

The Beacon

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NO. 12

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:
Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
Rang,

To the anthem of the free.
The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
Roar'd.

Such was their welcome home.
There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
No—'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call it holy ground,
Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstain'd what they found—
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS
(Born September 25, 1793; died 1835.)

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

SEPTEMBER 23, 1779

ON 23rd September 1779, a serious naval engagement took place on the coast of Yorkshire, H.M.S. *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough* being the ships on the one side, and a squadron under the command of the celebrated adventurer Paul Jones on the other. It was a time of embarrassment in England. Unexpected difficulties and disasters had been experienced in the attempt to enforce the loyalty of the American colonies. Several of England's continental neighbours were about to take advantage of her weakness to declare against her. In that crisis it was that Jones came and insulted the coasts of Britain. Driven out of the Firth of Forth by a strong westerly wind, he came southwards till he reached the neighbourhood of Flamborough Head, where he resolved to await the Baltic and merchant fleet, expected shortly to arrive there on its homeward voyage under the convoy of the two men-of-war above mentioned. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd September, Jones, on board of his vessel the *Bon Homme Richard* (so called after his friend Benjamin Franklin), descried the fleet in question, with its escort, advancing north-east, and numbering forty-one sail. He at once hoisted the signal for a general chase, on perceiving which the two frigates bore out from the land in battle-array, whilst the merchant vessels crowded all sail towards shore, and succeeded in gaining shelter beneath the guns of Scarborough Castle. There was little wind, and, according to Jones's own account, it was nightfall before the *Bon Homme Richard* could come up with the *Serapis*, when an engagement within pistol-shot commenced, and continued at that distance for nearly an hour, the advantage both in point of manageableness and number of guns being on the side of the British ship; whilst the remaining vessels of Jones's squadron, from some inexplicable cause, kept at a distance, and he was obliged for a long time to maintain single-handed a contest with the two English frigates. The harvest-moon, in the meantime, rose calm and beautiful, casting its silver light over the waters of the German Ocean, the surface of which, smooth as a mirror, bore the squadrons engaged in deadly conflict. Suddenly, some old eighteen pounders on board the *Bon Homme Richard* exploded at their first discharge, killing and wounding many of Jones's sailors; and as he had now only two pieces of cannon on the quarter-deck remaining unexploded, and his vessel had been struck by several shots below the water-level, his position was becoming very critical. Just then,

while he ran great danger of going to the bottom, the bowsprit of the *Serapis* came athwart the poop of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and Jones, with his own hands, made the two vessels fast in that position. A dreadful scene at close-quarters then ensued, in which Capt. Pearson, the British commander, inflicted signal damage by his artillery on the under part of his opponent's vessel, whilst his own decks were rendered almost untenable by the hand-grenades and volleys of musketry which, on their cannon becoming unserviceable, the combatants on board the *Bon Homme Richard* discharged with murderous effect. For a long time the latter seemed decidedly to have the worst of the contest, and on one occasion the master-gunner, believing that Jones and the lieutenant were killed, and himself left as the officer in command, rushed up to the poop to haul down the colors in the hopelessness of maintaining any longer the conflict. But the flagstaff had been shot away at the commencement of the engagement, and he could only make his intentions known by calling out over the ship's side for quarter. Captain Pearson then hailed to know if the *Bon Homme Richard* surrendered, an interrogation which Jones immediately answered in the negative, and the fight continued to rage. Meantime the *Countess of Scarborough* had been engaged by the *Pallas*, a vessel belonging to Jones's squadron, and after a short conflict had surrendered. The *Bon Homme Richard* was thus freed from the attacks of a double foe, but was at the same time nearly brought to destruction by the *Alliance*, one of its companion-vessels, which after keeping for a long time at a distance, advanced to the scene of action, and poured in several broadsides, most of which took effect on her own ally instead of the British frigate. At last the galling fire came from the shrouds of Jones's ship told markedly in the thinning of the crew of the *Serapis*, and silencing her fire; and a terrible explosion on board of her, occasioned by a young sailor, a Scotchman, it is alleged, who, taking his stand upon the extreme end of the yard of the *Bon Homme Richard*, dropped a grenade on a row of cartridges on the main-deck of the *Serapis*, spread such disaster and confusion that Captain Pearson shortly afterwards struck his colors and surrendered. This was at eleven o'clock at night, after the engagement had lasted for upwards of four hours. The accounts of the losses on both sides are very contradictory, but seem to have been nearly equal, and may be estimated in all at about three hundred killed or wounded. The morning following the battle was extremely foggy, and on examining the *Bon Homme Richard*, she was found to have sustained such damage that it was impossible she could keep longer afloat. With all expedition her crew abandoned her, and went on board the *Serapis*, of which Paul Jones took the command. The *Bon Homme Richard* sank almost immediately, with a large sum of money belonging to Jones, and many valuable papers. The prizes were now conveyed by him to the *Texel*, a proceeding which led to a demand being made by the English ambassador at the Hague for the delivery of the captured vessels, and the surrender of Jones himself as a pirate. This application to the Dutch authorities was ineffectual, but it served as one of the predisposing causes of the war which not long afterwards ensued with England. After remaining for a while at the *Texel*, the *Serapis* was taken to the port of L'Orient, in France, where she appears subsequently to have been disarmed and broken up, whilst the *Countess of Scarborough* was conveyed to Dunkirk. Meantime, Jones proceeded to France, with the view of arranging his future movements; but before quitting the *Texel*, he returned to Captain Pearson his sword, in recognition, as he says, of the bravery which he had displayed on board the *Serapis*. Pearson's countrymen seem to have entertained the same estimate of his merits, as, on his subsequent return to England, he was received with great distinction, was knighted by George III, and presented with a service of plate and the freedom of their corporations, by those boroughs on the east coast which lay near the scene of the naval engagement. In France, honors no less flattering were bestowed on Paul Jones. At the opera and all public places, he received enthusiastic ovations, and Louis XVI presented him with gold-hilted sword, on which was engraved, 'Vindicti maris Ludovicus XVI remunerator strenuo vindicti' (From Louis XVI, in recognition of the services of the brave maintainer of the privileges of the sea).

It may be noted that the true name of Paul Jones was *John Paul*, and that he made the change probably at the time when he entered the American service. His career was altogether a most singular one, presenting phases to the full as romantic as any of those undergone by a hero of fiction. The son of a small farmer near Dumfries, we find him manifesting from his boyhood a strong predilection

HELP THE BOYS "OVER THERE" BY SAVING GASOLINE

The Allies need gasoline. Waste none of it on Sunday motoring for pleasure. He who uses it for this purpose stunts those who are fighting our battles. It is the duty of all motor car owners to comply with the Fuel Controller's request to save "gas."

The safety of the State being the supreme law, personal enjoyment must give place to national necessity during war time. To save gasoline is to save money. It will also ensure a more adequate supply of "gas" for the needs of our war machine, which must lack no essential. To comply with the Fuel Controller's request will save \$150,000 on a single Sunday. In gasoline it will also save hundreds of thousands of gallons. A word to the wise motor car owner is sufficient.

for the sea, and at the age of twelve commencing life as a cabin-boy, on board the *Friendship of Whitehaven*, trading to Virginia. After completing his apprenticeship, he made several voyages in connection with the slave-trade to the West Indies, and rose to the position of master. He speedily, however, it is said, conceived a disgust to the traffic, and abandoned it. We find him, about 1775, accepting a commission in the American navy, then newly formed in opposition to that of Britain. What inspired Paul with such feelings of rancour against his native country, cannot now be ascertained; but to the end of his life he seemed to retain undiminished the most implacable resentment towards the British nation. The cause of the colonies against the mother-country, now generally admitted to have been a just one, was adopted by him with the utmost enthusiasm, and certainly he contrived to inflict a considerable amount of damage on British shipping in the course of his cruises.

To the British nation, and to Scotchmen more especially, the name of Paul Jones has heretofore only been suggestive of a daring pirate or lawless adventurer. He appears, in reality, to have been a sincere and enthusiastic partisan of the cause of the colonists, many of whom were as much natives of Britain as himself, and yet have never been specially blamed for their partisanship. In personal respects, he was a gallant and resolute man, of romantically chivalrous feelings, and superior to everything like a mean and shabby action. It is particularly pleasant to remark his disinterestedness in restoring, in afteryears, to the Countess of Selkirk, the family-plate which the necessity of satisfying his men had compelled him to deprive her of, on the occasion of his descent on the Scottish coast, and for which he paid them the value out of his own resources. The letters addressed by him on this subject to the Countess and her husband, do a great credit both to his generosity and abilities in point of literary composition. By the Americans, Admiral Paul Jones is regarded as one of their most distinguished naval celebrities.—*Chamber's Book of Days.*

THE NEW DAY IN AFRICA

THE British Government has had no difficulty in compiling, through a Minister of the South African Union, a long report on German brutality in the administration of German Africa. We know too well the character of Prussian officers and bureaucrats to doubt that in the treatment of helpless blacks they would often prove ruthless. The Herero war is the greatest blot on the recent colonial record of any nation, and the Germans know it. A great amount of material upon colonial atrocities in German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, and Kamerun can be compiled from German sources; for they have not failed to evoke protests at home. Gen. Lutwein's book on his eleven years as Governor in Southwest; J. K. Vietor's report upon the development and administration of the protectorates; the writings of Paul Rohrbach and Karl Dove; and the Reichstag debates in which Social Democrats and others have denounced misdeeds in the colonies, all yield condemnatory information. Cabled summaries show that the new report adds to old matter the sworn statements of natives about recent instances of cruelty and injustice on the part of the Germans. The expressions of native fear of a return of the colonies to Germany are brought forward to justify Lloyd George's statement that in determining the future of these lands the inhabitants must be consulted.

This report is worth careful attention as a description of conditions whose repetition the world ought now to be resolving never again to permit in Africa, by the Germans or by any other nationality. Too many of the abuses fastened on the Germans have their counterpart in abuses by other countries. Some, no doubt, are peculiarly and exclusively German. The attitude of the worst Prussians toward the untutored native is that of the complete contempt expressed by the Kaiser, when he told his soldiers in China to act like Huns, and declared that "men who wish to thwart European commerce and European civilization" must be taught never to look askance at a German. A special callousness to suffering has at times been manifested in Africa, which we may compare with the like callousness in Belgium. No experienced colonial nation would have permitted the Herero outbreak, caused by the attempt of land and mining companies to cheat the natives of their holdings and make them virtual slaves. Only the product of an arrogant officer caste could have issued Von Trotha's proclamation that "within the German frontier every Herero . . . will be shot; I will not take over any more women or children." It caused a storm of wrath in Germany, but the Kaiser decorated its author when he went home. Trotha's brutality in commencing a war that destroyed the Hereros is of a piece with much more.

Dr. Karl Peters, foremost of colonizers, is revealed by his own and other explorers' writings as a man who shot down natives of both sexes in cold blood, fired their huts, and was disgraced by the Government following his murder of his servant. Gov. Von Puttkamer, of the Kamerun, was put on trial in 1900 on charges that included his winking at gross atrocities by subordinates; an earlier petition by the Akra chief revealed among these cruel floggings, sexual misconduct that the natives would have punished with death, and murder. One German judge in the tropics, Von Rothberg, became notorious for his "justice," which included his clubbing to death a native servant. Deputy Erzberger stated in 1906 that 6,287 floggings or whippings had been given in German East in one year; and in 1912 Deputy Noske stated the number of floggings in German Southwest two years before as 1,262, and in Kamerun as 1,909. Deputy Roren said that death occasionally resulted, and that

With all it is the rule that for months sometimes for years, they find themselves in such a state of nervous tension that if someone comes near them they cower and scream loudly.

Even women were flogged. As for the treatment by German planters of native serfs—for many serfs were in the tropics—it was investigated at the instance of the Reichstag just before the war. The inquiries of Vietor, a Bremen merchant, proved whole communities to be dying off in the Kamerun. Deputy Erzberger declared that the official report showed on nearly every page "a piercing, heart-rending cry concerning the treatment by white men of the black plantation worker."

But we must not forget that as regards their African record too many nations live in glass houses. It is not to the credit of Europe that a careful neutral observer like Herbert Adams Gibbons should, in his book of 1916 on "The New Map of Africa," have bracketed Germany with others. Admitting that there is much to deplore and condemn in German methods," he added that "there is no more to condemn in German methods than in French and Italian, and not so much as in Belgian." Some may disagree with this. The French have been highly successful in North Africa, though De Brazza concluded his official investigation of the Congo with the remark that the native suffering made him wish the French had never entered it. But the general darkness of the African story can not be disguised. Gibbons spoke of English as showing the truest humanitarianism. Their latest indictment was preceded by an even fiercer one of

Leopold's administration of the Congo; and for years Sir Edward Grey refused to recognize Belgium's annexation of the region till reforms were effected. We should remember the revelation by Englishmen of the inhuman treatment of the blacks of Angola, Sao Thomé, and principally by Portugal, and Sir Edward Grey's firm insistence on stopping it. The British Anti-Slavery Society, now agitating for the release of slaves in German East Africa, has had much to condemn under almost every flag in Africa. Even England herself has had African evils upon her scutcheon.

We all hope that newer ideals of humanity, a new respect for the rights of weak peoples, will be one of the war's fruits. We cannot afford to fight for justice, tolerance, and democratic idealism in Europe, but not in the great Continent hitherto given over largely to grab-bag exploitation. The nations must see to it that Africa is not a field for the shady adventurer, as the German colonies and Leopold's Congo in part were; and that respect for black life and limb must be as great as for white. What territorial changes in Africa peace will bring we cannot foresee. Whatever they are, Africa will be one of the touchstones to test whether the world is actually regenerated.—*The New York Evening Post.*

PRESENTATION TO REV. DR. WEDDALL

A very interesting service took place in the Central Methodist Church, Moncton, on Tuesday evening, by direction of the Conference of the Methodist Church in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. A address accompanied by a gold-headed ebony cane was presented to the Rev. Dr. Richard Watson Weddall, in the ministry of the Methodist Church. The choir of the church was in attendance and rendered excellent music during the evening, a solo being splendidly rendered by Miss Catherine Stiven, to the Rev. Richard Opie, chairman of the district, presided, and on the platform with him, among others were the Rev. Geo. M. Young, President of the Conference, Rev. Dr. Weddall, Rev. Mr. Barraclough, pastor of the church; Prof. Watson, of Mount Allison, and the Rev. Dr. Steele.

During the course of the service the following address was read by the chairman:—

1869-1919
JUBILEE GREETINGS
The Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island to
RICHARD WATSON WEDDALL, B. A., D. D., upon the attainment of his fiftieth year in the ministry of the Methodist Church.

Dear Brother:—
It is with a great degree of satisfaction that the Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island notes the fact that you are now entering the completion of fifty years of uninterrupted service in the ministry of the Methodist church, and it is with a keen sense of pleasure that it takes advantage of an occasion of such signal honor to convey its greetings.

A review of your ministry reveals the following outstanding facts:—
Candidate for the ministry in 1869; received on probation in 1879; received into full connexion and ordained in 1873; president of the Conference in 1897. Superintendent of the following circuits: St. James, Kentville, Kingston, Keswick, New Brunswick, Carleton Place, Sackville, Milltown, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Summerside, St. John (Queen Square), Halifax (South), Horton, Woodstock, St. Andrews, Shediac.

Upon all these fields the record which you have made is one of unflinching fidelity to the spirit of the Christian ministry, and it must be a source of great joy to you to look backward upon those distant years and recall the many evidences which have been given of the gracious Presence of your Redeemer and Lord. All through these Maritime Provinces persons are to be found who have become possessed of the rich blessings of the glorious gospel of Christ through your faithful ministry.

You may confidently believe that there is no reservation whatever in the esteem with which you are held by your brother ministers and by the church generally; that your fine spirit of tenderness and love has been a benediction to all with whom you have been brought into association; and that as a representative of the church in many capacities you have never failed to reflect the highest degree of honor.

Therefore upon this festive occasion the conference covets to you its heartfelt felicitations; would express its best wishes for the welfare of the members of your family; and would pray that there may yet be vouchsafed unto you many years of comfort and joy, until at last with your long years of labor ended you awake in the full blaze of the light of the perfect day, and enter into all the bliss and service which are before God's face.

ON BEHALF OF THE CONFERENCE:
Signed:—
GEORGE M. YOUNG, President.
RICHARD OPIE, Chairman of District.
Moncton, N. B., Sept. 17, 1918.

Following the address the Rev. Geo. Young made the presentation of the walking stick, accompanying the same with a few well-timed remarks.

The Rev. Dr. Weddall, in responding, made a most interesting and well delivered address, replete with much valuable and interesting information respecting earlier days in the ministry in this province, and also gave some interesting statistical comparisons between the Moncton district of fifty years ago and at the present time.

Rev. Dr. Steele and Rev. Geo. Young also delivered brief and appropriate addresses, expressive of the esteem in which Mr. Weddall was held.

The Scripture lesson was read by Prof. Watson.

The benediction, pronounced by Rev. Mr. Barraclough, closed the proceedings.—*Moncton Transcript*, Sept. 18.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—A Pacific Port, Sept. 16—A wireless message received here last night indicates that the British steamer *Rosemond*, which went aground Saturday in a heavy fog, will be able to make port with the assistance of a tug sent from a Canadian port yesterday.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Sept. 16—The Canadian fishing schooner *Otokia*, 99 tons, which was expected to make port from the fishing banks about a week ago has not yet returned and her owners fear that she has been lost. A report that the masts of an abandoned sailing vessel have been sighted at a point on the coast some distance east of here is being investigated by the marine and fisheries department.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Sept. 16—After five days' exposure in an open boat, sixteen of the crew, including the captain, of the Portuguese steamer *Leixoes*, arrived here to-day, reporting that their steamer was torpedoed in the North Atlantic five days ago, since which time there have been very heavy winds and seas. It is feared that three other boats, with thirty-five men, the remainder of the crew have been lost. The survivors who landed here suffered considerably during their five days at sea in the boats.

—The *Leixoes* was a vessel of 3,245 tons gross register and was formerly the Hamburg-American steamer *Cherushka*. She was requisitioned by the Portuguese government after having been self-interred at a Portuguese port at the beginning of the war. She was built in 1890, at Newcastle, England.

—London, Sept. 13—The British steamer *Galway Castle*, of 7,988 tons gross has been torpedoed and sunk.

The missing from the *Galway Castle* numbered 189. They include 130 passengers, 36 naval and military officers and men, and 33 of the crew. Ninety third-class passengers lost were, without exception, women and children. The liner floated for two days in charge of the captain and volunteers.

The *Galway Castle* left port for South Africa on Tuesday and was torpedoed on Thursday in a stormy sea.

The Central News account of the sinking says that one of the lifeboats was driven by a stormy sea against the ship's propeller and smashed. One of the steamer's passengers, the account adds, was Henry Burton, minister of railways of the Union of South Africa, who was saved, and Major Rabutine, a member of the South African parliament, who is missing.

The *Galway Castle* was built at Belfast in 1911. London was her port of register. She was owned by the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company.

London, Sept. 15—Closer scrutiny of the *Galway Castle* passenger list indicated that she had on board only 749 instead of 960 as announced earlier. The majority were women and children but many were discharged soldiers returning to their homes. The boats were picked up by escorting vessels and by destroyers sent to the spot.

Plymouth, Sep. 16—Heartrending scenes were witnessed here when hundreds of survivors of the torpedoed steamer *Galway Castle* were landed at 7 o'clock Thursday morning. The passengers were mostly women and children, and it is believed that whole families have been lost.

Among the survivors were little tots scarcely able to walk, crying in vain for their parents. Parents were searching in all directions for news of their children, and women were seeking vainly for their lost husbands. It mattered nothing that warm, dry clothing was distributed to take the place of the scanty attire the survivors wore as they left the ship. The one thought was to get news of their relatives and friends.

There seems no reason to doubt that the vessel was torpedoed without the slightest warning. The explosion occurred between the engine room and stockhold, a fact which is taken to rule out any possibility that the ship struck a mine. The explosion caused comparatively little noise, but caused the ship to buckle in almost extraordinary manner. She was hit at the extreme bottom and was bent and torn clear to the upper deck at any point. The explosion was swept into the tunnel from the engine room and drowned.

Fearing that the liner would founder at any moment, Captain Dyer ordered the boats lowered and issued life-belts to all passengers. One boat was swamped, another was damaged because the falls became fouled, and another was swept back against the liner by a wave and smashed by the propeller. Another narrowly escaped a similar fate.

Henry Burton, Minister of Railways for South Africa, who was among the survivors, was not inclined to speak of his own experiences, but joined with other survivors in praising the devotion to duty and the self-sacrifice of the officers of the ship and the men on the naval vessels, which rushed to the rescue.

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Manager
St. Andrews Branch

CAMPOBELLO

Sept. 16.
The Campobello Library Association held their annual meeting on Monday, electing the following officers for the ensuing year: Miss May Porter, President; Miss Elizabeth Porter, Treasurer; Miss Brine, Secretary; Miss Harper, Miss Brooks, Miss Fanny Cokeran, Mr. Frank Rosefeldt, Directors. The other business was then transacted to the satisfaction of all present. Miss Fanny Porter read a very interesting account from a friend at the front. Miss Elizabeth Porter gave an account of three boys at the club, Boston, Mass., which she looks after, namely, the club for the welfare of sailors and soldiers. The meeting closed with a laughable farce by Miss Elizabeth Porter, entitled "When the War would end, as she had read in the press."

These summer tourists, while seeking rest and pleasure here, have interested themselves in the welfare of the library, church, etc.; and now, as the season advances and gradually their smiles fade in the distance, as they seek their homes, we shall think of them as we do the robins, ever glad for their return.

Capt. Meade Malloch spent Sunday with relatives here.

Rev. Judson Corey filled the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday. Mr. Corey will be stationed on the Island the ensuing year.

Many of the folk here took advantage of the Excursion held at St. Stephen last week.

Mrs. G. E. Tobin is mourning the recent loss of her brother, Thomas Dudley, bugle-boy, killed at the front.

Miss Sylvia, of Eastport, was the guest of Miss Helen Calder during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mowat, of Bayside, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. John Cassidy and family are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Calder.

Rev. H. W. Rigby spent Sunday, Sept. 8, on the Island.

Mr. Ollo Calder spent Sunday, Sept. 8, with his parents here.

Mr. Shepherd Mitchell has returned home.

Mrs. Horace Mitchell and Mrs. Arthur Mitchell visited Woodland, Me., recently.

Miss Maud Dalzell spent the past week with friends here.

LEONARDVILLE, D. I.

Sept. 18.
Mr. and Mrs. Burpee Wilson are being congratulated on the arrival of a son on Sept. 17.

Mrs. Nora Cummings, of Eastport, visited Mrs. Loring Doughty on Saturday last.

Mrs. Lincoln Stuart, of St. Andrews, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Doughty.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Matthews, of Pennsylvania, who have been visiting here, have returned to their home.

Mrs. Willie Doughty and children, of St. Andrews, are the guests of Miss Blanche Daughy.

Mrs. George Johnson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Austin Munroe, of Pennsylvania.

Miss Marjorie Mingo, of Chamcook, spent Sunday with friends here.

Mr. Warren Young has recently purchased the house formerly owned by J. G. Wilson.

BAYSIDE, N. B.

Sept. 18.
Mrs. George Dalzell, of Grand Manan, with her daughter and son, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Henry Irwin, and other relatives at Bayside, for the past

few days. They will return to Grand Manan on Friday.

Mrs. Daniel Wylie was quite ill last week; but her many friends will be glad to know that she is much better.

Quite a number of Bayside people attended the Fair in St. Stephen last week.

Mrs. Robert Slater, of St. Andrews, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rigby.

Mrs. Joseph McFarlane has had her mother, Mrs. Peacock, of St. Andrews, and her sister, Mrs. Harding, of Dorchester, Mass., visiting her for a few days.

Harvesting is pretty well advanced here in spite of the unfavorable weather, and a few are having their grain threshed.

Miss Lena Lawrence was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. David McCoubrey, the last of the week.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Sept. 17.
The fishermen report better catches of line fish this week.

Several automobile parties went from here to attend the Exhibition at St. Stephen. They report a good time.

Mrs. Edgar Wadlin is visiting friends in Island Falls, Me.

Mrs. Walter Wadlin spent the last of the week in St. John.

The stork left a baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Harvie last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Paul have taken their little son, Alden, to the hospital in St. John, to have him operated upon for hernia.

Robert Barry made a business trip to St. John last week.

Benjamin Bates, who is employed in St. John, spent Sunday here with his family.

Medley Kennedy left here last week for Cape Tormentine, where he will be employed for some time.

CHAMCOOK, N. B.

Sept. 18.
A residence is being erected near the Pumping Station for Mr. Malpas and family, who will reside there during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leland motored to Brockway on Sunday to visit relatives there. Mrs. Leland's brother, Oscar Young, has been discharged from Camp Sussex, owing to ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nutter and family, of Oak Bay, were visitors at Mrs. John Greenlaw's.

Mrs. Geo. McCoubrey and young son left on Sunday to visit relatives in Mushquash.

Mr. Robert Kirnlin, of the Booth Fisheries, Eastport, has spent part of the week here, making repairs to the machinery.

Mrs. John Thom, who has been under treatment at the Chipman Hospital, has returned home a great deal better in health than she has been for some time.

Those who knew Mrs. Wallace Hall will be grieved to hear of the sad death of her little son. Mr. and Mrs. Hall spent several summers here and made many friends. They went to St. George last winter. The infant son, one year and a half old, while playing about the yard at home fell into a well and was drowned. The child's mother missed him for a moment, and on looking for him found him in the well. Life was not extinct but all efforts to resuscitate the little fellow, failed.

About 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning the residents of Chamcook were awakened by the factory fire whistle. A great volume of flames was seen pouring up from the end of the wharf. A large number of men turned out and the hose was soon playing on the flames. One of the sardine boats that had put in for gasoline had caught fire in the engine room. The stern of the boat was partly burned, very little damage was done.

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B. Sept. 18.
Miss Gertrude Redeker, of Minneapolis, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Irving R. McAllister, Hinckley Hill, Calais.

Mr. Byron Murchie, of Manchester, N. H., is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Harry Haley, in Milltown.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McWha are occupying part of the comfortable residence, of Mr. and Mrs. John McWha.

Capt. Frank Nicholson, of the British Flying Force, who has been home for a three-months' furlough, is spending a few days in Kingston, Ont., with friends.

Mrs. Harold Haley is in Wolfville, N. S. visiting Prof. and Mrs. Elliott.

Miss Kathleen Cockburn, of St. Andrews, has been a recent visitor in town.

Ven. Archdeacon Newnham, who has been in Toronto during the past week, is expected home on Saturday.

Rev. Dr. Wiley, of the Presbyterian church in Chatham, was in St. Stephen for a week-end visit. On Sunday evening he preached in the Presbyterian Church, of which he was at one time pastor. Dr. Wiley has gone to Montreal to consult a specialist in regard to his eyes and health.

Miss Jean Goucher leaves for New York City to-day to take a position in a well known and prominent Publishing House. She was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Arthur Goucher, of the Customs staff.

The firm of W. C. Purves were able this week to supply some hard coal to their customers. Although the amount allowed to each householder was small, yet it was very welcome.

Miss Laura Pearl Hodgins left on Saturday to resume her teaching in Hallowell, Me., after spending the summer at her home in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. George Woodcock, of Michigan, are visiting relatives in Calais.

Capt. Frank Hurley and wife, of St. John, have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Talbot.

Mrs. Frank Hibbard is a patient at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

Mrs. Brownrigg, of Bocabec, has been the guest of Mrs. Clarence Cole during the past week.

Miss Mae Ryan, of Boston, is visiting Calais friends.

Miss Rita Nicholson is in Woodstock visiting friends.

Mrs. Seymour Holt, of Brunswick, Me., has been visiting St. Stephen friends.

Mr. William Clarke, of Montreal, is in town for a short visit.

Mrs. Stanley Granville, of St. John, is the guest of Miss Arthurette Branscombe.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Sept. 18.
The serious wound received by Vincent Riordan at the front on Aug. 5, it is hoped by his many friends will not prove fatal. The young man is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Riordan. He was offered a position as instructor in England, but preferred active duty in France. Vincent is twenty-one years of age, and the telegram bringing the news said he was in the hospital suffering from a gun-shot wound in the spine.

Bert Armstrong, Victor Maxwell, Chas. Stevens, and Webster Leavitt are home from Sussex on a furlough.

Mrs. Foster, who has been visiting her nephew, Mr. Henry Meating, has returned to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, of St. John, were week-end guests of their daughter, Mrs. Bernard Connors, at Black's Harbor.

Miss Rebecca Dewar is visiting her sister, Mrs. Egan, in Milltown.

Earl Dow, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Montreal, is home on a holiday.

Mrs. Lord, of St. John, spent the week-end the guest of Mrs. John Mooney.

Miss Wallace, of Black's Harbor, has accepted a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

Miss Fanny Gillis is visiting Mrs. Thos. Coyne, St. Stephen.

Miss Murphy, of St. John, is in charge of the millinery department at James O'Neill's.

Miss Edna O'Brien is home, after a visit with friends in Hampton.

Mr. Wm. Drinon, of Lynn, Mass., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Riordan.

Misses Beatrice Campbell and Julia McMullen were visitors to the Border Towns, last week.

The Knights of Columbus Drive for the Army Hut Fund is now in full swing in St. George and vicinity. A committee of Knights consisting of George E. Frauley, Chas. E. Lynott, Edw. L. McGrattan, and Joseph Brine are in charge. They are being ably assisted by the committee who were in charge of the successful Y. M. C. A. drive and others. It is expected St. George will more than go "over the top" for this good cause.

Sardines, while still reported scarce, are more plentiful this week. Fish are being taken in a number of weirs about the Bay, where large schools are said to be. The schools are a month late. This is not unusual, the same conditions prevailed three years ago.

Mrs. Walter Messenitte gave a motor boat sail on Tuesday evening, for the pleasure of Miss Hughes, of Woodstock, and Miss Murphy, of St. John. The party



when he said—
"Either the civilian population must go short of many things to which it is accustomed in times of peace or our armies must go short of munitions and other things indispensable to them."

NOW the only way we can possibly live up to that obligation is by going without in order that our soldiers may have. For the money we waste is not money at all—it is equipment, clothing, shot and shell that are urgently needed in France. By denying ourselves, therefore, we enable Canada to procure to the fullest extent the materials and labor which she and our Allies need for the successful prosecution of the war. What happens when we fail to save? A pull on labor by the Government in one direction and a pull on labor by the people in the opposite direction.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are of no use to the country if goods and services can be secured only to the extent of eighty millions of dollars. So we must do everything in our power to release both goods and labor for the purposes for which Canada needs them.

WHETHER it be food, coal, wool, steel, leather, labor or transportation, the result in all cases is the same. Whoever competes with the nation by freely satisfying his own desires, selfishly appropriates to his own use that which is so urgently required for our fighting men in France.

For the sake of your country and the boys "over there," spend cautiously. Think of what Lord Kitchener has said, and ask yourself first, "Is this something I really need or can I do without it?"

Published under the authority of the Minister of Finance of Canada

who had supper at Camp "Kosy Kot" Lake Utopia, included Mrs. James Southard, Misses Annie O'Neill, Elizabeth McGrattan, Claire O'Neill, Daisy Hughes, Margaret Murphy, and Messrs. George Malley, John McDougall, Walter Messenette, and Jas. Southard.

Mr. Adam Kerrigan was somewhat injured, on Tuesday last, by a fall from a wagon, caused by a quick start on the part of the horse.

The hunting season opened Monday. Several clauses on the licenses are receiving severe criticism, particularly the one relating to the sale of Moose meat, and that making every licensee practically a game warden. There is no hunter or lover of outdoor life who would care to see the extinction of the monarchs of our wilds, and the hands of the Government should be upheld in every effort made to prevent such a catastrophe. Everybody realizes the high price of meat would mean the death of many moose that will escape this year, the sale or meat being forbidden. That a man after paying two dollars for a license should be obliged to take an oath, not only to obey the law himself, but to report others who may break it, looks on the face of it a little harsh, too much to expect from many who have no desire to turn informer. But if every hunter observes the spirit of the law, which is only for the preservation of the game, this clause will do no harm. There is but one way to keep our heritage and that is not to shoot it.

ENGLAND'S OUTLAY FOR DRINK

[Correspondence of the Associated Press]
London, August 20.—Before the war the people of this country spent \$800,000,000 a year for drink. Now they spend \$1,200,000,000. Nevertheless, there is not half the drunkenness in these war times, that there was in 1913. Heavy taxation to provide war funds accounts for the public's increased drink bill, not further indulgence. In fact, excessive drinking has declined more than 80 per cent., and

there has been an enormous gain in national efficiency.

All this has come about, Lord D'Abernon, chairman of the Liquor Control Board, told the Associated Press, as a result of the war regulations introduced by the Government.

"There is great ground for hope," he said, "that the progress made toward temperance under war conditions won't be lost, that it will be continued by post-war action along lines similar to the restrictions now in force." Such action must come, if taken, from Parliament. The life of the present regulations will terminate one year after peace has been declared. According to Lord D'Abernon, it is certain that the country never will go back to pre-war conditions. The Board's regulations limiting the hours for the sale of liquor, cutting down the alcoholic content of both spirits and beer, and abolishing treating were taken to rather kindly, on the whole, in Lord D'Abernon's opinion.

"There has been very little friction," he said. "We have had some complaints to the effect that it costs an enormous amount of money to get drunk now," but that is exactly what should be the case. The question of the price of alcoholic drinks compared to that of food is very important. If liquor is too cheap, that fact leads to over-indulgence. The duty on beer is now seven times what it was ten years ago, and the duty on spirits also has been greatly increased.

"It is clear that public opinion will not tolerate a return to the bad conditions which undoubtedly existed before the war. It is recognized that the present system affords a basis for a permanent settlement of the drink question acceptable to all."

More than twice as much money is spent in England for drink than for bread, and the outlay just about equals the expenditures for meat. After the war the Government's yearly revenues from duties on drink are expected to amount

to from \$500,000,000 to \$750,000,000, a sum almost equal to the total tax revenue before the war.

England has been noted for its heavy stout, bitters, and ale, and the brewers thought that dilution would greatly injure their business. But they have done far better than they thought was possible. The quantity of alcohol in beer has been reduced by nearly two-thirds. Great improvement has been made in the manufacture of light beers, which are said to be growing steadily in favor. The strength of spirits before the war averaged about 22 degrees under proof. They have been weakened, under the regulations, to an average of between 38 and 40 under proof.

In discussing the sharp decrease in heavy drinking, Lord D'Abernon said it might be thought that the absence from the country of millions of soldiers was responsible in large measure for the improvement. This idea, he pointed out, was refuted by statistics, which showed the decrease in drinking by women was just as great as that by men.

No grain is now being used in England for making spirits. The manufacture of whiskey was stopped two years ago. Concerning beer, Lord D'Abernon said: "The net total of cereals used annually for brewing is approximately 382,000 tons. Compared with the total amount of cereals grown here and imported, 15,500,000 tons, this shows that the net percentage used for brewing purposes is approximately 2.5. In 1913, approximately 6 per cent. was used for making beer and 2 1/2 per cent. for distilling spirits. Thus there has been a reduction from 8 1/2 per cent. to 2 1/2 per cent."

Little Memphis (endeavoring to entertain sister Kate's beau)—"When sister Kate marries you will she become a widow?" Kate's Beau—"A widow? Yes, Gods! What put such nonsense into your little head?" Little Memphis—"Hearing mother tell sister that you are a dead one"—Judge.

A POSTP

When Ferdinand's revolution now he did so with day wearing a fast. It has realized that an on the twenty- in freedom, from from a Powers, and es consent to his into "King" a worn.

In 1908 he di and planned a this time Austr susceptible in Russia, comp ceremony. W the Bishops of ed that the Cor administered to Ferdinand put son.—London L

"I write for t tuer poet. "A clared his grou tetter."—Kans

The Lones

Samuel
Copyright, 1918

SUCH rule in Sedgwick locally floor, w pled. Around fragments of the painter had se high old fast wreckage. On traveling cap, back sprawled ing to Sedgwick the coat and it drop.

"Did you lea "I hung it a chair," answers "North wind? "Yes, as you "And west of "Nothing but you, except the outstretched to trait, condense into a knotty f Sedgwick to from the chair through it!" he "Exactly. T "A bullet!"

"Right again as you pine to ed. That the is merely a b you weren't tr bullet went to prop from you other kind. E Sedgwick ob "There," sai out from the qu, say a qua rangement of uncommonly chair before should think on the hillside of the window that distance a spot in sight. Suppose we ru

Sound as w wick was pant at the spot so limbed leader surprised the cap the stud stance an exce rear view of a Bidding the coupe. Kent knees and ma After a few m lugubrious yb the trees, and emerged lead of his ear.

"Evidently y commented Se "I'm satisfied shot from he good one—saw just to the st through you as "Leaving no of Sedgwick. "No trace the the evidence "Of course I follow that." "Why not? I thicket." "What is the you've said the "The soil is "Yes, there's "Yet there's. He on it." "I've got the part, I think." "Use your b

A POSTPONED CORONATION

When Ferdinand of Coburg accepted the rulership of Bulgaria—of which death or revolution now threatens to deprive him—he did so with the firm intention of one day wearing a royal crown, but a strange fatality has frustrated his attempts to realize that ambition.

In 1908 he did proclaim himself King, and planned a pompous coronation, but this time Austria, considerate of Serbian susceptibilities because of her own designs in Russia, compelled him to postpone the ceremony.

"I write for the few," declared the amateur poet. "And a good idea, too," declared his grouchy uncle, "the fewer the better."

The Secret of Lonesome Cove. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Copyright, 1912, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER X. The Invasion.

SUCH ruin as had been wrought in Sedgwick's studio was strictly localized. The easel lay on the floor, with its rear leg crumpled. Around it were scattered the fragments of the glass upon which the painter had set his labor of love.

"Did you leave that there?" "I hung it across the back of the chair," answered Sedgwick. "North window closed?" "Yes, as you see it now."

"Nothing has been changed, I tell you, except this," Sedgwick's hand, outstretched toward the destroyed portrait, knotted itself involuntarily into a clenched fist.

"Exactly. The path of the invader." "A bullet!" "Red again. Instead of murdering, as you plan to do, you've been murdered."

"There," said Kent, viewing the result from the window. "At a distance of, say a quarter of a mile, that arrangement of coat and cap would look uncommonly like a man sitting in a chair before his work."

"I've brought you here to show you why. Pay good heed, now. A man traveling in a wagon was met here, as he says, by a woman—you understand—who questioned him and then went on. He followed the trail through the brush and found the signs of a fight."

"What is there to be seen there, since you've said there are no marks?" "The soil is very soft."

"Use your brain on it, then. Some one designing to make you his target has been in this thicket; been and gone and left the place trackless."

"Racial instinct? Gansett Jim?" said Sedgwick. "Exactly. If I had found tracks all over the place, I should have known it wasn't he. Finding nothing, I was naturally pleased."

"That's more than I am," retorted the other. "I suppose he's likely to resume his gunnery at any time."

"By having him arrested?" "Difficulties might be put in our way, Sheriff Len Schiager and the half breed are in some sort of loose partnership in the circus wagon man."



"Footprint too small," grunted Gansett Jim.

this affair, as you know. Gansett Jim honestly thinks that you had a hand in the Lonesome Cove murder, as he believes it to be. It isn't impossible that the sheriff has subtly egged him on to kill you in revenge.

"Flat out, I don't. But I've a shrewd guess that I'll find out before long." "From Gansett Jim?" "No hope there. He's an Indian. What I'm going to see him about now is your safety."

"In the village, I hope. It wouldn't do for you to come there. But I want you to go to the spot where you met the circus wagon man and wait until I bring Jim."

"It was a long wait for the worried artist in the deep forest that bounded the lonely road along Hawkhill heights. Ten o'clock had chimed across the hill from the distant village when he heard footsteps and at a call from Kent stepped out into the clear, holding the lantern above him. The light showed a strange spectacle. Kent, watchful, keen, ready as a cat to spring, stood with his eyes fixed upon the distorted face of the half breed. Terror, rage, overwhelming amazement and the soul panic of the supernatural glared from the blue white eyeballs of the negro, but the jaw and chin were set firm in the stolidism of the Indian. In that strange racial conflict of emotions the fiercer strain won. Gansett Jim's frame relaxed. He grunted.

"Good boy, Jim!" Chester Kent's voice at the half breed's ear was the voice of one who soothes an frightened horse. "I didn't know whether you could stand it or not. You see, you didn't shoot Mr. Sedgwick after all."

"Dunno what you mean," grunted Gansett Jim. "And you mustn't shoot at him any more," continued the scientist. The tone was soft as a woman's, but Sedgwick felt in it the tenacity of a man ready for any extreme. Perhaps the half breed, too, felt the peril of that determination, for he hung his head.

"I've brought you here to show you why. Pay good heed, now. A man traveling in a wagon was met here, as he says, by a woman—you understand—who questioned him and then went on. He followed the trail through the brush and found the signs of a fight. The fight took place before the death. Here's the lantern. Take his trail from here."

"Without a word the half breed snatched the light and plunged into a bypath. After a few minutes of swift going he pulled up short in an open copse of ash and set the lantern on the ground. Houndlike he nosed about the trodden earth. Suddenly he caught up the lantern, which had rolled from his hand, and threw its light upon Sedgwick's foot. Then he turned away, Kent whistled softly. The whistle had a purring quality of content.

"What he follow for?" demanded the other savagely. "No evil purpose. You can take his trail from the circus wagon and follow that, if you want to satisfy yourself further that he wasn't here. I'll let you have the lantern. Only, remember, now! No more shooting at the wrong man!"

"The half breed made no reply. "And you, Sedgwick. Here's the destroyer. Do you still want to kill him?" "I suppose not," replied the artist lifelessly.

"Since his design was only against your life and not against your picture," commented Kent with a smile. "Well, our night's work is done." Lifting the lantern, he held it in the face of the half breed. "Jim?" "Huh?"

"When you really want to know who made those footprints come and tell me who the body in Annalaka burying ground is. A trade for a trade. You understand?"

"The eyes stared, immovable. The chin did not quiver. Reaching for the lantern, Gansett Jim, now one of Indian to one of negro, turned away from them to the pathway. "No," he said stolidly.

Answers to the telegrams Chester Kent had dispatched arrived in the form of night letters, bringing information regarding the Blairs of Hedgerow house, not sufficient information to satisfy the seeker, however. Therefore, having digested their contents at breakfast, the scientist cast about him to supply the deficiency. The feet of hope led him to the shop of Elder Ira Dennett.

Besides being an able plumber and tinker, Elder Dennett performed, by vocation, the pleasurable duties of unprinted journalism—that is to say, he was the semi-official town gossip. There was joy in the plumber-tinker's heart over the visit. Unhappily it appeared that Kent was there strictly on business. He did not wish to talk of the mystery of Lonesome Cove. He wished his acetylene lamp fixed—at once, if Elder Dennett pleased.

"Old Blair's," replied Dennett. "I seen you in it. Know Mr. Blair long?" "He offered me a lift into town—very kindly. He was a stranger to me," said Kent truthfully and with intent to deceive. "Who did you say he was?" "Gosh sakes! Don't you know who Aleck Blair is?"

"Blair? Blair?" said Kent innocently. "Is he the author of 'Blair's Studies of Neuroptera'?" "Elder Dennett snorted. "He's a millionaire, that's what he is. Ain't you read about him in the fabric trust investigations?" "Oh, that Blair! Yes, I believe I have."

Kent yawned. It was a well conceived bit of strategy and met with deserved success. CHAPTER XI. Hedgerow House. THE elder traced the history of the Blairs in and out of concentric circles of scandal—financial, political, social—and mostly untrue. Those in which the greatest portion of truth inhered dealt with the escapades of Wilfrid Blair, the only son and heir of the household, who had burned up all the paternal money he could lay hands on, writing his name in red fire across the night life of London, Paris and New York. Tiring of this, he had come home and married a girl of nineteen, beautiful and innocent, whose parents, the elder plausibly opined, had sold her to the devil per Mr. Blair, agent. The girl, whose maiden name was Marjorie Dorrance—Kent's fingers went to his ear at this—had left Blair after a year of marriage, though there was no legal process, and he had returned to his haunts of the gutter until retribution overtook him in the form of tuberculosis. His father had brought him to their place on Sundayman's creek, and there he was kept in semi-seclusion, visited from time to time by his young wife, who helped to care for him.

"That's the story they tell," commented the elder, "but some folks has got suspicions. My own suspicions is that the young feller hasn't got no more consumption that you have, although he's got a man nurse. I think old Blair has got him here to keep him out of the papers."

"Publicity is not to Mr. Blair's taste, then?" "I don't believe the old man would hardly stop short of murder to keep his name out of print. He's kind of loony on the subject. Sailor Mitt Smith is the feller that can tell you about the family and the place. Here he comes up the street."

He thrust his head out of the door and called. Sailor Smith, sturdy and white, entered and greeted Kent courteously. "Mr. Dennett was saying, remarked Kent, "that you know something of the history of Hedgerow house, as I believe they call it."

"They call it?" repeated the old sailor. "He calls it? If you mean the Blair place, that's Hogg's haven, that is! You can't wipe out that name while there's a man living as knew the place at its worst. O'M Captain Hogg built it and lived in it and died in it. The devil is, fryin' bacon out of old Hogg today for the things he done in that house."

"How long since did he die?" "Oh, twenty year back." "And the house was sold soon after?" "Stood vacant for ten years. Then this feller Blair bought it. I don't know him, but he bought a weevilly biscuit there. A bad house, it is—rotten bad."

"What's wrong with it?" "Them's bones in the brick and woman's blood in the mortar." "Was the old boy a cannibal?" asked Kent, amused by the sea veteran's herolick. "Just as bad—slave trader."

"Have you ever been in the house?" "Many's the time when it was Hogg's haven. Only once since. They do tell that the curse has come down with the house and is heavy on the new owner's son."

"So I've heard." "The old white head wagged bodingly. "The curse of the blood," he said. "It's on all that race." "Hogg's oldest sister was the grandmother of this young feller's mother, wasn't she?" put in Elder Dennett.

"That's right. Wilfrid Blair's great grandmother." "And a bad 'un, too, I guess," continued the elder reluctantly. "Don't you say it!" cried the old seaman. "The curse of the blood was on her. Strange she was and beautiful, so my mother used to tell me, but not bad. She came in at Lonesome Cove too."

"Drowned at sea?" asked Kent. "They never knew. One day she was gone. The next night her body came in. They said in the country-side that she had the gift of second sight and foretold her own death." "Hum-m," mused Kent. "And now the Blairs have changed the name of the place. No wonder."

"There's one thing, they haven't changed, the private buryin' plot." "Family?" "Hogg's there, all right, an' never a person in the countryside dared to speak to God about his soul, when they laid him there. His nephew, too, that was as black hearted as himself. But the rest of the graves has got no headstones."

"Slaves?" "Them as he kept for his own service an' killed in his tantrums. Nobody knows how many. You can see the bend of the creek where they lie, from the road, and the old willows that lean over 'em."

"Cheerful sort of person the late Mr. Hogg seems to have been. Any relics of his trade in the house?" "Relics? You may say so! His old pistols and compasses, guns, nautical instruments and the leaded whalebone whip that they used to say he slept with. They've got 'em hung on the walls now for ornaments. Ornaments! If they'd sink 'em I've seen 'em, they'd sink the dummed things in a hundred fathom of clean sea."

"Sailor Smith was cabin boy on one of the old Hogg fleet one voyage," explained Elder Dennett. "God forgive me for it!" said the old man. "There they hang, and with 'em the chains and—"

"Isn't that lamp finished yet?" demanded Kent, turning sharply upon Elder Dennett. Having paid for it, with something extra for his curtness, he led the seaman out of the place. "You were going to say 'and hand-cuffs, weren't you?' he inquired.

"Why, yes. What of that?" asked the veteran, puzzled. Suddenly he brought his hand down with a slap on his thigh. "Where was my wits?" he cried. "Them iron on the dead woman's wrist! I knew I'd seen their like before! Slave manacles! They must 'a' come from Hogg's haven!"

"Very likely. But that suspicion had better be kept quiet at present." "Aye, aye, sir," agreed the other. "A bad house—a rotten bad house!" "Yet I've a pressing desire to take a look at it," said Chester Kent musingly. "Going back to Annalaka, Mr. Smith? I'll walk with you as far as the road to Mr. Sedgwick's."

Freed of the veteran's company at the turn of the road, Kent sat down and took his ear in hand to think. "Miss Dorrance," he mused, "Marjorie Dorrance. What simpler twist for a nickname than to transform that into Marjorie Daw? Poor Sedgwick!"

At the Nook he found the object of his commiseration mournfully striving to piece together, as in a mosaic, the shattered remnants of his work. Sedgwick brightened at his friend's approach. "For heaven's sake, come out and do me a couple of sets of tennis!" he besought. "I'm no sport for you, I know, particularly as my nerves are jumpy, but I need the work."

"Sorry, my boy," said Kent, "but I've got to make a more or less polite call. People named Blair. Ever know 'em?" "Used to know a Wilfrid Blair in Paris," said the artist indifferently. "What kind of a person was he?" "An agreeable enough little beast, but a ronder of the worst sort. Is he the man you're going to see?" "No such luck," said Chester Kent. "I never expect to see Wilfrid Blair. Probably I shan't even be invited to his funeral."

forward afoot until he came in view of Hedgerow house. At the turn of the stream he leaped a fence and made his way to a group of willows beneath which the earth was ridged with little mounds. Professor Chester Kent was trespassing. He was invading the territory of the dead.

From the seclusion of the graveyard amid the willows a fair view was afforded of Hedgerow house. Grim as was the repute given it, it presented to the intruder an aspect of homely hospitable sweetness and quaintness. Tall hollyhocks lifted their flowers to smile in at the old fashioned windows. Here and there on the well kept lawn peonies glowered, crimson and white. A great, clambering rose tree had thrown its arms around the square porch, softening the uncompromising angles. Along the paths pansies laughed at the sun, and mignonette scattered its scented summons to bee and butterfly. The place was a loved place; so much Kent felt with sureness of instinct. No home blooms except by love.

But the house was dead. Its eyes were closed. Silence held it. The garden buzzed and flickered with vivid multicolored life, but there was no stir from the habitation of man. Had its occupants deserted it?

From the far side of the mansion came the sound of a door opening and closing again. Moving quickly along the sumac fringed course of the creek, Kent made a detour which gave him view of a side entrance and had barely time to efface himself in the shrubbery when a light wagon, with a spirited horse between the shafts, turned briskly out into the road. Kent, well sheltered, caught one brief sufficient glimpse of the occupant. It was Dr. Breed. The medical officer looked, as always, nerve beset, but there was a greedy smile on his lips.

Kent's mouth puckered. He took a deep breath of musical inspiration and exhaled it in painful greenery, fattening himself amid the greenery as he saw a man emerge from the rear of Hedgerow house. The man was Gansett Jim. He carried a pick and a spade and walked slowly. Presently he disappeared in the willow shaded place of mounds. The sound of his toll came, muffled, to the ears of the hidden man.

Cautiously Kent worked his way, now in the stream, now through the heavy growth on the banks, until he gained the roadway. Once there he went forward to the front gate of Hedgerow house. Kent paused for the merest moment. His gaze rested on the heavy black door. Heavier and blacker against the woodwork a pent dented waved languidly.

To the normal human being the grisly insignium of death over a portal is provocative of anything rather than mirth. But Chester Kent, viewing the crape on Hedgerow house, laughed as he turned to the open road. Meditation furrowed the brow of Lawyer Adam Bain. "Nobody versus Sedgwick," grumbled he. "Public opinion versus Sedgwick," he amended.

"How's a self respecting lawyer going to earn a fee out of that? And Len Schiager standing over the grave of the corpus delicti with a warrant against searching, so to speak, in his hand! For that matter, this Professor Kent worries me more than the sheriff."

A sharp humming rose in the air and brought the idle counselor to his window, whence he beheld the prime author of his bewilderment descending from a car. A minute later the two men were sitting with their feet on one desk, a fairly good sign of mutual respect and confidence.

"Blair?" said Lawyer Bain. "No, I don't know him, not even to see. Took Hogg's haven, didn't he?" "Then he doesn't use this postoffice?" "No. Might use any one of a half a dozen. See here." He drew a county map from a shelf. "Here's the place. Seven railroad stations on three different roads within ten miles of it. Annalaka would be way out of his reach."

"Yet Gansett Jim seems to be known here." "Oh, is it Blair that the Indian folks for? I never knew. Closer'n a deaf mute with lockjaw, he is. Well, I expect the reason he comes here occasionally is that it's the nearest license town."

"Lo, the poor Injun when he wants a drink will walk ten miles as easy as you'd wink." "Do you know most of the postoffices around here?" "There isn't but one postmaster within twenty miles that I don't call by his first name, and she's a postmistress."

"Then you could probably find out by telephone where the Blair family get their mail." "Easy!" "And perhaps what newspapers they take." "I'm! Yes, I guess so."

"Try it as soon as you get back." "Back from where?" "Back from the medical officer's place. I think he must have returned by this time." "You want to see Tim Breed?" "No; just his records. Burial permits, I suppose, are a matter of public record."

"Yes. All you've got to do is to go and ask for 'em. You won't need me." "Regrettable as his bad taste is," said Kent with a solemn face, "I fear that Dr. Breed doesn't regard me with that confidence and esteem which one reads of in illuminated resolutions." "And you want me as an accelerator, eh?" smiled the lawyer. "All right. It's the Jane Doe permit you're after, is it?" "Which?" "Jane Doe. They buried the corpse from Lonesome Cove under that name. Unidentified dead, you know."

CHAPTER XII. Loose Ends.

TOGETHER they went to the medical officer's quarters. Dr. Breed had come in fifteen minutes before. Without preliminary Lawyer Bain said: "I want to see that Jane Doe certificate again."

"Aren't you afraid of wearin' out the ink on it, Adam?" retorted the other, with a furtive grin. "And I," said Chester Kent in his suavest manner, "venture to trouble you to show me the certificate in the case of Wilfrid Blair."

Something like a spasm shook the lineaments of Dr. Breed's meager face. "Blair!" he repeated. "How did you know?" He stopped short. "How did I know that Wilfrid Blair is dead?" Kent finished for him. "Why, there has been time enough, hasn't there?"

The physician's hands clawed nervously at his straggling hair. "Time enough? I'm only just back from the Blair place myself." "Ah," commented Kent negligently. "Then he died within two hours or so?" "This morning," retorted the other. "It's all in the certificate."

"All?" inquired Kent, so significantly that Lawyer Bain gave him a quick look. "All that's your business or anybody else's," said Breed, recovering himself a bit. "Doubtless, and I'm to be permitted to see this document?"

Breed pushed a paper across the table. "There it is. I just finished making it out." "I see," said Kent, giving the paper a scant survey, "that the cause of death is set down as 'cardiac failure.' Well, what's the matter with that?" "Just a trifle noncommittal, isn't it? You see, we all die of cardiac failure,



"That record's good enough for the law."

except those of us who fall from airships." "That record's good enough for the law," declared the medical officer doggedly. "Who was the attending physician?" "I was."

"Indeed! And to what undertaking was the permit issued?" "It was issued to the family. They can turn it over to what undertaker they please."

"Where is the interment to be?" "Say, look here, Mr. Man!" cried the physician, breaking into the sudden whirling fury of hard pressed timidity. "Are you trying to learn me my business? You can go to the devil! That's what you can do!"

"With your signature on my certificate?" inquired the scientist, unmoved. "I won't trouble you so far, Dr. Breed. I thank you."

Outside in the street, Lawyer Bain turned to his client. "You didn't look at the Jane Doe paper at all." "No. I'm not so interested in that as in the other."

"Something queer about this Blair death? Not another murder?" One side of Chester Kent's face smiled. "No," said he positively, "certainly not that."

"There has been a lot of scandal about young Blair, I'm told. Perhaps they're burying him as quietly as possible just to keep out of the papers." "I shouldn't consider his method of burial likely to prove particularly quiet," returned Kent. "Of course I may be wrong, but I think not. The most private way to get buried is in public."

"Well, if a death was crooked I'd want no better man than Breed to help cover it. By the way, the sheriff has been away since yesterday afternoon on some business that he kept to himself."

(To Be Continued)

Try a Beacon Adv.

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

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

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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 21st September, 1918.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR

[September 12 to September 18]

MOST satisfactory indeed, for the
Entente Allies, was the progress of
the war in the week under review, and at
no period in the war's course has the
final triumph of the forces contending
against Prussian militarism been more
assured. It was made apparent, too,
that the realization of the certainty of
their defeat is beginning to be felt by the
people throughout the Central European
countries.

Another week of steady progress was
made by the Entente Allies on the West-
ern front from Ypres to Reims. The
British advanced continuously in Fland-
ers, and had nearly regained all the
ground from which they retired earlier in
the year; and the familiar names of
Hooge, Hollabeke, Wytshaete, and
Ploegsteert designated the advances
made. Between Ploegsteert and La Bas-
see the British further straightened their
line. Thence southward to the Somme,
near St. Quentin, even greater progress
was made; and with the aid of the
French, whose left wing reaches to the
Somme, St. Quentin was closely invested
on three sides. From the Somme to the
Aisne at Vailly the French continued
their pressure on the Germans, and made
steady progress, notably between the St.
Gobain Massif and Allemant, which is
close to the western end of the now
famous Chemin des Dames.

The most notable event of the week
was the wiping out of the St. Mihiel
salient by the American troops under
General Pershing. So thoroughly orga-
nized was this operation, so rapid in its
execution, and so completely successful,
that over 15,000 prisoners were taken,
together with great numbers of guns and
vast quantities of supplies, and the Ger-
mans who were able to retreat did so
leaving the railways intact and the
villages undamaged. At the week's close
the Americans were pressing further
north towards Gorze, Chambley, and
Doncourt. The French, too, in this sec-
tor, were pushing eastward from Verdun
towards Chatillon and beyond. In the
Champagne district the French repelled
German attacks; and there was consid-
erable activity in the Vosges, indicating
further and greater activity in the near
future.

In the Austro-Italian campaign the
fighting was of a more vigorous kind than
for several weeks previously, and in the
north the Italians, supported by other
Allied troops, gained some strongly de-
fended positions.

The great activity during the week in
the Balkan campaign gave an interest in
the hostilities second only to that of the
Americans' success in the St. Mihiel sal-
ient. West of the Vardar River and east
of Monastir the newly organized Serbian
army, supported by French and Greek
troops, took some important heights and
advanced nearly twelve miles over a front
of nearly as great extent, capturing over
4000 prisoners, mostly Bulgarians, many
guns, and a very considerable quantity of
military supplies. It is evident that the
Allies contemplate clearing the Vardar
valley as soon as possible, and it was stat-
ed that the Germans had been called up-
on to send troops to the aid of the Bul-
garians in the defence of that important
region and its railway line.

From Russia the reports told of the
Bolshevik reign of terror in Moscow and
more especially in Petrograd, hundreds
being put to death daily on mere suspi-
cion and without trial. South of Archangel
the Allies were said to have defeated a
Bolshevik army, who had scored an
initial success. Kazan was said to have
been retaken by the Bolsheviks. In
Siberia the Japanese secured a great
victory at Khabarovka, on the Amur,
capturing nineteen gunboats, many
prisoners, and quantities of military sup-
plies. The indications were that the
whole of Siberia would soon be in the
hands of the Czecho-Slovaks and the
Entente Allies, supported by the people
of the country.

Practically nothing was heard from the
other theatres of the war in the course of
the week.

Aerial operations were conducted on an
increasing scale in the period under
review, not only to assist in the hostilities
on the fighting line, but at points remote
from the battle fronts. Those of the
Allies included a bombardment of the
docks at Bruges, and attacks on military
establishments in towns far inland. The
Germans made an air raid on Paris in

great force, causing the death of six
people and wounding of fifteen others.
Two of the invading air machines were
brought down and destroyed. A raid
was attempted on England, but was
driven off before it reached the coast.

While the German submarines seem
not to have secured so many victims dur-
ing the week under review as usual, one
of the disasters from this cause ranks
among the most tragic in the whole
annals of the submarine outrages,—that
of the torpedoing of the *Galway Castle*, an
account of which is given under "News
of the Sea." It is to be hoped that the
report is true, that the submarine which
torpedoed this liner was blown up and
sunk with all her crew.

The week was memorable for the re-
ceipt by Belgium of an insolent proposal
of peace made by Germany. It is said
that the proposal was unreservedly de-
clined by Belgium. The various
Governments constituting the Entente
Alliance received from Austria propo-
sals for a discussion of peace, and it
is needless to say that all the Govern-
ments concerned will decline to discuss
peace until it can be assured in the only
possible way,—the defeat of the Central
European Powers, and the triumph of
those principles for which the democra-
cies of the world are contending. Ger-
many began the war, but the Entente
Allies will enforce the peace.

**TWO RENOWNED SHOPS IN
CHARLOTTE COUNTY**

THERE are two commercial enter-
prises in Charlotte County that have
attained an enviable reputation, and at-
tracted many customers from all over the
American Continent. The first is that of
the now famous Hill's Linen Store in St.
Stephen. The advertisement of the es-
tablishment appears in THE BEACON from
time to time, and will be found in this
issue. The proprietor of the business is
Mr. Henry E. Hill, a native of St. Stephen
and a member of an old and very well
known family in the County, who from
his early boyhood for many years was
engaged in the business of general
country merchant. Of his social and
public activities as a citizen only a passing
reference can be made here, but he is
known throughout the County for his
fine public spirit and the great interest
he displays in everything tending to pro-
mote the welfare of the community in
which he lives. In the course of his busi-
ness, which included the sale of all kinds
of fabrics in use in this country, he grad-
ually came to specialize in linen, a
fabric the use of which was for a long
time largely supplanted by the
cheaper cotton productions. Mr. Hill
recognized the excellence of linen and its
superiority over cotton for many articles
of dress, adornment, and household
utility. He made a thorough study of the
fabric, its sources of supply, and the mar-
kets wherein to buy the best of each
particular variety of manufacture. Grad-
ually he gave more and more of his time
to this speciality, and some years ago
made over his general store to his sons
and devoted the whole of his time and
commercial interest to linen. Hill's Linen
Store has now become famous, its reputa-
tion extending throughout Canada and
the neighbouring Republic. The store
itself is a model of what such an estab-
lishment should be, and we regret that
we have not space to describe it in detail.
It is replete with the best stock of linens,
course and fine and of every variety, to be
found in any place on the Continent; and
even in these war times, when linen
especially is so difficult to obtain, it con-
tains such an attractive assortment of
pure linens as must gladden the heart of
the intelligent housekeeper and connois-
seur. Mr. Hill has made many visits to
the principal linen mills of Scotland and
Ireland, whose proprietors welcome him
and furnish him with many products for
his own special trade. Summer visitors
to St. Andrews make many trips to St.
Stephen specially to visit the Linen Store
to obtain the damasks and other kinds of
linen they cannot buy in the large cities
where they have their homes. All local
people make their way to the Linen Store
when in need of any kind of the much
prized fabric. In spite of the great diffi-
culty in obtaining supplies in these war
times, Mr. Hill has been able to obtain
a good stock, and the prices are not so
high as one would naturally think, though
how long they can remain at the present
level even Mr. Hill is probably unable to
say.

The other enterprise of which we wish
to speak is the famous Wedgwood House
of Mr. G. Harold Stickney in St. Andrews.
Mr. Stickney's father, the late G. F. Stick-
ney, was a working jeweller who came
from St. John many years ago and opened
a jewellery and hardware store. Those
who knew the store forty or fifty years
ago, and up to the time of the late Mr.
Stickney's death in 1892, will remember
the wonderful stock to be found there,
not always displayed in elaborate show-
cases, but produced, on request, from
drawers and receptacles beneath the
counter. Mr. Stickney was a man of
artistic tastes, and by a fortunate chance
he became interested in the products of
the famous Wedgwood pottery in Etruria,
Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, England.
Gradually, year by year, Mr. Stickney in-
creased his purchases from this famous
pottery, and in the course of time his
store became known throughout America
as the place where Wedgwood ware could

be found in greater variety than in any
other place on the Continent, and often
people came here for the sole purpose of
buying one or more pieces of "Wedgwood"
that could not be obtained elsewhere. On
the death of Mr. Stickney, senior, the
business was taken over by his son, the
present proprietor, who has gradually
dropped out of the hardware and jewellery
business and devoted most of his time to
the business of pottery, of which the prod-
ucts of Etruria form the most conspicu-
ous part. We speak whereof we know
when we say that not even in London it-
self can be found such a collection of
"Wedgwood" as can be seen any day in
Wedgwood House in St. Andrews. The
stock is not entirely the product of the
famous Staffordshire pottery, but wares
made in other renowned English potteries
are also carried. Nobody visits St. An-
drews without making at least one purchase
of the famous Wedgwood table-ware or
ornament, and it ever afterwards remains
a valuable souvenir and household pos-
session.

We may repeat a story of Wedgwood
pottery that some readers may not have
heard, or having heard, may have forgot-
ten. A daughter of Josiah Wedgwood,
the founder of the pottery at Etruria, was
married to Isaac Darwin, the father of the
more famous Charles Darwin. Isaac Dar-
win was a physician, and in the course of
his practice acquired the belief that most
human ills had their origin in the stomach
and were caused by people bolting their
food without proper mastication. To im-
press this fact on his family and guests
he had his father-in-law make for him a
dinner set on every plate of which was
displayed the admonition MASTICATE,
DENTICATE, CHUMP, CHEW, AND
SWALLOW. We do not think Mr. Stick-
ney happens to have any replicas of those
plates in stock.

Y. W. P. A.

On Tuesday evening the postponed
September meeting of the Y. W. P. A. was
held at the home of Miss Freda Wren.
The money on hand was as follows:—

Registration money \$2.50 each from—	
Mrs. R. H. Goodchild, Mrs. J. M. Hare, the	
Misses Bessie Grimmer, Alice Grimmer,	
Ethel Cummings, Freda Wren, Laura	\$20.00
Shaw, Dorothy Lamb	4.00
Mrs. W. V. Lamb	
Evening Bridge Club	26.30
Chamcook Dance, per Mr. Newton	39.00
Mrs. Howard Grimmer	10.00
Miss Amelia Kennedy	1.00
Miss Alice Grimmer	4.00
	\$104.30

The thanks of the Society are given to
these donors.

Committees were appointed for the
work of looking after the Christmas boxes.
Buying—Julia O'Neill, Bessie Grimmer,
Freda Wren, and Mrs. Percy Odell.
Addresses.

St. Andrews:—Ethel Cummings, Viola
McDowell.

Bayside:—Frances Thompson.
Chamcook:—Ina Rankine
Bocabec:—Alice Holt.

Each member of the Society is to ask
for donations of socks from four people.
This will not be sufficient for all the boxes,
as the Association intends to send to all
boys from St. Andrews, Bayside, Cham-
cook, and Bocabec. The list is much
longer this year, as so many men have
been called under the Military Service
Act. The Y. W. P. A. will, therefore, be
very grateful for any donations of socks
from the ladies of Bayside, Chamcook,
and Bocabec. As it is impossible to make
a personal appeal to them it is hoped they
will respond to this general request.
Since last year many of the addresses
have changed and new ones have been
added. It will greatly aid the work of the
Association if the names and address will
be sent to the ladies in charge of the
different districts.

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

Owing to the increased travel for the
month of September the proprietor has
decided to keep this Hotel opened until
October 1st.

FOR MEDIATION IN CHINA

Washington, September 18.—The
United States and Great Britain have
joined in an attempt to mediate between
north and south China, as a result of re-
ports from British and American agents
on the scene which hold out strong hopes
for the restoration of peace between the
opposing factions. This sectional con-
troversy has kept China in a turbulent
state for the last two years.

Sir John Jordan, British Minister to
Peking, was the instrument chosen for
the delivery to the Chinese Foreign Office
of the joint mediation proposal, and as
the ground had been carefully prepared
for its delivery, there is every indication
that the offer will meet with a favorable
reception. It is understood, however,
that formal action by the Chinese Govern-
ment must be delayed until after the
inauguration of the President, October 12.

With factional differences settled, it is
expected China will contribute consid-
erable strength to the Allied armies now
operating in Siberia.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The Red Cross Society shipped to Head-
quarters in St. John on Sept. 13th a case
containing:—30 shirts, 5 sheets, 20 sponges,
173 pairs of socks, 2 sweaters, 1 scarf.
From Bocabec:—84 pairs of socks, 11
suits of pyjamas.

The President also acknowledges with
thanks from a friend \$1.00, Miss Kennedy
\$1.00.

AUCTION SALE

CORNER LOT, and 2-story Brick Build-
ing, Water Street, St. Andrews, now
occupied as Post Office and by the BEACON
Press Company, will be sold at Public
Auction on Saturday, September 28, 1918,
at 12 o'clock noon. Sale at Post Office
corner.

First-class business location, building
well-adapted for commercial, banking, or
residential occupation. Inspection of
premises invited.

ST. ANDREWS LAND COMPANY
F. H. GRIMMER, Agent.

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

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

Ladies' High White Canvas \$2. Low
White Canvas, Rubber Sole, \$1.50. Ladies'
Blue and Black Velvet Button Shoes, also
Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes in Button
and Lace, \$2.50 while they last.
Ladies' Extra High Tops, latest style and
colors, in high heels and medium low
heels, \$5 to \$6. Ladies' Rubbers, all heels
\$1.

Men's Hip Boots \$7, 1/2 Hip \$6, Boys,
Boots \$5, Youths' Boots \$4, Children's \$2
Men's Rubbers \$1.25 up, Boys' \$.75 and
\$1.00, Youths' \$.75, Girls' \$.75 and \$1.00,
Child's \$.75

Men's Canvas Oxfords, Rubber Soles
and Heels, \$1.25, Ladies' \$1.25.
Men's Fancy Dress Shoes with Invisi-
ble Eyelets, Fibre Soles and Heels, new
Dark Brown or Chocolate Color, \$5.
Men's and Boys' Fancy Dress Shoes,
New Tomy Red Color, Fibre Soles and
Heels, \$6.50 per pair.

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

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

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

EDGAR HOLMES SHOE STORE

Beyond Post Office
131 WATER STREET EASTPORT, MAINE.

COATS

For Winter

Our stock is now at its
best. Over six hundred
to choose from. Every
size, every style. Best
English Cloths, and best
of all, our low price. We
know we are two to five
dollars under the price
others are asking for them
All Coats are marked at
Cash Prices.

St. Stephen Coat
Store

C. C. GRANT

ONLY 30 DAYS

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

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

R. A. STUART & SON

ST. ANDREWS, August 24th, 1918.

We have put on our Counter some special
bargains in

**DINNER SETS
AND TEA SETS**

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

Call and See them while they
last.

R. D. ROSS & Co.

Near Post Office St. Stephen, N. B.

SPRING GOODS

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

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

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

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

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

J. A. SHIRLEY

Now is the Time to Fight the FLIES by
Getting Your

SCREENS

On Your DOORS and WINDOWS

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

Also WIRE NETTING

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

GASOLINE and OILS

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

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

G. K. GREENLAW

SAINT ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social
Mr. and M.
of Woodstock
vacation in S.
Hon. I. R.
M. Flewelling
Town on Th
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the Dominion
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Miss Elsie McQ
night for St. John,
Mr. and Mrs. Otto
Mr. Robt. Kirna
Eastport, on Tuesda
through Bayside, a l
carrying off a wheel

Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Smith and family, of Woodstock, N. B., are spending their vacation in St. Andrews.

Hon. I. R. Todd, of Milltown, and Mr. J. M. Fiewelling, of St. Stephen, were in town on Thursday to organize a local committee for soliciting subscriptions to the new War Loan soon to be issued by the Dominion Government.

Miss Alice Storr, who spent the summer here, has returned to her home in Calais.

Miss Margaret Mahon, who has been visiting Miss Kaye Cockburn, left on Monday for her home in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Greenlaw and children left on Monday night's train for Montreal.

Miss Annie McGuigan, who has been visiting the Misses Byrne, returned to her home in St. John on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gove and daughter, Doris, left on Monday evening to visit in Philadelphia, Niagara Falls, and other places.

Miss Bertha McQuoid attended the Memorial Service for Sergt. Fred Woodbury, at Cobec, on Sunday last.

Mrs. F. P. Barnard has returned from a visit to Digby.

Mrs. Chas. Hosmer and Miss Olive Hosmer left Sunday night for their home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Markee have closed their summer home and returned to Montreal.

Mr. Colin Carmichael, of St. John, was in town last week.

Dr. H. F. Armstrong, who has been visiting his father, Mr. Thos. Armstrong, has returned to Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Charles Mallory left on Monday morning for Boston, called there by the serious illness of her sister, Miss Anna Outhouse, who is training at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Miss Birdie Adair is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George E. Smith.

Mrs. Roy Grimmer and two children, who have been spending the summer with Mrs. G. D. Grimmer, have returned to their home in Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.

Mrs. M. Jack received word on Saturday that her son Reginald, in the Pay Office, London, was seriously ill with appendicitis.

Mrs. C. H. Grimmer and Miss Lois Grimmer, who have been visiting Mr. G. M. Wheelock, have returned to their home in St. John.

At the invitation of Miss Carolyn Rigby a number of young people enjoyed a beach tea and corn-roast at the Red Rocks on Saturday night.

Mr. Richard Stuart, of Houlton, Me., is visiting his grandparents, Sheriff and Mrs. R. A. Stuart.

Miss Margaret Attridge, of Houlton, spent the week-end in town, the guest of Mrs. Sarah Simpson.

Miss Nellie Merritt, of Seattle, Wash., spent a few days in town, the guest of the Misses Rigby.

Sgt. Sumner Malloch has returned to his duties in Fredericton.

Ensign T. Miller, U. S. N., spent a few days with his grandfather, Mr. Thos. Miller.

The many friends of Mrs. Hazen Burton are pleased to hear that she is recovering from her recent operation in a hospital in Calais.

Miss Peggy Trimble spent the week-end with Miss Gladys McFarlane.

Miss Marguerite Graham was in town on Sunday.

Mr. Budd Jewett, of Debec Jct., is supplying at the C. P. R. Station here. He was accompanied by his wife.

Miss Corona Wile, who spent last week in St. John, returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Bertha McQuoid was the week-end guest of Mrs. Ernest Fisher at Owen Head, St. George.

Mrs. Mary J. Wilson and daughter, Mrs. Ida Leavitt, of Calais, are the guests of Mrs. Wm. J. McQuoid.

Mrs. Sarah Glass, who has been visiting relatives in town, has returned to her home in Milltown, N. B.

Word was received here on Sunday of the serious illness, of pneumonia, in the Massachusetts General Hospital, of Miss Anna Outhouse.

Mr. James McQuoid has gone to Toronto where he will have employment.

Mr. Vincent McQuoid has gone to Fredericton, where he will take a course in the Military School.

Mrs. Thomas Harris and daughter, Jean, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Hewitt, has returned to her home in Pictou, N. S.

Word was received here last week announcing the death of Pte. Willie Key, killed action in France. He enlisted from here a year ago.

Mr. Murchie Turner has returned to his home after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. James Grant.

Miss Elsie McQuoid left on Monday night for St. John, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hahn.

Mr. Robt. Kirnan motored up from Eastport, on Tuesday. On his way, going through Bayside, a large car struck the car carrying off a wheel, and doing consider-

able damage to his roadster. Luckily no one was injured.

Mrs. James Nelson, of Winnipeg, Man., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Andrews, Minister's Island.

Geo. M. Byron, Esq., Judge of Probates, accompanied by Mrs. Byron and their daughter, was in town this week, and registered at Kennedy's Hotel.

Mrs. Geo. Dalzell and two children, Tillie and Lawrence, have returned to their home in Castalia.

Miss Laura Shaw, who has been visiting the Misses Rigby, returned to Woodstock on Tuesday morning.

Prof. Jeremiah Smith and Miss Elizabeth Smith have closed their summer home and returned to Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Mowatt, Powell River, B. C., are visiting Mrs. Mowatt's parents, Sheriff and Mrs. Stuart.

Miss Muriel Davis is visiting in Moncton.

Monday evening Mrs. Ralph Goodchild entertained at a knitting party for Miss Laura Shaw.

Mr. Isaac Richardson, of Winnipeg, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Thos. Richardson.

Cpl. Vere Chase, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn, left on Monday night for his home in Minneapolis.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Lieut. George F. Farncomb, C. P. A. S. C., to Miss Helen Constance Cumberland. Mr. Farncomb was A. S. C. officer when the 4th Pioneers were in training at St. Andrews.

Mrs. G. B. Finigan left on Monday night for Boston, to be with her sister, Miss Anna Outhouse, who is one of the victims of Spanish Influenza.

Mrs. McCaffrey has received word that her son, Frank, who Overseas as a Sergeant with a Forestry Battalion, has been granted his lieutenant's commission.

Mrs. W. F. Thompson has closed her summer home, "Meadow Lodge," and with her daughters, has returned to her home in Montreal.

Mrs. E. Atherton Smith entertained by a motor boat party on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. George Gardiner is visiting in Montreal.

Mrs. Hare, of St. John, is visiting her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Hare, at "Indiana" cottage.

Mrs. Norman Guthrie and family have returned to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sconce, of Demerara, who have been spending some time at Kennedy's Hotel, have left for their home.

Mr. Albert Thompson gave a theatre party on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. Chas. Green, of Montreal.

Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, who with Mrs. Bonaparte spent the summer at the Algonquin, left last week, and has arrived safely at his home in Baltimore.

The Misses Kathleen Hill, Roberta Grimmer, Ethel Lawson, and Amy Dawson, and Mr. Roy Hill motored from St. Stephen on Thursday and were guests of Miss Freda Wren.

Mrs. George W. Babbitt entertained at the tea hour on Thursday.

Mr. Howard Rigby has returned from the Miramichi.

Mrs. Fred Andrews entertained on Saturday evening for Mrs. Jas. Mowatt.

Mrs. Elmer Rigby has returned from a visit to Machias.

Miss Marjorie Clarke is visiting in St. Stephen.

Miss Mary Grimmer is visiting up-river friends.

Mrs. Samuel Boone received word on Tuesday that her brother, Alexander Paul, has been killed.

Miss Georgie Wetmore and Mr. Wetmore are visiting their sister, Mrs. G. H. Elliot, at the Rectory.

Mrs. Thos. Odell and son, Arthur, were in St. Stephen this week.

The Rev. Dr. Meahan, of Milltown, was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. G. H. Elliot and Mrs. Jennie Clarke entertained by a sailing party on Wednesday.

Mr. Arthur Finigan, of Milltown, visited friends in town on Thursday.

Mr. Murchie Turner and Miss Hazel Turner entertained a number of their friends by a motor sail last week.

Miss Hazel Turner, who has been visiting Mrs. Jas. Grant, has returned to her home in St. Almo.

Miss Bessie Andrews, of Selkirk, Man., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Andrews, Minister's Island. Miss Andrews is accompanied by her niece, Miss Marguerite Oastler.

Sir Thomas and Lady Tait and Miss Winnifred Tait have returned to Montreal.

Misses Hazel Stinson and Katie McCarroll left on Saturday morning for a visit in St. John.

Mrs. Theodore Holmes is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clyde Gardiner.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gardiner are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Mattie Thompson received word from Ottawa on Tuesday morning that her son, Pte. Wm. Thompson, had been wounded.

Mr. Goodwill Douglas has been very ill with neuritis.

Mrs. Percy Hanson is visiting in Boston. Monseigneur O'Neill, who has been

visiting his brother, Mr. Henry O'Neill, returned to Elizabeth, N. J. on Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Wren has returned from a visit to Lever.

Mrs. R. D. Rigby and Master Robert have returned from a visit to Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe and little daughter have returned to Sussex.

Mrs. Franklin Eaton and her daughter, Mrs. Jordan, of Calais, were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Alfred King and two daughters, Dorothy and Eleanor, who have been visiting Mrs. Emma Hewitt, returned to their home in Newport, R. I., on Friday.

MARRIED

WELCH-MCLEOD

St. George, Sept. 12.—A wedding of more than usual interest took place yesterday when Miss Helen Taylor, daughter of Mrs. A. McLeod, became the bride of Guy W. Welch, a prominent lumber dealer of Florenceville, Carleton County. The young pair were married at the home of the bride's mother by Rev. Mr. DeWolfe, of the Baptist Church. Flowers were used in profusion in the room where the wedding took place. The bride carried a bouquet of roses and maidenhair fern and was dressed in golden satin. Miss Vivenee Carl played the wedding march. Only immediate relatives were present. Lunch was served after the ceremony, then the newly married pair left for Portland and Bangor on an automobile tour. They will reside in Bristol, Carleton County, where the groom has erected a fine house. The bride's going-away costume was of brown broadcloth with hat to match. Both the young people are popular, and many costly gifts were showered on them together with wishes for a happy and prosperous married life.

HANSON-CALDER

Campobello, Sept. 16
St. Anne's church was on Thursday evening last the scene of a very pretty event when Miss Edith Calder, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Calder, and Sergeant Major Lawson Hanson, of Fredericton, were united in marriage by Rev. G. E. Tobin in the presence of about two-hundred invited guests. The church was a picture of beauty, adorned in green, gold, and white flowers from fields, gardens, and woods, the decorations blending harmoniously with the hues of the church. Precisely at 8 p. m., to the strains of the wedding march played by the organist, Miss Lavonia Cline, the groom, in uniform, attended by Pte. Frank Davidson, also in uniform, entered the church by way of the vestry, and as they took their places, appearing very soldierly, the bride, upon the arm of her father, came up the aisle, looking very beautiful in a dress of white silk crêpe de chine with veil, revealing a glitter of rhinestones. She carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Georgetta, who displayed no less prettiness in her attire of pink, with hat and bouquet to match, and wearing a neck-pin of pearls and emerald, the gift of the bridegroom. During the service, which was impressive, the hymns "O Perfect Love" and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" were sung. After the ceremony the assembly repaired to the home of the bride, where a splendid wedding repast awaited them and a fine time was had by all. Seldom has such a display of silver, china, wedgwood, cut-glass, linen, and other articles of use and ornament been seen on such an occasion as greeted the vision of the young people at the departure of their guest. The young couple are well and favourably known here, the bride having assisted as stenographer in the office of her father, the Inspector of Fisheries, for some time; and the groom, having served his time at the front, was invalided home about two years ago, recuperated at River glade and elsewhere, offered his services again, but was refused on account of ill health and went to England about six months ago to go of his own accord to the battlefield, but was not accepted. A large crowd was at the wharf next morning to bid them good bye as they departed for Fredericton which, is to be their future home. The bride's travelling suit was blue with a pink picture hat. The gift of the groom to his attendant was gold cuff links, to the bride a gold-piece.

CARTER-POLLEYS

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 18.
This afternoon the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Carter was the scene of a very happy event when their second daughter, Miss Marion, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Horatio Polleys, of Hartford, Conn., by Rev. W. W. Malcolm, of the Presbyterian Church. Promptly at three o'clock as the strains of the wedding March, played by Miss Hazel Polleys, sounded through the house the bridal party entered the parlor, and in the presence of their immediate families and a few intimate friends, they were quickly made one. The bride looked very pretty in a dainty gown of white crêpe-de-chine, she wore a veil of tulle, with wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of pink and white sweet peas and maidenhair fern. After the ceremony and congratulations, a dainty repast was served by several young lady friends of the bride. The bride then changed her bridal dress for a stylish travelling costume of burgundy colored broadcloth with hat of taupe colored crêpe adorned with burgundy-colored

ostrich tips, and the happy young pair left in an automobile for a short wedding journey. Before going to their future home in Hartford they will return to St. Stephen. The wedding gifts were very handsome and valuable, showing the esteem in which the young bride is held by her friends.

OBITUARY

OSAR MANSFIELD CALDER

Drowned at Wilson's Beach Thursday, Sept. 12th, Oscar Mansfield Calder, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Calder, aged 3 years. Just how the accident occurred is unknown, but the little lad, a bright beautiful boy, was playing with others around the shore a short distance from his home. After a time he became misad, and upon the return of the father search was made, when Mr. Calder himself found the lifeless body near the shore. All efforts to resuscitate were fruitless. The obsequies were held on Saturday afternoon, Rev. C. Berry, of Eastport, Me., officiating. Six little girls acted as pallbearers. The hymns "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "We are going down the Valley," and "Abide with Me," were appropriately sung. The Reverend gentlemen took for the text of his address Psalm XLVI, "Be Still And Know That I Am God." The discourse was an earnest appeal to the hearers to bear in mind the certainty of death. The floral remembrances were numerous, consisting of five wreaths, one white cross, and an abundance of other beautiful flowers.

Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved parents.

"Was it our Heavenly Father's will To call him home so soon? Then we will love Our Father still, And him beyond the tomb."

GR. JAMES MOORE

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 18.—A telegram was received on Tuesday by Dr. J. Walker Moore containing the sad news that his eldest son, Gunner James Moore, had passed away at a hospital in France from being gassed when in a late battle. Gunner Moore went overseas in 1916 with the 72nd Queen's Battery, Kingston, Ont. He was a fine lad of great promise, and his death is a great sorrow to his parents, family, and friends to whom the deepest sympathy is extended.

PERSONALS FROM THE

"MONTREAL HERALD," SEPT. 17.

The Hon. Mrs. W. J. Shaughnessy and her family arrived home to-day from spending the summer at St. Andrew's, N. B.

Sir Thomas and Lady Tait are leaving their apartment in the Windsor, early in October, and are moving to 342 Sherbrooke street west, the former residence of Mrs. J. H. Burland, which they have bought. Lady Tait and Miss Winnifred Tait arrived home on Monday from spending the summer at the Algonquin, St. Andrew's, N. B.

AT HOME

Mrs. Percy Edwin Odell will receive, for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 26th, from 4 to 6 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Edwin Odell

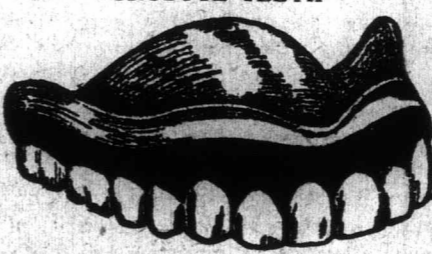
Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS



DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST

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

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES

PROVISIONS

Always on Hand

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

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-5739)

Dr. GOVE

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

A 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

Service Banners

We can procure Service Banners, with from one to ten maple leaves in any combination of red or purple leaves.

25c. each

We also carry Service Pins, Badges, and Rings, from

25c. up

THE WREN DRUG STORE

PLUMBER & TINSMITH

Locks Repaired
Keys Fitted
BICYCLES REPAIRED

H. G. Browning

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO.
(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 Licence No. 8-19231)

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)

HOW THE MARINE ENGINE FIGURES IN MAINE'S SARDINE INDUSTRY

WHENEVER Eastport or Passamaquoddy Bay are mentioned in the fish trades or among those familiar with fish canning, there is an immediate association of both with sardines. Indeed, Eastport and "Quoddy" are synonymous with sardines; they are the places from which come the little fish which for years have won their way in popular favor as Maine sardines, although, technically speaking, they are not sardines at all, but small herring. Nevertheless, they are good, and that is why 2,000,000 cases of them are packed and sold every year.

The following story of Quoddy's sardine fishing boats, reprinted from *Motor Boats*, gives a vivid picture of the industry as it is to-day with some side lights on its craft.

Eastport, Maine, has two distinctions: For one thing, this is the farthest east municipality in the United States; for another, it is the centre of the herring canning industry on the Atlantic. Since the establishment of the first American sardine cannery at Eastport, in 1875, there have been many types and sizes of sardine fishing craft, but until this year all have been somewhat similar in model. When it is considered that from 600 to 800 hogsheads of herring can be handled at the Eastport canneries, or "herring factories," as they are called locally, every day, it can be figured out that a great fleet of fishing boats is needed to supply them. There are now twelve large canneries in Eastport alone, and as many more at the neighbouring towns of Lubec and North Lubec.

The catches of herring are brought in motor boats from the weirs about Passamaquoddy Bay and the Bay of Fundy. The average boat will carry 20 to 25 hogsheads, while there are some which have a capacity of 60 to 70 hogsheads. These boats are of a newer and larger type. Each hogshead of herring is worth about \$25 at the weirs, and for transporting the fish to the "factory" wharves the owner receives from \$2 to \$2.50 a hogshead, according to the distance to be travelled.

Five of the larger type of modern fishing boats will soon be in commission in Eastport waters, two of them having reached the eastern coast late in June. These craft are of a new class, entirely different in model and equipment from former "Quoddy" fishing boats engaged in the sardine industry.

The *Black Diamond* was the first of these new boats to arrive at Eastport, and she was followed a little later by her sister ship, *Patriot*. The new boats are 64 feet 6 inches long; 15 feet 9 inches beam and 5 feet 8 inches deep. Each has a capacity of 60 hogsheads of herring. The power plant is a 60-horse-power Type C. O. Fairbanks-Morse heavy-oil motor, and a speed of about 10 knots is attained with this power. This is somewhat more than the average speed of the sardine boats, only a few of which are capable of 12 knots speed when running light. *Black Diamond* and her sister boats were built at Machias, Maine, 45 miles from Eastport, for the Booth Fisheries, owners of one of the largest sardine "factories" at Eastport, three other big ones at Lubec, which is only 3 miles away, and of another large modern plant, just completed, at St. John, N. B., 50 miles up the Bay of Fundy from Eastport.

It is figured that the 60 horse-power motors in the new boats will consume approximately 5 gallons of fuel an hour when running. Crude oil is not always obtainable in this section, so kerosene is used a great deal of the time. As a matter of fact, the crude oil gives better results than the lighter fuel.

In point of equipment, the new boats far outclass most of the others engaged in the same service. Comfortable quarters are provided for the crews of three men to each boat, and there is ample deck space for carrying 20 to 30 sacks of coarse salt used to preserve the fish during the trips from the weirs to the cannery wharves. The pilot house does not take up much space, but it is located properly just above the engine room, so that the boat can be handled easily and safely by two men. In construction the new boats are very stout, with heavy oak frames and pine planking. The model is graceful and easily driven, which will contribute to efficient operation.

The "Quoddy" boats have a long season, working to supply the canneries from about the middle of April until the 1st of December. This includes the storm periods of the spring and fall months, so that the successful craft for this service must be seaworthy enough to attend to business in quite heavy weather.

The best place to go to if one wants to see the extent of the fishing industry of eastern Maine, and especially if one wishes to grasp the value of motor boats in this service, is the old Salt Works, in the southern part of the city. This is a busy place in the summer season, for there are always a number of boats hauled out for emergency repairs, or having new motors installed. A few of the boats are built here, too. The boat plant is operated by a father and three sons, named Baltzer, and it is kept busy the year round, for whenever possible repair work is put off until the slack season.

Then, to get further atmosphere of this busy town, go down to the docks on a Saturday morning. You will find a great

many Canadian craft there for the day's shopping, for Eastport is the logical trade centre for the many Dominion island settlements about the Bay of Fundy and Passamaquoddy Bay. Most of the herring for the twenty-five canneries in the vicinity of Eastport are caught in Canadian weirs, and the boatmen come in once a week to cash their cheques. A fair daily average delivery of herring may be placed at 1,000 hogsheads, which at \$25 each makes the tidy daily total of \$25,000. Sometimes the daily deliveries run as high as 1,500 hogsheads. With a business of these proportions being carried on by motor boats, and with the fishermen coming in to clear up their accounts on one day, Saturday is a busy time in Eastport, and local merchants do a big business. All day long the boats come and go, and very often one will find fifty or sixty motor boats, of all sizes, shapes and conditions, tied up at one wharf at one time.

While time and tides wait for no man, the average "Quoddy" boatman does not bother much about tides as long as he has a powerful and dependable motor to keep the boat going. And, last but not far from least, the "Quoddy" boats of Eastport and vicinity are doing important work in increasing the catch of fish to feed America and her allies. No wonder there is a demand for every available boat in this district.

But not the only work for motor boats in this industry is to supply the canneries. After the herring are prepared and packed, and the cans are labelled brightly and cased, there is more to be done by boats. A number of large motor craft are engaged in carrying cases of sardines from the "factories" to the far east terminal of the Maine Central railroad. One of the boats thus engaged is the auxiliary schooner *Little David* with a 16-horse-power gasoline motor. She was built in Cherryfield, Maine, in 1880, before the internal combustion motor was dreamed of for marine work, and she frequently carries 500 cases of sardines of 100 cans each. The *Lowell* is perhaps the newest of the packet boats. She was built in 1914 at Calais, Maine, is a bit over 52 feet long and is equipped with a 30-horse-power gasoline motor. She can carry 1,200 cases any time she is called upon.

There are so many interesting boats in or near Eastport that to attempt to describe them all, or even to try to give an idea of each of the many types, would consume too much space for a single article. But a very interesting vessel seen hereabouts frequently, is operated by the Canadian fisheries authorities. She is the *Phalarope*, which, I understand, means "sea goose." She was built at Deer Island, near Eastport, is 58 feet long over all, 12 foot 6 inch beam, and 5 feet 6 inches deep. She carries a crew of four, and her job is to enforce the fisheries laws of the Dominion. Her motor is a six cylinder, 55-horse-power Standard. Copied from *The Fishing Gazette*.

AUTUMN CULTIVATION FOR WEED CONTROL

(Experimental Farms Note)

The ploughing of the land in the fall is desirable as a part of the regular work of the farm since it enables the ground to be got into proper condition for sowing the seed in spring considerably earlier than would otherwise be the case. But it is perhaps of even greater importance as a means of keeping weeds in check. In the case of perennial weeds the mere turning up and exposing of the rootstock to the action of the frost will serve as a considerable check to the weeds in cases where they are not killed outright. Where it is desirable to collect and burn creeping rootstocks this can be more readily accomplished where the ground has been pulverized by the frost and snow of winter.

In the case of annual weeds these are of two classes from the point of view of their life-history. One group requires a resting period before the seeds will germinate and this holds good even if the conditions with regard to moisture and temperature are suitable. These normally germinate in the spring of the following year after they are shed, but in any species the germination can be delayed for several years if the seeds are buried to a considerable depth in the soil. This is true of such species as Wild Oats and Wild Mustard. Each time the surface of the ground is disturbed some of these buried seeds will germinate and if no other seeds are allowed to fall into the soil in the meantime, the ground will eventually become clear of them.

In another group of annual species known as Winter Annuals, the seeds germinate immediately after they are scattered and pass the winter in the form of a small seedling plant which survives under the snow and resumes growth in the following spring. Belonging to this group are the following weeds:—Chess, Purple Cockle, Night-flowering Catchfly, Stinkweed, Shepherd's Purse, False Flax, Ball Mustard, Wild Radish, Hare's Ear Mustard, Tumbling Mustard, Peppercress, Wormseed Mustard, Corn Crowweed, Blue Bur or Stickweed, and Stinking Mayweed. It is in the case of these weeds that autumn cultivation is especially desirable as, if they are turned under with the plow and covered sufficiently deeply, very few of them will be able to continue their growth after the snow melts.

HARVESTING AND STORING CERTAIN VEGETABLES

(Experimental Farms Note)

While vegetables have been harvested continuously in many gardens in Canada since radishes and spinach were ready for use in early spring, the time has come when the bulk of the crop must be gathered to escape hard frosts.

As beans discolor and mould very readily, it is important to dry them as soon as possible, and to keep them dry. They should be spread out thinly under cover, and turned every two or three days until quite dry. If it is necessary to harvest the plants before they are thoroughly ripe they can be hung up outside until dry.

There will be many potatoes which will not ripen before the plants are killed by the frost. If the fully-grown green specimens are picked before being frozen, and each specimen wrapped in paper and stored in closed boxes, they will be found, from tests made at the Experimental Farm, to ripen better than by exposing them to the sun. Even if put into closed boxes without wrapping each specimen, they ripen well.

Frequently cauliflowers are just beginning to head when it becomes necessary to harvest them owing to severe frosts. If the plants are pulled and replanted in boxes in the cellar, and kept watered, they will go on developing, and one can have cauliflowers for some weeks. Brussels sprouts can also be replanted in this way. Both of these vegetables may, however, be left in the ground for some weeks yet.

If cabbage begin to split and it is not yet time to harvest them, the splitting will be prevented to some extent by twisting the plants so as to loosen them. This checks the flow of sap into the head. If the cellar is warm and dry, and the cabbage have to be harvested owing to the frost, they will keep well for a time outside if covered with leaves.

Where the accommodation is poor, celery may be kept outside in the soil well into the winter by opening a trench, preferably a narrow one fifteen or sixteen inches wide, and deep enough so that the tops of the celery will come about level with the surface of the ground. The celery plants are put close together in it, and before there are severe frosts, a thin layer of straw or leaves is put over the top. When the cold weather comes a heavier covering of leaves may be put over, if it is desirable to leave the celery longer, and then twelve to fifteen inches of soil over that. By putting sufficient leaves or straw over the soil again, frost may be kept out, and the celery dug out as required.

In harvesting potatoes, any which show signs of decay should be kept separate from the rest, and used first, thus helping to avoid the development of rot when stored. Potatoes should be dry when they are stored. Keep onions dry, spread thinly. Squashes, pumpkins, and citrons should be kept in a moderately warm, not a cool, place.

EXPERIMENTS AND TESTS

The annual report of the Dominion Experimental Farms for the year ending March 31st, 1917, is a comprehensive document of some 150 pages, containing matter well worth studying by progressive farmers. It describes briefly and concisely the experiments and tests which have taken place at every farm and station, which practically means all over the country, seeing that every province is represented. Just as there is not a branch of agriculture untried with, so there is not a district the capabilities and possibilities of which have not been tried in the matter of better production by improved methods. In former years the report has been given in two or three volumes and contained accounts of the scientific experiments that have been made during the year, or that were still in progress, written by professional experts of the experimental farm system, but henceforth these are to be given in bulletin form and the Report confined to statements of the year's doings at the score and more farms and stations at different parts of the country. The Report, which, as has been said, will well repay study, can be had free on application to the Publication Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

STEFANSSON'S NEW ISLAND

Vancouver, B. C., September 17—One of the islands which Vilhjalmur Stefansson found in the Arctic region is about the size of Ireland, the explorer said today. The British flag was raised June 19, 1915, on this land, which is in what was formerly called the Gustav Adolph Sea. Stefansson arrived last night from the north, and to-day continued his journey to Victoria, where he will make a report to the Canadian Government on his experience in the Arctic for a period of five and one-half years.

Storker Storkersen, Stefansson's lieutenant, and four men now are carrying out their chief's plans in the far North. Lorrie Knight, Merrill Killan, and G. C. Gumer, three Seattle men, and Gustave Lassik, a Russian interpreter, are with Storkersen.

The five men recently landed on the ice pack north of Alaska and planned to drift westward.

"I think Storkersen's trip is the most

sensational thing ever attempted in the Arctic," Stefansson said. "Where other explorers drift in boats which really are floating hells, Storkersen is using a chunk of ice for his boat."

Stefansson expects to return here and await the arrival of his steamer, *Polar Bear*, from an Alaskan port. The *Polar Bear*, carrying the reports and records of the party, recently came south from the Arctic and is now on its way here.

STATISTICS OF N. B. AGRICULTURE

The compilation of Agricultural Statistics in New Brunswick this year was undertaken by the Statistical Branch, Ottawa and the Departments of Agriculture and Education of the Province.

Cards were sent to all farmers through the school children and practically 14,000 were returned properly filled in. There are something over 30,000 farmers in the Province, consequently, while there is room for error, no doubt this is the nearest compilation there has been made with the exception of the decennial censuses, and the results are as follows:—

Spring Wheat	Acres	49,453
Oats	224,442	
Barley	6,601	
Rye	308	
Peas	4,077	
Beans	5,491	
Buckwheat	72,483	
Potatoes	57,272	
Turnips	15,015	
Hay	740,636	
Cattle	76,590	
Swine	256,747	
Sheep	140,015	
Hens	59,814	
	621,841	

The yields will be secured at a later date.

THANKSGIVING DAY MONDAY, OCTOBER 14

Ottawa, Sept. 6—Thanksgiving Day this year has been fixed by the Government for Monday, October 14. In selecting Monday, the Government has conformed to the practice adopted in recent years. Formerly Thanksgiving Day usually fell on a Thursday late in October or early in November.

A SERIOUS APHAIR

We begin the publication of the "Roc Mountain Cyclone" with some phony difficulties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outfit phor this printing office phailed to supply us with any eph's or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't like the loox of this variety of spelling any better than our readers; but mistaix will happen in the best of regulated phamilies, and, iph the eph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling apther a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joke to us; it's a serious aphair.—*Denver Rocky Mountain Cyclone*.

"The Kaiser is said to be planning another war when this is over." "I have met many such in my professional life," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes. "The worst actors are always rehearsing encorces without regard to the merits of their performances."—*Washington Star*.

"Does Bliggins ever speak the truth?" "There's a chance he does. I am told he talks in his sleep."—*Washington Star*.

Able to Start Work Again

Trouble Was Easily Removed

Don't be discouraged if you find that you have Kidney or Bladder troubles, and don't imagine your case is hopeless or that you will be crippled and suffer all the rest of your life.

Here is good news: Gin Pills have restored thousands of sufferers to health and strength. What they have done for others they will do for you.

Read what Mr. J. Harrop says: "I have been crippled up so completely that I could not stand. Work was out of the question. A few doses of Gin Pills put me right. I cannot praise Gin Pills too much, and every home should have a box."

Mr. Harrop's experience with Gin Pills has been the same as thousands of others, in all parts of this continent. Take the case of Mr. B. Milford, Jaletta, Ont. Mr. Milford had been troubled with backache and kidney trouble for so long that his wife determined to find a remedy for his affliction. Having become convinced that Gin Pills were what he needed, she persuaded him to commence treatment with this well-known remedy. He did so, and surprising results were obtained almost immediately.

This is an extract from Mrs. Milford's letter: "After one dose of Gin Pills my husband found them to be exactly what he needed, and after taking two boxes he was completely cured."

Cases like these prove the value of Gin Pills. Try them. See a box at all dealers.

OPENING OF THE U. N. B.

Another college year, the one hundred and nineteenth, opens at the old University of New Brunswick this week. The Academic year properly begins on Thursday next, when the senior and junior matriculation, and supplementary examinations, as well as those for county scholarships, will begin at the U. N. B. library. These exams. will continue up to and including Saturday.

At nine o'clock on Monday morning next, lectures will commence.

The different members of the faculty are all in the city ready to take up their duties, except Professor Miller. Prof. Miller has secured leave of absence to take a year's post-graduate work in forestry at Yale University. During his absence his chair will be looked after.

Dr. Cox will take Prof. Miller's classes in botany and Professor Stiles will take the surveying end of the work, while arrangements have been made for Mr. L. H. Webb, of the forestry department of Lands and Mines, to give practical forestry instruction. These will be given about four times per week, and will not conflict with his duties in the Lands and Mines Department. Dr. Keirstead, who has been acting as food control advisor for the province for the past year, will be back on duty again this year. A new member of the faculty is Professor W. E. Blampin, who will take the chair of English and Modern History. He comes to U. N. B. well recommended, and was graduated at McGill with honors.

To the surprise of Chancellor Jones, and due in no small measure to his energy, the freshman class this year will number around twenty-five and the indications are that there will be a probable larger number of students in all classes at the college this year than in

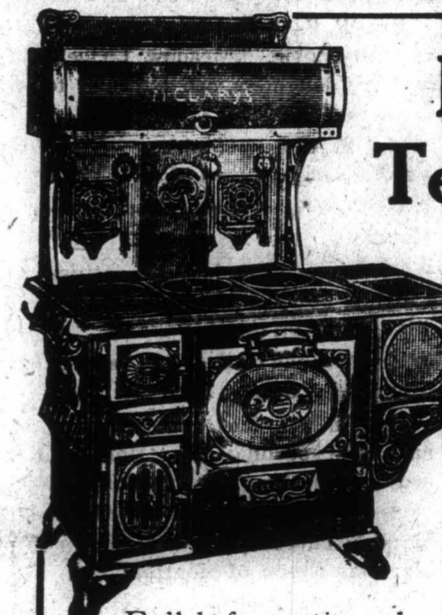
any year since the war commenced. There will be a good sprinkling of young ladies going in for the Arts course.

The citizens will be glad to welcome the U. N. B. boys and, of course, the co-eds back to the city, and also will extend a hearty welcome to the "verdant freshmen."—*The Gleaner*, Fredericton.

NOT TOO OLD AT 70

The advice to old men to retire has sometimes, if followed, very disastrous consequences. A man of seventy or eighty is attending to his profession or business in a satisfactory manner, and he feels well. Suddenly he decides or is advised to retire and take things 'easy' for the rest of his days. He does—and in a few weeks or months that man is a physical or mental wreck and ruin. As long as he kept up his mental interests, he was all right. A sudden change, a sudden vacuum, I might say, perhaps the pernicious subconscious feeling that now it is all over for him—all that contributed to the disaster. And it is not the physical change so much as the mental that is the important factor. I, for one, am sure that mental activity, mental interest, has a life-prolonging influence, because mental activity stimulates many, if not all, of our vital processes. It is not mental work that ever kills; it is the worry that does it.—Dr. W. J. Robinson, in the *New York Medical Critic and Guide*.

"So she turned you down?" "Yes, but she was very gracious about it." "What did she say?" "She said she couldn't think of marrying me, but she hoped I would keep on and prosper so that some day she might be able to point me out to her husband as the man she might have married."—*Detroit Free Press*.



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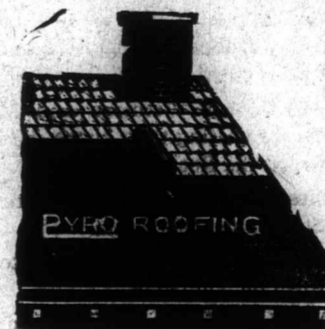
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A WIFE'S VOCABULARY

At Marylebone Police Court, recently a discharged soldier, who walked with the aid of a stick, was summoned for deserting his wife.

The defendant alleged that his wife drove him from home by throwing plates at him. He had heard some swearing in the Army, he said, but his wife's language "took the biscuit." Since he left Mesopotamia he had heard nothing so blasphemous.

The Magistrate asked if he would go back to his wife. In reply the man said: "I would sooner go back to the front." He was ordered to pay his wife 25s. a week.—*The Times, London.*

FOLLOWING ADVICE

The teacher wanted some plums in order to give an object-lesson during school hours, and calling one of the small boys, she gave him ten cents and dispatched him to the fruit stand down on the corner.

"Before you buy the plums, Willie," she cautioned, "you had better pinch one or two to make sure they are ripe."

Little Willie flitted away. Soon he came back and smilingly put the bag on the teacher's desk.

"Oh, thank you, Willie," said the teacher, taking up the bag. "Did you pinch one or two as I told you to do?"

"Did I?" was the gleeful response. "I pinched the whole bagful, and here's your ten cents."—*Buffalo Evening News.*

YOUR CUP OF TEA



Your cup of Tea means much to you. It is more than an item in the daily fare. It is the one thing that "rounds off"—or spoils—an enjoyable repast. Tea is fortunately so cheap in this country that there are few who cannot afford Choice Tea. The cost per pound is only slightly higher than ordinary Tea, while the increased pleasure you get from every cup you make is worth many times the difference. It is true also, that a FLAVOR-FULL Tea like KING COLE Orange Pekoe will actually spend further—that is, make more cups to the pound, Choice Tea.

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St. Stephen, N. B.

CANADA FOOD BOARD NOTES

Do householders in Canada seek to evade the food regulations? Are the merchants of Canada conniving at the evasion of the food regulations? Let us see about that.

The main objective of the Canada Food Board is to supply Great Britain and the Allies with vital foods. With this in view food regulations are made, which, if respected by the people of Canada, will enable Canada to keep faith with the Allies on food.

Do the people of Canada want to keep faith with the Allies on food? THEY DO. Are the people of Canada keeping faith with the Allies on food? THEY ARE.

To take any other position is to suggest that the people of Canada would rather keep their pre-war food habits than keep faith with the Allies on food. No true Canadian is breaking the regulations of the Canada Food Board, for he knows those regulations are made in order that Great Britain and the Allies and the Canadian Army at the front may be properly fed. WHO OF US WILL EAT WHAT SHOULD BE CONSERVED FOR THE CANADIAN ARMY AT THE FRONT?

The hearts of the people of Canada are sound and in this war to a finish. Food is a first class munition of war, and Canadians so view it. It will be time enough to go in for rations in Canada when the people of Canada refuse to conform to national efforts to conserve food for Great Britain and the Allies, and the Canadian Army at the front. WHEN THAT TIME COMES A POLICEMAN, NOT A FOOD CONTROLLER, WILL BE NEEDED.

GOLF NOT FREE FROM THE BOASTING PLAYER

GOLF is not free from the "goat-getting" players any more than the other sports, and the methods used by this class of devotee are many and various. For instance, not so long ago a young man was taking part in a tournament, and after the event was over he started to tell his troubles to an older and more experienced golfer. "Why is it," he inquired, "that every time I get into a tournament I always play against some fellow who, according to his talk, is so much better than I? The first man I met in this tournament started off by telling me that for three days before the event he had been playing the course in the low eighties and not once had he been over 85. Yet he qualified with a 94 or 95. The next one told me how he had beaten some of the crack players of the city. Yet I had no difficulty in defeating both of them, but they had me rather nervous for the first three or four holes."

After considering the question seriously for a few moments, the veteran said thoughtfully, "In baseball the coaches do everything to disconcert the pitcher, and that is perfectly legitimate. We do not have any coaching in golf, but there are other ways of getting the goat of the players. Most of the golfers do not resort to it. For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, this type of player has Bret Harte's Chinamen backed off the map. One of the favorite ways of disconcerting an opponent is to refer to those mysterious rounds that precede the qualifying day, and you will notice every time that the scores are from eight to eighteen strokes lower than the one made in the qualification round. After you let that sink in he will tell you that at his home club he has not been over eighty in weeks.

"At other times he adopts different tactics. He will tell you that his driving is very sad and that he putting poorly. The object is the same. In the first case he tries to impress you that he is a much better golfer than his qualifying score would indicate, and in the second that he is poorer than his score shows. He tries to destroy your confidence in your play or have you assume that he will prove to be a poor opponent. If you meet this type of player pay no attention to his ramblings. He is a golf goat-getter.

"He may tell you that the greens are frightfully fast and that even the best golfers are taking three or four putts to each green. He may make it a point to call your attention to out-of-bounds, to the wind, a tree that stands near the fairway; he may refer to the fact that he is one of the longest drivers in captivity; he may speak of his deadly putting, and in other ways he may attempt to put you off the track. He does it skillfully and in a confidential and innocent manner, but he has an object in view. He wants you to have all these things in your mind as mental hazards. Beware of him. Don't listen to his talk.

"Some players do all these things innocently without any intention of affecting your play, but most of them have an object. Play your own game and don't let them affect it with a lot of talk. Shots are what count, but unfortunately a lot of this sort of talk is spilled by men who think it is necessary and who believe anything short of cheating is legitimate before the first hole is played. If you happen to be drawn against a player of this reputation, beat him to it—give him a dose of his own medicine and make it as bitter as possible."—*The New York Evening Post.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Eighty years ago the great and glorious world lay before John Smith, and life, with all its treasures and opportunities, invited him to drink at its golden fountain. The sky was dazzling blue, and the lark of hope soared high in the heavens.

To-day John Smith, frail, unshaven, shabby, his hands gnarled, his shoulders bent under the weight of years, stood in the cheerless dock a beaten man. The winter of life had closed upon him, its storms had buffeted him against the rocks, the sky of other days had grown black, and the lark of hope no longer sang. They called him "John," and advised him kindly asking him how long he would like at the Jail Farm, and John, shaking like a man with the ague, said: "Six months." And then Magistrate Ellis closed the door and shut out the wind and rain and biting cold, and old John said: "Thank you, sir," and tottered downstairs.—*Police Court News, in the Toronto Telegram.*

CAPTAIN'S CERTIFICATE SUSPENDED

St. John, Sept. 16.—The certificate of the master, Captain Charles E. Dagwell, has been suspended as a result of the inquiry held here on Saturday the circumstances surrounding the loss of the schooner *Dornfontein*, which was attacked by gulf fire and destroyed by burning by a German submarine off the mouth of the Bay of Fundy on Aug. 2nd.

The reasons for the suspension of the certificate are set forth in the findings. Chief emphasis is laid on the fact that the captain had handed over to the commander of the enemy submarine his secret sailing orders, making no attempt to destroy them, notwithstanding the peremptory orders he had received. From this conduct, the court found that the captain had attached only secondary importance to the document, that he had made light of his duties and responsibilities, had been guilty of unheeded neglect, and that he had been gravely negligent, but not with criminal intent.

Although the crew was of mixed nationality and two of the members spoke German, the court was unable to connect the disaster with any prearranged signals or notification to the enemy. The other members of the crew were, therefore, exonerated, and the sole sentence imposed was that of the suspension of the master's certificate for the duration of the war or until all war-time regulations affecting shipping are cancelled.

Captain L. A. Demers, of Ottawa, Dominion Wreck Commissioner, presided at the sitting of the court, which met in the court house on King's Square, and he was assisted by Capt. A. J. Mulcahy and Captain James Hayes. The morning was devoted to hearing the evidence of the master of the *Dornfontein*, Captain Charles E. Dagwell, and the first mate, Charles Olson, and the finding was presented at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

LORD'S COVE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND

Mrs. Thos. Trecarten, Secretary of the Women's Institute of Lords Cove, Deer Island, has sent us the following list of contributors to the Maritime School for the blind at Halifax, N. S. The money was collected by Misses Anna Trecarten and Cora Lord:

Mrs. Georgie Stuart, \$5; \$2 each, Mrs. Jas. Stanley, Emery Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Stuart, A. C. Lambert, \$1 each, Mrs. Ezra Leeman, Miss Minnie Gowan, Everett Stuart, Warren A. Lambert, Harry Lord, Harry Leonard, Marton Leeman, T. L. Trecarten; Mrs. Harold Grew, 65cts.; 60cts. each, Archford Greenlaw, Frank Pendleton; 50cts. each, Mrs. Julia English, Mrs. J. G. Stuart, Mrs. Alvah Lambert, Mrs. Thos. Gardiner, Mrs. Clint. Pendleton, Mrs. Jas. Cline, Mrs. Jas. Stuart, Mrs. Henry Stuart, Mrs. George English, Emily English, Thos. Mitchell, Dan Lambert, Herbert Haddon, Richard English; Geo. Lambert, 45cts.; Mrs. Oliver Adams, 35cts.; 25cts. each, Mrs. Frank Leeman, Mrs. Murchie Leeman, Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Mrs. Andrew Stuart, Mrs. Sam Pendleton, Dan Lambert, Ross Lambert, Ben Simpson, Edward Morang, Chas. Lord, Ezra Leeman, Warren O. Lambert, Seward Parker, James Haddon, Goldwin Smith, Aubrey Lambert, Anna Trecarten, A Friend. Total, \$36.45.

WORTH THE LABOR

Tobias Knowal peeped through the window of his office, then tiptoeing to his desk, put a flannel bandage around his neck, put his arm in a sling, ran his hands through his hair and limped to the door.

"Mr. Knowal?" inquired the caller.

"Yes," groaned Knowal. "What can I do for you?"

"You appear to be far from well," said the caller.

"Appear to be?" exclaimed Knowal. "Do you think I am doing this for fun? But what can I do for you?"

"Oh—er—I won't trouble you now," said the caller hurriedly. "Any time will do." And he departed.

"It's some trouble," murmured Knowal, putting off his bandage. "But it's really the quickest way to get rid of those life insurance agents. That one won't trouble me again, anyhow."—*Chicago Journal.*

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Y. M. C. A.

E. J. Arnot, Halifax, has been appointed head of the Maritime Provinces Division of the new Y. M. C. A. Town and County Department whose objective is a widespread constructive welfare work for boys and young men in the rural communities. A Secretary will be appointed in each county to work in close cooperation with the ministers and teachers, and who will organize Boy Scout Corps, Agricultural Clubs for boys and girls, and Pig clubs, Boys' Conferences and Summer Camps will also be held at various points.

An outstanding feature of the new Department's activities will be the promotion of the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training for boys in their teens. This programme which aims at inculcating high ideals of Christian citizenship, bears the "Made in Canada" mark, and its excellence is such that it has been adopted on a very large scale in the United States. It teaches the basic value of four things, the home and community, the church, the school, and personal health and habits. The Department will also feature games demonstrations in school grounds, and will hold an annual Union Play Day for each county.

Mr. Arnot was for four years a highly successful County Secretary in Lenawee County, Michigan, and he brings to his new field in the Maritime Provinces a trained enthusiasm that will repeat his success here.

"Aw, I'm making quite an impression on Miss Fluddub. But they say she's a desperate flirt." "Is she actually going around with you?" "Aw, ye." "She must be desperate."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"That was a great shot you just made!" said a golfer. "I wish I knew how you did it." "So do I," replied the player, who was at least honest, and knew that it was an accident.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CAPE ELIZABETH PARENTS HEAR OF SON'S SACRIFICE

The family of John B. Key, Cape Elizabeth Shore, received a telegram Sept 13 from Ottawa notifying them that their son, William James Key, was killed in action Aug. 29 on the battlefields of France.

This young man enlisted in the 236th Canadian Regiment in Sept. 1916 and went overseas in October 1917, was transferred to the famous Black Watch Regiment, and had been continually in action for the last six months. He leaves father, mother, and four brothers. Inflamed by the spirit that spread over all Canada and sent the flower of Canadian youth across the sea, he enlisted when under the age limit, and at the time of his death was 21 years of age. He was formerly a resident of this town. The sympathy of all goes out to the grief-stricken ones in their sudden and sad loss.

"Your wife says you have her terrorized." "Honest Judge—" "I do not ask you this in my official capacity, but as man to man. Do you understand?" "Yes your Honor." "What's your secret."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"What kind of a golf game does Piute Pete play?" "Good deal same as his poker game," replied Broncho Bob. "A whole lot 'n' conversation that you mostly can't believe a word of."—*Washington Star.*

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LYING

I REALLY know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected, sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer myself at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be), I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate, for it is the same thing, in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase, instead of avoiding the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowardly will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconvenience, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them always deserves to be, and often will be kicked. There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes whatever other people have heard or read of; he has had more *bonnes fortunes* than ever he knew women; and has ridden more miles post, in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule. Remember then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honor unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest; as a proof of which, you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding. (From the Letters of Lord Chesterfield. (Born September 22, 1694; died March 24, 1773.)

ABOARD THE GALLEY

HE was cruising in the Southern Seas (was the Ulysses who told me this tale), when there bore down upon him a marvellous strange fleet, whose like he had not before seen. For each little craft was a corpse, stiffly "married," or bound about with tarred rope, as mariners do use to treat plug tobacco; also ballasted, and with a fair mast and sail stepped through his midriff. These self-sufficing ships knew no divided authority; no pilot ever took the helm from the captain's hands; no mutinies lay in bilboes no passengers complained of the provisions. In a certain island to windward (the native pilot explained) it was the practice, when a man died, to bury him for the time being in dry, desiccating sand, till a chief should pass from his people, when the waiting bodies were brought out and, caulked and rigged *secundum artem*, were launched with the first fair breeze, the admiral at their head on their voyage to the Blessed Islands. And if a chief should hold no store of corpses for his escort, this simple practical folk would solve the little difficulty by knocking some dozen or twenty stout fellows on the head, that the notable might voyage like a gentleman. Whence this gallant little company, ranning before the breeze, stark, happy, and extinct, all bound for the Isles of Light! 'Twas a sight to shame us sitters at home, who believe in those Islands, most of us, even as they, yet are content to trundle City wards or to Margate, so long as the sorry breath is in us; and, breathless at last, to Bow or Kensal Green; without one effort, dead or alive, to reach the far-shining Hesperides.

"Dans la galère capitane nous étions quatre-vingt rameurs!" sang the oarsmen in the ballad; and they, though indeed they toiled on the galley-bench, were free and happy pirates, members of an honorable and liberal profession. But all we—pirates, parsons, stockbrokers, whatever our calling—are but galley-slaves of the basest sort, fettered to the oar each for his little spell. A common misery links us all, like the chain that runs the length of the thwart. Can nothing make it worth our while not to quarrel with our fellows? The menace of the storms is

for each one and for all; the master's whip has a fine impartiality. Crack! the lash that scored my comrade's back has flicked my withers too; yet neither of us was shirking—it was that grinning ruffian in front, Well: to-morrow, God willing, the evasion shall be ours, while he writhes howling. But why do we, never once combine—seize on the ship, fling our masters into the sea, and steer for some pleasant isle far down under the Line, beyond the still-veiled Bermoothes? When ho for feasting! Hey for tobacco and free-quarters! But no: the days pass, and are reckoned up, and done with; and ever more pressing cares engage. Those fellows on the leeward benches are having an easier time than we poor dogs on the weather side? Then, let us abuse, pelt, vilify them: let us steal their grub, and have at them generally for a set of shirking, malingering brutes! What matter that to-morrow they may be to windward, we to lee? We never can look ahead. And they know this well, the gods our masters, pliers of the whip. And mayhap we like them none the worse for it.

Indeed, there is a traitor sort among ourselves, that spins facile phrases in the honor of these whipmasters of ours—as "Omnis eodem cogitur," and the rest; which is all very pretty and mighty consolatory. The fact is, the poets are the only people who score by the present arrangement; which it is therefore their interest to maintain. While we are doing all the work, these incorrigible skulkers lounge about and make ribald remarks; they write Greek tragedies on Fate, on the sublimity of Suffering, on the Petty Span, and so on; and act in a generally offensive way. And we are even weak enough to buy their books; offer them drinks, peerges, and things; and say what superlative fellows they are! But when the long-looked-for combination comes, and we poor devils have risen and abolished fate, destiny, the Olympan Council, early baldness, and the like, these poets will really have to go.

And when every rhymester has walked the plank, shall we still put up with our relations? True members of the "stupid party," who never believe in us, who know (and never forget) the follies of our adolescence; who are always wanting us not to do things; who are lavish of advice, yet angered by the faintest suggestion of a small advance in cash: shall the idle singers perish and these endure? No: as soon as the last poet has splashed over the side, to the sharks with our relations!

The old barkey is lightening famously; who shall be next to go? The Sportsman of intolerable yarns, who slays twice over—first, his game, and then the miserable being he button-holes for the tedious recital. Shall we suffer him longer? Who else? Who is that covering under the bulwarks yonder? The man who thinks he can imitate the Scottish accent! Splash! And the next one? What a crowd is here! How they block the hatchways, lumber the deck, and get between you and the purser's room—these fadmongers, teetotalers, missionaries of divers jans! Overboard with them, and hey for the Fortunate Isles! Then for tobacco in a hammock 'twixt the palms! Then for wine cooled in a brooklet losing itself in silver sands! Then for—but O these bilboes on our ankles, how mercilessly they grip! The vertical sun blisters the bare back: faint echoes of Olympian laughter seem to flicker like Northern Lights across the stark and pitiless sky. One earnest effort would do it, my brothers! A little modesty, a short sinking of private differences; and then we should all be free and equal gentlemen of fortune, and I would be your Captain! "Who? you? you would make a pretty Captain!" Better than you, you scurvy, skulking, little galley-slave! "Galley-slave yourself, and be— Pull together, boys, and lie low! Here's the Master coming with his whip!" (From "Pagan Papers," by KENNETH GRAHAME, London: John Lane, 3s. 6d. net.

THE CLOUDS

SILENT COMFORTERS

THERE are sermons in stones. What is there in clouds? Look up in the late afternoon from the Strand, going west, or better, from an open square. The shapes, the colors, the sway, the motion of the mighty panorama are a revelation to the spirit jaded with all the care that keeps our eyes bowed. Forms of mist, which might almost pass as ordinary in the open spaces of the country, assume sublimity over a great city. So vivid is the sense of power, of an empire of the air, that it would scarcely surprise us if some mighty figure should emerge and pass by in grandeur, or declare itself to men.

But change the scene and watch the clouds over the western ocean in the freshness of morning, the distant, light, low-lying forms on the horizon, the softer ones that float over the intervening space and mingle with the earth and its satellites of vapor. These are the clouds of the "border-land." They differ from others, borrowing something from the sea, of restlessness and gesture, and something from the land, of line and of color. This is the domain where the spirits of the sea and land meet. There are times when they lie low, horizontal, soft, sympathetic, lending, as well as borrowing, tones that harmonize the world below and

the world above. At other times they roan, fragments of wrack rent from some mightier mass, and heave a wilful course at large across the great space between the shore and the horizon. They loom along over the nearer sea like winged leviathans or spirits of the air in garb of mist. As they swirl round and over abutments of cliff from the great Atlantic, from whose chaos they sprang, they image for us the welter and war of the great cloud-spirits, which, wandering from the unknown spaces of ocean, plunge and deploy around our shores.

Look again in the evening after a stormy day of rain and wind, and this time go farther from the shore and the "debatable land." The great forms, creatures of the warring elements abroad in the ocean, having invaded the land, and tumbled masses, heaving and ruffled after their struggle in the vortex of storm outside, tempest-tossed and rugged with stress and conflict, sail low and threatening over the cliffs and the spaces that verge towards the sea. But their advance is checked. The solid earth has its phalanxes of cloud, and the wild host as they advance, like the hosts that overran the Roman Empire, take more and more the sway and gesture of the forms that overhang the solid world we live on.

Once again, in passing down the Mediterranean, look away to the south. In the hill-distance we see the tops of white forms whose base we fancy to be over the enchanted mountains and deserts that fringe the shores of Africa. These southern clouds often stand erect, unlike the horizontal lines and motion which we see here. They seem to stand and look over at us from other climes, mysterious, observant, but infinitely distant, and suggesting new thoughts of space and of the countries our imagination is seldom touched to dwell on. Sometimes, but rarely, such forms are to be seen from the hill-towns of Spain looking, in massed bands over the southern dunes, like great swelling plumes of white.

In our childhood we framed figures, familiar or imaginary, in the changing forms that drifted stately by, but now, and in these grayer times, it is no solace, with Hamlet, to figure a whale or a weasel in the spectacle of the sky. Rather we crave a clue from the parables Nature sets before us. Has it not happened to many a tense worker in the great city to hear, unheralded and unexpected, one great peal of thunder roll out, prolonged and near? Silencing for the moment all the noises and distractions of commerce and of men, it was like the voice of God. Nature spoke, the great ultimate power upraised its voice, and the din of traffic and the clash of competing ambitions for the moment were blotted out as things of naught. It was a recall, strengthening and purifying, to a thought of the changeless primal force at large in the universe beyond and above our little fluctuating lives.

And clouds—a few little wreaths of vapour—may put into soft lights or plunge into darkness the motions of the spirit. In mystery our souls abide. But look up; they may give a new color to the day. From the shifting panorama some ray of hope may come. We can at least gain comfort from the contrast between the cares of earth and the sublimity of the sky. There is permanence and continuity. Claim as kin these beings of the air, so near us and almost sharing our life, but of a higher ether than we, winged, too, and not savoring of earth. And above them "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world."—The Times, London.

SLEEP

IF you are to work well, you must sleep well. If you are to keep your health and strength and youth—to carry your powers of work with you to the last—you must sedulously pay court to your pillow. It will commonly be found that the men who carry their years lightly are men who possess the faculty of sleeping at will. If you have much work to do, you must not account time spent in sleep to be time lost. It is time gained. It is an essential part of the duty of the day. I had once an old servant who used to say, "Well, I have done my work. I have cleaned up, and now I'll get my sleeping done." Sleeping was, in her philosophy, a thing to be done—not a passive state, but an active part of her duty. And every workman should so consider it. Let him sleep in his bed if he can, at proper hours of the night; if not let him sleep at any odd time, when nature invites him to rest himself. If we do not play tricks with ourselves, if we work hard without overworking ourselves, sleep will rarely be coy to us. As a general rule, it may be said that busy men are better sleepers than idlers, and that mental labor contributes more to sound sleep than bodily fatigue. I believe that only mere novices in work are kept awake by the thought of it. Experienced workmen acquire a habit of shaking off its environments when they will. If there be one thing in life for which I am profoundly thankful to the Giver of all good gifts, it is for the faculty of sleep.

"I have two friends, who are with me night and day,— True friends and constant, ever by my side,— Than mother more devoted, or young bride: Yet when when one comes, the other steals away; For jealous friends will no joint vigil keep.— side's great name is WORK; the other's SLEEP." Cornhill Magazine, 1860.

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

September 21.—St. Matthew, Apostle, Evangelist, and Martyr. Prestonpans, 1745. France declared a Republic, 1792; The Central American States declared their independence, 1821; Sir Walter Scott, Scottish novelist and poet, died, 1832; Charles Hawtrej, English actor-manager, born, 1858; H. G. Wells, English writer, born, 1866; General elections in Canada, defeat of the Laurier Government, 1911.

September 22.—Zutphen, 1586. King Edward II of England died, 1327; Ostend, in Belgium, surrendered to the Spanish, 1604; Lord Chesterfield, English diplomat and patron of literature, author of the Letters, born, 1694; John Home, Scottish poet, born, 1722; Nathan Hale, executed at New York, 1776; Theodore Hook, English novelist, born, 1788; Michael Faraday, English scientist, born, 1791; Major-General Hugh L. Scott, American military commander, born, 1853; Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln, 1861.

September 23.—Flamborough Head, 1779. Assaye, 1803. Captain John André, British spy, captured near Tarrytown, N. Y., 1780; Planet Neptune discovered by Galle, at Berlin, 1846; General Hunter-Weston, English military commander, born, 1864; Bismarck appointed Prime Minister of Prussia, 1865; Opening of University of California, 1869; Marshal Bazaine, the French commander who surrendered to the Germans at Metz in 1870, died, 1889; Wilkie Collins, English novelist, died, 1889.

September 24.—William Wykeham, founder of Winchester School, died, 1404; Paracelsus, Swiss physician, died, 1541; First Pan-Anglican Synod met, 1867; Henry H. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, London, died, 1868; "Black Friday," financial panic, 1869; Hon. Honoré Mercier, former Premier of Quebec, died, 1894.

September 25.—Stamford Bridge, 1066. Lucknow, 1857. Loos, 1916. Champagne, 1915. Pacific Ocean discovered by Balboa, 1513; Samuel Butler, English poet, author of Hudibras, died, 1680; Robert Dodsley, London bookseller and dramatist, died, 1764; Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, English poet, born, 1793; Eliza Cook, English poet, died, 1889.

September 26.—St. Cyprian. Admiral Lord Collingwood, British naval commander, born, 1750; Charles Bradlaugh, English social and political reformer, born, 1833; Irving Bachelier, American novelist, born, 1859; King Christian of Denmark born, 1870; Earl Grey appointed Governor-General of Canada, 1904.

September 27.—Busaco, 1810. George Cruikshank, English artist, born, 1792; Commander David S. McDougal, U. S. N., who with a single ship destroyed a Japanese squadron and silenced the batteries of Shimoneki in 1863, born, 1809; First railway opened in England, 1825; Hon. William Pugsley, K. C., LL.D., Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, born, 1850; General Bragg, American Confederate military commander, died, 1876; Pittsburgh, Pa., celebrated the 250th anniversary of its founding, 1908.

"What are you so grouchy about?" "Had a bum breakfast this morning." "I know. These pesty cooks—" "It was worse than that. Had to get it myself."—Kansas City Journal.

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road. JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveller.

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

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

FOR SALE—1 Driving Horse; 2 Work Horses; 1 Double Seated Top Surrey; 1 Cushion-tire two-spoken Top Surrey; 1 Brass-mounted Double Driving Harness; 2 sets Single Driving Harness. Apply to W. M. J. McQUOID, St. Andrews, N. B., Phone 29.

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.

Caretaker and Matron Wanted

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

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT TIME

PHASES OF THE MOON August August 5th 7h. 44m. a.m. First Quarter, 13th 12h. 2m. p.m. Full Moon, 20th 10h. 1m. a.m. Last Quarter, 27th 1h. 39m. a.m.

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m. Rows for Sept. 21-27.

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

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

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

CUSTOMS Thos. R. Wren, Collector D. G. Hanson, Prev. Officer Office hours, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays, 9 to 1. OUTPORTS INDIAN ISLAND, H. D. Ohafeij, Sub. Collector CAMPOBELLO, W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector NORTH HEAD, Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector LORD'S COVE, T. L. Treacarten, 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. Saturdays and Holidays excepted.

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

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

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

THE FIRST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

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

S. Kerr, Principal

TIMBER SALE

The Lands which were advertised for sale on the 5th of September, 1918, and postponed, will now be held at the Crown Land Office, Fredericton, on THURSDAY, the THIRD day of October, 1918, commencing at 12 o'clock noon under the following conditions, viz:— Berths to be sold on a straight stumpage bid rate per thousand superficial feet, the upset rate of which will be announced at the time of sale, conveying the right to cut and carry away the merchantable lumber as advertised for the term ending August 1st, 1919. Ten per cent. of the bid stumpage price on the estimated quantity of merchantable lumber standing on the berth to be paid as each berth is sold. The lands to be sold embraces in all about four hundred square miles as advertised in the Royal Gazette September 18th, 1918. For further particulars, printed estimates of the timber on each block, plans, etc., apply to the Deputy Minister, Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B. E. A. SMITH, Minister of Lands and Mines. Crown Land Office, Fredericton, N. B., September 19th, 1918.

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, boat of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon. 7 a. m. for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p. m.; [returning Wed., 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursday 7 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday 7 a. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, Cummings Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1.30 p. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings Cove. Atlantic Daylight Time.

SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

TIME TABLE

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 8 a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2381. Mgr. Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7.30 p. m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 p. m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the 1st Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

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

Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during office hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico Great Britain Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5-cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War Stamp" affixed, or a two-cent card can be used. Post cards two cents each to other countries. The two-cent cards do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Newspapers and periodicals, to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

Arrives: 11.55 a.m.; 10.55 p.m. Closes: 6.25 a.m.; 5.40 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 11 a.m. Closes: 12.30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted half an hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

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



VOL.

THE STOR

THERE are more attention to the sad fate of the young soldier, John André, son of a General, who was sent to the returned to the and, his talents a literary coterie of Miss Honora singular beauty. As both were v was postponed, engage in trade and, at the age army. At the war he was set prisoner at St. ed, he became a gallant officer, who appointed soon after adjut Young, hand and gayety, an the life of the a regal court the its chief. The American cities Washington ve Valley Forge, series of mag delphia, which over by the gal Philadelphia returned to New who had known general, Arnold into a correspon the agent th general bargain large reward, fo point, the key river Hudson, within the Am this treachery; return by three refused his bribe Arnold's treasure and, by his own convicted as a s handed.

Arnold, by the officer, got warn the Venture. Si most urgent re Washington, tu adjutant, but in way—the surre the fate decree possible; and th his twenty-nint to Washington soldier's death, bank of the Hu city held by the 1780. If his life he died with he British army w after the close deposited near minister Abbey, the name of A treason, the sad cited, and still miseration.—Ch

Mr. Wheeler following interest Chester: Dear Dad, Here's a wee I am still on to and dandy, an don home for a I don't know Home as wound just a revolver he got me. He's more, now; an scrap. Suppose it if I tell you the papers about well, I came thro was some scrap, seven miles, fo cond was just all that day, too, our progress wa got there, and We captured y about sixteen r would not surre were in a little gun, so we had did; when they it was all up, and yelled "Ka late then. The he would not sur

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