000
Resources 184,000,000

G. W. RABBITT
Manager
St. Andrews Branch

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 2.
Mrs. McDowell, of Pennfield, visited friends in town on Saturday.

The second load of coal is being discharged here to-day for Messrs. Connors Bros.

Those visiting their homes on Deer Island on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Calder, and Miss Verna Barker and her two brothers, Charles and Carroll.

Mr. Bibber Stuart made a business trip to St. George on Monday.

Mrs. Howard Trecarten and son, Lawrence, are visiting friends in Pennfield.

Miss J. A. Hooper was called away quite suddenly to attend her sister, Miss Lilla Hooper, who is ill at Black Bay.

Owing to the unusual heavy frosts of late the people of this place will not be supplied with the necessary vegetables from the country, especially pumpkins for preserving.

Mr. Gerald Gardiner is enjoying a visit to his home in Deer Island.

A lumber-laden vessel is lying in harbor waiting for favorable winds to proceed on her voyage.

A number of folk from Letite visited friends here on Sunday.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

Oct. 9.
Our schools are closed for an indefinite period as a precautionary measure against Spanish influenza, so prevalent in other localities.

Several families in our community are on the sick-list.

Mrs. Henry Hooper and little son, Raymond, have returned from Mohannes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Leighton and Mr. Isaac Leighton, of Pembroke, Me., were suddenly called here owing to the death of their sister, Mrs. Lindsay Wallace.

Coun. E. A. McNeill has returned from a brief business trip to St. John.

Some much needed repairs are being added to the public wharf at Cummings' Cove by Messrs. Edgar Cummings, Elmore Fountain, and Edgar Chaffey.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 8.
The Beaver Harbor Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society held its yearly business meeting in the hall on Wednesday evening Oct. 2. There was a very good attendance. Reports from the different officers and committees were heard, which went to show that the Society had a successful year.

The amount of money collected by the Society during the year was \$444.50, and there was expended \$423.73. \$100 was sent to the British Red Cross Fund, \$40 to the Halifax Relief Fund, and \$100 to General Fund of the Provincial Branch.

During the year 80 lbs of yarn were bought at cost of \$117.60, 42 yds. Towelling and 40 yds. Butter Cloth. There was shipped to the Red Cross Depot, St. John, 156 pairs socks, 10 pyjama suits, 3 doz. towels, 3 doz. face cloths, and 15 doz. handkerchiefs. To the boys of the village now overseas a box containing a pair of socks, and sardines, raisins, candy, etc., and to the hospitals this year 25 packed stockings.

The officers for the coming year are:—Pres., Mrs. Melvin Eldridge; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Edgar Wadlin; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Nelson Wright; Sec'y, Mrs. Emery Paul; and Treas., Mrs. John F. Paul.

Much anxiety was felt by the friends of Wayman Eldridge and Thos. Harvey on Friday night when they did not return from fishing. A boat with four men on board started out on Saturday morning and found them at Chance Harbor, where

they had arrived at noon. The boat was towed home and the occupants are none the worse for their night on the Bay in an open boat, driven by the wind and tide.

Lorne Paul, who has been employed here during the summer, left to-day for his home in Boston.

Mrs. David Johnson still remains very ill.

Mrs. Hayward Sparks is slightly improved in health.

The weir fishermen are stripping their weirs, the greater part of them did not pay for the labor upon them.

Mrs. R. A. Cross, of St. George, is visiting friends here.

Edmund O'Brien has moved his family into his new house.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Oct. 8.
The schools, picture houses, and churches have been closed as a precautionary measure. While the town has so far escaped the Spanish influenza, a number of cases have been reported from nearby places.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Humphrey and family, of St. John, spent last week at Utopia at Captain Milliken's well-known club house.

No word has been received concerning the fate of Chas. Cawley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cawley, who was reported missing on Sept. 27th. Charlie was in the flying corps on the Western front and was a member of the bombing squad. He was well and favorably known in his home town before enlisting in the 104th Battalion. It is perhaps possible that he may be a prisoner. The sympathy of the community goes out to the doubly stricken parents, a younger son, Frank, having been desperately wounded a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Dawes Gillmor left on Saturday to join her husband, Captain Dawes Gillmor, at St. Leonard's.

Mr. Harry Epps, of the Telephone staff, has recovered from a severe illness.

Miss Nelle Murray, who has been the guest of her brother, L. W. Murray, left for her home in Lowell, Mass., this week.

The K. of C. drive for funds for Army Huts was very successful, over twelve hundred dollars was collected.

Mrs. James Ströthard entertained a number of friends on Saturday evening in honor of the birthday of her guest, Miss Gertrude Wallace.

Miss Anna D. Sullivan, of St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. D. Gillmor at Ben Laures.

Miss Edna Brown returned on Monday from a visit to the border towns.

Postmaster McKenzie was confined to his house several days last week with illness. During his absence Miss Julia McMullen assisted in the Post Office.

Mrs. Chas. McGrattan and her two children are visiting relatives in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Keith, and Dr. S. C. Bonnell, of St. John, were recent guests at Hillcrest.

Dr. Blair, of St. Stephen, and T. R. Kent enjoyed a few days hunting this week.

Mrs. Jas. Bryden and Masters George and Stewart returned on Monday from a two-weeks' visit in St. John.

Miss May Epps is visiting friends in St. John.

Miss K. Lynott and Miss Etta Marshall visited the border towns on Tuesday.

C. B. Seelye, son of Rev. F. B. Seelye, is spending a few days in town the guest of

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

his uncle William. The young man who is but sixteen years of age is in khaki.

James McCormick Jr., of St. Stephen, is here this week on a business trip.

Miss Blair and Miss Branscomb, of St. Stephen, were week-end guests of Mrs. T. R. Kent.

Miss Ethel MacNichol, who spent the summer months in town, leaves for Boston this week.

Miss Lillian Hickey, who left here for Boston a few weeks ago, has recovered from a severe attack of influenza.

Edw. O'Neill, manager of the B'way theatre, is confined to his house with an attack of neuralgia.

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 9.
Rev. W. W. Malcom, pastor of the Presbyterian church in St. Stephen, has returned from Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Miss Bessie Budd has gone to Boston to care for soldiers ill with the prevailing influenza, and is on duty as a trained nurse in the New England Baptist Hospital.

Mrs. George W. Daniel, of Calais, has been very ill for several days with an attack of the prevailing influenza, but is reported to be recovering, much to the joy of her husband and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have moved from the Ledge, and are residing on Union Street, St. Stephen.

Sergt. Karl Vroom and his bride have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Vroom.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Doten, of Watertown, Me., are visiting Calais friends.

Miss Edith M. Newnham, daughter of Ven. Archdeacon Newnham, of St. Stephen, who is attached to the Nurses Unit of the United States Army, is now at Camp Devens caring for soldiers stricken with the Spanish influenza. There are six hundred nurses in the camp ministering to sick lads.

Miss Blanche Haines has been visiting St. George friends.

Rev. Percy Cotton, the new rector for Trinity, held service for the first time on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williamson have returned from a pleasant visit in Portland, Me.

Mrs. Waide Randall, of Gloucester, Mass., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Rose, in Calais.

Dr. Frank I. Blair has returned from a hunting trip in the vicinity of St. George. Owing to the wet and dismal weather the genial doctor did not have his usual good luck in bringing down game.

Miss Grace Stevens is in Montreal visiting her sister, Mrs. Torrance.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Marks Mills are enjoying camp life and hunting in the vicinity of Canoose.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Reed, of Montreal, are visiting in St. Stephen, summoned here to attend the funeral service of Mrs. Reed's brother, Charles Tarbox, who died in Winthrop, Mass., of the dread disease, Spanish influenza. The remains were brought to Calais for burial last Friday, and interred in the Calais Cemetery.

The family of Mr. Oscar Deakin, who reside over the C. P. R. depot in St. Stephen, are all stricken with Spanish grippie; and very ill.

Miss Nellie Lyons, who has been a victim of Spanish grippie, is reported to be much better and improving.

Mr. W. F. Vroom has arrived from New York, and will in the future make his home in St. Stephen.

Mr. J. Ross Sederquist is recovering from a severe attack of grippie.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rogers, of Brookline, Mass., are at Grand Lake Stream to enjoy the Autumn fishing and hunting.

Miss Emma L. Martin has returned from a visit to Moore's Mills.

Mrs. Helen Beard, of St. John, has been a recent visitor in Calais, the guest of Mrs. Mary Wellington.

Lieut. Harry F. Murchie, of the U. S. Flying Corps, has been spending a short furlough in Calais with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Murchie.

Mrs. H. B. Merriman, of New York City, has been a recent guest of Mrs. George J. Clarke.

Private Melville N. Deacon, who was wounded very severely in action in France several months ago, and has been in many different hospitals for treatment, arrived home in St. Stephen last week, and is being most heartily greeted by his friends and all citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thickens, who have been visiting in Milton, have returned to their home in Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Edgar G. Beer is visiting in Montreal.

Mrs. John Ryder has been a recent guest of Mrs. C. C. Whitlock in Calais.

At a meeting of the Board of Health on Saturday evening it was decided to close all places where numbers of people congregate or meet, so churches, societies



With Acknowledgments to Luke Fildes, R.A.

To every home there comes a time when every thought, every hope, every prayer for the future centres on the recovery of one loved one. In that hour of anguish, every means to recovery is sought—the highest medical skill, trained nurses, costly treatment. Does the price matter?

It may be so great as to stagger the imagination—a sum beyond the possible.

But does anyone ask, "Can we do it?" Money or no money, they do it. And somehow they pay.

It may mean doing without things they think they need. It may mean privations, sacrifices, hardships. They make unbelievable savings, they achieve the impossible, but they get the money to pay.

To-day in this critical period of our nationhood, there is imperative need for MONEY—vast sums of money. Only one way now remains to obtain it.

The nation must save, every community, every family, every individual Canadian must save.

If anyone says "I cannot save" let him consider to what extent he

would pinch himself to relieve the sufferings of a loved one at home; and surely he would not pinch less for our fighting brothers in France.

Without suffering actual privations, nearly every family in Canada can reduce its standard of living, can practice reasonable thrift, can make cheerful sacrifice to enrich the life-blood of the nation.

You who read this, get out pencil and paper NOW. Set down the items of your living expense. Surely you will find some items there you can do without.

Determine to do without them.

Start TO-DAY. Save your money so that you may be in a position to lend it to your country in its time of need.

Published under the authority of the Minister of Finance of Canada.

PRODIGAL WASTE BY BIG EARNERS

War Prosperity has Led to Injudicious Spending. No Thought of Lean Years Ahead.

Side by side with a good deal of thrift, there is a good deal of thriftlessness among us, just now. In the writer's immediate neighbourhood in the east end of Toronto, and no doubt it is the same in other places, unthrift is quite as much in evidence as is thrift.

It is surprising that this should be the case in this neighbourhood, for it is one in which, only the year before the first year of the war, the people, very many of them, experienced the pinch of dire poverty. Work was scarce. Many who had bought their houses could not keep up the instalments, or pay the taxes due on them. Many who lived in rented houses could not pay their rent. Yet, although this was only between four and five years ago, many of the people who suffered most have already forgotten that they then went hungry, and, in most cases almost starving. They don't realize that what then was may be again. They don't believe it. They think that the present boom—for wages are quite abnormally high—will last for ever.

BOUGHT TWO CARS

Here is a concrete case. A certain man who, four or five years ago, lacked food and all the necessities of life, is to-day making big money in munitions. He is not putting by a cent. In the three years and more during which he has been working on munitions, he has bought himself two cars. His first car didn't last long. He gave the poor thing no rest.

When it was "all in" he bought another. Yet this man will cadge for clothes for his children, and send his children to the school dentist.

Now when the call is for economy, many women, whose husbands are making big money, are outrageously extravagant in clothes. One of them in the same locality is so in love with fine clothes that she was seen wearing a silk dress when scrubbing the floor. Until her husband got his present \$50 a week job, they had never had more than \$20 a week to get along on. They have nothing saved (as she admits) and if the man was out of a job to-morrow, all they would have to show as resultant from their present prosperity would be a quantity of party-worn fine clothes.

EATING THEIR EARNINGS

Many families are literally eating up their big earnings. One that I know will give \$9.50 for a leg of lamb for Sunday dinner. The father takes to work for his lunch, sliced ham bought cooked at a store for which a big price is paid. The butcher who serves them says he could not begin to afford the expensive food they consume in large quantities.

War-time prosperity is just giving them a good time—for a time. What of the "lean years" that may be ahead? In the cases mentioned, and they are typical of very many in this one neighbourhood, no provision whatever is being made for them.

Try a BEACON Adv. For Results

INFLUENZA!

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

JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

for the nose and throat with an occasional dose taken internally may safeguard you from serious results and halt the evil in its first stage. This famous old physician's prescription is an

ENEMY TO GERMS

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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CHAPTER XVII.

The Master of Stars.

JULY 5," remarked Kent, with his lids dropped over the keen gaze of his eyes. "It was the following morning that the unknown body was found on the beach near Mr. Blair's Nook."

Marjorie Blair's face showed no comprehension. "I have heard nothing of any body," she replied.

"Did none of the talk come to your ears of a strange woman found at Lonesome Cove?"

"No. Wait, though. After the funeral of one of the cousins began to speak of a mystery, and Mr. Blair shut him off."

"Your necklace was taken from that body."

Her eyes grew wide. "Was she the thief?" she asked eagerly.

"The person who took the necklace from the body is the one for whom I am searching. Now, Mrs. Blair, will you tell me in a word how your husband met his death? Your father-in-law gave you to understand, did he not, that Wilfrid Blair met and quarreled with—a certain person and was killed in the encounter which followed?"

"How shall I ever free myself from the consciousness of my own part in it?" she shuddered. "Don't—don't speak of it again. I can't bear it."

"You won't have to very long," Kent assured her. "Let us get back to the jewels. You would be willing to make a considerable sacrifice to recover them?"

"Anything!"

"Perhaps you've heard something of this man?"

Drawing a newspaper page from his pocket, Kent indicated an advertisement outlined in blue pencil. It was elaborately displayed as follows:

Your Fate Is Written in the Heavens

CONSULT THE

Star Master

Past, Present and Future Are Open Books to His Mystic Gaze—Be Guided Aright in

Business, Love and Health

Thousands to Whom he has pointed Out the Way of the Stars Bless Him for His Aid.

CONSULTATION BY APPOINTMENT

Preston Jax

Suit 77 Mystic Block, 10 Royal Street

Mrs. Blair glanced at the announcement.

"I want you to go there with me to-day," said Kent.

"To that charlatan? Why, Professor Kent, I thought you were a scientific man. I can't understand your motives, but I know that I can trust you. When do you wish me to go?"

"I have an appointment for us at high noon."

As the clock struck 12 Kent and Mrs. Blair passed from the broad noon-day glare of the street and were ushered into the tempered darkness of a strange apartment. It was hung about with black cloths and lighted by the effulgence of an artificial half moon and several planets contrived, Kent conjectured, of singless set into the fabric with arc lights behind them. A faint, heavy but not unpleasant odor of incense hovered in the air. The moon waxed slowly in brightness, illuminating the two figures.

"Very well fixed up," whispered Kent to his companion. "The astrologer is now looking us over."

In fact, at that moment a contemplating and estimating eye was fixed upon them from a "dead" star in the farther wall. Preston Jax did not, as a rule, receive more than one client at a time. Police witnesses travel in pairs, and the starmaster was of a suspicious nature. Now, however, he beheld a gentleman clad in such apparel as never police spy nor investigating agent wore, a rather puzzling "swellness" (this term is culled from Mr. Jax's evasive thoughts), since it appeared to be individual without being in any particular conspicuous. The visitor was obviously "light."

Quitting his peep hole, the starmaster pressed a button. Strains of music, soft and soulless, filled the air (from a phonograph muffled in rugs; raw moon glow paled a little. There was a soft rustle and fluctuation of wall shrapnel in the apartment. The light waxed. The smooth shaven starmaster stood before his visitors.

They beheld a man of undistinguished size and form eked out by a splendid pomposity of manner. To this his garb contributed. All the signs of the Zodiac had lent magnificence to the long, black, loose robe with gaping sleeves which he wore. Mrs. Blair noted with vague interest that it was all hand embroidered.

With a rhythmic motion of arms and hands he came forward, performed a spreading bow of welcome and drew back, putting his hand to his

brow as if in concentration of thought. Marjorie Blair felt an inchoate desire to laugh. She glanced at Professor Kent and to her surprise found him exhibiting every evidence of discomposure.

"Stupid of me," he muttered in apology. "Gets on one's nerves, you know. Awesome and all that sort of thing fussing with the stars."

"Fear nothing," said Jax. "The star forces respond to the master will of him who comprehends them. Madam, the date, year, month and day of your birth, if you please?"

"March 15, 1889," replied Mrs. Blair.

Propelled by an unseen force, a celestial globe mounted on a nickel standard, rolled forth. The starmaster spun it with a practised hand. Slowly and more slowly it turned until, as it came to a stop, a ray of light, mysteriously appearing, focused on a constellation.

"Yonder is your star," declared the astrologer. "See how the aural light seeks it."

"Oh, I see!" murmured he of the monocle. "Weird, you know! Quite gets on one's nerves. Quite—"

"Sh-h-h!" reproved Preston Jax. "Silence is the fitting medium of the higher stellar mysteries. Madam, your life is a pathway between happiness and grief. Like a speeding comet, has crossed it here. Happiness, like the soft moon glow, has beamed upon it, and will again beam, in fuller effulgence."

With beautifully modulated intonations he proceeded, while one of his visitors regarded him with awe struck reverence, and the other waited with patience—but unimpressed, so the orator felt, by his gifts. His voice sank, by deep toned gradations into silence. The ray winked out. Then the woman spoke.

"Is it possible for your stars to guide me to an object which I have lost?"

"Nothing is hidden from the stars," declared their master. "You seek jewels, madam? (Kent had let this much out, as if by accident, in the morning's conversation.)"

"Yes."

"Your birth stone is the bloodstone. Unhappy, indeed, would be the woman if you lost one of those gems." (He was fishing and came forward toward her almost brushing Kent.)

"But I say," cried Kent in apparently uncontrollable agitation; "did your stars tell you that she had lost some jewelry? Tell me, is that how you know?"

In his eagerness he caught at the astrologer's arm, the right one, and his long fingers, gathering in the ample folds of the gown, pressed nervously upon the wrist. Preston Jax winced away. All the excited rapidity passed from Kent's speech at once.

"The jewels which this lady has lost," he said very quietly, "are a set of unique rose topazes. I thought—in fact, I felt that you could, with or without the aid of your stars, help her to recover them."

Blackness, instant and impenetrable, was the answer to this. Kent raised his voice the merest trifle.

"Unless you wish to be arrested I advise you not to leave this place. Not by either exit."

"Arrested on what charge?" came half chokingly out of the darkness.

"Theft."

"I didn't take them."

"Murder, then."

"My God!" So object was the terror and misery in the cry that Kent felt sorry for the wretch. Then, with a certain dogged bitterness, "I don't care what you know; I didn't kill her."

"That is very likely true," replied Kent soothingly. "But it is what I must know in detail. Bind your foot lever and turn on the light."

The two visitors could hear the astrologer grope heavily. As the light flashed on they saw, with a shock, that he was on all fours. It was as if Kent's word had felled him. Instantly he was up, however, and said:

"What am I up against? How did you find me?"

Thrusting his hand in his pocket the scientist brought out a little patch of black cloth, with a single star skillfully embroidered on it.

"Wild blackberry has long thorns and sharp," he said. "You left this tatter on Hawkill cliffs."

At the name the man's chin muscle throbbed with his effort to hold his teeth steady against chattering.

"What do you want?"

"A fair exchange. My name is Chester Kent."

The starmaster's chin worked convulsively. "The Kent that broke up the Co-ordinated Spiritism Circle?"

"Yes."

"It's all bargaining with the devil," observed Preston Jax grimly. "What's the exchange?"

"I do not believe that you are guilty of murder. Tell me the whole story plainly and straight, and I'll clear you in so far as I can believe you innocent."

For the first time the seer's chin was at peace.

"The topazes are cached under a rock near the cliff. I couldn't direct you, but I could show you."

"In time you shall. One moment. As you realize, you are under presumption of murder. Do you know the identity of the victim?"

"Of Astraea? That's all I know about her. I don't even know her last name."

"Why Astraea?"

"That's the way she signed herself. She seemed to think I knew all about her without being told."

"And you played up to that belief?"

"Well, of course, I did."

"Yes, you naturally would. But if you had no name to write to how could you answer the letters?"

"Through personal advertisements. She had made out a code. She was a smart one in some ways. I can tell you."

"Have you any of the letters here?"

"Only the last one."

"Bring it to me."

Obediently as an intimidated child, the astrologer left the room, presently returning with a plain sheet of paper with handwriting on one side.

With drooping head and chin a-twitch the master of stars stood studying Mrs. Blair and Kent while they read the letter together. It was in two handwritings, the date, address and body of the letter being in a clear running character, while the signature, "Astraea," was in very fine, minute, detached lettering. The note read:

All is now ready. You are but to carry out our arrangements implicitly. The place is known to you. There can be no difficulty in your finding it. At two hours after sundown of July the 5th we shall be there. Our ship will be in waiting. All will be as before. Fail me not. Your reward shall be greater than you dream.

ASTRAEA.

Kent folded and pocketed the letter.

"Had you ever been to this place before?" Kent asked of Jax.

"No."

"Then how did you expect to find it?"

"She sent me a map. I lost it—that night."

"What about the ship?"

"I wish you'd tell me. There wasn't any ship that I could see."

"And the reference to all being as it was before?"

"You've got me again there. In most every letter there was something about things I didn't understand. She seemed to think we used to know each other. Maybe we did. Hundreds of 'em come to me. I can't remember 'em all. Sometimes she called me Hermann. My name ain't Hermann. Right up to the time I saw her on the heights I was afraid she was taking me for somebody else and that the whole game would be queer as soon as we came face to face."

"What did she say when she saw you?"

"Why, she seemed just as tickled to set eyes on me as if I were her Hermann twice over."

"Exactly," replied Kent, with satisfaction.

"Well, how do you account for that?"

Passing over the query, the other proceeded: "Now, as I understand it, you put yourself in my hands unreservedly."

"What else can I do?" cried Preston Jax.

"Nothing that would be so wise. So do not try. I shall want you to come to Martindale Center on call. Pack up and be ready. Come, Mrs. Blair. Remember, Jax, fair play, and we shall pull you through yet."

In the taxi Marjorie Blair turned to Kent. "You are a very wonderful person," she said—Kent shook his head—"and, I think, a very kind one."

looking document. The note began "Esteemed sir," concluded "Yours respectfully," and set forth in somewhat exotic language, that the writer, fearing a lapse of courage that might confuse his narrative when he should come to give it had "taken pen in hand" to commit it to writing and would the recipient "kindly pardon haste." Therewith twenty-one typed pages.

"Quite enough," said Chester Kent, and dived into the turbid flood of words. And behold! As he turned, so to speak, the corner of the narrative he current became suddenly clear.

The reader ran through it with increasing absorption. Preston Jax, whose real name was John Preston, and, after a rebellious boyhood, run away to sea, lived two years before he was picked up a smattering of education, been assistant and capper for a magnetic healer and had finally formulated a system of astrological prophecy that won him a slow but increasing renown.

"This Astraea affair looked good from the first." So began Preston Jax's confession, as he headed and tripped down by its editor. "It looked like one of the best. You could smell money in it with half a nose. Her first offer came in on a Monday. I recollect, Irene, my assistant, had put the red pencil on it when she sorted out the mail to show it was something special. But don't get her into this, Professor Kent. If you do it's all off, jewels and all. Irene has always been for the straight star, business and forecast same—and no extras or side lines. Besides, we were married last week."

She quoted poetry, swelt poetry. First off she signed herself "An Adept." I gave her the Personal No. 3 and followed it up with the Special Friendly No. 5. Irene never liked that No. 5. She says it's spooky. Just the same, it fetches them—but not this one. She began to get personal and warm hearted, all right, and answered up with the kindred soul racket. But come to Boston? Not a move! Said she couldn't. There were reasons. It looked like the old game—fitter headed in wife and jealous husband. Nothing in that game unless you go in for the straight holdup. And blackmail was always too strong for my taste. So I did the natural thing—gave her special readings and doubled on the price. She paid like a lamb.

"Then, blame if it didn't slip out she wasn't married at all! I lost that letter. It was kind of endearing. Irene put up a howl. It was getting too personal for her taste. I told her I would cut it out. Then I gave my swell lady another address and wrote her for a picture. Nothing doing. But she began to hint around at a meeting one day a letter came with a hundred dollar bill in it. Loose, too, just like you or me might send a two cent stamp. For expenses," she wrote, and I was to come at once. Our souls had returned to recognize and join each other, she said. Here is the only part of the letter I could dig up from the wastebasket."

Here a page was pasted upon the document.

"You have pointed out to me that our stars, swinging in mighty circles, are rushing on to a joint climax. Together we may force open the doors to the past and sway the world as we sought to do in bygone days."

"And so on and cetera," continued the narrative. "Well, of course, she was nutty—that is, about the star business. But that don't prove anything. The dippest star chaser I ever worked was the head of a department in one of the big stores, and the fiercest little business woman in business hours you ever knew. That was the letter she first called me Hermann in and signed Astraea to. Said there was no use pretending to conceal her identity any longer from me. Seemed to think I knew all about it. That jarred me some. And, with the change of writing in the signature, it all looked pretty queer. You remember the last letter with the copperplate writing name at the bottom? Well, they all came that way after this: the body of the letter very bold and careless; signature written in an entirely different hand."

"But hundred dollar bills loose in letters mean a big stake. I wrote her I would come, and I signed it 'Hermann.' Just to play up to her lead. Irene got on and threw a fit. She said her woman's intuition told her there was danger in it. Truth is, she was stuck on me herself, and I was on her. But we did not find it out until after the crash. So I was all for prying Astraea loose from her money if I had to marry her to do it. She wrote some slush about the one desperate plunge together and then the glory that was to be ours. That looked like marriage to me."

"You saw the last letter. It had me rattled, but not rattled enough to quit. There was a map in it of the place for the meeting. That was plain enough. But the 'our' and 'we' business in it bothered me. It looked a bit like a third person. I had not heard anything about any third person. What is more, I did not have any use for a third person in this business. The stars forbade it. I wrote and told her so and said if there was any outsider rung in the stellar courses would have a sudden change of heart. Then I put my best robe in a bag and bought a ticket for Carr's Junction. You can believe that while I was going through the woods I was keeping a bright eye out for any third party. Well, he was not there, not when I arrived anyway. Where he was all the time I do not know. I never saw him. But I heard him later. I can hear him yet at night. God help me!"

"She was looking against a little tree at the edge of the thicket when I first saw her. There was plenty of light from the moon, and it sifted down through the trees and fell across her head and neck. I noticed a queer cir-

cling around her neck. The stones were like soft pink fires. I had not ever seen any like them before, and I stood there trying to figure whether they were rubies and how much they might be worth. While I was wondering about it she half turned, and I got my first look at her face.

"She was younger than I had reckoned on and not bad to look at, but queer, queer! Something about her struck me all wrong—gave me a sort of ugly shiver. Another thing struck me all right, though. That was that she had jewels on pretty much all her fingers. In one of my letters to her I gave her a hint about that—told her that gems gave the stars a stronger hold on the wearer, and she had taken it all in. She certainly was an easy subject."

"A bundle done up in paper was on the ground near her. I ducked back, very still, and got into my robe. The arrangement in her letter was for me to whistle when I got there. I whistled. She straightened up.

"Come," she said, "I am waiting."

"Her voice was rather deep and soft. But it wasn't a pleasant softness. Some way I did not like it any better than I liked her looks. I stepped out into the open and gave her the grand bow."

"The master of the stars, at your command," I said.

"You are not as I expected to see you," she said.

"That was a sticker. It might mean most anything. I took a chance."

"Oh, well," I said, "we all change."

"It went, 'We change as life changes,' she said. 'They never found you, did they?'"

"From the way she said it I saw she expected me to say 'No.' So I said 'No.'"

"That was left for me to return and do," she went on with a kind of queer joy that gave me the shivers again. "The instant I saw your statement in the newspaper I knew it was your soul calling to mine across the ages. 'Our boat is at the shore. In that last letter she mentioned a ship. And now, here was this boat business. (Afterward I looked for a sign of either, but could not find any. I thought perhaps it would explain the other part of the 'we' and 'our') If I was going to elope by sea I wanted to know it, and I said as much."

"Are you steadfast?" she asked.

"Well, there was only one answer to that. I said I was. She opened her package and took out a coil of rope. It was this gray-white rope, sort of clothesline, and it looked strong."

"What now?" I asked her.

"To bind us together," she said. "Close, close together, and then the plunge! This time there shall be no failure. They shall not find one of us without the other. You are not afraid?"

"Afraid! My neck was bristling."

"Go slow," I said, thinking mighty hard. "I don't quite see the point of this."

"Didn't I curse myself for not remembering what I had written her? No clever, except that the poor soul was plumb dippy—too dippy for me to marry at any price. It wouldn't have held in the courts. Yet there might have been \$5,000 of diamonds on her. I suppose she felt me weakening."

"You dare to break our pact?" she says in a voice like a woman on the stage. Then she changed and spoke very gently. "You are looking at these, gawgaws," she said and took a diamond circlet from her finger. "What do these count for? And she put it in my hand. Another ring dropped at my feet. Mind, she was giving them to me. 'These are as nothing compared to what we shall have,' she went on, 'after the plunge. Wait!'"

"She had dropped the rope, and now she went into her paper parcel again, kneeling at my side. I had stooped to look for the fallen ring when I felt her hand slide up my wrist and then a quick little snap of something cold and close. A bracelet, I thought. And it was a bracelet!

"Forever! Together!" she said and stood up beside me, chained to me by the handcuffs she had slipped on my right wrist and her left.

"How much to let me off? I asked as soon as I could get breath. You see, it flashed on me that it was a police trap. Her next words put me on."

"The stars! The stars!" she whispered. "See across—how they light our path-way across the sea, the sea that awaits us!"

"More breath came back to me. It wasn't a trap, then. She was only a crazy woman that I had to get rid of. I looked down at the handcuff. It was of iron and had dull rusted edges. A hammer would have made short work of it, but I did not have any hammer. I did not even have a stone. There would be stones in the broken land beyond the thicket. I thought I saw a way."

"Yes, let's go," I said.

"We set out. At the edge of the thicket was a flatish rock with small stones near it. Here I pretended to slip. I fell with my right wrist across a rock and caught up a cobblestone with my left hand. At the first crack of the stone on the handcuff I could feel the old iron weaken. I got no chance for a second blow. Her hands were at my throat. They bit in. Then I knew it was a fight for my life."

"The next thing I remember clearly she was quiet on the ground and I was hammering, hammering, hammering at my wrist with a blood stained stone. I do not know if it was her blood or mine. Both, maybe, for my wrist was like pulp when the iron finally cracked open and I was free. I caught a glimpse of blood on her temple. I suppose I had hit her there with the stone. She looked dead.

"All I wanted was to think—to think—to think. I was pretty much dotty, I guess."

"While I was trying to think she came alive. She was on her feet before I knew it and off at a dead run. The broken handcuff went jerking

and jumping around her as she ran. That was an awful night full of awful things. But the one worst sight of all—worse even than the finding of her afterward—was that mad figure leaping over the broken ground toward the cliff's edge. I held my breath to listen for her scream when she went over. I never heard it.

"But I heard something else. I heard a man's voice. It was clear and strong and high. There was death in it. I tell you, Mr. Kent, living or dead, gripped at the throat that gave that cry. Then there was a rush of little stones and gravel down the face of the cliff. That was all.

"Beyond me the ground rose. I ran up on it. It gave me a clear view of the cliff top. I thought sure I would see the man who had cried out from there. Not a sight of him! Nothing moved in the moonlight. I thought he must have gone over the cliff too. I threw myself down and buried my face.

"How long I lay on the ground I do not know. A wisp of cloud had blotched out the woman's star, now, and by that I knew she was dead. But the moon was shining high. It gave the light enough to see my way into the gully, and I stumbled and slid down through to the beach.

"I found her body right away. It lay with the head against a rock. But there was no sign of the man's body, the man who had yelled. I felt that before I went away from there I must conceal the cause of her death and everything about it that I could. If it was known how she was killed they would be more likely to suspect me."

"I went back and got the rope. I got an old grating from the shore. I dragged the body into the sea and let it soak. I lashed it to the grating. I stripped the jewelry from her, but I could not take it. That would have made me a murderer."

"There is a rock in the gully that I marked. Nobody else would ever notice it. Under it I hid the jewelry. I can take you to it, and I will."

"I got on my coat and sunk my robe in a creek and got myself to the railroad station for a morning train. And when I got home I married Irene, and I am through with the crooked work forever. This is the whole truth. If any human being knows more about the death of Astraea it must be the man who shouted as she fell from the cliff and who went away and did not come back."

(Signed) PRESTON JAX, S.M.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the White Room.

ANNALAKA, July 15.—(To Hotel Byrie, Martindale Center; Dust 571 and send up seven chairs, Chester Kent.)

"Now, I wonder what that might mean?" mused the day clerk of the Byrie as he read the telegram through for the second time. "Convention in the room of mystery, maybe?"

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"Who has come?" Kent asked the clerk.

"That functionary ran over the list. 'We shall not need in 571 ice water, stationery, casual messages, calling cards or any other form of espionage,'" said Kent. He led his companions to the elevator.

"The woman with Blair?" he asked under his breath.

Kent nodded. "I rather hoped that she wouldn't come," he said. "Blair might better have told her, so far as he knows."

"Then he doesn't know all?"

"No. And perhaps she would be content with nothing else. It is her right. And she is a brave woman. Marjorie Blair, as Jax here can testify. We have seen her under fire."

"She is that," confirmed the man with the twitching chin.

"This, then, is the final clear-up?" asked Sedgwick.

"Final and complete."

Greetings among the little group in the white hung room, so strangely and harshly thrown together by the discast of the hand of Circumstances, were brief and formal. Only Preston Jax was named by Kent, with the comment that his story would be forthcoming.

"You are a very wonderful person," she said.

"Murder, then."

"My God!" So object was the terror and misery in the cry that Kent felt sorry for the wretch. Then, with a certain dogged bitterness, "I don't care what you know; I didn't kill her."

"That is very likely true," replied Kent soothingly. "But it is what I must know in detail. Bind your foot lever and turn on the light."

The two visitors could hear the astrologer grope heavily. As the light flashed on they saw, with a shock, that he was on all fours. It was as if Kent's word had felled him. Instantly he was up, however, and said:

"What am I up against? How did you find me?"

Thrusting his hand in his pocket the scientist brought out a little patch of black cloth, with a single star skillfully embroidered on it.

"Wild blackberry has long thorns and sharp," he said. "You left this tatter on Hawkill cliffs."

At the name the man's chin muscle throbbed with his effort to hold his teeth steady against chattering.

"What do you want?"

"A fair exchange. My name is Chester Kent."

The starmaster's chin worked convulsively. "The Kent that broke up the Co-ordinated Spiritism Circle?"

"Yes."

"It's all bargaining with the devil," observed Preston Jax grimly. "What's the exchange?"

"I do not believe that you are guilty of murder. Tell me the whole story plainly and straight, and I'll clear you in so far as I can believe you innocent."

For the first time the seer's chin was at peace.

"The topazes are cached under a rock near the cliff. I couldn't direct you, but I could show you."

"In time you shall. One moment. As you realize, you are under presumption of murder. Do you know the identity of the victim?"

"Of Astraea? That's all I know about her. I don't even know her last name."

"Why Astraea?"

"That's the way she signed herself. She seemed to think I knew all about her without being told."

"And you played up to that belief?"

"Well, of course, I did."

"Yes, you naturally would. But if you had no name to write to how could you answer the letters?"

"Through personal advertisements. She had made out a code. She was a smart one in some ways. I can tell you."

"Have you any of the letters here?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Astrologer's Tale.

THE NIGHT found Kent in his hotel room. A knock brought him to the door.

"Letter for you," announced the messenger boy.

What Preston Jax had to say was, first, in the form of a very brief note, second, in the shape of a formidable



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Adv. in the Beacon

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Published every Saturday by
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WALLACE BROAD, Manager.

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tion to the Publishers.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 12th October, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[October 3 to October 9]

ON the second day of the period under review the war entered the fifty-first month of its course, and the week was another of extraordinary and continuous successes for the arms of the Entente Allies on nearly all fronts.

From Roulers to the Meuse the Allies made great—in some places rapid—advances, so great that the sectional maps we have been studying so carefully for four years no longer show on their eastern and northern sides the positions of the present battle-lines. Newer maps must be provided by the daily papers to indicate to us where the battles are now raging and the Allies are forcing back the Huns in Belgium and France.

The places whose names have been so long familiar to us, and where so many bloody contests for their possession have raged, are now strongly held by the Allies, who have broken down the strong defences constructed by the enemy, and have advanced to more open country beyond. The Hindenburg Line is demolished. The Allies are now east of Dixmude; they are beyond Armentières and near Lille; on the Scarpe they are close to Douai; they are far to the east of the Scheldt at Cambrai, and at Le Cateau are not far from the Somme; they are well to the east of St. Quentin and nearing Ribemont on both sides of the St. Gobain Forest, and are nearer Laon on the west; they have made a great advance north of Reims and crossed the Aisne at Berry-au-Bac, thus, approaching nearer to Laon on the east; they have crossed the Suippes at Bazancourt and other places; they have moved their line northward in the whole Champagne sector; and they have made substantial advances east of the Argonne Forest between the Aire and the Meuse. It is not to be wondered at that the Germans are giving way at all points over this great front, in view of the mighty attacks the Allies are now delivering; and the evidence is beyond dispute that the Germans are planning the immediate evacuation of much of the territory they have held for over four years; and as is their hellish custom, they are looting, burning, and destroying the towns and villages from which they are fleeing or being driven.

No accurate summary can be given of the prisoners and guns captured by the Allies during the week on the whole Western front, but the prisoners must approximate 100,000 and guns 500.

The Austro-Italian campaign was not characterized by any major operations during the week, and positions remained practically unchanged; but there was considerable activity in aerial operations and cannonading, and there were frequent outpost encounters, and raids, to the advantage of the Allies.

Continued progress was made by the Allies in the Balkan campaign. In Albania the Italians drove the Austrians back beyond the Skumbi and took Dibra, just over the border in Serbia. The Bulgarians had practically completed their withdrawal from Serbian and Greek territory; and the Allies pressed on from Uskub towards Nish, took Vranja, and went beyond that town. Nish seemed likely soon to be reached.

Very little news was received during the week as to events in Russia, either on the European or Asiatic side of the Urals; but it was evident that reinforcements for the Allies were being steadily received at Vladivostok and at Archangel and Kola.

The Palestine campaign was marked by the capture of Beyrout by a French naval force, much to the joy of the inhabitants. The forces of General Allenby continued their advance north of Damascus and secured the railway connexion with Beyrout. The occupation of Aleppo is now likely to follow.

From East Africa came the report that fugitive Germans in Portuguese territory had been driven across the Rovuma after having suffered very severe losses. Their final rounding up cannot now be very far off, though it has already been a long time anticipated.

Submarines were apparently more active in the week under review than in the week immediately preceding, but it is evident that the menace is not the formidable thing it was some months ago. We give, as usual, under "News of the Sea" the week's report of the marine disasters due to all causes.

The week's sensation was the dispatch by the new German Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, to President Wilson of a proposal for an armistice to en-

able the belligerents to discuss peace. The President's reply was in the form of a query as to whom the Chancellor was acting as spokesman, and it intimated that peace proposals could be best discussed when the Central European Powers had vacated the territory of the Entente Allies they now occupied. The Austrian Emperor, or Foreign Minister, also sent a proposal for peace to President Wilson, but its nature had not been disclosed to the public. Central Powers, by unmistakable evidence, greatly desire peace, but they are learning that the terms are not to be dictated by them.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria vacated the throne in favor of his son, Boris, whose reign may not be long. The resignation of the Turkish cabinet and the appointment of Tewfik Pasha as Grand Vizier indicate the probability of an early appeal for peace by Turkey. The defection of Bulgaria and the defeat of the Turkish forces in Palestine make the position of Turkey very precarious, to say the least of it.

It will thus be seen that the week under review was one of the most satisfactory, from the standpoint of the Entente Alliance, since the war began. With great gains on nearly all battle-fronts, with the enemy clamoring for armistices and peace, with the supplies and man-power of the Allies steadily increasing and those of the enemy being steadily depleted, the day cannot be very far off when the Goths and the shameless Huns will be vanquished and a real and permanent Peace, the Peace for which we pray when we say "Give Peace in our time, O Lord," will be established throughout the world and Prussian militarism will be obliterated forever.

EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY

We beg to explain to our out-of-town subscribers that the delay in receiving their copies of the last three issues of the Beacon has been due to a reduction in our staff of compositors, through resignation, illness, and death. One compositor left two weeks ago to enter a Business College, two others have been absent through illness, and another, the oldest and most experienced member of our staff, left on September 24th, to go to her sister who was ill in St. John. Her sister died, and she was stricken with the same illness and died October 5th. In a little community like St. Andrews it is not possible to secure experienced printers at short notice, so we have been compelled for three weeks to get along as well as we could by our greatly-reduced staff working overtime. From this week's issue we have been forced to omit much interesting matter that would otherwise have appeared; and in view of the circumstances we hope our subscribers will overlook our shortcomings in matter held over and in delay in publication. We are doing our best to increase our staff, and hope to have it up to the required number before long. The curtailment of our staff is also the cause of delay in filling orders for job-printing, and we trust our customers will pardon our delay. We hope to complete all orders now on hand very soon.

PRESENTATION OF FLAG TO SCHOOL

On Friday afternoon, October 4, the school children and a number of friends of the school gathered in the Assembly Hall of Prince Arthur School to receive a flag from Mr. E. A. Smith. The flag, a Union Jack, is 15 feet long by seven and one-half feet wide.

Mr. Smith read a very interesting paper (which we greatly regret we are unable to print this week), telling the history of the Union Jack, and describing the way in which the three crosses—St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Patrick—were blended to form one beautiful flag. In closing he spoke of the Canadian Ensign and the different Naval Ensigns.

After the singing of "We'll never let the Old Flag fall," by the school, Mr. Smith formally presented the flag to the Principal, Mr. McMonagle. The children and visitors then gathered around the flag-staff to watch the raising of the flag. Mrs. F. G. Andrews raised it to its place, and when it reached the top the children saluted. The flag, and Mr. Smith, were heartily cheered. The exercises closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

October 13.—Translation of Edward the Confessor. Roger Williams banished from Boston, Mass., for heresy, 1635; General Thomas Harrison, one of Cromwell's officers, executed, 1660; The Parliament of 1705 convened for the last time, 1705; Admiral Nicholson, British naval commander, took Port Royal, Nova Scotia, 1710; Corner stone of White House, Washington, laid by General Washington, 1792; Napoleon Bonaparte landed at St. Helena, 1815; Antonio Canova, Italian sculptor, died, 1822; Lily Langtry (Lady De Bathe), British actress, born, 1852; Sir H. Montagu Allan, Canadian steamship owner, born, 1860; Marquess of Queensberry, Scottish nobleman, born, 1868; First aeroplane flight in United States, 1893; Sir Henry Irving, English actor, died, 1905; Duke of Connaught assumed office of Governor-General of Canada, 1911.

October 14.—Hastings, 1066. Jena, 1806.

Auerstadt, 1806. James II of England born, 1633; William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, born in London, England, 1644; Sir William Harcourt, English statesman, born, 1827; Sir Edmund Walker, President of Canadian Bank of Commerce, born, 1848; James S. Neill, Frederickton merchant, born, 1849; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President of the United States, born, 1872; Peace Treaty between Russia and Japan signed 1905.

October 15.—Virgil, Latin poet, born, 70 B. C.; The Gregorian Calendar introduced, 1582; Evangelista Torricelli, Italian inventor of the barometer, born, 1608; Champlain arrived in Canada as Governor, 1612; Allan Ramsay, Scottish poet, born, 1686; Napoleon Bonaparte began retreat from Moscow, 1812; Hon. Martin Buirell, Canadian Minister of Mines, born, 1858; John L. Sullivan, American pugilist, born, 1838; Rt. Rev. E. A. LeBlanc, R. C. Bishop of St. John, born, 1870; Dedication of Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill., 1874; Completion and dedication of Cologne Cathedral, 1880.

October 16.—Bishops Ridley and Latimer martyred at Oxford, 1555; Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, British statesman and dramatist, died, 1679; Noah Webster, American lexicographer, born, 1758; Robert Fergusson, Scottish poet, died, 1774; Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, guillotined, 1793; John Hunter, Scottish surgeon, died, 1793; Thaddeus Kosciuszko, Polish patriot, died, 1817; House of Parliament, London, destroyed by fire, 1834; Oscar Wilde, Irish author and dramatist, born, 1854; Capture of Harper's Ferry, beginning of the American rebellion, 1859; Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, English statesman, born, 1863.

October 17.—St. Etheldreda. Saratoga, 1777. Sir Philip Sidney, English soldier and poet, died, 1586; F. F. Chopin, Polish musical composer and pianist, died, 1849; Siege of Sebastopol began, 1854; Lord Selborne, English statesman and administrator, born, 1859; Great fire in Quebec, 1866; Austrians evacuated Lombardy, 1866.

October 18.—St. Luke, Evangelist. Matthew Henry, Welsh divine and Bible commentator, born, 1662; Richard ("Beau") Nash, famous Welsh dictator of fashion, born, 1674; American Army disbanded by proclamation, 1783; Union of Norway and Sweden, 1826; Last English lottery, 1826; Nikola Tesla, American electrician, born in Serbia, 1857; Lord Palmerston, British statesman and Prime Minister, died, 1865; Charles Gounod, French musical composer, died, 1893.

October 19.—Yorktown capitulated, 1781. Leipzig, 1813. Sir Thomas Browne, Eng-

lish physician, author of *Religio Medici*, born, 1605, and died same day, 1682; John Adams, American statesman, born, 1736; Dean Jonathan Swift, Irish satirist, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, died, 1745; Leigh Hunt, English essayist and poet, born, 1794; Henry Kirks White, English poet, died, 1806; Thomas Wildey, founder of I. O. O. F., died 1861; King Louis of Portugal, died, 1889.

OVER-STOCK SALE OF Corduroy Velvet

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Regular Value 90c. Sale Price 65c.

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

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

Custom Grinding

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

E. H. Bartlett

BARTLETT'S MILLS N. B.
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We have put on our Counter some special bargains in

DINNER SETS AND TEA SETS

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

Call and See them while they last.

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

SPRING GOODS

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

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

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

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

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

J. A. SHIRLEY

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SCREENS

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Also WIRE NETTING

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

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

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Social and Personal

Miss Mary V. Sheehan is visiting relatives in Montreal. Mrs. Geo. Fraser, who has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Herbert S. Everett, has returned to her home in Chatham, N.B. Mr. Guy Sutherland, the popular Teller of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been transferred to the St. Stephen branch, and left on Wednesday for that place. Mr. Bourne, who has been supplying at the Bank of Nova Scotia during Mr. Babbitt's absence, returned to St. John on Wednesday. Messrs. Frank Kennedy, Bert Rigby, and Warren Stinson have returned from a trip to Fredericton. Miss Muriel Davis has returned from a visit to Moncton. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Warren Stinson, have returned to their home in Malden, Mass. The Misses Carolyn and Margaret Rigby have returned from a visit to Calais, and Elmsville. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Rigby, of Deer Island, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby. Mrs. E. A. Cockburn has returned from a visit to St. Stephen. Mr. Thompson, of Port Elgin, has taken up his duties at the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Lord, of Richardson's Cove, Deer Island, has entered the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mowatt, who have been spending the past month with Sheriff and Mrs. Stuart, left on Monday night for their home in Powell River, B.C. Lieut. George F. Dalton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalton, 342 McLaren Street, who has been overseas for two years, has been gazetted captain. Capt. Dalton, who is a civil engineer, enlisted in the Canadian Engineers, with the rank of Lieutenant. He was employed at the Dominion Observatory prior to enlisting. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton have three sons in uniform. Staff. Sergt. Chas. M. Dalton enlisted four years ago, while three years ago William Dalton enlisted in the ranks, won his commission, and now holds the rank of Captain. The boys are all well now in Ottawa.—Ottawa Evening Journal. Capt. George Dalton is a grandson of Mrs. Angus Kennedy. He has visited his grandmother in St. Andrews, where he made many friends who congratulate him on his promotion. Lieut. Fraser Armstrong, who went over as a Lieutenant with the 58th. Howitzer Battery, has been gazetted a Captain. Mr. Geoffrey Wheelock left Monday night for Boston. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray in the loss of their infant daughter. Mr. Goodwill Douglas received word on Wednesday saying that his son, George, had been admitted to hospital in Boulogne, on Oct. 1st, suffering from gunshot wounds in the foot. Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dinsmore and Master Leon and Dorothy Dinsmore motored from Calais on Sunday and spent the day at Mr. Henry McCurdy's. Mr. H. G. Browning has closed his shop for the winter, and left on Wednesday evening for Montreal, where he will spend the winter. He will return in the spring and open his shop. Mrs. J. V. Gibson and family have returned home after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Greenlaw, at Bartlett's Mills. Mrs. Phillip O'Donnell, of Fort Francis, Ont., visited Mrs. J. V. Gibson last week. Miss Marion Greenlaw, of Bartlett's Mills, has been a recent visitor with Mrs. J. V. Gibson. Mr. and Mrs. Wright McLaren, Mrs. John McFarlane, and Mr. Kenneth McLaren were in Bangor to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rigby are visiting in Deer Island. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thompson are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thompson. Miss Bessie Grimmer entertained on Wednesday for Mrs. Myers, of Providence, R. I. Mr. Thos. Young, who has been spending some time at Elm Corner, has returned to Boston. Miss Lizzie Cathcart entertained at a farewell party on Tuesday evening for Mr. Sutherland, of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. G. W. Babbett has returned from a visit to Ottawa. Mrs. Louis Hivon is at the Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen. Miss Bessie Malloch, of the teaching staff, Moncton, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch. Miss Alma Rankine, of Andover, is in town. Miss Marjorie Clarke is visiting in St. Stephen. Mrs. Frank Wentworth, Deer Island, is

visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Florence O'Halloran.

Mrs. N. M. Clarke has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. Warren Lamb has returned to Boston.

Miss Winnifred Trimble, Robbinston, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Elmer Rigby.

Mrs. Hartley Wentworth is visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Hewitt.

Mrs. E. Atherton Smith has returned from a visit to Sherbrooke, Que.

BORN

Murray—At the Chipman Memorial Hospital St. Stephen, on Oct. 6th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray, a daughter.

DIED

SHARP—On Oct. 5th, at New York, of pneumonia, Ella Elizabeth Sharp, of the City Hospital Nursing Staff, eldest daughter of Thomas Edmund, and Louisa Sharp, of Minister's Island, formerly of Melton Mowbray, England.

Murray—On Oct. 6th, at the Chipman Memorial Hospital, St. Stephen, Frances Evelyn, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray.

OBITUARY

EVA B. McQUOID

The community was shocked and saddened on Saturday last, Oct. 5th, when it was learned that Eva, fourth daughter of Mr. Hugh McQuoid, had passed away after a short illness of only one week. She contracted a cold while in St. John, where she was called by the illness and death of her sister, Elsie, which later resulted in her death. The deceased was of a bright and generous disposition and made friends of all who knew her, and among whom she will be much missed, especially in her own home where she was much loved. For four years she had been a valued member of the "Beacon" staff, taking more than a passing interest in her work. She was a member of the Methodist Church and took great pleasure in helping along the work of the church. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at the church, the service being conducted by Rev. Wm. Frazer of the Presbyterian Church, the pastor of the church, Mr. Hicks, being absent at Conference, assisted by the Methodist choir, who sang the hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Lead Kindly Light," and "Peace Perfect Peace." The floral tributes were many and beautiful. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Colin Hewitt, Hector Richardson, John Fields, and Glenn Thompson. The deceased was 25 years of age and leaves to mourn the loss of a loving daughter and sister, her father and four sisters, Mrs. Otto Hahn, of St. John, and Misses Bertha, Elizabeth, and Florence at home

HAZEN T. McQUOID

Another shock was received in Town and by the family of the deceased, on Tuesday morning when the sad word was received that Hazen T. McQuoid, only son of Mr. Hugh McQuoid, of this town, had died at his home in Benton, N. B., of pneumonia. The deceased had attended the funeral of his sister, Elsie, only a fortnight ago in St. Andrews, contracting a cold which resulted in his death. The deceased was of a generous, bright disposition and made friends easily both in his native town and wherever he was known. After graduating from the Charlotte County Grammar School he took up the study of telegraphy in the Western Union office in this town, later securing a position as operator with the C. P. R. During the last six years he has been Agent at Benton, N. B., and made many friends in that vicinity, especially among the trainmen with whom he was a general favorite. He was a member of the O. R. T., and also of the Sussex Lodge, No. 7. A. F. & A. M., of St. Stephen, having but a month ago taken the first degree. The body was brought to St. Andrews on Wednesday for burial in the family lot. The funeral was held on Thursday afternoon from the home of his father, the service being conducted by Rev. Wm. Frazer, of the Presbyterian Church, assisted by the choir of the Methodist Church who sang the hymns, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" and "Rock of Ages." The floral tributes were many and beautiful, which showed the esteem in which the young man was held. The pall-bearers were Shier Johnson, Henry McQuoid, Ira Stinson, and Colin Hewitt. The members representing Sussex Lodge No. 7, A. F. & A. M., who attended the funeral were: W. B. Hawthorne, J. R. Polley, L. B. Mitchell, J. E. Gibson, H. E. Beek, J. F. Clarke, and M. Robinson. The deceased, who was 30 years of age, leaves to mourn, his young wife, who was formerly Miss Effie Nason, of Debec, N. B., his father, and four sisters, Mrs. Otto Hahn, of St. John, and Misses Bertha, Elizabeth, and Florence, of this town. The body was accompanied here by Mr. James Nason, of Houlton, Me., and Mr. Ira Carson, of Green Road, brothers-in-law of the deceased. This is the third time within a fortnight that this family have been called upon to give up a dear one, and the deep sympathy of the community goes out to them.

MRS. HAZEN J. BURTON

Jessie M., wife of Mr. Hazen J. Burton, of St. Andrews, died at noon on Wednesday.

Local and General

Thanksgiving Day Monday next, Oct. 14th, is Thanksgiving Day in Canada.

According to the instructions of the Board of Health, no services will be held in Greenock Church until future notice.

As we go to press we learn that our fellow-townsmen, Lord Shatnessy, has resigned the Presidency of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in order to be relieved of the very heavy executive duties of that office; but he retains the position of Chairman of the Board of Directors, so that the Company will still have the advantage of his guiding counsels, and the shareholders can be assured of a continuation of the methods and policies which have been pursued for so many years, and which have made the C. P. R. the greatest transportation organization in the world. We wish His Lordship many more years of life in which to enjoy his well-earned leisure.

day, Oct. 9, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Margaret McHugh, Calais, Me., aged twenty-five years. Four weeks ago she entered a Calais Hospital for treatment, and underwent an operation which was successful, and she left the hospital on Monday morning, but was taken suddenly ill with nervous collapse and did not rally.

Mrs. Burton was a daughter of the late J. Henry Dyer, of Elmsville, and was married in November, 1915. She had been a chronic sufferer from rheumatism for a number of years, but always displayed the greatest patience and fortitude. Besides her sorrowing husband she leaves to mourn, her widowed mother; one sister, Lorene, at home with her mother; and four brothers, Willard, at home, Milhidge, in St. John, and Lawrence and Bertam in Saskatchewan. To them the sincere sympathy of the community is extended in their great bereavement.

The funeral services were held yesterday (Friday) afternoon, at Elmsville. The rector and choir of All Saints Church, St. Andrews, assisted.

ROBERT PURTON

Robert Purton, a well known C. P. R. Engineer, passed away at his home on Monday evening. The deceased, who was sixty-four years of age, had been ill for a few weeks, but a paralytic stroke hastened his end. "Bob" Purton was one of the best known engineers of this district, and was within a year of his superannuation. He is survived by his wife; two daughters, Mrs. Lillo, of Woodlands, and Annie, at home; and two sons, Fred, Somewhere in France, and Robert, at home; and two brothers, Fred, a well-known engineer, and Frank, in the States. One son, Frank, was killed in France. The funeral services were held on Thursday by Rev. G. H. Elliot, Rector of All Saints. St. Marks Lodge, F. and A. M., attended in a body, and conducted services at the grave. The pall-bearers, Edward Davis, John Logan, G. E. Stewart, and H. Saunders are members both of the masonic body and Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood.

A BEREAVED FAMILY

The family of Mr. Hugh McQuoid has been most terribly stricken within the past two weeks. On Friday, Sept. 27, his daughter Elsie died in St. John, and was buried here on Monday, Sept. 30th. On Saturday, Oct. 5th, his daughter Eva died at her home, and was buried on Monday last; and on the following day his only surviving son, Hazen, died at Benton, N. B., and was buried here on Thursday. Mr. McQuoid's eldest son, Hugh, was drowned while crossing the Bar from Minister's Island last year; and the mother of the family died a short time after. Thus within fourteen months the mother, two sons, and two daughters have died. Sympathy for the surviving members is sincere, profound, and universal.

TO DOCTOR MASEFIELD

[The University at Yale has conferred an honorary Doctor's degree on Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.]

WILL this latter-day gift

Of a Doctor's degree

Give a genius a lift

That was sprung from the sea?

Will he start a fresh cruise

In the teeth of the gale

With his salt-water Muse—

Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

Will he write us in verse

More Tales after CRABBE,

In each stanza a curse

Or a blow or a stab?

Or will he now feel,

When we suffer and ail,

'Tis his duty to heal—

Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale?

But whatever the theme

He may happen upon

I can't even dream

Of his playing the don:

For the clarion and fife

In his music prevail,

Strong singer of strife—

Doctor MASEFIELD of Yale.

—Punch.

TO MY PATRONS AND CLIENTS

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

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

I absolutely must—if a possible thing—sell my entire stock of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Rubber Boots, on or before December 31st, and in order to do so, I am making my prices as low as possible. Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies' Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button and Lace, \$2.50 while they last. Ladies' Extra High Tops, latest style and colors, in high heels and medium low heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels \$1.

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

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

Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisible Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5. Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes, New Tony Red Color, Fibre Soles and Heels, \$6.50 per pair.

I am the only agent and collector for Singer Sewing Machines for Eastport, Lubeck and vicinity, and machines have advanced in price, so if you want a Sewing Machine, just get my prices before you buy a machine from anyone else for my price may be just quite a little bit lower. I have a Drop Head Singer Sewing Machine, in good running order, the Cabinet is not very fancy, but the machine will work as good as any, and the price for cash is only \$22. Another one with better looking Cabinet, this is a Singer also, in first class condition, for cash \$30. A few Box Top Machines, different makes, in good condition, \$5, \$7 and \$10. I keep Shurtles, Bobbins, Belts, Oil, Slides, Thread, Take Ups, Bobbin Winders, everything for the Singer right on hand. Needles, Belts, Oil, for any make sewing machine, including New Williams and Raymond.

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

Telephone 423. 3 ply Roofing \$3.

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE

Beyond Post Office

131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

SAVE FOR VICTORY

"Doctor," said the prima donna, "I don't care to appear to-night." "Yes?" "And I want you to give me a certificate that I can't sing." "I'll do that cheerfully, madam. I heard you trying to last night." —Kansas City Journal.

SAVE FOR VICTORY

Try a Beacon Adv For Results

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS



DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST

OFFICE IN RESIDENCE

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

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES

AND PROVISIONS

Always on Hand

J. D. GRIMMER

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

A Timely Word

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

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

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

Roy A. Gillman

Market Sq. Phone 16-61

HAVE YOU

Got these Articles on Hand?

Do you keep one or more in your home now?

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

You may possibly need them in a hurry.

THE WREN DRUG STORE

Dr. GOVE

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

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO.

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-18231.)

BREAK UP A COLD WITH NATIONAL BROMIDE QUININE TABLETS CURES A COLD IN A FEW HOURS 25 CTS.

WE HAVE THERMOGEN WADDING IN STOCK

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

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

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS

Water St. ST. ANDREWS

Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE ICE CREAM

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

IRA STINSON

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

CHAPLAIN PRAISES PRIVATE KEY

Private W. J. Key of Cape Elizabeth, Me., reported killed in action on one of the recent Canadian casualty lists, was the victim of shell fire, according to a letter just received from the chaplain of his battalion. The letter follows:

J. B. Key
Cape Elizabeth, Maine
Dear Sir:

You will have been notified officially of the death in action of your son, (1030205) Pte. W. J. Key, with this battalion. With several others he was killed by enemy shell-fire while waiting in a trench for our turn to advance. He was a good soldier, and I wish to assure you of the regret of all ranks here and of our sincere sympathy with the home folks in their loss. He could not have done better than serve as he has done, and we honor his memory as having paid the fullest possible price of a peace that is to come, and which, I trust, will bring a better world. We buried him with other comrades in a new cemetery at a place called Sun, Quarry, some four or five miles east of Arras.

Faithfully yours,
E. E. Graham, Chaplain.
13th Canadian Battalion, R. H. C.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 22, at the South Congregational Church at Spurwink, a short memorial service was held in honor of William J. Key whose death was reported in recent Canadian casualties. He was in the Canadian service. Rev. Leonard B. Tenney, pastor of the church was in charge of the service, which was most impressive.

Private Key was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Key of the Shore Road, Cape Elizabeth.—Portland Evening Express.

OBITUARY

MRS. LINDSAY WALLACE

Cummings' Cove, Oct. 9. Rarely has our community been visited by death under sadder circumstances than on Wednesday evening, October 2nd, when Nellie Leighton, beloved wife of Lindsay Wallace, passed away at the early age of twenty-two, leaving a sorrowing husband, and little daughter less than three years old. Mrs. Wallace had always enjoyed robust health and had just returned from a short visit at her girlhood home at Pembroke, Me., when she was taken suddenly ill. Medical aid was at once summoned but of no avail, and she gradually grew worse until the end came. Besides her immediate family she leaves besides her mother, two sisters, and several brothers to mourn the loss of a loving sister. The funeral services were conducted from her late home on Friday, p. m., by Rev. Mr. Egan, pastor of the U. B. church at Chocolate Cove, of which Mrs. Wallace was a member. Interment was in the cemetery at Chocolate Cove. To the sorrowing husband and relatives the sympathy of the entire Island goes out.

JOSEPH KYLE LAMB

Friends and relatives of Joseph K. Lamb heard, with regret, of his death which occurred in the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston on Tuesday, October 1st. Mr. Lamb had been very ill for some time and went to the hospital for treatment, and although he submitted to a critical operation, he failed to get the desired relief. Joseph Kyle Lamb was the fourth son of the late Mr. Andrew and Jane Lamb, born in Robbinston, Maine, on the 15th of July, 1857. He was educated in the St. Andrews schools and studied for a time in the Charlotte County Grammar School, and during all his school days was a leader in athletics, and an active participant in all manly sports. In his early life he was engaged in railway work and served many years in the employ of the old New Brunswick and Canada Railway Company, and afterwards, for a time, with the C. P. R. During later years he was engaged in farm work in Carleton and Aroostook Counties, and took a keen interest in fast trotting horses. The deceased was married to Miss Katherine Neill, a daughter of the late James Neill, by whom he is survived, with one son, Albert E. Lamb, now in Philadelphia in the employ of the United States Government. He is also survived by two brothers, G. Herbert Lamb, of St. Andrews, and W. A. Lamb, of Boston; and three sisters, Mrs. Charles Mathews, of Auto Rest, Trinity County, California, Mrs. Goodwill Douglas, and Mrs. P. G. Hanson, both of St. Andrews. The remains were brought to St. Andrews for

Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have commended the Extract of Roots, known as Mother Selge's Curative Syrup, for the radical cure of constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

interment on Friday last, and the funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, Oct. 5th, the Rev. Mr. Fraser officiating. The bearers were, G. H. Lamb and W. A. Lamb, brothers, Claude M. Augherston, a cousin, and David J. Clark, a life-long friend and schoolmate of the deceased.

ELLA ELIZABETH SHARP

Great grief was felt in St. Andrews when news came on Saturday last that Miss Ella Elizabeth Sharp had died that day in New York, where she was a member of the City Hospital Nursing Staff. The immediate cause of her death was pneumonia, though she had been unwell for several days, and her mother had gone to visit her and was with her when she died.

Miss Sharp was the eldest daughter of Thomas Edmund and Louisa Sharp, of Minister's Island, formerly of Melton Mowbray, England. She was born in 1886 at Barkstone le Vale, Leicester, England. From her earliest years she showed literary taste and ability, and at the age of nineteen was a contributor to magazines. She was a graduate of London University, and went to South Africa in 1909 to follow an educational career. After studying for a year at the Teachers' College, Grahamstown, she made a tour of South Africa, including Rhodesia and Natal, and wrote most interestingly of the country and its native races. For five years she was History Mistress and Lecturer at St. Cyprian's College for girls in Capetown. In 1914 she came to visit her parents in Canada, and in consequence of the war she was unable to return to South Africa and decided to take up nursing, and was succeeding in that profession when illness and death overtook her.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon, the body having arrived that day by train. The service was held in All Saints Church, the Rector, Rev. Geo. H. Elliot, officiating. The casket was draped with the Union Jack and an American Flag of the New York City Hospital. Miss Effie Pennington came from New York to represent the Superintendent and Staff of the City Hospital School of Nurses, and attended the funeral. The pall-bearers were six employees of the Covenhoven estate, James Fitzsimmons, Henry McCurdy, Percy Godden, Joseph Greenlaw, Albert Burt, and Frank Miller. Interment was in the Rural Cemetery.

Besides her parents, Miss Sharpe is survived by three brothers, Jacks, in Bristol, England, Leonard, in France, and Ralph, in the Canadian Forestry Corps; and one sister, Phyllis, in London, England. Her youngest sister, Hope, died in February last at the Jordan Sanatorium.

The heartfelt sympathy of the community is extended to the family in their bereavement.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR FISHERMEN

Ottawa, Oct. 3.—Important new regulations with regard to lobster fisheries on the Atlantic are embodied in a statement issued to-day by the Naval Department. The statement shows that under the new regulations the fishing seasons have as a general thing been materially shortened, so as to afford needed additional protection to the fisheries. This action has been taken after investigation by experts of the Department, and is in line with regulations which were adopted at a conference held in Halifax last August between all those engaged in the industry. Following is a synopsis of the regulations:

In Charlotte and St. John Counties the fishing season is shortened by one week at the last end, so that the fishing will cease in Charlotte County on June 8, and in St. John County on May 23; size limit, 10 1/2 inches in St. John.

King and Annapolis fishing season, January 15 to June 30, size limit nine inches. Digby County to Halifax Harbor inclusive, fishing season, March 1 to May 31 inclusive. No size limit.

Halifax Harbor to Red Point, Cape Breton, fishing season, April 30 to June 20, inclusive. No size limit.

Red Point to Cape North, Cape Breton, fishing season May 16 to July 15. No size limit.

From Cape North around the coast to, and including the south side river St. Lawrence, with the exception of a portion of Northumberland Straits, next defined, fishing season April 26 to June 25. No size limit.

On Northumberland Straits between a line drawn from Chockfish River, N. B., to West Point, P. E. I., and one drawn from River Philip, N. S., to Victoria Harbor, P. E. I., fishing season Aug. 16 to Oct. 15. No size limit.

Magdalen Islands, fishing season May 1 to July 20. No size limit.

North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence including Anticosti Island, fishing season May 20 to July 31. No size limit.

Every lobster fisherman shall hereafter require a licence before entering into fishing. The fee for such licences is twenty-five cents. It is understood that fishermen or canners breaking the law will have their licence cancelled.

"Doctor," said the prima donna, "I don't care to appear to-night." "Yes?" "And I want you to give me a certificate that I can't sing." "I'll do that cheerfully, madam. I heard you trying to last night."—Kansas City Journal.

PASTE THIS UP FOR REFERENCE

Medical Officer's Instruction in Case of Attack of Spanish Influenza.

Dr. G. H. Melvin, chief health officer of the City and County of St. John, thinks it well to give to the public the following advice or instructions as to the prevention of the spread of Spanish Influenza, which is spreading at an appalling rate over the eastern states.

First—Isolate the patient in upper room, well-lighted and aired.

Second—Permit no one to enter the room excepting a physician, a clergyman, and the nursing attendant.

Third—Patients should not leave the room until the fever is gone and the cough (if any) has ceased and any discharge from the nose and throat dried up.

Fourth—Cheap handkerchiefs (paper ones will do) should be used and burned at once after use.

Fifth—Other members of the family should apply a good, but non-poison spray to their nostrils and throat daily. One teaspoonful of common salt in a quart of boiled water is suggested.

Six—During sickness and after recovery all soiled bed and body clothing should be boiled for at least a half-hour.

Seventh—After recovery the room should be thoroughly aired for two days, the windows wide open, windows, floors, and woodwork should be scrubbed with hot water and washing soda, and walls whitewashed, papered, or painted.

Eighth—Persons with suspicious symptoms, such as chills, fever, or unusual pains in the head, back, or limbs, should not mingle with the public, but should remain at home and immediately obtain medical advice.

Further Suggestions for the Prevention of the Spread of Spanish Influenza

Keep in the sunlight as much as possible.

Avoid Crowds. Dress warmly and get plenty of sleep.

Frequent use of a standard nasal and throat spray has been recommended by physicians.

If your eyes start running, your head feels stuffy, and pains develop in your chest, go to bed immediately and stay in bed until assured by a physician that it is safe to get up.

Influenza is easily "catching" through the discharge of the nose and mouth.

DO NOT expectorate (spit) unless the material used to catch the expectoration can be destroyed by burning.

DO NOT KISS.

DO NOT swap handkerchiefs, towels, food, pipes, cigarettes, pencils, or other material that may be placed in the mouth.

DO NOT sneeze or cough without covering the face with a cloth.

DO NOT stay in the room with a patient sick with Influenza. If, however, compelled to remain in or enter the sick room, cover the nose and mouth with four to six thicknesses of gauze. Keep several of these gauze masks on hand and boil them several times daily.

DO NOT put your fingers into the mouth. Wash the hands frequently, especially after handling those sick with the disease.

Keep out of doors. Sleep with windows open.

Stay away from theatres, movies, churches, crowded cars, trains, crowds, and private gatherings.

Be careful to use only your own drinking cup.

Keep all windows open as much as possible.

Clean and disinfect telephone mouth-pieces often. Several times a day, or oftener, if much used.

PRISONERS AND GUNS CAPTURED BY ALLIES

Paris, Oct. 2.—During the period from September 30 to September 30 the Allied armies in France and Belgium have captured 2,844 officers, 120,192 men, 1,900 cannon, and more than 6,000 machine guns, according to an official statement issued here to-night.

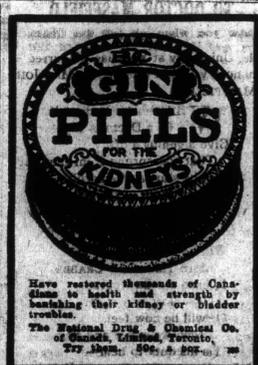
Since July 15, and up to September 30, the Allies have captured 5,518 officers, 248,494 men, 3,069 cannon, more than 23,000 machine guns, and hundreds of mine-throwers, the statement says.

A WEEK'S BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, Oct. 8.—British casualties reported in the week ending to-day listed the names of 37,948 officers and men divided as follows:

Officers killed or died of wounds, 365; wounded or missing (officers) 1,235; total, 1,600. Men, killed or died of wounds, 6,150; wounded or missing (men), 30,196; total, 36,346.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.



SAVE FOR VICTORY

INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC

St. Andrews Town Hall Saturday, October 5, 1918, 4 p. m.

Pursuant to request of the Mayor, a joint meeting of the Town Council, Board of Health, and School Board, was this day held, to take into consideration what steps might be taken to diminish or counteract the spread of the epidemic of influenza that had appeared in the Town.

Present the Mayor, G. King Greenlaw; and Aldermen, Cockburn, Cummings, Finigan, Gillman, Malpas, McFarlane.

Absent, Alderman Douglas, confined to his home by illness, and Ald. McLaren. The Board of Health was represented by the Chairman, Chas. Hornsall, and Dr. J. A. Wade; and the School Board by Dr. Wallace Broad, chairman, Mrs. F. G. Andrews, Thos. T. Odell, E. A. Cockburn, W. F. Kennedy, and A. E. O'Neill.

The meeting was called to order by the Mayor. On motion seconded and carried, the Mayor was called upon to preside and the Town Clerk to act as secretary.

By request of the chairman, Dr. Wade addressed the meeting, pointing out the necessity of closing the Churches, Schools, and all places of amusement, etc.

After some discussion, on motion of Dr. Broad, seconded by Alderman Malpas and unanimously carried, resolved that, beginning to-night, October 5th, all places of entertainment and public gathering, including churches, Sunday schools, and the public schools, be closed until such time as may be decided by the local Board of Health, except that the several churches may hold a service on Sunday morning, October 6th.

Dr. Wade called attention to the advisability of instructing the Marshal to prevent young persons from loitering in

groups in the vicinity of stores, etc. in the evening.

Moved by W. F. Kennedy, seconded by Chas. Hornsall and carried, that a card be prepared and circulated among the people with instructions relative to preventing the spread of the disease, etc.

Moved by Dr. Wade seconded by Ald. Gillman and carried, that Dr. Broad be chairman of the Committee, and that 250 copies be printed and distributed in the Town.

Dr. Broad called attention to the fuel situation in St. Andrews, and said that unless something was done it might be necessary to close the schools through lack of coal. He said that in his opinion, and in that of others, it was most essential that the Town Council should appoint a Committee or a Commission to cooperate with the local coal merchants in securing the required quantity of hard and soft coal to supply the needs of the townspeople for the winter. The Fuel Controller had published a request that each town and city should appoint such a commission, and many had done so. St. Andrews had not yet taken the action advised, yet it was evident that no town in New Brunswick had greater need of official support in handling the coal question.

Are you saving for Victory Bonds?

It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station. "Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones. "I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—Judge.



No Heat Waylaid

Straight walls in the deep firepot of the Sunshine Furnace prevent ashes from collecting and absorbing the heat instead of allowing it to do its work in heating the home—one of the features that make the Sunshine the kind of furnace you want for your home.

For Sale by

R. A. GILLMAN

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

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

Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



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

G. V. PAINT

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

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

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

Make go a

Ev goe no con



KING CO OR PE

HILL

Still

and w rons t cent.

Our p list ho

HILL

Make a little meat go a long way.

Even a small quantity of meat goes far and becomes most nourishing and satisfying, if combined with BOVRIL.



A CHILLY OUTLOOK

HALF a ton, half a ton—even five hundred—
When autumn nights are cool,
Over the lack of fuel
I've gravely pondered.

Folks to the left of me,
Folks to the right of me,
In the same plight as me,
Cold and dejected,
In trembling tents entreat
Coal, wood, or coke, or peat,
In which a breath of heat
May be detected.

Are we to slowly freeze,
Shiver and whine and sneeze?
Say, Fuel Controller, please,
What are you doing?
Why don't you "get" the guys
Hoarding big coal supplies?
Soon, if you don't get "wise,"
Trouble is brewing.

Close up each church and school,
Make the theatres cool,
While people sigh for fuel
And coal is scanty.
Close club and dancing hall,
Get enough teams to haul
Ample supplies to all
In shack and shanty.

Are we to shortly see
Men who pay taxes,
Marching along our streets,
Carrying axes—
Wildly and recklessly
Cutting down fence and tree,
Until this scarcity
Of fuel relaxes?

—Toronto Telegram.

Fifteen Hours in Durance

By SUSAN GLAGGOTT

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The train for Winchester and points south pulled out on time, although even then the tracks were deep with the snow that had been falling steadily for 24 hours. Because of the storm her friends had endeavored to persuade Louise Cochran to remain in Washington, but she had laughed at their prophecies that unpleasant things would happen and had wished them good-by with apparent light-heartedness.

In reality she was apprehensive. She dreaded the delay to which she might be subjected. She was in haste to reach Staunton, at which place she would still be 18 miles from home, and the prospect of the long drive over country roads late at night did not appeal to her.

But she made herself comfortable, looked about, taking an inventory of the passengers. Seeing no one whom she knew, she applied herself to her knitting with an occasional glance out of the frost-rimmed window while the train kept on its way with ever-increasing slowness. There was a pause now and then for some passenger to alight. Then the train would start on again with ever-diminishing speed. Finally it came to a dead stop, apparently miles from anywhere. The worst had happened. They had run into a drift and were stalled. And this occurred before they had reached Winchester, not many miles from Washington.

It is one thing to be snowed up with plenty of warmth in the coaches, another when the thermometer gets down to zero and there is no heat. Something went wrong with the steam. The passengers were the usual crowd, some among them making light of the discomfort, others grumbling, but in the end the women took out their knitting and the men, having found several packs of cards, settled down to seven-up or poker.

But after several hours one and all snuggled down into their wraps, and accepted the inevitable. It was cold, horribly cold, and everyone was hungry. Louise had divided her lunch between two little girls sitting near her. Between hunger and cold she was feeling very forlorn, when a familiar voice said to her:

"Even if you are not on speaking terms with me, Louise, I think for the moment you had better call a truce. Stand up, please, while I put this around you."

Her teeth were chattering, but she managed a "Yes, I am a comfort-able, thank you." "I saw you were shivering," said Louise. "I am a comfort-able, thank you." "I saw you were shivering," said Louise. "I am a comfort-able, thank you."

"Don't be silly, get," Robert Lee said roughly. "My coat cannot hurt you. Stand up or I will pick you up. Surely you do not want everyone in the car craning their heads to see what the fun is about?"

"That is the trouble with you," Louise chattered. "You always try to make me do things I don't want to."

"I'm pretty generally how my way," the young fellow said grimly, his jaw setting a set look. "When I don't, things are bound to happen. Will you stand up?"

She did not move, and he stooped over, slipping his arm behind her shoulders. She shrank from him and the boy—for he was little more than a boy in spite of his six-feet-two—drew back, his face white. Then he took her hand and drew her to her feet.

"I must say," he muttered, "I had no idea you could act so foolishly. I know you have quarreled with me, but that is no reason you should freeze to death when I can make you comfortable." He drew the coat well about her, then seated himself. "What is it all about? Your ring is in my pocket with a note that I haven't been able to make anything of. After you are warm you are going to give me an explanation. Here's some chocolate. nibble on it and perhaps your disposition will improve." He pushed the package into her reluctant hand, closing her fingers upon it.

"I saw you when we left the Union station, and if it had not been for this confounded storm I would have left the train without speaking to you, but now, believe me, there will be a perfect understanding between us before we are out of this."

The warmth of the fur-lined coat was having its effect, and without consciously doing so, Louise was taking little bites of chocolate, thereby finding a comfort she had not known before. She looked at the big fellow and remarked casually:

"It is very good of you to take this trouble. I did not appreciate how cold I was, nor how hungry." Here she bit into the chocolate with every evidence of enjoyment. "Do you always carry sweets about with you?"

But he was absorbed in the contents of a note he had taken from his pocket and did not answer. When at last he raised his head there was a curious contraction of his eyes and a bulging set to his chin that bespoke something of that animal's tenacity.

ing for time. You had some motive that is beyond me. I must be stupid, for I am completely in the dark." For a moment his anger got the better of him. "I thought you different from that crowd of butterflies back there," nodding his head in the direction of Washington. "It seems, however, that I am mistaken."

"Butterflies!" Louise exclaimed, indignantly. "Butterflies, indeed! Every one of the crowd is at work, and hard at work, at that. Do you think it easy to spend all night at Union station meeting troop trains and to stay there until six o'clock in the morning handing out coffee and sandwiches to men who have had nothing to eat for hours and hours?"

"The uniform is becoming," he reported in an ugly tone. "I saw you in yours." "So you are a certain one's sympathy. Only last night Marion Harland called like a baby over an old man and his wife who had come for a glimpse of their boy, who they had heard was on his way to Camp Gordon. Did they find him? No. Instead, they were told his company had left suddenly for France. The boy was in the engineers. If the girls were butterflies do you think they would have been moved over the sore trouble of those two old people?" Her voice was steady in its wrath. "Would butterflies go day after day to surgical dressing rooms; would they care for three Belgian children and knit and knit, and knit?"

"Hysteria," he returned stammering. "There are a great many in dead earnest, but there is also a certain number that have gone into the thing for excitement and effect. But this is aside from the matter in which I am interested. Why did you write this note and send back your ring?"

"Of what he said she caught but one word. 'Hysteria! Oh! You great brute.' Two angry tears rolled down her cheeks. He saw them, although she had quickly turned her head.

Leaving forward he took her resting hand firmly in his. "We do not seem to be getting anywhere, Louise, just further and further from the thing that means everything to me, to both of us. In spite of my bewilderment I know you think you have some good reason for what you have done. Leave the others out of it. Dear, I am very unhappy."

"But she harked back to something he had said. 'Where did you see me in uniform?' she asked, abruptly. 'At the station two nights ago.' 'And you did not speak to me?' 'Unfortunately, I could not. I was with the general.' 'I did not see you.' There was an edge to the tone that caught his attention.

"That would not be surprising in the crowd." "Yes, were not in the crowd when I saw you. There were but two, you and—"

He took her hands now and forced her to turn toward him. "You saw me? Did you see who was with me?" "I saw a woman's head against your shoulder. That was enough." "Was that why you returned your ring?"

"Wouldn't you call it a sufficient reason?" "Appearances are often deceptive," he said slowly. "I thought you trusted me."

"Against the evidence of my own eyes?" "Yes, and because you say that you believe me unworthy of trust."

"If conditions were reversed, what would you think?" "That would be an entirely different matter," he returned shortly. "Often situations arise that place a man in a position in nowise touching the loyalty he owes the woman he loves, and I love you, Louise."

"You will not explain?" "I cannot, dear. You must accept my word that there was no dishonesty."

She turned to him impulsively. "I would have given everything I possessed to get that letter back. I begged the carrier to give it to me, but he wouldn't." He looked sympathetic and said: "Sure, if you've quarreled with him, miss, you'll have to write another. This now belongs to him. I was furious. And I was heartick and started home to have it out with myself."

"That was what I was doing. I was given a week's absence and was on my way home. I have a handy plan to prevent future complications. What do you say?"

Here the conductor interrupted, looming big in the dim light. "Pretty bad, captain," he said in passing, "fifteen hours of it. But we will be in Winchester soon. They have dug us out from the other side. A terrible storm."

"A blessed storm," Robert Lee answered, as his hand sought and held the one deep in the pocket of his coat.

"Huh? What?" For a moment the conductor looked on in amazement, then a smile of understanding spread over his face as his gaze rested upon the flushed countenance of Louise Cochran. "All in the point of view, captain," he said, as he passed on. "All in the point of view."

German Buyers Corner Hides. According to an article in the Beacon News Herald of October 10, 1917, entitled "These Countries Want Hides," at a moment when British and American hide buyers are seeking Argentine hides they find the market flooded with extraordinary prices by a very low and active competition on the part of German buyers, who are taking all the dry cattle hides they can find, offering higher prices than their enemy competitors.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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

THE ROYAL HOTEL

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

THE EDISON TONE TEST

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

The NEW EDISON

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

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

TAKE THE LOAN

Written in May, 1861.
COME, freemen of the land,
Come meet the great demand,
True heart and open hand—
Take the loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the swords your brothers draw,
For liberty and law,
Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the loan!
Who would bring them what she could,
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brothers blood,
Take the loan!

All who saw her hosts pass by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the loan!
As ye wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze as men,
Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal
Of our ranks of serried steel,
Put your shoulders to the wheel,
Take the loan!
That our prayers in truth may rise,
Which we press with streaming eyes,
On the Lord of earth and skies,
Take the loan!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"So you loved and lost, eh, old chap?"
"On the contrary, I came out a winner."
"How was that?" "She returned my presents and accidentally put in some of the other fellow's."—Boston Transcript.
"What a manly looking little fellow!" admiringly said the candidate, indicating four-year-old Bearcat. "He shore is, Podder!" admitted Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "You just ort to hear him cuss when he takes his quinine."—Judge.

Misard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.



need the warmth and health protection that they get in the fine, big, heavy

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

Farmers, Lumbermen, Fishermen, Sailors, Miners, Teamsters, Steel Workers—know about the warmth, the health protection, the easy comfort, the sturdy service of Atlantic Underwear.

Ask your dealer to show it to you. This Trade Mark is on every garment to guarantee long wear.



ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED
MONCTON, N.B.

HILL'S LINEN STORE

Still Have a Substantial Supply of

LINENS

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

Our prices as quoted in the Summer list hold good.

WRITE FOR PRICES

HILL'S LINEN STORE

St. Stephen, N. B.



MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING

MY Peggy is a young thing. Just enter'd in her teens. Fair as the day, and sweet as May. Fair as the day, and always gay. My Peggy is a young thing, And I'm not very auld, Yet well I like to meet her at The waiking of the fauld.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

LET not the sun in Capricorn go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in water, draw the curtain of night upon injuries, shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. Forgive thine enemies totally, without any reserve of hope that however God will revenge thee.

The Empty House

By Pamela Barnett Lindsay

The little brown car had swung with a soft humming sound down the smooth road, and its sole occupant was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking dreamily out at the landscape and the rows of houses that they passed. Many a one passing by on the sidewalk might have envied the lovely young woman who sat there, so slender and aristocratic, in the little brown car, but she herself was not even conscious of the looks, whether envious or admiring, that were cast in her direction.

her, telling her "that she would live her life without him, and that she realized now that it was a mistake to expect an outsider—a plebeian—to understand the ways of her kind of people." Even now, after three years, Elaine still winced as she thought of those hasty words of hers. How she must have hurt him—and all the time she was hurting herself as well; and he had let her go on without a word of protest, in the end gravely agreeing with her, and saying that he would never ask her to come back again, and she hadn't. And they never met now.

"How nonchalantly the lady barback artist rides." She does that. "It looks easy for her." "Yes, I saw one the other day who was knitting as she went around." -Kansas City Journal.

Beer Island, Aug. 26, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs:—Your traveller is here today and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment on the market, making no exception. We have been in business 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours (that sells itself) the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

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

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

FOR SALE—20-horsepower boat "Aero-plane." 45 ft. long, 11 ft. beam. 16 h.p. engine. Five seats. Apply to ALVER L. STUART, Lamberville, Deer Island, N. B.

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

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Sledge, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated Top Sledge; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to W. M. J. McQUINN, St. Andrews, N. B. Phone 29. 49-4f

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. WREN, St. Andrews, N. B. 44-4f

Tinsmiths and Plumbers Wanted at Halifax. In order to get the sufferers from the explosion comfortably housed before cold weather sets in many tinsmiths and plumbers are needed. Until Nov. 1st, wages 50c. per hour. After that date 55c. per hour. We will pay transportation both ways to those who remain three months or more. This is an emergency call and we hope that many will respond. Write at once. C. R. HOBEN & COMPANY, 34 Granville St., Halifax, N. S. 15-3w

NOTICE. The Autumn Meeting of the Grand Manan Silver Black Fox Company Ltd. will be held at the office of Frank Ingersoll North Head, Grand Manan, on Friday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1918, at three o'clock in the afternoon, or on arrival of the Mail Boat. W. A. FRASER, Secretary. Dated at Grand Manan, N. B., October 5th, 1918. 15-1w

MAIL CONTRACT. SEALED Tenders, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 15th November, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week on the route Back Bay and St. George, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

AMUSEMENT TAX ORDER. All persons promoting or directing entertainments of whatever sort or description are requested to observe carefully the following addition to the rules and regulations passed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council with regard to the collection of the Amusement Tax:

No entertainment of whatever sort or description to which an admission fee is charged and the proceeds of which are not used for patriotic, church or charitable purposes, shall be held without a permit allowing the said entertainment to be held and providing at the same time for a supply of amusement tax tickets necessary in connection therewith. If such entertainment is held without a permit from the Amusement Tax Inspector, the promoters of the same shall be liable to the penalties provided for in the 11th section of the Theatres and Cinematographs Act.

Applications for Amusement Tax Tickets, Receipts, and Permits for entertainments to be held should be made to WILLIAM H. McQUADE, Provincial Tax Inspector, P. O. Box 684, St. John, N. B. 13-5w

MINIATURE ALMANAC. ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME. PHASES OF THE MOON. October. New Moon, 5th. First Quarter, 13th. Full Moon, 19th. Last Quarter, 26th.

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: Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min. Seal Cove, 30 min. Fish Head, 41 min. Westpool, Campobello, 6 min. 8 min. Eastport, Me., 8 min. 10 min. L'Etang Harbor, 7 min. 13 min. Lepreau Bay, 9 min. 15 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS. Thos. R. Wren, Collector. D. C. Rollins, Prev. Officer. D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer. Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 11 a.m.

INDIAN ISLAND. H. D. Chaffey, Sub Collector. CAMPBELL. W. Hazen Carson, Sub Collector. NORTH HEAD. Charles Dixon, Sub Collector. LORD'S COVE. T. L. Treacarter, Sub Collector. GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer. WILSON'S BRANCH. J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer.

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

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

SHERIFF'S OFFICE ST. ANDREWS, N. B. R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF. Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte: CIRCUIT COURT: Second Tuesday in May and October. COUNTY COURT: First Tuesday in February and June, and the Fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Justice Carleton

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

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

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.

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

TRAVEL. Grand Manan S. S. Company. After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Monday, 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2:30 p. m.; returning Wednesday, 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. TIME TABLE. On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday 7:30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay.

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. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Fabian 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 Ames, 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.



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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.

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

TRAVEL. Grand Manan S. S. Company. After June 1, and until further notice, boats of this line will leave Grand Manan, Monday, 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2:30 p. m.; returning Wednesday, 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. TIME TABLE. On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday 7:30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

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.

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