



The Beacon



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NO. 20

THEN GRUDGE YE NOT

(Awarded First Prize in the Victory Loan Poem Contest.)

SINCE neither word of ours can raise,
Nor prayer of ours restore,
The dear lost lads of other days,
That legion "gone before,"
How shall we grudge the yellow gold
To beat their foemen down,
Where the Red Prussians pitiless hold
Sacked city, pillaged town?

But if some faith of ours could know,
Some prayer of ours awake,
The dear lost lads of long ago,
That perished for our sake;
And at the dusk their spirits dim
Come whispering sweet and far
From that fair land beyond the rim
Of things that mortal are—

If such could be, would these not ask
(Vague voices down the wind)
That we should help—ah, humble task—
Their comrades left behind?
Then grudge we not the yellow gold
To beat their foemen down,
Where the Red Prussians pitiless hold
Sacked city, pillaged town.

GEORGE H. MAITLAND.

A BOHEMIAN IN EXILE

A REMINISCENCE

WHEN, many years ago now, the once potent and extensive kingdom of Bohemia gradually dissolved and passed away, not a few historians were found to chronicle its past glories; and some have gone on to tell the fate of that once powerful chieftain who either donned the swallow-tail and conformed or, proudly self-exiled, sought some quiet retreat and died as he had lived, a Bohemian. But these were of the princes of the land. To the people, the villeins, the common rank and file, does no interest attach? Did they waste and pine, anemic, in thin, strange, unwonted air? Or sit at the table of the scornful and learn, with Dante, how silt was alien bread? It is one of those faithful commons I would speak, narrating only the short and simple annals of the poor.

It is to be noted that the kingdom aforesaid was not so much a kingdom as a United States—a collection of self-ruling guilds, municipalities, or republics, bound together by a common method of viewing life. "There *was* a king of Bohemia"—but that was a long time ago, and even Corporal Trim was not certain in whose reign it was. These small free States, then, broke up gradually, from various causes and with varying speed; and I think ours was one of the last to go.

With us, as with many others, it was a case of lost leaders. "Just for a handful of silver he left us"; though it was not exactly that, having got the handful of silver, they wanted a wider horizon to fling it about under than Bloomsbury afforded.

"So they left us for their pleasures; and in due time, one by one—"
But I will not be morose about them; they had honestly earned their success, and we all honestly rejoiced at it, and do so still.

When old Pan was dead and Apollo's bow broken, there were many faithful pagans who would worship at no new shrines, but went out to the hills and caves, truer to the old gods in their dis-crowned desolation than in their pomp and power. Even so were we left behind, a remnant of the faithful. We had never expected to become great in art or song; it was the life itself that we loved; that was our end—not, as with them, the means to an end.

"We aimed at no glory, no lovers of glory we;
Give us the glory of going on and still to be."

Unfortunately going on was no longer possible; the old order had changed, and we could only patch up our broken lives as best might be.

Fothergill said that he, for one, would have no more of it. The past was dead, and he wasn't going to try to revive it. Henceforth he, too, would be dead to Bloomsbury. Our forefathers, speaking of a man's death, said "he changed his life." This is how Fothergill changed his life and died to Bloomsbury. One morning he made his way to the Whitechapel Road, and there he bought a barrow. The Whitechapel barrows are of all sizes, from the barrow wheeled about by a boy with half a dozen heads of cabbages to barrows drawn by a tall pony, such as on Sundays take the members of a club to Popping Forest. They are all precisely the same in plan and construction, only in the larger sizes the handles develop or evolve into shafts; and they are equally suitable, according to size, for the vending of wheelbarrows, for a hot-potato can, a piano organ, or for the conveyance of a cheery and numerous party to the Derby.

Fothergill bought a medium sized "developed" one, and also a donkey to fit; he had it painted white, picked out with green—the barrow, not the donkey—and when his arrangements were complete, stabled the whole for the night in Bloomsbury. The following morning, before the early red had quite faded from the sky, the exodus took place, those of us who were left being assembled to drink a parting whisky-and-milk in sad and solemn silence. Fothergill turned down Oxford Street, sitting on the shaft with a short clay in his mouth, and disappeared from our sight, heading west at a leisurely pace. So he passed out of our lives by way of the Bayswater Road.

They must have wandered far and seen many things, he and his donkey, from the fitful fragments of news that now and again reached us. It seems that eventually, his style of living being economical, he was enabled to put down his donkey and barrow, and set up a cart and a mare—no fashionable gipsy-cart, a sort of house-boat on wheels, but a light and serviceable cart, with a movable tilt, constructed on his own designs. This allowed him to take along with him a few canvases and other artists' materials; soda-water, whisky, and such like necessities; and even to ask a friend from town for a day or two, if he wanted to.

He was in this state of comparative luxury when at last, by the merest accident, I foregathered with him once more. I had pulled up to Streteley one afternoon, and leaving my boat, had gone for a long ramble on the glorious North Berkshire Downs to stretch my legs before dinner. Somewhere over on Cuckshamsley Hill, by the side of the Ridgeway, remote from the habitable world, I found him, smoking his vesper pipe on the shaft of his cart, the mare cropping the short grass beside him. He greeted me without surprise or effusion, as if we had only parted yesterday, and without a hint of an allusion to past times, but drifted quietly into rambling talk of his last three years, and, without ever telling his story right out, left a strange picturesque impression of a nomadic life which struck me as separated by fifty years from modern conventional existence. The old road-life still lingered on in places, it seemed, once one got well away from the railway; there were two Englands existing together, the one fringing the great iron highways wherever they might go—the England under the eyes of most of us. The other, unguessed at by many, in whatever places were still vacant of shriek and rattle, drowned on as of old; the England of heath and common and windy sheep down, of by-lanes and village-greens—the England of Parson Adams and Lavengro. The spell of the free untrammelled life came over me as I listened, till I was fain to accept of his hospitality and a horse-blanket for the night, oblivious of civilized comforts down at the Bull. On the downs where Alfred fought we lay and smoked, gazing up at the quiet stars that had shone on many a Dane lying stark and still a thousand years ago, and in the silence of the lone tract that enfolds us we seemed nearer to those old times than to these; I had left that afternoon, in the now hushed and sleeping valley of the Thames.

When the news reached me, some time later, that Fothergill's aunt had died and left him her house near town and the little all she had possessed, I heard it with misgivings, not to say forebodings. For the house had been his grandfather's, and he had spent much of his boyhood there; it had been a dream of his early days to possess it in some happy future, and I knew he could never bear to sell or let it. On the other hand, can you stall the wild ass of the desert? And will not the caged eagle moop and pine?

However, possession was entered into, and all seemed to go well for the time. The cart was honorably installed in the coach-house, the mare turned out to grass. Fothergill lived idly and happily, to all seeming, with "a book of verses underneath the bough," and a bottle of old claret for the friend who might chance to drop in. But as the year wore on small signs began to appear that he who had always "rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak" was beginning to feel himself caged, though his bars were gilded.

I was talking one day to his coachman (he how kept three men-servants), and he told me that on a Sunday morning when the household had gone to church and everything was quiet, Mr. Fothergill would go into the coach-house and light his pipe, and sit on the step of the brougham (he had a brougham now), and gaze at the old cart, and smoke and say nothing; and smoke and say nothing again. He didn't like it, the coachman confessed; and to me it seemed ominous.

One morning late in March, at the end of a long hard winter, I was wakened by a flood of sunshine. The early air came warm and soft through the open window; the first magic suggestion of spring was abroad, with its whispered hints of daffodils and budding hawthorns; and one's blood danced to imagined pipings of Pan from happy fields far distant. At once I thought of Fothergill, and, with a certain foreboding of ill, made my way down to Holly Lodge as soon as possible. It was with no surprise at all that I heard that the master was missing. In the very first of the morning, it seemed, or ever the earliest under-housemaid had begun to set man-traps on the stairs and along the passages, he must have quietly left the house. The servants were cheerful enough, nevertheless, and thought the master must only have "gone for a nice long walk," and so on, after the manner of that kind. Without a word I turned my steps to the coach-house. Sure enough, the old cart was missing; the mare was gone from the paddock. It was no good my saying anything; pursuit of this wild haunter of tracks and by-paths would have been futile indeed. So I kept my own counsel. Fothergill never returned to Holly Lodge, and has been more secret and evasive since his last flight, rarely venturing on old camping grounds near home, like no bird scared to the fowler's gun.

Once indeed, since then, while engaged in pursuit of the shy quarry known as the Early Perp, late Dec., E. Eng., and the like, specimens of which I was tracking down in the west, I hit upon him by accident; hearing in an old village rumour concerning a strange man in a cart who neither carried samples nor pushed the brewing interest by other means than average personal consumption—tales already beginning to be distorted into material for the myth of the future. I found him friendly as ever, equally ready to spin his yarns. As the evening wore on, I ventured upon an allusion to past times and Holly Lodge; but his air of puzzled politeness convinced me that the whole thing had passed out of his mind, as a slight but disagreeable incident in the even tenor of his nomadic existence.

After all, his gains may have over-balanced his losses. Had he cared, he might, with his conventional gifts, have been a social success; certainly, I think, an artistic one. He had great powers, had any impulse been present to urge him to an execution and achievement. But he was for none of these things. Contemplative, receptive, with a keen sense of certain sub-tones and side-aspects of life unseen by most, he doubtless chose wisely to enjoy life his own way, and to gather from the fleeting days what bliss they had to give, nor spend them in toiling for a harvest to be reaped when he was dust.

Some of the glories of this life, and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come:
Ah, take the cash and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.
—FROM "Pagan Papers," by KENNETH GRAHAM. London: John Lane. 3s 6d net.

ST. ANDREWS CELEBRATES

The glad news of the signing of the armistice reached St. Andrews at 7.30 on Monday morning, and immediately the Town bell began to peal, and was soon joined by the several church bells, all of them being rung at intervals throughout the day. All day the citizens were hard at work decorating their premises, the streets, and public buildings in preparation for the demonstration on Tuesday, which was proclaimed a Public Holiday by the Mayor.

Tuesday was a glorious day, in every sense of the word, the sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky from rising to setting, and the night was equally fine, the weather being unusually mild for the season of the year. The ending of the long and bloody world-war, in which so many of her brave sons had borne a gallant part, and, alas! so many of them had sacrificed their lives,—brought great rejoicing to St. Andrews. Every heart was filled with joy, and it was manifested in the most remarkable demonstrations ever held in the Old Shire Town or in any other place in Charlotte County. The decorations of the streets, public buildings, stores, and private residences and grounds were on an elaborate scale, and most artistic. Where all were so fine it would be invidious to particularize, but the windows of the stores of Mr. Edwin Odell and Mr. G. H. Stickney are certainly entitled to special mention. The illuminations at night were particularly fine, especially on Water Street, the colored electric lights festooning the streets by the Market Square being the most conspicuous. The lights were furnished from the dynamo of Mr. Davis's Picture Show; and Mr. A. W. Mason is entitled to much praise and thanks for their beautiful installation.

The following is the Official Programme of the day's celebrations, with lists of the several committees who had charge of the arrangements:—

PROGRAMME
12 O'clock Noon.

Royal Salute at Block House.
Ringing of bells. Blowing of whistles.
1.45 p. m.

Raising of Victory Loan "Honor Flag," and Band music on Market Square.
2 p. m.

- Parade.
1. Town Marshall.
 2. Autos—Mayor and Council, Clergy, School Board.
 3. Autos—With civilians, carrying flags.
 4. Naval Float.
 5. Band.
 6. Returned Soldiers. Car and on horse back.
 7. Fenian Raid Veterans. Car.
 8. Floats—Nations, teams; Red Cross, teams.
 9. Fire Engine.
 10. School Children.
 11. Hobo Band.
 12. Khaki Club Float.
 13. Victory Bonds.
 14. Float—Peace. Bicycle Parade on both sides.

3.15 p. m.

Thanksgiving Service.
Doxology by Band and united Church choirs.

Lord's Prayer, by Rev. Father O'Keefe.
Psalm 67, by Rev. G. H. Elliot.
National Anthem.
7.30 p. m.

Selections by Band.
Exit of Kaiser.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEES.
T. A. Hartt, M. P., Chairman.
F. L. Mallory, Secretary.

PARADE
W. J. McQuoid.
Wellington Carson.
W. F. Craig.

MUSIC
Dr. J. F. Worrall.
Roy Gillman.
R. D. Rigby.

FINANCE
T. A. Hartt.
G. W. Babbitt.
F. L. Mallory.
G. W. Stinson.
Goodwill Douglas.

DECORATION
P. E. Odell.
W. F. Kennedy.
Fred Young.

FIREWORKS AND NOISE
G. H. Lamb.
Wright McLaren.
W. F. Kennedy.
Joe Handy.
S. J. Anning.
E. A. Cockburn.
R. Davis.
A. W. Mason.

While the ringing of bells and the tooting of horns and steam whistles went on almost continuously Tuesday morning, the general observation of the day began at noon with the firing of a Royal Salute of twenty-one guns at the Block House. The old cannon there was requisitioned for the purpose, after many years of disuse, and it was aided by a little salute cannon belonging to Mr. G. H. Lamb, which made a louder report than its big brother.

Fifteen minutes before the great procession began to move, the Victory Loan flag was raised on Market Square, thus indicating that St. Andrews had already "gone over the top" in contributing more than its allotted portion, \$100,000, to the Loan.

At 2 p. m. the procession started, headed by Mr. W. J. McQuoid and Mr. W. F. Craig, general directors, on foot, followed by Marshall Sinnet and Mr. Edwin Odell mounted on spirited chargers. Immediately behind were a number of returned soldiers mounted, and they were followed by automobiles conveying the School Trustees, the veterans of the Fenian Raid, the Mayor and Aldermen in shiny new silk hats. There were many other vehicles in the procession besides the various floats to be described. A body of school girls carried the new school flag donated by Mr. E. Atherton Smith. There were many horseback riders and a large number of men, girls, and boys on gaily decorated bicycles. There were many floats, all of them displaying great taste and skill in their construction. It is impossible to describe them all in detail, but mention must be made of the O-U-U boat of Mr. Thomas Pendlebury, the submarine chaser of Mr. Elmer Rigby, and the "Tank" of Mr. Hector Richardson. It was marvellous that such splendid representations could have been produced at such short notice, or even at all. The float of the Y. W. P. A. represented the Allied Nations, Mrs. A. B. V. Lamb, Serbia; Miss Marjorie Babbitt, Belgium; Miss Freda Wren, France; Miss Mattie Malloch, Canada; Miss Madge Rigby, Ireland; Miss Alice Holt, Australia; Miss Mary Hannigan, Scot-

land; Miss Viola McDowell, Japan; Miss Bessie Thompson, Italy; Mrs. Warren Stinson, United States; and Mrs. Ralph Goodchild, Russia. The team was driven by Mr. Martin Greenlaw, who figured as John Bull. The Y. W. P. A. was also represented by an automobile with a large banner on which were displayed the initials of the Society.

There were two Hobo Bands, one of boys of all ages in grotesque costumes and unfamiliar faces preventing recognition; and the other of young ladies who had been identified as the Misses Bessie Malloch, Annie Ross, Phyllis Cockburn, Helen Young, Carol Hibbard, Dorothy Lamb, Gladys Thompson, Frances Thompson, Marie Douglas, Annie Halliday, and Marjorie Hanson; and Messrs. Arnold Mears and Hope McQuoid. A most realistic Kaiser was dragged along at the rear of their conveyance.

Mrs. Thos. Coughy had a most artistic float, a large row-boat filled with children, with herself as Britannia. The Red Cross Society portrayed most beautifully and impressively the "Greatest Mothers in the World," the ladies, who were all dressed as Red Cross nurses, being Mesdames G. H. Stickney, G. H. Elliot, S. Shaughnessy, Percy Hanson, W. F. Kennedy, Richard Keay, E. A. Cockburn, and R. D. Rigby. Four little boys, Joe Finnigan, Harry Higgins, George Higgins, and Roland Dixon followed, as stretcher bearers.

The Navy was represented by a decorated buck-board filled with sailors in most attractive naval uniforms: Mrs. Charles Mallory, and the Misses Anna Outhouse, Elsie Finigan, Hilda Finigan, Fern McDowell, Ethel Cummings, Alice Anderson, Ina Rankine, and Muriel Davis; Mr. Caddie Norris, Captain.

The Khaki Club had a pretty red-and-white float. Miss Maud Greenlaw, as Peace, was particularly charming, in a phaeton drawn by a white horse; Willie O'Neill, in khaki, led the horse, while little Jimmie O'Neill, as a cherub, blew a golden horn. A bevy of young girls on rose-trimmed bicycles, surrounded Peace.

Mr. Warren Stinson, as a very realistic Uncle Sam, and Mr. W. F. Kennedy, as an equally realistic Hobo, preceded the Band. The Knights of Pythias, in most fantastic costumes, occupied another float and attracted much attention. We fear we are overlooking some other prominent features of this most gorgeous and realistic pageant, but our readers must kindly bear in mind that our reporter and other members of the staff took part in the possession itself, and thus were not in a position to view the possession as a whole.

The parade, which was at least a mile in length, formed at the Market Square and proceeded up Water Street to the head of the Town and across to Montague Street, and down this to the lower end of the Town and across to Water Street to the Railway Station, where a turn was made, and thence along Water Street to the starting point.

At the Market Square a short Thanksgiving Service was conducted as indicated in the programme, closing with the National Anthem, of which two stanzas were sung. After this three hearty cheers and a tiger, were given for the King, and then the same for "Our Boys Over There." The Band then played several selections. The evening's proceedings began by the "Exit of the Kaiser," who was burnt in effigy; and so that there might be no mistake about the exit, the dethroned and fugitive fiend was burnt in effigy a second time. From eight to nine o'clock the Band gave a concert which was much appreciated by the very large crowd assembled. Unfortunately the fireworks ordered for the occasion did not arrive in time; but there were several bonfires in various parts of the Town, and the glowing illuminations of the streets, and especially the brilliant colored electric lights at the Square, made up for the lack of fireworks, which were really not missed at all.

Never before was there more enthusiastic or successful celebration in the Old Shire Town. A feature, as conspicuous as it was commendable, was the absence of speech-making. Just before the great parade started, Mr. T. A. Hartt, M. P., speaking from the band-stand, made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, but beyond that there were no speeches whatever.

No description that we can write of the day's celebration can do it ample justice, but our account of the historical event would be entirely inadequate if we failed to bestow our tribute of praise upon the Committee who had the arrangements in hand. Never has our popular M. P. worked harder or more successfully than on this occasion; and as he worked so did every other member of the Committees. They had their reward in the entire satisfaction which the proceedings gave to all who had the pleasure of witnessing them. To those who participated in the spectacular display unstinted praise is due. Visitors present who had seen parades

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Athens, Nov. 7.—A German submarine, after having torpedoed a Greek sailing ship, is said to have fired on the crew when the men tried to escape from the sinking vessel, according to an official telegram received here from Crete.

The lifeboat has been examined and found to be shattered by projectiles from the submarine's guns. This incident is interesting in view of the German denials of such actions.

—St. John, N. B., Nov. 11.—Sch. W. E. Gladstone, Capt. Murray Messenger, which left Yarmouth's fortnight ago for Grand Manan, sank off Brier Island early on Wednesday morning last, together with her cargo of 203 barrels of lobster bait for Herbert Wall. The schooner left Grand Manan early on Tuesday morning and made a good run across the Bay until late in the afternoon, when about seven miles off Brier Island she lost her rudder head. Capt. Messenger endeavored to work the disabled craft into the Passage and to a safe anchorage, but she was quite unmanageable, and as she was getting very close to the breakers the anchors were let go. Capt. Messenger then went ashore for assistance, but as there was a heavy sea running he was unable to get a boat to go to her and he was until Thursday, when he and his men started in their dory to return to the schooner. During the night, however, the schooner must have strained badly, which started a leak and before the men reached her the vessel went down. The W. E. Gladstone was built in Carleton, N. B., in 1898 and registered 19 tons. A few years ago she was purchased by Capt. Alexander Shaw of Sandford, N. S.

—London, Nov. 11.—The British battleship *Britannia* was torpedoed near the west entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, on November 9 and sank three and a half hours later, according to an Admiralty announcement to-night. Thirty-nine officers and 673 men were saved.

The *Britannia*, which had a displacement of 16,350 tons, was launched at Portsmouth on December 10, 1904. She was 453.7 feet in length, had a speed of approximately 19 knots an hour, and carried a peace-time complement of 777 men. Her main armament consisted of four 12-inch guns.

WHAT THE WAR HAS COST CANADA

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The cost of the war to Canada in money is expected to be at least eleven hundred million dollars. Up to the end of last month war accounts had actually passed through the finance department, totaling approximately \$1,046,844,000. This does not include deferred pay for soldiers in France and some large outstanding accounts. Some months will probably elapse before the actual cost of the war to the Dominion will be known after the actual declaration of peace.

Estimates now given are merely conjectural, considerable expenditure arising from the war will continue after the conclusion of peace. For the present fiscal year, expenditure of the pensions branch was estimated at approximately fifteen millions; that of the department of soldiers' civil re-establishment at twelve millions.

With the cessation of hostilities, expenditure under these heads will be reduced to its minimum, but will continue to be heavy for years to come.

and pageants in other places,—in large towns and cities on great occasions,—conferred to having seen nothing to surpass Tuesday's display in St. Andrews. We speak whereof we know when we say that in London at the Lord Mayor's Show on November 9, 1901, there were no groups that surpassed some of those in the parade in St. Andrews on November 12, 1918.

We conclude our account of a great and historical demonstration by expressing—and we are sure the whole community joins us therein—our very great appreciation of the services rendered by the Band, which did more than any other single feature to make the celebration the great success it was. With but little time to practise and several of the old members now serving overseas, Bandmaster Gillman did wonders in getting together such a number of skilled musicians, two of whom, Mr. Newton and Mr. LeRoy, are recent comers to town; and one, the veteran cornetist, Mr. G. H. Stickney, has not played in a band for years. But the perfect harmony of the Band, and the splendid selections played so freely during the afternoon and evening, gave no indication of lack of practice or of only recent combination. They played like musicians associated together, for years and in constant practice; and the townspeople were delighted to hear their own Band once more.

The Victory Loan

Should be loyally supported by every citizen.

This Bank gladly furnishes full information, and is pleased to co-operate with intending subscribers.

—THE
Bank of Nova Scotia

G. W. HABBITT
Manager
St. Andrews Branch

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,500,000
Reserve Fund 12,000,000
Resources 130,000,000

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Nov. 13.
Miss Emma Boardman has returned from a visit in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and is now at her home in Calais.

Miss Jean Flewelling, who nursed and attended the sick who suffered from the "Flue" and at last collapsed from the disease herself and has been very ill, is today reported to be slightly better, and there is every hope of her recovery.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer, Miss Bessie Grimmer, and Mrs. Herbert Everett were in St. Stephen on Monday.

Mr. C. E. Reynolds, who was formerly a resident of Calais, was a visitor in that City last week. He has since returned to his home in Brewer, Me.

Mr. Andrew Dewolfe has accepted a position in the general merchandise store of F. E. Rose, King Street, St. Stephen.

The appearance of the spacious grounds which surround the Robinson Memorial Nurse Home have been greatly improved by cutting away a number of trees and a quantity of foliage.

Mr. George Ross, of Vanceboro, has been a recent visitor to the Border Town on a business trip.

Miss Ida McCoy, who has been very ill with the prevailing epidemic, is recovering.

The Bijou theatre was opened this afternoon after being closed during the past four weeks owing to the epidemic of influenza. It is expected that churches will resume their usual services on Sunday and schools will open on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith are now residing in the pleasant tenement owned by Mr. Amos Mallory, on Union Street.

Mrs. Vincent Hane has been very ill at the Calais Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Wall are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Sunday evening, at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

Hon. and Mrs. Ashley St. Clair are guests for the winter months at the St. Croix Hotel, Calais.

Archbishop Casey, of Vancouver, is in town to spend sometime with his brothers Messrs Thomas and Patrick Casey.

Mrs. Herbert Everett, of St. Andrews, motored to St. Stephen on Monday and spent a few hours with her cousin, Miss Mowat, who is a patient at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

When the joy bells rang from the churches, and the whistles of the factories blew fiercely at 5 o'clock on Monday morning, the citizens of the Border Towns knew that it was no hoax but the truthful message had come that the war was ended. It had been understood that as soon as the news came there would be a service of Thanksgiving, and in a few minutes the streets were alive with thankful people hurrying to the corner of King and Water Streets, St. Stephen, where the service was to be held. About a thousand people assembled there, and a simple service of prayer and praise was recently held by the clergymen of St. Stephen, Rev. Dr. Goucher, Ven. Archdeacon Newham, Rev. W. W. Malcolm, Rev. H. S. B. Strothard, and Rev. Percy Cotton. At the close of the service the National Anthem was heartily sung. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a procession of decorated automobiles was formed on King Street. Automobiles from Calais, Milltown, and vicinity all joined the parade, and led by the Military Bands, proceeded to Milltown and Calais. In the evening an immense crowd gathered before the Queen Hotel, which was gaily decorated with flags and pennants and brilliantly lighted. Addresses were made from the balcony by Ven. Archdeacon Newham, Rev. W. W. Malcolm, and Archbishop Casey, of Vancouver, who is in St. Stephen visiting his old home. A special choir on the balcony rendered patriotic songs. The band played "O Canada," and a number of fine selections. At the close, the National Anthem was sung with great heartiness and vigor.

A bonfire was lighted at King Street Square, and fireworks were set off at the Public Landing. Although the air was frosty and cold, yet the people lingered late on the streets, so filled with joy they hated to leave the scene of rejoicing. Calais also celebrated the glorious news with ringing of bells, whistles blowing during the whole day. The day was given up to rejoicing. Thanksgiving services were held in the churches. The city was gaily decorated with flags.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Nov. 14.
Several cases of Spanish Flu have been reported in town this week. They are of a mild type.

Friends of Elmer McLaughlin, son of Squire P. McLaughlin, will rejoice in hearing of his promotion on the battle field recently. Lieutenant McLaughlin was given a Captaincy. That the promotion was won on the battle front is highly creditable to the young man. He was given his first commission in the Military School at Halifax and in the early days of the war volunteered for imperial service, going to England with a number of other young Canadians. He was slightly wounded at Vimy Ridge and suffered

from trench fever. Captain McLaughlin was for several years manager of the Western Union office in St. John, and while there studied law, receiving his lawyer's papers shortly before enlisting.

The town has been in gay attire this week and in common with all the foes of Hunism, right royally celebrated the downfall of Kaiserism. Very early Monday morning the horn of the small boy announced the glad tidings, and the ringing of the church bells was proof that the expected had happened and the war over. During the morning the bells continued ringing, whistles blew, and the boys made all the noise possible. At three o'clock a thanksgiving service was held on the Square. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung by the church choirs. The Lord's Prayer was recited by Rev. Mr. Spencer and benediction prayer by Rev. Mr. DeWolfe. Mayor McGrattan read the proclamation issued by the Governor and a telegram from the Mayor of Eastport inviting the citizens to Eastport to aid them in their rejoicings. The band then gave a concert. A bonfire kept the crowds warm after supper, and it was midnight ere the sound of the horns and the cheering ceased. Flags were everywhere and many houses were brilliantly illuminated. Automobiles from every section of Eastern Charlotte brought a host of people to aid in the celebration and the day will live long in the memory of all present.

Mr. George Marshall, Sr., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Winslow, in St. John.

A number of automobile parties went to the city on Tuesday to help the winter port citizens celebrate.

Miss Beatrice Murphy, who has been in charge of the millinery department at James O'Neill's, left on Thursday for her home in St. John.

Walter H. Maxwell has sold his stock and goods to James Jameison, who will continue the business on Carleton Street.

"You don't mean to say, sah, that Col. Carter, of Kentucky, has joined the ranks of prohibition?" "Yes, sah, I saw him, sah, only the other day, taking his whiskey with water."—*Life*.

"How did you get your start in politics?" "I wanted to reform everything that came my way," replied Senator Sorghum. "And I attracted the attention of a practical politician who just then happened to need an industrious young reformer in his business."—*Washington Star*.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Russell arrived

last week from Buffalo, N. Y., and will spend a few weeks in their old home town. They are guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Alexander.

Mrs. Dawes Gillmor leaves this week for Quebec, where she will join her husband, Capt. Dawes Gillmor.

Edwin Hibbard, recently back from Overseas, is visiting in Fredericton.

Mr. George Marshall, Sr., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Winslow, in St. John.

A number of automobile parties went to the city on Tuesday to help the winter port citizens celebrate.

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Use more soup

Put in plenty of vegetables and rice or barley. Even with poor stock delicious soups can be made by adding a dash of

BOVRIL

"I shall never forget the thunders of his oratory!" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "But his oratory wasn't illuminating, and it didn't hit any point in particular." "What he needed was less thunder and more lightning."—*Washington Star*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

CAMPOBELLO

Nov. 11.
The sick are all reported as better, yet the public gatherings are still prohibited.

Mrs. Sidney Harvey recently returned from Fredericton.

Mrs. Lydia Lank returned last week from Bayside, where she had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mowat.

Miss Reta Allingham returned to her duties at the Massachusetts Hospital recently.

Mr. Chester Allingham returned here on Monday from a trip of two weeks to Boston, Mass.

Those who were passengers last week to the States, where they will be employed during the coming winter, were the Misses Udavilla Calder, Marguerite Calder, and Rebecca North.

LEONARDVILLE, D. I.

Nov. 13.
Messrs. Winslow and Basil Richardson, James Rogerson, and Daniel Cameron, left last week for the "Sunny South."

Mrs. Clarence Richardson and children, of Richardson, are visiting her former home here.

Miss Myrtle Conley returned home on Tuesday after an extended visit with relatives at Stuart Town.

Mrs. Matthew Mitchell, of Stuart Town, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Doughty.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Cline returned to their home here on Saturday, after spending the summer at Robinson, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Matthews, Mrs. Roland Leslie, and Mr. Otis Cline were called to Letite on Friday last to attend the obsequies of the late Warren Matthews. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones.

Mrs. Lincoln Stuart visited her sister, Mrs. Matthew Mitchell, of Stuart Town, last week.

LORD'S COVE, D. I.

Nov. 13.
Capt. Frank Pendleton, Jr., who has been ill for the past two weeks, is improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Parker are spending a few days in Calais Me.

Mrs. Winnie Hartford is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy, Sumner Stuart Hartford.

Mrs. Audley Richardson and children are visiting Mrs. G. I. Stuart this week.

Mr. Thos. Black moved his family on Friday, from Black's Harbor, where he spent the summer.

Our community was deeply saddened this morning when it was learned that Mr. Colin Herson had passed peacefully to his rest, Nov. 13.

Mr. J. S. Lord, of St. Stephen, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lord, for a few days.

Mr. James S. Stuart and Mr. Simeon Lord left for the logging woods in St. George on Monday morning.

Mrs. Burpee Wilson and baby, of Leonardville, visited her mother, Mrs. George I. Stuart, on Friday.

CUMMINGS' COVE, D. I.

Nov. 12.
Mrs. Percy Conley and her children, of Leonardville, spent last week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chaffey.

Miss Alma Chaffey, of Eastport, spent Saturday at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simpson, of Lord's

Cove, took a trip to St. Stephen on Thursday by str. *Grand Manan*.

Miss Mildred Cummings is spending this week in Eastport, with her brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Bartheaux, of Portland, Me., visited their relatives here last week. They made the trip by auto.

Miss J. K. Fountain invited a number of friends to a quilting party on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Fremont McNeill and Mrs. Will McNeill also gave a quilting party recently to their friends.

Mrs. James Hurley spent Friday with Mrs. W. Hatheway Fountain.

The many friends of King Simpson are pleased to see him at home again and able to resume his old position on the Deer Island Mail Route.

OAK BAY N. B.

Nov. 9.
Melvin Wilson, Ralph Hill, Howard Davis, and Fred and George McCartie have gone to work in the lumber woods.

H. Howard Hill, who has been working for Duncan Smith, has returned to his home here.

The turnip crop of this place is reported very poor. One of the farmers is selling his out of the field for feed, on account of their being rotten-hearted.

Mrs. Alden Murray and her two little daughters, Vivian and Dorothy, have gone to Elmsville to spend a few weeks' vacation with her Aunt, Mrs. MacCallum.

The many friends of Mrs. Wm. Nixon are sorry to hear of her recent illness, and hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. Hugh Hill made a business trip to town on Friday last.

Miss Florence Murray is up to Moore's Mills, visiting her grandmother.

Master Kenneth Murray has gone to Moore's Mills to visit his father, who is working in his lumber camp.

Mr. John Murray is working in the lumber woods with his brother, Alden.

People here are getting their grain threshed.

BEAVER HARBOR, N. B.

Nov. 12.
A sad accident occurred at the home of Peter Stuart on Saturday last, when his four-year old boy in some way got a rifle and shot himself through the body. He only lived about a quarter of an hour. Mr. Stuart, who lives on the eastern side of the harbor, took his horse on Saturday and came around to the village on business. While he was away the sad accident happened. Only a short time ago the oldest of the family, a young man, died with consumption. The mother, who was ill with influenza, died from the shock and was buried with her son. A large family of children was left motherless. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Stuart in his great trouble.

There are no cases of Spanish grip here at present.

Maurice Eldridge, a few days ago, killed a spring pig which tipped the scales at 300 pounds.

Very good catches of line fish are being taken of late.

Mrs. Melvin Eldridge and Mrs. Robert Barry were in St. John one day of the past week.

Misses Lorena Akerley and Lula Scott, of Pennfield, were guests of Mrs. Harry Barry during the week.

Private Milford Eldridge spent ten-days' leave at his home here, and now has returned to Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Eldridge are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl.

BREEDER'S CONSIGNMENT SALE OF PURE BRED LIVE STOCK

Horses Shorthorns Ayrshires Holsteins Sheep Pigs Poultry
FREDERICTON - Exhibition Grounds - THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21st.
SALE COMMENCES AT 10 A. M.

The Provincial Department of Agriculture and the live stock breeders of the province have arranged, under regulations in use throughout Canada, to hold a consignment sale, in order to allow purchasers a much wider choice when selecting, and also to give the breeders an opportunity to dispose of their surplus stock.

This is an excellent opportunity to inspect before you buy. The stock will be ready for inspection on the afternoon of November 20th. Do not fail to look them over. Agricultural Societies should arrange to have a representative at this sale, with full power to purchase. Any who wish to purchase and cannot attend, may communicate with the Department of Agriculture, and Thos. Hetherington, Live Stock Superintendent, will purchase according to directions. In such cases, except with Agricultural Societies, cash must accompany the order.

Animals Owned by the Following Men Will be Sold:—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| R. A. Snowball, Chatham. | Walter Allison, St. John. |
| L. M. Anderson, Sackville. | Harding Bros., Welsford. |
| John A. Hughes, Petitcodiac. | Fowler Bros., Welsford. |
| McIntyre Bros., Sussex. | Alphonso Kelly, Fredericton. |
| Dr. J. E. Hetherington, Codys. | H. C. Jewett, Fredericton, and several others. |

Animals from the herds owned by these men have carried off the prizes at the leading Maritime Shows for years.

Pure Bred Poultry

Over 100 cockerels from selected bred-to-lay strains will be at the grounds and will be offered at \$2.50 cash, f. o. b. Fredericton. These birds are from the best flocks in Eastern America.

Railway Rates

One and one-third return fares for ten or more can be had from any station. Arrange to come in parties of ten; return can be made singly.

Terms of sale outlined in catalogue. Catalogue or any further information can be had from
N. B. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
Fredericton, N. B.

The Bank will trust you

Perhaps you never had an account in a bank—maybe you've never done business in a bank—hardly even cashed a cheque in one. But—

that is no reason why you cannot go to a bank and borrow money to buy Victory Bonds.

If you are a steady, industrious, thrifty citizen, working and saving a part of your income, you are just the kind of person Canada's chartered banks stand ready to help to-day.

Any bank will lend you as much money as you can save during the next twelve months with which to buy Victory Bonds.

All you have to do is to pay ten per cent. of the amount you want to buy and deposit the receipt for that ten per cent. in the bank.

The bank will lend you the 90 per cent. balance at 5½ per cent. interest and will give you a year to repay it, the interest you get on your bond being just the same as the bank charges you.

This is a fine opportunity for you to begin a real savings account, to make a first class investment and to help your country at the same time.

Why not see a banker to-day—he will tell you all about it and you will be glad of the advice and help he can give you.

Borrow and Buy Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

Par

JOSEPH

Copyright.
"Go home Bradley, com Winfield ha route already propose to do from tried to a safe distance "Oh, what s "Recess is 'me els finds him happen!"

Bradley mad the latter star room. At len the "boys" do Finally, being doors shut an he dashed int between the de wood box.

"Now," said watch that he crawl in after there's Mr. Dan The cowhide were heard on desperation, sh the imprisoned stepped to the gave it a pull. ed with a singl began to pour u "We will com the teacher. G white as the w "First class l Daniels, and th a long, dismal is arithmetic st looked agnost. two exceptions, exceptions trem "Ow-wow-wow closet. Mr. Da floor and opene "Whose dog l sternly.

No one answe "Come out of teacher savagel the wood box at Winfield by th tossed him into is this?" he rep Most of the se it was, but none "I asked a qui master. "Who i in the closet?"

Bradley looke sprator. Then h did," he said. "Mr. Daniels' n price. New pup gin in this way. "You did?" he "Yes, str. He into the room w we—I tried to wouldn't go."

"So you shut h liant youth! As here, I suppose l and believe it w If it had been a ars I should hav 'em. I am surp treat your little titter from the se mer. You may p

It was easy to not so easy to do at the crowd, bac ley approached. "Come here, W his face a bright gitted at the na "Winfield?" re "Why that name. "I—I don't kno "You don't kno "No, sir." And happy thought. General Hancock, General Winfie his role of states in the public eye Mr. Daniels hos suspected the dog he wasn't sure an was afraid of ma "Well, put the snarled, and the

A New York ma was convicted of he must have be the pen and the s

If Dreadnough larger not only w have to be widene will have to be de

A Frenchman h to test the energy. ing better than an nile on a Saturday

Now that the ky neared, some one the same idea to c times in special tu

A Kidney

Kidney trouble caused by bad which overtake eliminate the formed. Help properly dige taking 15 to 30 of Roots, sold Carative Syrup, disorder will appear. Get t

Partners of the Tide

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN
Author of "Cap'n Ezra"

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

"Go home, Winfield," commanded Bradley, coming to the rescue. Winfield had gone home by the shed route already that morning and didn't propose to do it again. When his mistress tried to catch him he retreated to a safe distance and wagged his tail. "Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Gus. "Recess is 'most over, and if Mr. Daniels finds him here I don't know what'll happen!"

Bradley made a dash at the dog, and the latter started on the run about the room. At length they drove him out the "boys' door" at the other side. Finally, being penned in with both doors shut and thoroughly frightened, he dashed into the closet which was between the doors, and hid behind the wood box.

"Now," said Gus exultantly, "you watch that he don't get out, and I'll crawl in after him. Oh, my goodness, there's Mr. Daniels comin' now!" The cowhide boots of the teacher were heard on the stairs. Bradley, in desperation, shut the closet door upon the imprisoned Winfield. Mr. Daniels stepped to the rope in the entry and gave it a pull. The bell above responded with a single note, and the scholars began to pour up the stairs.

"We will come to order," commanded the teacher. Bradley, glancing across the aisle at Gus, saw that she was as white as the whitewashed wall.

"First class in arithmetic," said Mr. Daniels, and then from the closet came a long, dismal whine. The first class in arithmetic stopped in its tracks and looked aghast. The whole school, with two exceptions, picked up its ears. The exceptions trembled.

"Ow-wow-wow!" came from the closet. Mr. Daniels strode across the floor and opened the door.

"Whose dog is this?" he demanded sternly.

No one answered. "Come out of that!" commanded the teacher savagely. He reached behind the wood box and, seizing the cowering Winfield by the scruff of the neck, tossed him into the room. "Whose dog is this?" he repeated.

Most of the scholars knew whose dog it was, but none of them told. "I asked a question!" thundered the master. "Who put that—that creature in the closet?"

Bradley looked at his fellow conspirator. Then he held up his hand. "I did," he said.

Mr. Daniels' mouth opened in surprise. New pupils did not usually begin in this way.

"You did?" he gasped. "Yes, sir. He fol—I mean he came into the room when 'twas recess, and we—I tried to put him out, and he wouldn't go."

"So you shut him in the closet. Brilliant youth! As this is your first day here, I suppose I must stretch a point and believe it was not done on purpose. If it had been any other of the scholars I should have made an example of 'em. I am surprised that you should treat your little brother (appreciative titter from the school) "in such a manner. You may put him out."

It was easy enough to command, but not so easy to do. The dog, frightened at the crowd, backed away when Bradley approached.

"Come here, Winfield," said the boy, his face a bright crimson. The school giggled at the name.

"Winfield?" repeated Mr. Daniels. "Why that name, if you please?"

"I-I don't know, sir."

"No, sir." And then the boy had a happy thought. "He's named after General Hancock, I guess."

General Winfield Scott Hancock, in his role of statesman, was very much in the public eye just at this time. Mr. Daniels hesitated. He more than suspected the dog's real name, but he wasn't sure and, being a weak man, was afraid of making a mistake.

"Well, put the creature out!" he snarled, and then, losing his temper

A New York man accused of murder was convicted of forgery. Evidently he must have been clever both with the pen and the sword.

If Dreadnoughts are built much larger not only will the Panama canal have to be widened out, but the oceans will have to be deepened.

A Frenchman has invented a device to beat the energy. But we know nothing better than an old-fashioned woodpile on a Saturday afternoon.

Now that the gyroscope auto has appeared, some one should try to apply the same idea to chauffeurs who are at times in special need of stabilizers.

A Kidney Remedy

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

and aiming a kick at the dog, he commanded, "Get out, you brute!" That kick was a mistake. Winfield wasn't used to kicks, and this one scattered his doggy senses completely. He started on a panicky, yelping flight, hotly pursued by Bradley. Down the aisle by the "boys' side," across the back of the room among the feet of the "first class in arithmetic," and up the aisle by the "girls' side" sped the chase. At the end of the second lap the entire school was in an uproar. Mr. Daniels, white with rage, took a hand in the pursuit, and his efforts and those of two or three more volunteers only made matters worse.

At length the dog, hemmed in on both sides, hesitated in the middle of the broad aisle. Suddenly he darted toward the closet once more. Mr. Daniels leaped to intercept him, tripped, struck the stool upon which the bucket of drinking water was placed and sprawled upon the floor in the center of a miniature flood, while Winfield, leaping over him, darted through the entry and down the stairs, a shrieking maniac.

The dripping Mr. Daniels was physically cool, but mentally very warm indeed. "Checks" were distributed with liberality and two boys were "feruled" before 12 o'clock came. One of these sufferers was Bradley's seat mate, Sam Hammond.

Bradley went home alone. When the old maids asked him innumerable questions concerning how he "got along" at school he simply answered, "All right" and gave no details. Miss Tempy was somewhat worried at his silence and confided to her sister the fear that he had been "studin' too hard." "All our people have been dreadful keen students," she said.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when the boy re-entered the school yard. As he did so a shout went up from a group near the fence.

"Here he is!" yelled one of the older boys. "Here's your beau, Gus. He won't let 'em plague his girl, you bet!" "No," shouted Sam Hammond. "Gus's all right now, ain't she? He'll take care of her."

"Gusty had a little dog; its fleeces was black, a crow!" "You shut up!" screamed Gus, breaking from the circle and stamping her foot savagely. Her face was red, and there were tears in her eyes.

"It followed her to school one day," continued the tormentor. "What's the matter, Gus?" asked Bradley, coming up.

"Haw, haw!" laughed Sam gleefully. "I told you so. Bradley'll take care of her."

"Bradley Nickerson, so they say, goes a-courtin' night and day; sword and pistol by his side, and Gusty Baker'll be his bride."

"What's the matter, Gus?" he added mockingly.

"What is the matter?" repeated Bradley.

"None of your business!" snapped Gus, who was in no mood to be friendly with any one. "You jest wait, Sam Hammond! I'll fix you! Got whipped in school! Ha, ha! Cry baby!" And she gave an exaggerated imitation of her enemy's facial contortions during the "feruling" that morning.

"Come on, Gus," interposed Clara Hopkins. "He isn't worth talkin' to. Come on, I've got somethin' to show you."

Gus reluctantly suffered herself to be led away amid the derisive hootings of Sam and his friends.

"Ain't you goin' with her?" asked Sam provokingly. "She wants her



Mr. Daniels tripped. Braddy, so's to take care of her if Winfield comes to school again."

Bradley's temper was slow to rise, but it was rising now.

"Who are you talkin' to?" he demanded.

"You. Who do you s'pose?" "Well, you'd better s'pose up."

"I had 's'pose I don't want to?" "Then I'll make you—that's what!" "You will?" "Yes, I will."

"You ain't the size. Takes a man, not a monkey."

"I'll show you whether I'm the size or not."

"You will?" "Aw, gee!" said one of the bigger boys. "I wouldn't take that from no Wellmouth kid, if I was you, Sam."

"I'll make you snivel worse 'n you did in school this mornin'."

"Well, Sam," exclaimed a spectator in huge disgust, "fore I'd take that!"

The Hammond boy did not really want to fight, but thus goaded, he pushed both hands. The next instant both youngsters were clasped tightly together, gripping each other about the neck and wrestling savagely. In a moment they fell with a thump and rolled over and over, pounding, kicking and scratching. The snow flew, and the crowd whooped and pushed and strained to see better.

Then there was a rush, a frightened scurry, and both combatants were pulled apart and jerked to their feet, while Mr. Daniels, holding each by the coat collar, glared down upon them. "You may come with me," he said, with chilling calmness.

The scene in the school room that followed was brief, but exciting. Bradley held out his hand and bit his lip stubbornly while the ferule descended—once, twice, twelve times.

"There," said the teacher. "Now, you may take your seat. For a new scholar you begin extremely well."

Now, Hammond hand having received his share of beating and his owner also sent to his seat. Mr. Daniels said: "Both of you will lose your afternoon recess. I shall also give each of you a note, telling of your punishment, to take home."

At half past 4 that afternoon Bradley, with the note tightly clasped in his hand, walked dully up the walk to the Allen back door. The thought that he had disgraced himself forever in the eyes of his protectors burned like a fire under his new cap; also there was a bitter feeling that Gus, the cause of all his trouble, had not been near him to console or ask pardon.

It was typical of the boy that he had not thought of destroying the note. He handed it to Miss Prissy the moment he opened the door. She read it and sat heavily down in the chintz rocker.

"My soul and body!" she wailed. "Tempy Allen, come here this minute! Here, for mercy's sake, read this!"

Miss Tempy's agitation was even more marked than that of her sister. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, waving the condemning sheet of paper like a distress signal. "How could you? How could you? I don't believe a relation of the Allens was ever whipped in school before. What shall we do, Prissy? And his first day too!"

Bradley, with direful thoughts of self destruction in his mind, twisted his new cap into a ball, and said nothing. "He says you were fightin' and there was somethin' else," said Miss Prissy. "Tell the whole story now—every word."

The boy began slowly. He told of shutting the dog in the closet, but was interrupted by the older sister, who demanded to know whose dog it was.

"Whose was it?" she asked. "Why don't you answer? Don't you know?" "Yes'm."

"Then whose was it?" Bradley shifted his feet uneasily on the mat.

"I ain't goin' to tell," he muttered sullenly. "Ain't goin' to tell? Why, I nev—"

She was interrupted. The door behind Bradley flew open, and Gus appeared, fearful, but determined.

"Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy," she began, "don't you scold Bradley—don't you now, a bit! It was all my fault, every mite of it. Oh, dear, dear!"

And, with sobs and amid the ejaculations of the astonished sisters, she told the whole story, omitting nothing and sparing herself not the least. When the recital was finished Miss Prissy was the first to comment upon it.

"Well," she exclaimed, "this is the most I never did—There, Tempy, if this ain't a lesson in keepin' bad company, then I don't know, Augusty, you'd better go home, I think."

Gus looked at Bradley appealingly, then at the sisters, and, with another burst of sobs, flung herself out of the door and slammed it behind her.

"That awful dog girl!" sputtered Miss Tempy. "I knew what she was from the time she spooled this very floor with her dreadful critters. Bradley Nickerson, don't you ever speak to her again. Now promise."

But that promise the boy would not make, although the argument lasted for an hour and ended in his being sent to his room without his supper.

"It looks to me," said Miss Prissy that night, "if we'd got 'bout as much on our hands as you and me could handle, Tempy."

"It certainly does," agreed her sister nervously. "I think it's our duty to ask Cap'n Titcomb's advice right off."

CHAPTER IV. WHEN the captain called, which he did the next forenoon, the tale of Bradley's eventful first day at school was told him in all its harrowing completeness.

Miss Prissy, by previous agreement, acted as story teller, and Miss Tempy was a sort of chorus, breaking in every few moments to supply a neglected detail or comment on a particular feature.

"That's noisy and a tomboy," said Miss Prissy decidedly.

"Yes," said Miss Tempy; "and she likes those dreadful dogs."

"Um—hum," answered their visitor, with unimpeachable seriousness. "Of course that's a terrible drag, but maybe she'll cut 'em adrift when she gets older."

"Well, we don't like her," said Miss Prissy, with decision. "And we wish you'd speak to Bradley about it. You put a lot of dependence in your judgment, Cap'n Titcomb."

"So do I," said Miss Tempy quickly; "jest as much as Prissy does. I believe in you absolutely, Cap'n Ezra."

"Yes, yes, of course," hurriedly replied the captain. "Well, I'll speak to the boy by and by and see what I can do."

"Brad," he said, as they came out of the Allen gate after dinner, "what's this I hear 'bout you gittin' the rope's end yesterday? Never mind spinnin' the whole yarn. I callate I've heard the most of it. You and the Hammond boy had a scrimmage, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Bradley doggedly. "Hum! Think you'd have licked him if the skipper hadn't took a hand?"

Bradley looked up at his questioner, saw the twinkle in his eye and answered with a sheepish grin: "Don't know. Guess I'd have tried mighty hard."

The captain roared. "I presume likely you would," he chuckled. "I understand you've sort of took that little Baker craft next door in tow. She seems like a smart girl. Do you like her?"

"Yes, sir."

"I judge Prissy and Tempy wouldn't enter her for the cup. Now, Brad, mind I ain't coaxin' you to go back on a friend, but the old mat—that is, your ladies at home, have set out to make a man of you. They're your owners, and you're expected to sail 'cordin' to their orders. If there's one thing that I've always stuck to it's 'Obey orders or break owners.' Sometimes owners' orders don't jibe exactly with your own ideas, but never mind—they pay the wages, see?"

"She's a good girl," said the boy stoutly. "She came in and took my part when she didn't have to, and I like her. And I won't promise not to speak to her, neither."

The captain looked down at the lad's square jaw and whistled.

"Well," he said, "I don't believe you need to promise, but don't whoop too loud about it. Run as close to the wind as you can, and don't carry all sail in a two reef breeze jest to show you ain't afraid to. Catch my drift?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bradley, rather doubtfully. "You mean be chums with the girl, but don't tell Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy about it."

"No-o," Captain Ezra looked somewhat put out by the literal interpretation. "That ain't jest it. Be—well, be easy, and—Oh, thunder! Let it go at that. I guess you know what I mean. How do you think you're goin' to like your school?"

Bradley answered, "Pretty well, I guess, when I get more used to it"; but, although he did not say so, he was certain that it would take some time to get used to it.

As a matter of fact, however, that very lively first day was the only serious trouble he had during the entire term. He was quick to learn and so found little difficulty with his studies and advanced as rapidly as other boys of his age. As for his behavior, it was no worse than that of any other healthy youngster. At the end of the year he was "promoted"—that is, he was no longer a member of the fourth class, but instead proudly left his seat when the third was called.

Gus was "promoted" also, much to the surprise of the "old maids," who could not believe there was any good in the "dog girl." They gradually ceased to urge the boy not to have anything to do with her, for the very good reason that in this matter their urging was of no avail. They grew to understand their coil better as the months passed, and they learned just how tight a rein was advisable to draw.

Bradley also grew to understand the sisters. He discovered that Miss Prissy was the business woman and that she paid all the bills, bought all the household supplies and did it without consulting Miss Tempy, whom she treated as a sort of doll with a mechanism that must not be jarred.

Bradley made friends among the village boys and did not make any virulent enemies. He had his interrupted fight "out" with Sam Hammond and emerged a conqueror with a black eye and a swollen nose, which were the cause of his being in disgrace at home for a week. Also he joined the "Jolly club," a secret society that met on Saturday afternoons in "Snuppy" Black's barn.

During the long summer vacation

there were chores to do, but there was also all sorts of fun along shore, digging clams on the flats, spearing flat fish along the edge of the channels or rare and much prized trips to the fish weirs where the nets were hauled. Captain Titcomb came home in August for an intended stay of two weeks, and he made the boy happy by taking him for an all day sail and blue fishing excursion off Setucket Point.

That fishing trip had unexpected and fateful results. The captain had called on Miss Prissy and her sister the morning of his arrival in Orham and, as was his custom, had brought each of them a present—exactly alike, of course. He had promised to dine at the Allen house the following Sunday. But it happened that Peleg Myrick wanted to make one of his infrequent visits to the mainland that week, and he seized the opportunity to hail the captain, as it passed his quahaug boat, on his way for a passage up.

Mr. Peleg Myrick was a hermit. He lived alone in a little two room shanty on the beach about half a mile from Setucket Point. He owned a conceited dog that squeaked and wailed and a Mexican dog—gift of a wrecked skipper—that shivered all the time and howled when the concertina was played. Peleg was certain that the howling was an attempt at singing and boasted that "Skeezicks—that was the dog's name—had an 'ear for music jest like a human."

Among his other accomplishments Mr. Myrick numbered that of weather prophet. He boasted that he could "smell a storm further 'n a cat can smell fish." It was odd, but he really did seem able to foretell or guess what the weather would be along the Orham coast, and the longshoremen swore by his prophecies.

He was a great talker when he had any one to talk to and was a gossip whose news items were usually about three months old. Captain Ezra appreciated odd characters, and he welcomed the chance to get a little fun out of Peleg.

"Well, Peleg," said the captain as the catboat stood about on the first leg of the homeward stretch, "what's the news down the beach? Any of the sand fleas got married lately?"

"Don't ask me for no news, Cap'n Ezra," replied Mr. Myrick. "You're the feller to have news. You ain't married wit, he you?"

"No, not yet. I'm waitin' to see which girl you pick out; then I'll see what's left."

"Well, I ain't foolin'. I thought you might be married by now. Last time I was up to the village—long in June, 'twas—I see Miss Busted, and she said 'twas common talk that you was courtin' one of the old maids."

Captain Titcomb scowled and looked uneasily at his passenger.

"She'd, hey?" he grunted.

"Yes. I told her I didn't take no stock in that. 'Cap'n Ezra, I says, 'have courtin' too many times since I can remember,' I says. 'One time 'twas Mary Emma Cahoon, 'nother time 'twas Seth Wingate's sister's gal, then ag'in 'twas—'"

"All right! All right!" broke in the captain, glancing hurriedly at Bradley. "Never mind that. How's the quahauger nowadays? Gittin' a fair price?"

"Pretty fair," replied Peleg. Then, with the persistency of the born gossip, not to be so easily diverted from his subject, he went on: "I told M'Issy that, but she said there wan't scarcely a 'doubt that you meant business this time. Said you fetched presents every fine you come home. Said the only doubt in folks' minds was whether 'twas Prissy or Tempy you was after. Said she was sure you was after one on 'em, 'cause she as much as asked 'em one time when she was at their house, and they didn't deny it."

Mr. Myrick talked steadily on this and other subjects all the way to the wharf, but Captain Ezra was silent and thoughtful. He shook hands with Bradley at the gate of the Traveler's Rest and said goodby in an absent-minded way.

"I s'pose you'll be 'round to dinner Sunday, Cap'n Ezra?" said the boy.

"Hey? Sunday? Well, I don't know. It might be that I shall be called back to the schooner sooner than I expect. Can't tell."

Sure enough, the next day the sisters received a note from their expected guest saying that he was obliged to leave at once for Portland and could not, therefore, be with them on Sunday. The ladies were disappointed, but thought nothing more of the matter at the time. It was nearly six months before the captain visited Orham again, and during this visit he did not come near the big house. He waylaid Bradley, however, asked him all about himself, how he was getting on at school and the like, but when the boy asked if he, the captain, wasn't 'comin' 'round to see the folks pretty soon" the answer was vague and unsatisfactory.

"Why, I-I don't know's I'll have time," was the reply. "I'm pretty busy, and—Give 'em my regards, will you, Brad? I've got to be runnin' on now. So long."

It was the same during the next "shore leave," the following November. Captain Titcomb saw Bradley several times, gave him a six bladed jackknife and took him for a drive over to the big cranberry swamp owned by the Ostable company, but he did not call on the old maids.

Three more years of school and vacations, with "chores" and sailing and cranberry picking, followed. Bradley was sixteen. His voice, having passed through the sneaky "changing" period, now gave evidence of becoming what Miss Tempy called a "beautiful double bass, jest like fathers." He was large for his age, and his shoulders were square. He was more par-

ticular about his clothes now, and his neckties were no longer selected by Miss Tempy. To be seen with girls was not so "sissified" in his mind as it used to be, but he still stuck to Gus, and she was his "first choice" at parties, and he saw her home from prayer meeting occasionally.

As for the "dog girl" herself, she, too, paid more attention to clothes, and her pets—though still numerous and just as respectable in appearance—were made to behave with more decorum. Her hair was carefully braided now, her dresses came down to her boot tops, and Miss Tempy grudgingly admitted that "it 'twas anybody else, I should say she was likely to be good lookin' when she grows up."

The "last day" came, and Bradley and Gus were to graduate. In Orham there is no graduation day. The eventual ending of the winter term is the "last day," and all the parents and relatives, together with the school committee and the clergymen, visit the school to sit stiffly on the settees and witness the ceremonies.

That evening after the "last day" exercises at school Bradley sat at home reading in the dining room. Miss Tempy, in the sitting room, was going over, for the fortieth time since it was written, the wonderful argument in favor of a "republican form of government," which Bradley had composed and had read at the school that day. As her sister entered the room she dropped the roll of paper in her lap and said solemnly:

"Prissy Allen, it's my belief that when that boy first came here and I said that I wanted him to go to college and be a minister I was inspired. I declare I do! I've just been readin' that piece of his again, and it beats any sermon I ever heard."

Miss Prissy seated herself in a rocker and looked solemnly at her sister. For a minute she gazed without speaking. Then suddenly, as if she had made up her mind, she rose, gave the dining room door a swing that would have shut it completely had not the corner of a mat interfered, and, coming back

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Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holt have moved in town from their summer home at Bocabe.

Mrs. T. E. Sharp has gone to New York to remain several months.

Pte. Larsen returned to the Military Hospital in Fredericton on Tuesday.

Mrs. Scott, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Atherton Smith, has returned to her home in Riviere du Loup.

Miss Nellie Mowat is a patient in the Chipman Memorial Hospital, St. Stephen.

Mrs. Wm. Burton, of St. Stephen, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. George Byron was in Eastport on Monday to assist in the celebration.

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

Miss Evvie Brennan has returned to Elizabeth, N. J.

Miss Marjorie Clarke has been spending a few days at her home here.

Mr. David Rankine, of Chamcook, celebrated his 102nd birthday on Tuesday. He is very bright and active for his age, and can remember distinctly the Crimean War, and talks about its battles. He was able to be in town on Tuesday and ride in the parade.

Mr. Frank W. Wentworth, of Fair Haven, Deer Island, was in town on Wednesday to attend the funeral of his father-in-law, the late Mr. Florence O'Halloran.

Miss Mary Short and the Messrs. Frank, George, and Fred Short, of St. Stephen, attended the funeral of their late uncle, Mr. F. O'Halloran.

Sir Thomas Tait arrived from Montreal on Monday's train and left on Tuesday evening. While in town he was a guest at Elm Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Freshwater left on Tuesday for Coconut Grove, Florida, to spend the winter.

Mr. Alfred Morrissey, of St. John, was in town on Saturday last.

Mrs. James Fraser, of St. John, is visiting her father, Mr. W. J. Halliday.

Mr. J. F. Calder, Fisheries Inspector, of Campbell, was in town this week.

Miss Georgie Ross has returned from a visit in Bayside.

Lady Van Horne and Miss Van Horne have closed Covenhoven for the winter, and left for Montreal in a private car on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Joe. Gibson has returned home from Halifax, where he has been employed for some time.

Mrs. L. Hivon and infant daughter have returned home from St. Stephen.

The many friends of Mr. John Ross are glad to hear he is greatly improved after his serious illness.

Mr. Townshend Ross has gone to Boston for the winter.

Capt. Slater, of the schooner, Nellie walked off the Market Wharf one evening last week. His head was cut badly, but he was sufficiently recovered to sail on Tuesday.

Miss Amelia Kennedy has gone to McAdam.

Mr. John Russell walked through the opening in the loft of his barn and fell to the ground floor. He was unconscious for a while. He is now improving.

Mrs. Townshend Ross, who had a paralytic stroke last week, was taken to the Chipman Hospital on Tuesday.

Mrs. Day, of St. John, spent a couple of days with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Hare.

VICTORY LOAN

There is no mistake in the designation of the Government Loan now being taken up by the Canadian people. It is in every sense a "Victory" Loan, and those who participate in it do their part in securing and perpetuating the victory which has been won in freedom's cause.

St. Andrews and vicinity, as everyone knew would be the case, has done its part nobly. Up to Thursday evening the subscriptions in this section amounted to \$107,600. But it is hoped that a much higher total will be reached. This is the last day for the sale of the Bonds, the last opportunity to participate in the great patriotic financial transaction. If there is a single person who has not subscribed for a Bond, who has the money to buy one, let him do so to-day and ever afterwards have the satisfaction that he has done a patriotic act, and has made a safe, sound, and profitable investment as well.

THANKS

A meeting of the chairmen of the committee's which had charge of the Celebration of the Armistice and ending of the war on Tuesday last, was held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening. A resolution was unanimously passed thanking all for their personal effort and work in making the celebration such a grand success, and one that will always be remembered.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Local and General

King Street Theatre will re-open for picture programme this Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15 and 16.

Greenock Church, November 17: Thanksgiving Service 11; Sunday School 2:30; Evening Service 7.

A Thanksgiving Service will be held in All Saints Church on Sunday morning.

A Memorial Service will be held in All Saints Church on Sunday evening.

A brief Thanksgiving Service was at 10 a. m. Tuesday morning in Greenock Church, by the minister, Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc. At the same Rev. David S. O'Keefe held a like service in the Church of St. Andrew. Both services were well attended.

The members of the Khaki Club gave a most successful play, "Brass Buttons," and a dance in Andraeleo Hall on Thursday evening.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. Thomas Burton and Family wish to thank all those who so kindly assisted them in their recent bereavement.

VICTORY LOAN

As we go to press we have been informed over the telephone by Senator Todd that Charlotte County has already subscribed its allotted portion of the Victory Loan, \$1,100,000, and has consequently won the Honor Flag. This will be brought to St. Andrews to-day and flown from the Court House flagstaff.

MARRIED

CLINE-MINGO—At Fairhaven, D. I., on Nov. 9th, by Rev. J. R. Egan, Mr. Audley Cline and Miss Marjorie Mingo were united in marriage. They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

MILLER-LOWERY—Married at the Rectory, Nov. 13, 1918, by the Rev. Geo. H. Elliot, Clarence Peter Miller, of St. George, and Effie May Lowery, of Bocabe.

OBITUARY

CAPT. HARRY DUNLOP

Official notification has been received that Capt. Harry Dunlop, C. A. M. C., died of wounds in France on November 2nd. Capt. Dunlop was the youngest son of ex-Alderman Wm. Dunlop, formerly of Kingston, Ont., and now of St. Lambert. He was a graduate in arts and medicine of Queen's University. After graduating in 1908, he received two years of hospital training in New York, after when he accepted a medical position in Peru. In March 1916, he returned from South America to enlist for overseas service, being attached as medical officer to the 4th Pioneers, with which battalion he went overseas in October of the same year, subsequently seeing much active service. He was married last Easter, in London, to Miss Rachel Thayer, of Norwich, Conn. Two brothers, Lieut. J. G. Dunlop, and Lance-Corp. F. G. Dunlop, and a sister Nurse Dunlop, are in France. His father and two sisters, Mrs. F. A. Covert, and Miss Jane Dunlop, live at 136 Notre Dame avenue, St. Lambert.—Montreal Gazette, Nov. 12.

FLORANCE O'HALLORAN

St. Andrews was saddened by the death of Florance O'Halloran which occurred at his home Monday afternoon. He was a son of the late John and Ellen O'Halloran who were pioneer settlers of St. Andrews, and was eighty years of age. In the death of Mr. O'Halloran St. Andrews has lost one of its most highly esteemed residents. His genial, kindly manner endeared him to both young and old. In politics he was an ardent Liberal, and always took the keenest interest in public affairs.

Surviving are his wife, a daughter of the late John and Mary McCurdy, St. Stephen, N. B.; two sons, John and Frank; three daughters, Nora, a professional nurse, of Boston, Katherine, wife of Frank W. Wentworth, of Fairhaven, and Eleanor at home.

Funeral services were held at the Church of St. Andrew by the Rev. Fr. O'Keefe. The pall-bearers were his two sons, John and Frank, and his nephews, George and Frank Short, of St. Stephen. He was followed to his last resting place by an unusually large number of friends and neighbours, who mourn with his family in their great loss.

FREDERICK C. TODD

St. Stephen, Nov. 11.—Senator Todd was called to Baltimore, Maryland, on Monday morning by the death on Sunday of his brother, Frederick C. Todd, second son of the late Chas. F. Todd, in his day a prominent lumber manufacturer at Milltown. The deceased was in the employ of the General Electric Company at Baltimore, until recently compelled by ill-health to retire. When the United States entered the war he volunteered among the noted dollar-a-year-men, and was sent to the Pacific coast. While there he contracted Spanish influenza. He is survived by his wife and one

daughter, and was 53 years of age. The remains will be brought to St. Stephen for interment, and the funeral service will be held at the home of Senator Todd on Wednesday afternoon.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

A Patriotic Mass Meeting of the townspeople, under the auspices of the Women's Canadian Club, is to be held in Andraeleo Hall on Thursday evening next, November 21, at 8 o'clock. The addresses will be given by prominent citizens, and a special musical programme will be provided. The St. Andrews Band will be in attendance. There will be no charge for admission. Everybody is invited, and it is hoped that all who can possibly do so will attend.

SOUVENIR PROGRAMMES

Copies of the Programme of the St. Andrews celebration of the armistice and end of the war are now on sale at Wren's and Cockburn Bros. Drug Stores, and at the Post Office. The supply is limited, and those who wish to secure a copy as a souvenir should do so at once.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

St. John N. B., Nov. 13th, 1918. Lady Tilley, Organizing President for the C. R. C. S. in the province of New Brunswick, has to-day received the following telegram from the General Red Cross Headquarters at Toronto.

"Executive Committee in session congratulate officers, members, and helpers of Red Cross Society on splendid work accomplished during the war. Council meeting on Nov. 26th will discuss fully peace policy of Society. Meanwhile materials on hand should be used for refugee work, which becomes increasingly urgent as Germans evacuate occupied lands. Reserve of supplies also needed in Canada for work in Military Hospitals. Have requested Government to obtain for Society earliest possible information as to arrangements for return and repatriation of prisoners."

As soon as further definite information is received from Toronto regarding the work necessary for the refugees, all Red Cross branches will at once be notified. There will be much to do for these poor people in France, Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Poland, Siberia, etc., and work along this line of assistance opens up a new field of Red Cross endeavor, and one worthy of our best efforts.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

(THE WATCH ON THE RHINE)

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear, Like clang of arms or breakers, near.

"On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!" "Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?" Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear— Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high, The flash darts forth from every eye, For Teutons brave, inured by toil, Protect their county's holy soil.

The heart may break in agony, Yet Frenchmen thou shalt never be. In water rich is Rhine; thy flood, Germania, rich in heroes' blood,

When heavenward ascends the eye, Our heroes' ghosts look down from high; We swear to guard our dear bequest, And shield it with the German breast.

As long as German blood still glows, The German sword strikes mighty blows, And German marksmen take their stand, No foe shall tread our native land.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by; Our banners proud are wafting high, On for the Rhine, the German Rhine! We all die for our native Rhine.

Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer— Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

* * * The above patriotic, boastful German song, with its grand music, took on a new significance with the signing of the armistice on Monday. Soon, within a month, the Watch on the Rhine will be the armed forces of the Entente Allies and the United States, who will be stationed on the west side at all principal crossings; and on the east side no German troops are to be permitted for a distance from the river originally fixed at 25 miles, but which was subsequently somewhat reduced. The foreign troops will keep watch on the Rhine till peace terms have been arranged, at least, and it may be for a longer time if the prospective Treaty of Peace require it.

BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, Nov. 7.—British casualties reported for the week ending to-day totalled 27,648, divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 359; men, 6,084. Wounded or missing—Officers, 922; men, 20,283.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Gentlemen.—In July, 1915 I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept., 1906, Mr. Wm. Outridge, of Lachute, urged me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results and to-day I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours Sincerely, MATTHEW X BAINES, mark

MRS. R. A. STUART, JR., IN FRANCE

Washington, D. C., November 6, 1918

Editor BEACON, Sir—

I beg to introduce myself, Miss Clara Ingersoll, the aunt of Mrs. Alice Ingersoll Stuart, to whom I presume you are well known, as your interesting paper has followed my niece to France for nearly two years.

Please find enclosed herein, a translated copy of a letter sent to my niece by Monsieur le Prefet in Lot expressing warm appreciation of her work of relief, as a delegate of the American Red Cross, among the French and Belgian refugees.

Mrs. Stuart's work has been very successful as she has introduced many new forms or methods of relief hitherto unknown among the battle-torn people of France.

If you can kindly give a little space in your paper for a brief notice of the work of my niece, Mrs. Stuart, including the publication of this letter of the Prefet of the Lot it will be very gratifying to her immediate family, and I doubt not, to her relatives and many friends in St. Andrews. I know she holds them all very dear.

Yours truly, (MISS) CLARA INGERSOLL.

TRANSLATION

Copy of letter sent to Alice Ingersoll Stuart by Monsieur le Prefet du Lot.

Cahors, France July 1, 18.

Madame:— I am very grateful for the account which you have been good enough to send me under date of June 19 to put me in position to know of the manner in which you have accomplished your mission in the department of the Lot since your arrival on December 23, 17.

I have pleasure in testifying to your constant devotion and your indefatigable activity. You have devoted these to rendering innumerable services to the large population of refugees in the Lot and you receive every day evidence of the appreciation of all these unhappy ones so severely tried by the war.

I have nothing but praise for the valuable co-operation which you have been willing to give in assuring shelter for so many of these poor people. I have always been greatly touched not only by the ardor but also by the happy and delightful spirit which you have responded to all my appeals. Thus you have been able to accomplish a great deal of good and to win the hearts of the entire population. It has been given to you to have knowledge of these sentiments through certain manifestations which occurred in the course of the celebrations in Cahors.

The acclamations which are addressed to the whole American nation were also in large part, Madame, to you who have so nobly and so beautifully accomplished the heavy and delicate task which was confided to you.

I have no advice to give you, as you have been kind enough to ask, as to how you should continue your mission. I have only to hope that it will be carried on in the same manner as in the past, and that our close co-operation may continue.

You may be assured, as far as I am

concerned, that I shall do everything that depends upon me to facilitate your task, and I know that on my side I may count upon your devoted co-operation.

Will you accept, Madame, my most respectful homage, (signed) BONHOUR, Prefet du Lot.

Note. This letter is now contained in a pamphlet for private circulation called "Helping France Carry The Burden of War Behind the Lines" published by The American Red Cross at Paris.

Serve Tapioca

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

H. J. BURTON & CO. (Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-1606)

AFTER THE GRIPPE

You who have had the gripe know how long it takes to recover. You know that for two or three weeks, perhaps longer, your strength does not return in full. Now is the time for a bracing tonic.

We recommend these tonics. They have all been tried and have proved good in many cases.

WAMPOLE'S EMULSION NYAL'S COD LIVER COMPOUND NYAL'S EMULSION SCOTT'S EMULSION HYPOPHOSPHITES

Possibly you have a special tonic you have tried before and found good. Come in and tell us about it. We will procure it for you if possible.

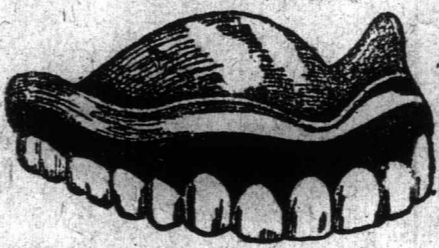
THE WREN DRUG STORE

Closed on Saturdays

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

TRUBYTE TEETH

GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS



DR. J. F. WORRELL DENTIST OFFICE IN RESIDENCE

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

A FULL STOCK OF GROCERIES

PROVISIONS

Always on Hand

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

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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

H. O'NEILL



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

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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

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Try a Beacon Adv For Results

THE HOME-DRYING OF DAMP WHEAT FOR MILLING PURPOSES

EACH year thousands of bushels of damaged wheat are treated and cured in privately owned "hospital elevators" in Canada, then shipped to the mills to be gristed, the flour put upon the market, bought and used for bread-making. New Brunswick wants just such flour to-day. The market is crying for it. We have the mills, and the damaged wheat, but no "hospital." What can be done for our damaged wheat crops?

The rough and ready home-cure must be applied, and applied with vigor, and at once, to save the crop from bin-burning, heating, and molds.

Wheat that is allowed to heat becomes fire-fanged or moldy, and it cannot then be used for any purpose. But if the excess moisture be driven off before much heating has taken place it will make good standard flour. Wheat sweats just as hay, potatoes, and roots sweat after being harvested. How to get rid of the moisture is the problem in each case.

Sheaves of wheat taken to the barn in a damp condition will sweat in the mow, but will dry off without damage if but slightly damp. In some cases the bands of twine may need to be cut and the straw scattered over the hay-mows to dry sufficiently to thresh. The sheaves will thresh much easier after the freezing weather sets in, meanwhile the barn doors should be opened widely every fine day to permit a draft.

If wheat sheaves have been threshed when very damp the sweating takes place in the granary bin, or in bags, barrels, or puncheons in which the grain is stored. The air does not penetrate these, heat develops, and when cooled the wheat has a musty smell. It is then useless for grinding.

Thousands of bushels of wheat already thrashed are stored in hogsheads, in damp granaries, and outhouses. This wheat, if held in such storage, will spoil. No cold storage plant can preserve its quality. It must be "dry cleaned" at home.

A method of every-day use in western elevators to handle damp wheat is to change the wheat from one bin to another. This method is effective there and will be effective in your case. Empty the hogsheads of wheat into a bin and if necessary, shovel it over again into another bin within a week. Keep it moving as soon as heating is indicated. Ventilating shafts such as laths or strips of board shoved down through the heaps of wet grain or a piece of stove pipe pierced with holes and the bottom plugged will keep small bins of wheat from heating, and a barrel of stone lime is useful to absorb the moisture.

If your granary is full and space limited install a plasterer's stove, or any kind of stove, and keep a fire burning, provide for ventilation of the building and the wheat can be brought to milling condition with the approach of freezing weather.

Dirty, damp wheat can be dried and greatly improved if run through a fanning mill with a strong blast of air. Damp, dirty wheat yields damp, dirty flour, for the "scalper" at the mill will not screen out the weed seeds, dirt and broken smutty kernels. Then, before going to the mill, clean your wheat, and as a final "dryer" range the grist around the stove for a day or two.

The drying of damp wheat is not a local problem only, good flour is made every day from damaged wheat. Wheat-saving is imperative to-day and is the why of the "Victory Loaf." Wheat is scarce.

Try, then, these methods to bring your damaged wheat into milling condition.

O. C. HICKS,
Dept. of Agriculture,
Fredericton, N. B.

200 POUNDS OF FLOUR THE LIMIT

A bona fide farmer who has grown wheat himself may have 200 pounds of wheat flour in his possession, or enough for ordinary household requirements of 200 days, and so may any consumer who lives at a greater distance than five miles from his regular licensed miller or dealer. All others are now limited to 100 pounds or 60 days' supply at any one time, except those householders cut off from civilization by the close of navigation. These people may also have the limit of 200 days ordinary supply of flour and of sugar like-wise.

RE-OPENING OF SCHOOLS

EDUCATION OFFICE
Fredericton, N. B.
Nov. 7th, 1918.

TO TEACHERS, SCHOOL OFFICERS, AND STUDENTS:
By authorization of the Minister of Health, the public Schools of the Province will re-open on Monday, November 18th inst., the Normal School and University of New Brunswick upon Wednesday, Nov. 20th inst.

Normal School students, in their own interests and for the protection of others, will be required to present a medical certificate that they have not been recently exposed to contagion.

Teachers and students are requested to resume work promptly.

W. S. CARTER
Chief Superintendent of Education

EARLY PULLETS FOR WINTER EGGS

When we take into consideration that the average egg production on the Canadian farm is 75 or 80 eggs per hen, and when well managed flocks average 120 to 180 eggs and individual hens even go higher than 300 eggs in the 12 months, it looks as though improvement might be made in the class of stock many keep. In the first place, pure-bred stock is best. They should be from a good laying strain. They should be from good healthy parentage and for winter egg production, pullets only, and early pullets, should be kept. In an experiment conducted at one of the Branch Experimental Farms where four different ages of birds were in competition for winter egg production, it was found that early pullets produced eggs at an average cost of 16.7 cts., late pullets 29.2 cts., two-year old hens 95.1 cts.; three-year old hens \$8.76 per dozen. Figures somewhat similar to these could be procured in larger quantities. The early pullet is the only bird that should be kept for winter egg production, and it is the winter eggs that pay. A dozen of eggs at Christmas is worth two or three dozen in May or June. Early pullets mean early eggs and early chicks in the spring, which, of course, means early pullets in the fall. As a rule, the pullets that lay earliest are the best layers, so that every pullet that lays before Christmas should be marked. They are your best layers. If you are killing off year old hens, do not kill hens that moult late in the fall. They are your best layers, and with your best layers should always be mated male birds from good layers. The male is more than half the flock. A male from a good laying strain and especially from a good laying mother, will do more to build up the laying quality of the flock than any other one thing. Don't use then for breeding purposes, cockerels whose pedigree you know nothing about. Better pay a good price and get a good bird.

THE BOOM THAT NEVER CAME

WE have received a letter from Dr. D. Arnold Fox, the eminent musician of St. John, written at the Union Club in that City, in which he says, *inter alia*, "As a member of the Club I welcome the weekly appearance of the BEACON, and have not failed to note the wonderful improvement and development both of its subject matter and its *tout ensemble*."

"I also appreciate the literary miscellany appearing from time to time in its columns. Whilst going through some papers the other day I came across the enclosed verses. They may be familiar to you, and, on the other hand, they may not be, and you may deem them sufficient to publish them. How I got hold of them I cannot remember.

"You will observe the verses are brought up to 1898. A great deal of water has ebbed and flowed in St. Andrews Harbor since then, and probably the march of events in the Shire Town has been of sufficient significance whereon to build an epilogue."

The verses were familiar to us, and to many of our readers. They were attributed at the time they first appeared to the late Dr. Walter Osburn, a native of the Town. We have great pleasure in reprinting them below; and we repeat the suggestion of Dr. Arnold Fox that someone might write additional verses and bring the subject of the "Boom" up to the year 1918.

THE BOOM THAT NEVER CAME

1888.
THE wintry sun at eve went down
Behind the "Devil's Head,"
As Keezer rang the evening bell
To show the day was dead.
But every old inhabitant,
As he strolled home to tea,
Was conversing with his neighbour
Of the "Boom" that was to be.

There was no doubt about it,
This was no "Argyll Sham."
For companies were forming fast,
Led on by Mister Cram;
For capitalists from Boston
Had said "We'll buy the town,"
And millionaires from Calais
Had planked their money down.
And e'en the nabobs of St. John
Had done their level best;
They bought up all the land they could,
And took options on the rest.
And the St. Stephen lumber-kings
Had also fumed and fussed;
The only trouble seemed to be
They could not raise the dust!

The fathers of our City
Had met within their hall,
And listened to some speeches
That had captured one and all;
What care they then for turnips
Or how the weirs may fish?
For St. Andrews now was going to boom,
And what more could they wish?
Down at the Point there 'lbe a park,
Where now is brush and brake;
And all the water that we'll drink
Will come from Chamcook Lake.
They were told in flowing language
Oh how Chautauqua's grown,
How Campobello was no good,
And Bar Harbor's day was done.
The found they'd slept for fifty years,
But were bound to sleep no more;

As a matter of business, what do you think of the plan?

**You are a farmer.
Canada is a farming country.
Canada grows more food than the people of Canada need.
To prosper she must sell that surplus food.
Great Britain is our best customer for grain, pork, beef, cheese and other farm products.
Every practical man must see how important it is to hold the British trade. Canada wants not only the profit on this trade, she wishes to create a good-will in Britain towards Canadian products and thus assure our export business for the future.
At the moment Great Britain asks for credit, asks Canada to sell her the products of the farm, "on time." To hold her trade, it is necessary to give this credit.
This takes capital—immense capital. For Britain's purchases from Canada are huge, and these purchases must be paid for in cash.
In these times, it is not easy even for a nation as wealthy as Canada to procure money. Certainly, no other country can lend us money. The only way now open for Canada to secure money is to borrow from the people of Canada.**

Buy VICTORY BONDS
—all you can pay for in cash and all you can carry on instalments.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

And then a leading citizen
Got up upon the floor:
He said "O, kind Americans,
Our town no more we'll hide,
We'll give you Chamcook mountain,
And we'll throw in Bayside."
We'll give our Point without a word;
Their promises are bold;
We are quite sure with men like these
We never shall be sold.

1888.
Again the wintry sun went down
Behind the "Devil's Head,"
Again old "Keezer" pulled the bell
To show the day was dead.
But now the old inhabitants,
On their way home to tea,
Converse in mournful language
Of the "Boom" that was to be.

The cows still roam upon our streets,
Horses and geese as well,
And all the water that we drink
Still comes from "Berry's well."
The good old "Houghton" goes as fast
As she did in years gone by;
The same old car is on the road,
No difference I descry—
In fact I notice nothing new,
For all things seem the same;
The only difference is they talk
Of "The Boom that never came."

IMPRISONED IN A SUNKEN SUBMARINE

One of the most remarkable experiences of the war is that of a British stoker petty officer who escaped in a miraculous manner from one of our submarines which had sunk in home waters from an accident cause. Alone, in almost complete darkness, with the gradually rising water, receiving electric shocks and towards the end suffering from the effects of chlorine gas and a badly crushing hand, he worked on for nearly two hours, keeping his head to the last, and at the seventh attempt at opening the hatch succeeding in escaping.

"Water was pouring in at the lower conning tower hatch in a mighty volume, so that his chances of closing it were perfectly hopeless. His only hope of escaping drowning was to shut himself in the engine-room. Getting in, he closed the doors. A pilot lamp was the only light. The effect of the salt water on the electric batteries was to generate chlorine gas, and the air was becoming overpowering. The water had short circuited the electric current, so that practically everything he touched gave him a shock.

He tried to think of a means of escape

and conceived the idea of opening the hatch and floating to the surface, but the tremendous pressure of the water outside prevented his moving it. He had always accepted the theory that the pressure inside a sunken air-tight vessel could be greater than the pressure outside. So to increase the pressure inside he opened a valve and admitted more water. Then he opened the hatch, but it instantly closed to again as he had insufficient pressure. With his shoulder he lifted the hatch, but again it slammed to, crushing his fingers. He once more opened the valve and admitted water until the engine room was flooded right up to the conning of the hatch. The air in this confined space was under tremendous pressure, greater than that of the water outside, so he was able to open the hatch and rise rapidly to the surface, where he was picked up by a destroyer.—The Times, London.

THESE ARE FAMILY TIMES

and family ties and interests pervade everything. It is a time when the value of The Youth's Companion to the family is doubly appreciated. It serves All, every age, because youthfulness has nothing to do with years, and the paper appeals to the hopeful, the enthusiastic, those with ideals. The Editorial Page is for full-fledged minds, and the Family Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page and Special Features delight all hands. The Companion is a friend, a servant, a storyteller, an informer, a physician, and a humorist. It not only stands for the best things but it furnishes them. The brightest, the surest and most trustworthy periodical—and known as such for over ninety years. The family favorite in the homes that make America what it is to-day.

- Although worth much more the paper is still 2.25 a year.
- Don't miss Grace Richmond's great serial, *Annie Exeter*, 10 chapters, beginning December 12.
- The following special offer is made to new subscribers:
1. The Youth's Companion—52 issues of 1919.
 2. All the remaining weekly issues of 1918.
 3. The Companion Home Calendar for 1919.
- All the above for only 2.25, or you may include
4. McCall's Magazine—12 fashion numbers. All for only 3.25. The two magazines may be sent to separate addresses if desired.
- THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Commonwealth Ave. & St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.
- New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

TERMS OF THE GERMAN SURRENDER

We regret that we have not space to print in full the 35 articles of the terms for an armistice, as submitted by Marshal Foch to the German representatives, and agreed to and signed by them at five o'clock, Paris time, on the morning of November 11, the hostilities ceasing six hours later. We give below a summary of the terms as printed in the *Montreal Herald*:

Immediate evacuation of invaded countries within fourteen days from the signature of the armistice, with Allied and United States forces keeping pace with the evacuation.

Reparation at once of all invaded countries.

Surrender by German armies of five thousand guns, three thousand mine throwers, (mine throwers), two thousand aeroplanes, and thirty thousand machine guns, all in good condition.

The surrender of 160 submarines, fifty destroyers, six battle-cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers, and other miscellaneous ships.

All Allied vessels in German hands are to be surrendered.

Evacuation by the German armies of all countries on the left bank of the Rhine these to be administered by local authorities under the control of the Allied Armies.

Allied garrisons to hold all principal crossings of the Rhine.

Establishment of a neutral zone of forty kilometres on the east bank of the Rhine.

Military establishments, including food, munitions, and equipment to be delivered intact to the Allies.

Return of gold taken from Russia and

Rumania.

Restitution for damage done by the German armies.

Restitution of the cash taken from the national bank of Belgium.

Immediate repatriation of all Allied and American prisoners without reciprocal action by the Allies.

The railways of Alsace-Lorraine, railway material, coal, five thousand locomotives, fifty thousand waggons, and ten thousand motor lorries shall be delivered to the Allies.

The German command to reveal all mines or delay acting fuse disposed on territory evacuated by German troops, and all destructive measures that may have been taken, such as poisoning or polluting of springs, wells, etc., under penalty of reprisals.

"He—It's hard to endure these trying times." She—"Isn't it. I've just got back from my dressmaker's."

"Were you ever arrested for speeding before?" asked the judge. The chauffeur flushed angrily. "What does your Honor think I've been doing all these years—pushing a wheelbarrow?"—*Boston Transcript*.

"How's your bungalow? You told me it was cooled by woodland breezes in the summer." "That part was all right, but the landlord is working nature overtime. Now he's trying to heat it solely with the sun."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"So at last you have made literature profitable." "Yes," replied Mr. Penwidge. "I never sold many compositions. But I kept plugging away copying my own stuff till now I can command first-rate compensation as a typist."—*Washington Star*.

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McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS

Economy Power Durability

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

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Out the
In the biting you n have under keep
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Out in the Woods

In the biting cold, you must have good, heavy underwear, to keep you warm.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

is made of strong, sturdy, Maritime Wool—without an equal for strength, warmth and wear. The stout weave and good weight keep the body comfortably warm under the worst conditions of climate and weather.

It's the Underwear for all men who work out-doors, so well made too that it allows free play of the muscles.

This trademark on every garment, guarantees long wear. Look for it.

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Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



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

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

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

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THE "SPECTATOR" AND THE PRUSSIAN ROYAL MARRIAGE OF 1858

[To The Editor of The "Spectator"]

SIR—Happening to have on my shelves the *Spectator*, 1851 to May, 1857, I took it out to see if there was a review of *Two Years Ago*, and found it, written by George Brimley, in the number of February 14th, 1857—he died May 29th of that year. Having the volume out, I turned it over and found on p. 63 (January 17th, 1857), under "Topics of the Day," "The Prussian Marriage." The criticism of Prussia is so strong that it occurred to me that in view of criticisms that will be coming in the near future, it would be interesting to quote this of sixty years back in connexion with the judgements we have had to form over more recent events. I have made a copy, which I enclose.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ROBERT JONES 13 Park Terrace, Cambridge.

"England, it seems, is about to form a connexion with Prussia by marriage. If the union between a Princess of our Royal Family and a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern were simply a matter of personal inclination, it certainly would not be for us to forbid the nuptials; but the Royal Marriage Act has removed all such unions from the ordinary laws, and the appeal which will be made to the country to provide a dowry for the Princess, would seem to give the country some right of advising, if not of vetoing, without holding consent. Besides, the uses that are made of these unions render it imperatively necessary to consider them with reference to policy. And from antecedent circumstances, which have not been unobserved, it will not be readily assumed by the public that the proposed union was dictated simply by spontaneous affection. It must have been suggested by some supposed advantages in the alliance; and if the alliance is recommended in one aspect by advantages, it may also have its disadvantages. Let us see, then, with what royal family we are about to be more closely connected. During the last ten years there is no State in Europe which has been more conspicuous for perverse policy and bad faith than Prussia. It has uniformly thwarted the general interest, even when it proposed originally to engage on the side of that interest. The general combination of the Powers against the encroachment of Russia may be said to have originated in the suggestive proceedings of Prussia, who afterwards, through jealousy of Austria, or family affection, became the colleague of Russia. The King of Prussia had previously encouraged the revolution in Germany, but to betray the revolution. Then he supported the people of Schleswig-Holstein against their King; now he is maintaining more shadowy royal rights of his own against the people of Switzerland. Few men have been more constantly before the public since his accession to the throne than Frederick William King of Prussia, but we prefer to take his portrait as it is painted this week by the Conservative and Ministerial *Morning Post*. Under the pressure of the German Democracy in 1848, says our contemporary, he gave to Prussia a Constitution one of the most democratic in Europe; it accorded equality of Prussians before the law with guarantees of freedom—liberty of the Press, abolition of feudal tenures, family entails, and privileges of rank, and a wide tax-paying suffrage. But as soon as he saw that he should not gain his object by speculating in revolutionary Constitutions, the reform was forgotten. He has been as false to his brother monarchs as to his own subjects. He was willing to become the head of a German Empire from which Austria was to be excluded. He revenged himself on Denmark for not joining the Prussian Zollverein by his attack on Schleswig-Holstein; which was also designed to enhance his own popularity, to increase his power and territory, and to secure him a seaport: The same Frederick William who clamors now so lustily for his sacred and divine rights as Prince of Neuchatel and Valengin, is the self-same King who, in the streets of Berlin, bellowed forth *Hoch!* for the sacred cause of German nationality. *Hoch!* for a German Empire of which he was to be himself the head. *Hoch!* for a German fleet, of which the land-lubber representative of Teuton turgidness was to have the guide, usufruct, and direction; the actual command to be entrusted to a Prussian admiral, such a thing being unknown in nature or art, on land or at sea.

But, it may be said, King Frederick is not the Royal Family of Prussia—he is an individual, and a singular individual; his brother, the heir-presumptive to the throne, is a much more ordinary man. Indeed we believe so, in the usual acceptation of the term. The latest occasion upon which the Prince of Prussia has been conspicuous was in the military demonstration against Switzerland, and he studiously endeavored to identify himself with a movement adverse alike to justice and to European policy. It may be pleaded that the young Prince, his son, is unlike young princes in general; that he is a much more meritorious person than his family have generally proved themselves to be. The character is often claimed for young princes, but seldom substantiated by the same persons when they grow to be old kings. We must in

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A soothing, healing Anodyne that speedily stops suffering. Wonderfully effective for Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Sore Throat, Cramps, Chills, Sprains, Strains, and many other common ills.

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the first instance suppose Prince Frederick William to be, in the main, very much like the rest of his family. It is indeed no more than fair to assume that he is a person whose views, habits, opinions, and objects in life are Prussian, and not English; that he will think it right to promote those principles of rules of conduct which we see embodied in the actual condition of Prussia, political and social, the very conditions which we of England would most especially eschew."—*The Spectator*

CANADA FOOD BOARD, OTTAWA

In a statement on the sugar distribution difficulty, the Chairman of the Canada Food Board, Mr. Henry B. Thomson, says:

"Since last May, when the use of sugar in Canada was rigidly cut down, manufacturers, candy-makers, public eating places, and large users have played the game fairly, and have abided by the rulings of the Canada Food Board.

Approximately 300,000 tons of sugar will be required in Canada for 1918. Only 12,000 tons of this will be used in the confectionery industry. If the Food Board issued an order absolutely closing down the factories, we should disorganize the industry and throw hundreds of people out of work.

If the people in the homes would not put the "second spoonful" of sugar in their tea and coffee it would save 50,000 tons of sugar a year. This amount is more than four times the sugar allotment to the confectionery manufacturers. It could be done with a little good will.

Notwithstanding the order issued on September 15th, there is reason to believe that a large number of people hoard sugar

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

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A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS

Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats.

Closed for the winter.

Rates quoted on application.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

Conducted on European Plan in Most Modern and Approved Manner

NEW GARDEN RESTAURANT

200 Rooms 75 With Bath

THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., PROP.

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND

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

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph With a Soul" which Re-Creates music so faithfully that no human ear can detect the faintest shade of difference between the original performances of the world's greatest vocalists and instrumentalists and Mr. Edison's Re-Creation of them. HEAR THE NEW EDISON at your nearest dealers.



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

WAR AND THE SUGAR BOWL

Stringent regulations on the use of sugar have been imposed on hotels, restaurants, boarding houses, and all confectioners and manufacturers. They are doing their part now to save sugar. People in the homes cannot be controlled in the same way, but they are limited quite as strictly by law not to use more than 2 pounds of sugar until further notice. Relief may come when the new Cuban crop is on the market in February. People who have to take their meals in restaurants are developing a new taste, and have found the real flavor of tea and coffee. Try it in the home.

—CANADA FOOD BOARD.

Freemen Buy Bonds.

Slaves Wear Them!



The Morning Cup

well begins the day.

KING COLE
ORANGE
PEKOE

The "Extra" in Choice Tea



Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SOVIETS

THE BIRTH OF THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY. BY A. J. SACK. Russian Information Bureau, Woolworth-building, New York City.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena of the Russian Revolution, and one which has been perhaps the most difficult for foreign observers to understand, is the progress of the Soviets from their first appearance at the outbreak of the Revolution to their capture by the Bolsheviks in the autumn and the establishment in the present year of a "Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic," in which all authority, central and local, is vested in the Soviets.

The economic, or, rather, industrial authority of the Soviets was due to the spontaneous formation immediately after the outbreak of the Revolution of works, factory, and transport committees among the industrial workmen. The effect of these committees, which were elected by the votes of the workers concerned, was at first beneficial; they restored discipline and in many cases, such was the general improvement in moral effected by the Revolution, they actually increased production.

By copious reprints of appeals, manifestoes, and speeches we are helped to understand how it came into the Revolution as a historical survival from the unsuccessful outbreak in 1905, have blossomed out at last as bodies with a Republic and a philosophy of their own. When the Revolution of March, 1917, took place as the result of the utter collapse, political, military, economic, and moral, of the old régime, its outbreak found that the country was unprepared. The only body at the capital which was at all representative was the Duma, and even this had been elected upon so narrow a suffrage that it could not claim to represent more than a small and wealthy minority of the nation.

It was natural that the "revolutionary democracy" should look round for some more satisfactory means of representation; the example of 1905 was followed, and the result was the immediate formation at Petrograd of a Soviet. But whereas in 1905 the Petrograd Soviet had represented only workmen, the 1917 Soviet, in view of the size of the Petrograd garrison and the part this had taken at the outbreak of the Revolution, was bound to admit its delegates also. Very soon after delegates arrived from sections of the troops at the front, and they also joined the Petrograd Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. With the spread of the Revolution Soviets arose also at Moscow and other towns, although there the Soldiers' Soviets and the Workmen's Soviet frequently acted independently of each other.

We may regret the entry of the Army and the factories into politics, but it is only right to point out that this was a result not so much of the Revolution as of the events which had preceded it. For years the workmen had attached political demands to their private grievances, while the Army had become noticeably interested in politics during 1915, when the negligence and treachery of the autocratic Government had become evident to it. At the same time, there is a vast difference between the political attitude of the soldiers' and workers' Soviets at the outbreak of the Revolution and that which, at the urge of Bolsheviks, they finally adopted. The process was by no means continuous. At first it was never intended by even the most vigorous delegates that the Soviets should acquire a permanent political authority or claim to be more than vaguely representative of the popular will as a balance to the Duma. The Constituent Assembly was awaited by all parties as the democratically elected body which would represent the opinion of the nation as a whole. The Soviets, then, were created as a measure of convenience; it was left for the Bolshevik emigrants to return from the plain living and high thinking of political exile and to persuade the delegates that their innocent resurrection of the Soviet of 1905 was really an attempt to solve one of the most difficult problems of political theory—that of representation—according to the approved logic of the class war. The Bolshevik cry of "All power to the Soviets!" had, however, little success during the first months of the Revolution; even Lenin had to mask it with the suggestion that only by concentrating authority in their own hands could the Soviets ensure the convocation of the Constituent Assembly. As for the real founders and leaders of the Soviets, it will be seen from what follows that their endeavor was not to secure "all power" for the Soviets, but rather to use the power in their hands mainly as a means of strengthening the Provisional Government and ensuring its development on democratic lines. At one stage, indeed, as we shall see, the whole power of the Soviets, so laboriously built up, was offered unreservedly to the Government. The Bolshevik tendencies of the Soviets, with their philosophy of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," were wholly the creation of later events. The composition of the Soviets was

based at the beginning of the Revolution on the general rule of one delegate for each thousand workers or unit of less than a thousand, and one for about every 250 soldiers. In this way the large and disorderly garrison at Petrograd at once acquired a disproportionate influence in the Petrograd Soviet. In this, as in the other Soviets, which were being established all over Russia, the elected delegates were far too numerous to be able to be worked together, and they had to delegate their powers to a smaller body, and this in turn elected an Executive Committee. The result was that the sense of responsibility of the individual delegates was weakened; this, with the peculiar weaknesses of the Petrograd Soviet, which to the end took a leading position among its fellows, explains to a large extent the reason why the Bolsheviks were so successful later on in their propaganda. The Provisional Government endeavored to neutralize the influence of the Petrograd Soviet by alining it with the more patriotic and trustworthy Soviets that had been formed in Moscow and other parts of the country. If we trace the activities of the Soviets during 1917 we shall see how the policy of the Provisional Government was to centralize the political and military authority of the Soviets and to take it over, leaving the Soviets their economic influence among the workers, which alone was consistent with the central political authority of the Provisional Government.

The economic, or, rather, industrial authority of the Soviets was due to the spontaneous formation immediately after the outbreak of the Revolution of works, factory, and transport committees among the industrial workmen. The effect of these committees, which were elected by the votes of the workers concerned, was at first beneficial; they restored discipline and in many cases, such was the general improvement in moral effected by the Revolution, they actually increased production. But during the summer, when transport had become utterly disorganized, these committees began to be more political in nature. Instead of electing delegates to the committees on their industrial qualifications, the workers began to choose them according to political programmes; the reasons for this change were mainly the current fever for politics in the country, the enforced idleness of the workers, and, not least, the propaganda of the pacifist Bolsheviks, whose most sympathetic audiences were always found among the industrial proletariat of the towns—some 10 per cent only of the whole people. The workshop committees from the beginning worked in conjunction with the local Soviets, and acknowledged their authority. It was hoped by the more patriotic leaders of the country, that when the central Soviets merged their political power in the Provisional Government, they would be free to use their industrial authority to urge the workers to help restore production and transport, as far as this was possible in the condition of economic exhaustion which three years of war and blockade had brought about. Company and regimental committees had also been formed by the soldiers, both at the front and in the garrisons. These stood mainly for the regulation of the soldiers' "economic life"; but in many cases, like the workmen's committees, they overstepped their proper spheres and began to have a bad effect upon discipline and command.

(To be continued)

DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Logan, W. V., October 30, 1918

Sir:— Seeing "Ben Bolt" on the first page of the last issue of the BEACON made me think that it would undoubtedly interest you to know that this poem was written at Logan, where I am now located.

Dr. English, who was a Philadelphian, came into the mountains for his health, and spent parts of several years at the Lawson's, who lived at a pretty home called Idlewild just at the junction of the Main Island Creek and the Guyandotte river, where Logan developed. There was no railroad up the river from Huntington (founded by Collis P. Huntington as a railway terminal on the Ohio), so Dr. English rode into the mountains. Lumber was the only industry beyond the gathering of ginseng, which grows wild in the mountains, and the natives spent a lot of time in "sanging," as they called it, the herb having been exported principally to China. English wrote a few poems while here other than "Ben Bolt," one being called "Rafting on the Guyandotte," which is not half bad.

I note that St. Andrews has been suffering from the "flu." We have had a serious time here. None of our family suffered, but we had to open an emergency Red Cross hospital. We had 800 cases in a population of 5000 when the epidemic was at its height. There were so many cases which developed into pneumonia that the death rate was considerable, while all industry was severely crippled. The worst appears to be over now.

Yours,
M. A. MAXWELL

Freemen Buy Bonds.
Slaves Wear Them!

CAREER OF RUSSIA'S APOSTLE OF LIBERTY

"I CANNOT fear exile after so long and do you think I fear death?" Catherine Breshkovsky, seventy-four years old, and known throughout Russia as the Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, "Babushka," said that in 1910 when she was sentenced after imprisonment for twenty-six years to spend the remainder of her life in Siberia. According to a Petrograd telegram, dated October 31, "the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution was shot on October 27, on the charge of opposing the Bolshevik régime."

So ended the career of a woman who since her eighteenth year had sacrificed, fought, and toiled in the cause of Russian freedom; sparing neither herself nor her family, undergoing insult, imprisonment, escape and imprisonment again; never for a moment compromising in the high ideal she had chosen for herself to follow. Her fearlessness in the face of oppression by the Czar's Government, voiced at the time of her trial in 1910, when she refused to gain her liberty at the price of an appeal to that Government, is only surpassed by what must have been her contempt of danger in the face of the death sentence.

What were probably the feelings of the men who executed the sentence, provided they were not totally lost to human sensibilities, can readily be imagined. Catherine Breshkovsky, grown old in endless struggle, broken by the severe labor she had undergone for the greater part of her life in exile, half-blinded by cataracts grown over her eyes so that she could no longer read, but "could sew a little," must have presented a spectacle, stationed before a firing squad. Not pitiful, because she never pitied herself, and because she is indeed beyond the small realm of pity. But something terrible, portentous—the champion of the peasant and the workingman, who had dedicated her life for their good, now being put to death by the representatives of that same party.

Ekaterina Konstantinova Breshkovskaya, to give her full name was born in 1844, the daughter of a nobleman, in one of the provinces of Little Russia. Her father was the owner of large estates and several hundred "souls" or serfs. During the early part of her life, Mme. Breshkovsky enjoyed all the luxury that attended the establishment of a nobleman of the old régime, which, in a small way, imitated the court of the Tsar. But there are signs that almost from her childhood the lot of these several hundred souls awakened her interest and sympathy.

"Often I escaped from home and went alone to the neighboring villages," she once wrote, "to visit the huts of our peasants, and there I could see old men living on straw, friendless and famished brought about. Company and regimental committees had also been formed by the soldiers, both at the front and in the garrisons. These stood mainly for the regulation of the soldiers' "economic life"; but in many cases, like the workmen's committees, they overstepped their proper spheres and began to have a bad effect upon discipline and command.

When she was eighteen Alexander II issued the order for the emancipation of the serfs. She was then occupied in popular instruction, philanthropic and educational work among the peasantry, but this work was soon brought to a close by an edict following closely on the emancipation forbidding the continuance of schools for the peasantry. Hitherto her work had been pacific in character, but the horrors unveiled by further investigation made Mme. Breshkovskaya and her associates, in defiance of the Government, determined to carry on their work. In 1874 she was arrested and thrown into prison, into the dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, and was not allowed to leave her tiny cell for two years.

Upon her release she immediately began her activity as what she called "Socialist pdonagandist" again, suffered a second arrest, and in 1878 was exiled to Siberia, at hard labor in the Kara mines. Once, with the help of other exiles, she attempted escape, but after wandering 600 miles, almost to the Japanese frontier, she was betrayed, caught, and condemned to deportation and twenty-five blows with the knout. The twenty-five blows sentence was finally changed to twenty-five months added to her new term of exile, at the threats of her friends, but for all that twenty-three years passed by before Mme. Breshkovskaya was permitted to return to Russia again. It was 1896 before she did return, and return to find her friends, father, mother, husband, and child, whom she had deserted to serve the cause of the people, either dead or estranged. She was now more than fifty yet now she began the most active work of her career.

For three months she remained quietly among the few who were left, and then she plunged once more into her work. By her efforts and the help of her former colleagues, societies were formed throughout Russia, dedicated to the work of teaching and expounding Socialist ideas. Underground printing offices were set up, and by pamphlets and personal propaganda the seeds of the Socialist Revolutionary party were sown. After three years of this kind of preparation for revolution,

one of these printing offices was discovered.

The next year the Government issued a general order for the arrest of the three leaders of the Socialist Revolutionary party. Among whom was named Mme. Breshkovsky. With a forged passport, Mme. Breshkovsky escaped to Switzerland and in 1904 came to the United States to enlist support for her cause. Kellogg Durland, who saw her then, wrote: "To look upon the face of this silver-haired apostle is like receiving a benediction. Her outward and inward calm are superb. Only her eyes betray the suffering of years. In repose her face is strong like iron."

In 1905 she was again in Russia in the vanguard of the great attempt which was the premature outcome of the work of the long period of preparation on the part of the Social Revolutionists. She took part in the general strike and in all the insurrections and risings. She was finally arrested, with Nicholas V. Tschaikevsky, and chained hand and foot, was brought from Simbirsk, to be thrown once more into the dreaded fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Perpetual exile was the sentence passed upon her when she was finally brought to trial, a sentence which might have been softened had she not scorned to appeal to the Tsar for clemency. At the age of sixty-six she took up the long road into exile again, and those who thought that in her they saw a broken woman, going out to her death in some desolate Siberian village, reckoned without understanding of Mme. Breshkovsky's indomitable will.

Twice again she set her face toward Russia to return—once in 1913, when disguised as a man and with a forged passport, she attempted to escape from Siberia and was caught by the constabulary, speeding in a closed conveyance by Yakutsk, and again when, at the invitation of Alexander F. Kerensky, then Minister of Justice, she was bidden to return to Russia and come into her own, as one of the foremost leaders of the revolution, which had just come to pass. This time her journey homeward was no fugitive's path. It was more like a Queen's triumphant progress. Her chair was borne through the streets of Petrograd on the shoulders of soldiers. Her return was characterized as the most beautiful and impressive picture of the Revolution. Nothing was considered too good for the woman who so nobly typified the spirit of the revolution, who had toiled, hoped, suffered, and conquered. She was lodged in the Winter Palace, the former stronghold of Tsardom.

With the fall of the Kerensky Government, news of Mme. Breshkovsky becomes fragmentary and uncertain, until the final brief bulletin, announcing her execution, by order of the Bolshevik Government, October 27. That she cared little about her own fate is plain from the record of her own life and her own testimony, when she wrote: "This habit of living in human life as a whole has made me so associate myself with the universal psychology that I lose myself in it and care little about my individual fate."

After having lived so fervently for her purpose, she found it, possibly, not difficult to die for it, especially as she always held to the assurance she once told George Kerensky: "We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last." It is possible that Catherine Breshkovsky, at seventy-four years of age, facing a firing squad, half-blind with cataracts, saw farther than her executioners.—The New York Evening Post.

The Sale of Gin Pills is Greater than Ever

Gin Pills! You've heard of them, of course, for they are the acknowledged and established remedy for Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Gin Pills have restored hundreds of Canadian men and women to health, strength and happiness. Testimonials received by us from persons in all parts of Canada tell us that Gin Pills have relieved them from the sufferings caused by Kidney or Bladder derangements. These testimonials are from people who have used Gin Pills and benefited by them. In most cases they wrote us saying: "Publish this letter, so that all sufferers of complaints such as mine may know what Gin Pills did for me." Gin Pills remedy; that's why they have so many friends.

Gin Pills have been on the market for years; in fact, we believe there are more Gin Pills sold than any other proprietary medicine in Canada. From Halifax to Vancouver you can buy them in any city, town, village or hamlet. Their popularity has been built entirely on the endorsements of those who have been benefited by their use.

If you are suffering from Pain in the Back, Dizziness, Headache, or a General Feeling of Lassitude, you need Gin Pills. Get a box from your dealers; try them; and if they do not help you, write us and we will refund you the purchase price willingly.

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FOUND, Adrift at the south, east of White Head, Grand Manan, a boat. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to WEBSTER COSSABOOM.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

Table with 2 columns: Day of Week, Day of Month. Rows for Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m.

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

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS

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

SHIPPING NEWS

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

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

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

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

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

FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Fredericton, N. B. on NOVEMBER 20, 1918. We trust that all our old students will be able to return on that date. Information regarding our courses of study will be furnished on request.

The Board of Health Permits Schools to Re-open Monday, Nov. 18th.

St. John has escaped very lightly compared with most other places. We have had a good long rest and will welcome old and new students on the 18th, or as soon after that date as they can come.

S. Kerr, Principal

TO LET—House to let after Dec 1. Apply to MRS. ROBERT SHAW

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 Sizen, crank axle; 1 Cushion-tire two-seated 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.

TRAVEL



Grand Manan S. S. Company

After June 1, and until further notice, boats 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.

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.

CHURCH SERVICES

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

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

ST. ANDREW CHURCH—Rev. Father O'Keefe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. ALL SAINTS CHURCH—Rev. Geo. H. Elliott, B. A., Rector. Services Holy Communion Sundays 8.00 a. m. 1st Sunday at 11 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon on Sundays 11 a. m. Evenings—Prayer and Sermon on Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Fridays, Evening Prayer Service 7.30.

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

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

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster. Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours. Letters within the Dominion and to the United States and Mexico, Great Britain, Egypt and all parts of the British Empire, 2 cents per ounce or fraction thereof. In addition to the postage necessary, each such letter must have affixed a one-cent "War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5 cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce. Letters to which the 5 cent rate applies do not require the "War Tax" stamp. Post Cards one cent each to any address in Canada, United States and Mexico. One cent post cards must have a one-cent "War 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: 1.30 p.m. Closes: 4.50 p.m. Mails for Deer Island, Indian Island, and Campobello—Daily Arrives: 12 m. Closes: 1.30 p.m. All Matter for Registration must be Posted half 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.